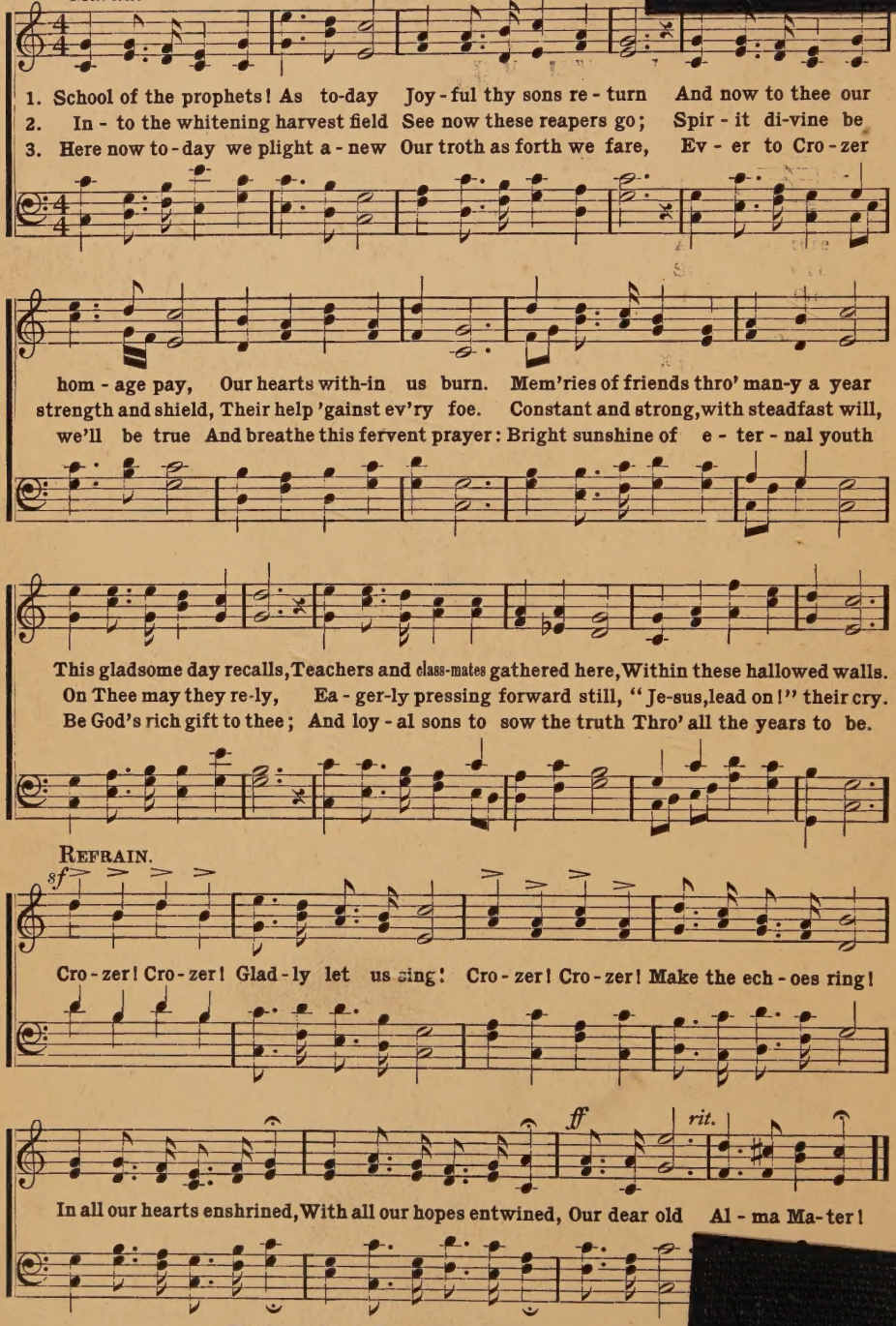
ursum Corda

ANNIVERSARY HYM

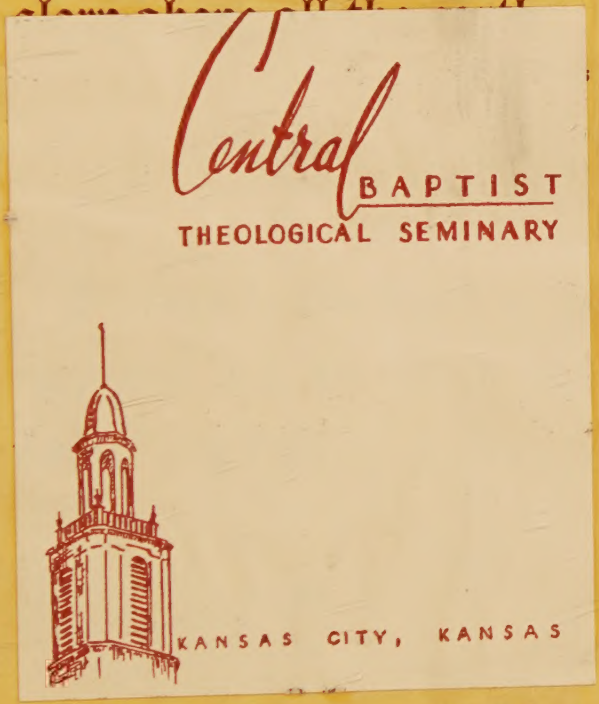
(Dedicated to the Crozer Alumni)

Marcia.


1. School of the prophets! As to-day Joy-ful thy sons re-turn And now to thee our
2. In-to the whitening harvest field See now these reapers go; Spir-it di-vine be
3. Here now to-day we plight a-new Our troth as forth we fare, Ev-er to Cro-zer
hom-age pay, Our hearts with-in us burn. Mem'ries of friends thro' man-y a year
strength and shield, Their help 'gainst ev'ry foe. Constant and strong, with steadfast will,
we'll be true And breathe this fervent prayer: Bright sunshine of e-ter-nal youth
This gladsome day recalls, Teachers and class-mates gathered here, Within these hallowed walls.
On Thee may they re-ly, Ea-ger-ly pressing forward still, "Je-sus, lead on!" their cry.
Be God's rich gift to thee; And loy-al sons to sow the truth Thro' all the years to be.
REFRAIN.
sf
Cro-zer! Cro-zer! Glad-ly let us sing! Cro-zer! Cro-zer! Make the ech-oes ring!
ff
rit.
In all our hearts enshrined, With all our hopes entwined, Our dear old Al-ma Ma-ter!

Words and Music Copyright, 1921, by Henry C. Vedder.

Be thou exalted, O God, above the heavens; and thy



I will . . . magnify him with thanksgiving. Psalm 69 : 30

SURSUM CORDA

A

BOOK OF PRAISE

E. H. JOHNSON
Editor

E. E. AYRES
Associate Editor

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE

The "Baptist Hymnal" was issued in 1883. It has had a wide circulation and is still a most valuable book. For a long time, however, an urgent need has been felt in our denomination for a new hymn book which should contain the richer music and hymnody of recent years. In response to this need, the Board of the American Baptist Publication Society, at its meeting December 7, 1896, resolved upon the publication of such a book and appointed E. H. JOHNSON, D. D., Editor, and Rev. E. E. AYRES, Associate Editor, together with an Advisory Committee consisting of W. T. CHASE, D. D., ALBERT G. LAWSON, D. D., GEORGE E. REES, D. D., who, in conjunction with the General Secretary and the Book Editor, should attend to its compilation. Since that time the editors, making use of materials which have been in preparation for more than fifteen years, have given themselves to the work assigned them with the utmost devotion, and the present volume is the result.

Acknowledgments, in addition to those for favors personally extended to the editor, are due to Messrs. JNO. W. CHADWICK, D. D., WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D., Mrs. A. J. GORDON, Prof. T. E. PERKINS, Rev. L. F. BENSON, Prof. W. W. GILCHRIST, Mus. Doc., THE CENTURY CO., E. P. DUTTON & CO., D. APPLETON & CO., THE OUTLOOK CO., HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO., BIGLOW, MAIN & CO., and others, for permission to use valuable copyright words and music, and to J. S. KENNARD, D. D., for the Index of Subjects.

Certain hymns and tunes are covered by the general copyright on this book, and must not be used without the consent of the publishers.

Philadelphia, May 1, 1898.

G Prof. Vedder 22 My 26

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PREFACE

The *hymns* in SURSUM CORDA are the voice of Christian sentiment rather than doctrine; of sentiment which generally has sought expression in other days, certainly seeks it in our day. A few of these hymns didactic in form are really expressive and provocative of sentiment, and fit therefore for musical rendering.

The *tunes* are such as meet the demand of advancing taste for more significant melody and richer harmony. The largest possible choice is constantly afforded between tunes of strictly choral form and those which show a freer rhythm and more ornate melody. Hymn tunes so familiar that almost every one can sing them from memory are rarely inserted more than once, but are frequently referred to.

However elaborate in harmony the modern tunes may be, they are at once available for any congregation which will CONFINE ITSELF TO THE MELODY, as composers of chorals have always intended. In nearly every case the melodies are within easy range of average voices, either because originally so written, or because here transposed into a lower key. While a tune remains unfamiliar it may be well for the choir to aid the congregation by uniting its voices on the air. The organ sufficiently fills the ear with the missing vocal parts, and satisfies the feeling for harmony.

A pastor who believes in congregational singing can make plain the need of singing in unison, even though not himself a musician, if he will press upon his people these two points:

1. An independent reader of music, when he boldly sings out the melody, helps not only all who hear him, but all who hear those that are helped by him; whereas, if he sings a subordinate part, he confuses many less independent singers who are not attempting the same part.

2. The union of all voices on the melody vastly increases the apparent volume of sound, gives the service of praise the majesty which only a congregation can give, and rescues it from the listlessness which is well-nigh universal, and always dispiriting.

While the editor is responsible for all selections and omissions, acknowledgment should be made of valuable hints from many quarters. In particular, the suggestions of the associate editor have been the fruit of refined taste and thorough knowledge.

Apart from arrangements made by the publishers for the use of copyrighted material, acknowledgments are due for hymns granted by their authors at request of the editor; especially to Rev. Dr. M. Woolsey Stryker, president of Hamilton College, to Rev. Louis F. Benson, editor of the Presbyterian "Hymnal," to Rossiter W. Raymond, Ph. D., H. M. King, D. D., F. M. North, D. D., Mrs. M. E. Gates, and for writing by request some admirable hymns on the neglected topic of angels, to Prof. W. C. Wilkinson, D. D., of the University of Chicago.

The editor is indebted for tunes to special arrangements with the Oliver Ditson Co., to Messrs. E. & J. B. Young & Co. for compositions of the late J. H. Cornell, to the "Plymouth Hymnal," to S. M. Bixby, Esq., W. H. Doane, Mus. Doc., Prof. A. A. Stanley, of the University of Michigan, Prof. G. C. Gow, of Vassar College, Prof. W. N. Clarke, D. D., of Hamilton Theological Seminary, Mr. A. H. Rider, Rev. J. H. Strong, and to others who have met the editor's wishes in a most liberal spirit.

The invaluable tunes of the late Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., are used with the kind sanction of Mrs. Dykes.

Crozer Theological Seminary,
May 1, 1898.

E. H. JOHNSON, Editor.

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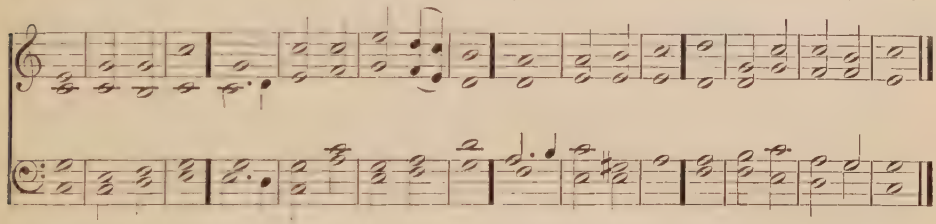
SURSUM CORDA.

Worship.

1 **LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS.** (Sursum Corda.) J. TURLE.



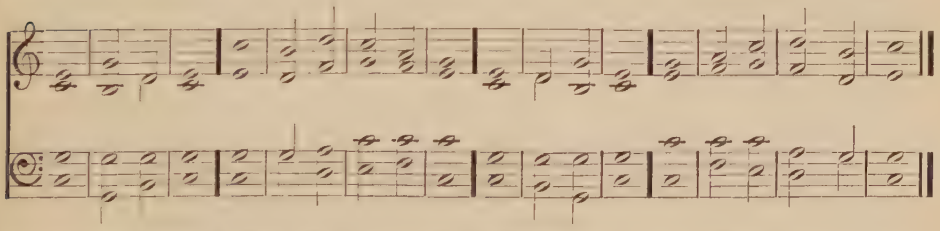
1 *Lift* | up your | hearts. ‖ We *lift* them | up un- | to the Lord.

2 Let us give thanks *un*to the | Lord our | God. | It is *meet* and | right – | so to | do.

3 Therefore with *an*gels | and arch- | angels, | And *all* the | compa- | ny of | heaven,

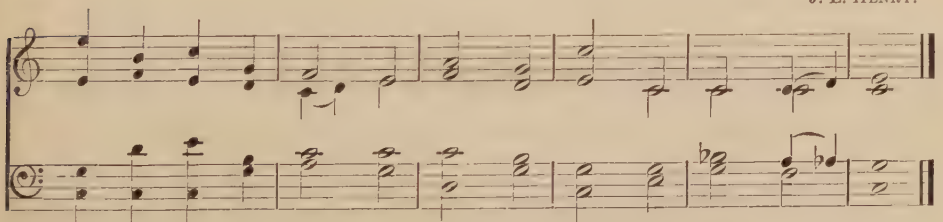
4 We laud and magni*fy* thy | glorious | name, ‖ Ever*more* | praising | thee and | saying:

W. H. HAVERGAL.



5 *Ho*ly, | holy, | holy, ‖ *Lord* | God- | -of | Hosts, *Heaven* | -and | earth ‖ *are* | full- | of thy | glory.

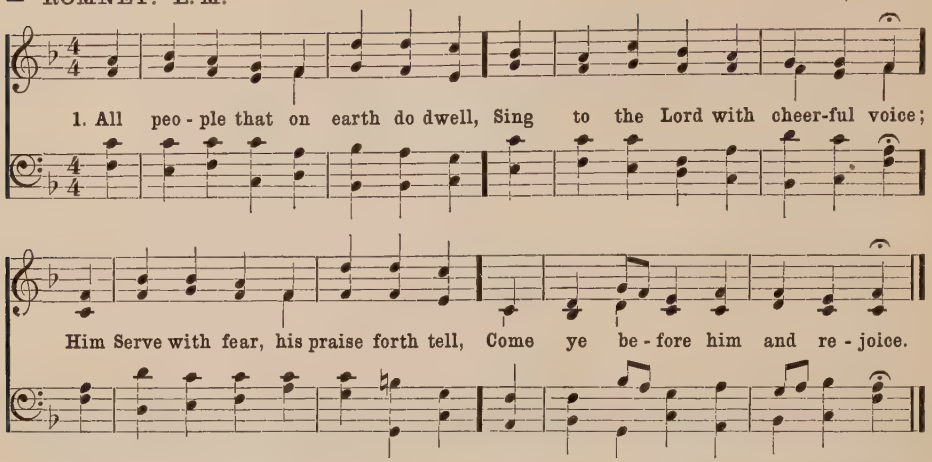
J. E. HENRY.



6 Glo - ry be to thee, O Lord most High. A - men, A - - men.

2 ROMNEY. L. M.

RICHARD REDHEAD, 1850.


1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice;
Him Serve with fear, his praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore him and re - joice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his folk, he doth us feed;
And for his sheep he doth us take.

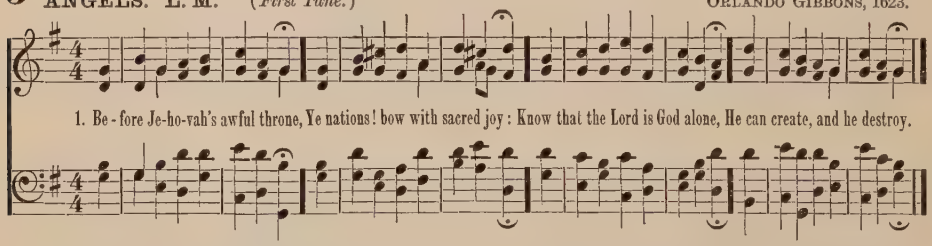
3 O enter then his gates with praise.
Approach with joy his courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

William Kethe, 1561.

3 ANGELS. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

ORLANDO GIBBONS, 1623.



2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker! to thy name?

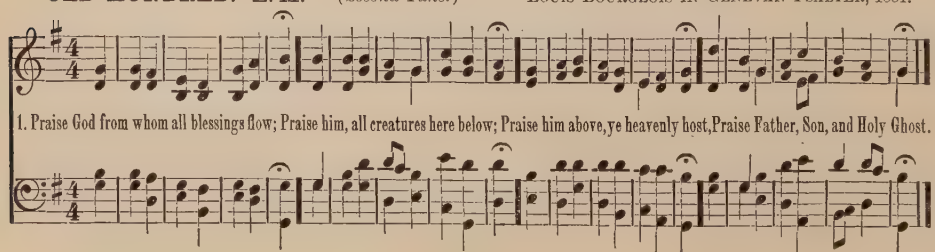
4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity, thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts, 1719. Alt. John Wesley.

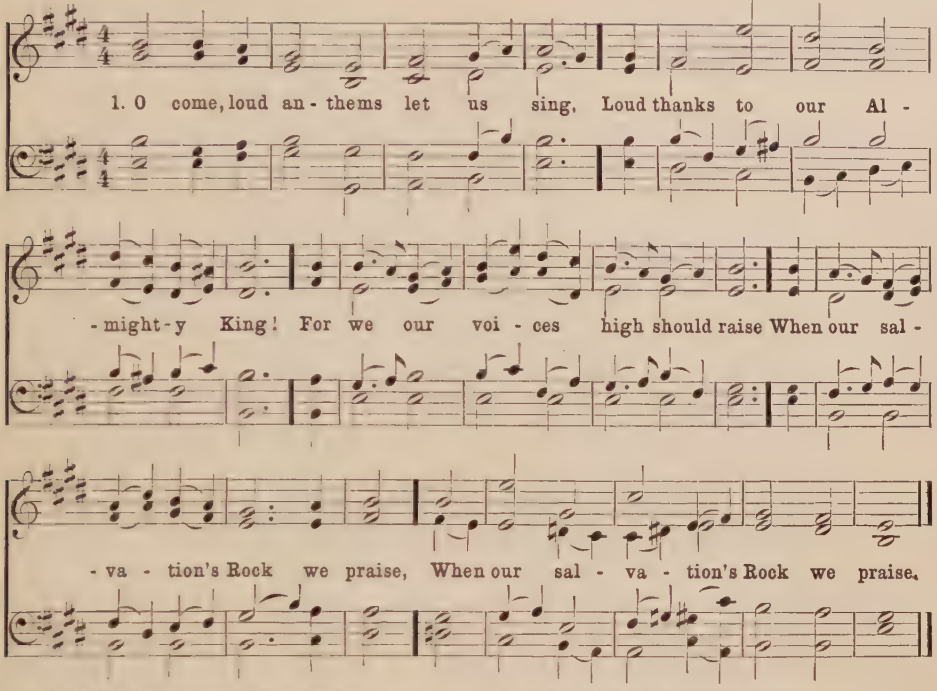
OLD HUNDRED. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

LOUIS BOURGEOIS IN GENEVAN PSALTER, 1551.


1. Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below; Praise him above, ye heavenly host, Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

4 WINSTON. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM R. B. TAYLOR.


1. O come, loud an - thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al -
- might - y King! For we our voi - ces high should raise When our sal -
- va - tion's Rock we praise, When our sal - va - tion's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours past;
To him address in joyful songs
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great;
The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command.

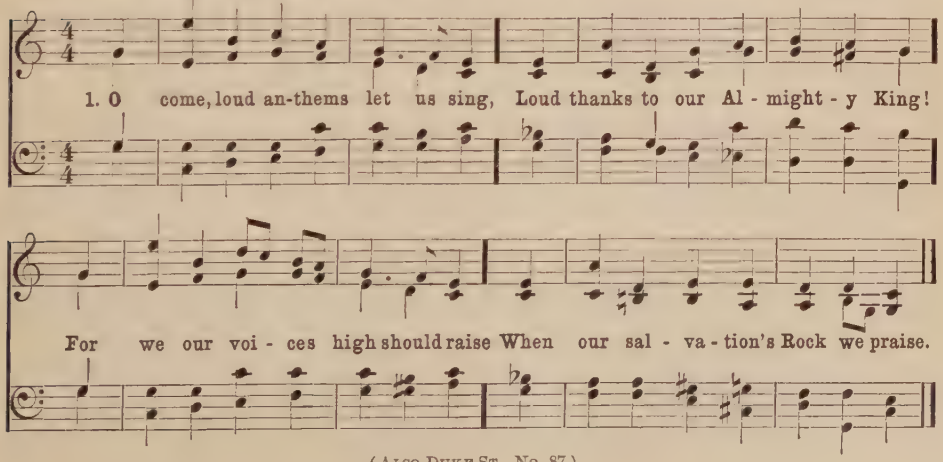
4 O, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
There on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

5 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

Tate and Brady, 1698.

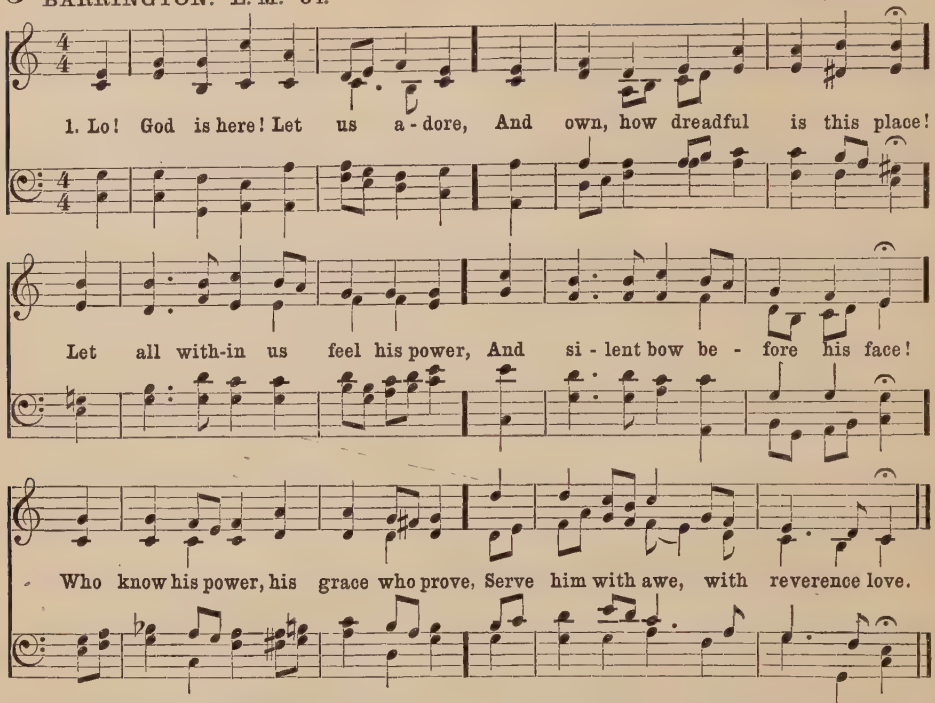
SPITZBERGEN. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. H. STRONG, 1897.


1. O come, loud an-thems let us sing, Loud thanks to our Al - might - y King!
For we our voi - ces high should raise When our sal - va - tion's Rock we praise.

(ALSO DUKE ST., No. 87.)

5 BARRINGTON. L. M. 61. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. Lo! God is here! Let us a - dore, And own, how dreadful is this place!
Let all with-in us feel his power, And si - lent bow be - fore his face!
Who know his power, his grace who prove, Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

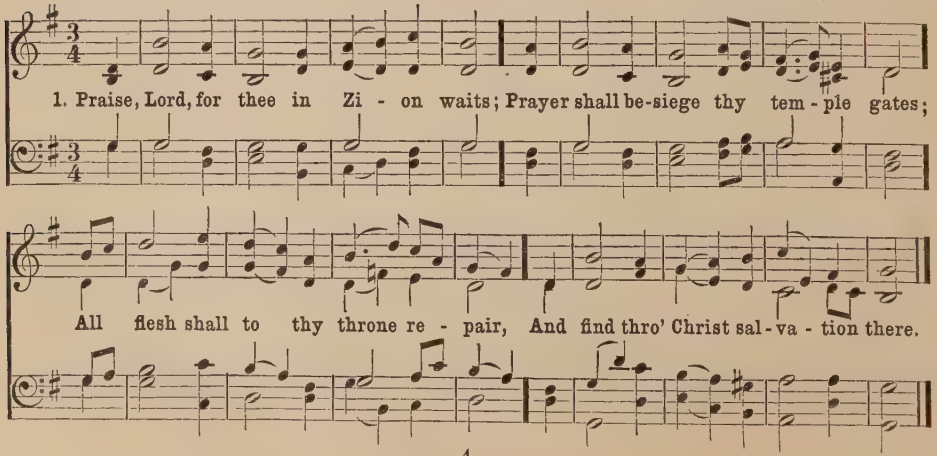
2 Lo! God is here! him day and night
The united choirs of angels sing:
To him enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
Who praise thee with a stammering tongue!

3 Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame for thee alone:
To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give;
O take, O seal them for thine own;
Thou art the God! thou art the Lord!
Be thou by all thy works adored!

4 Being of beings, may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will!
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice!

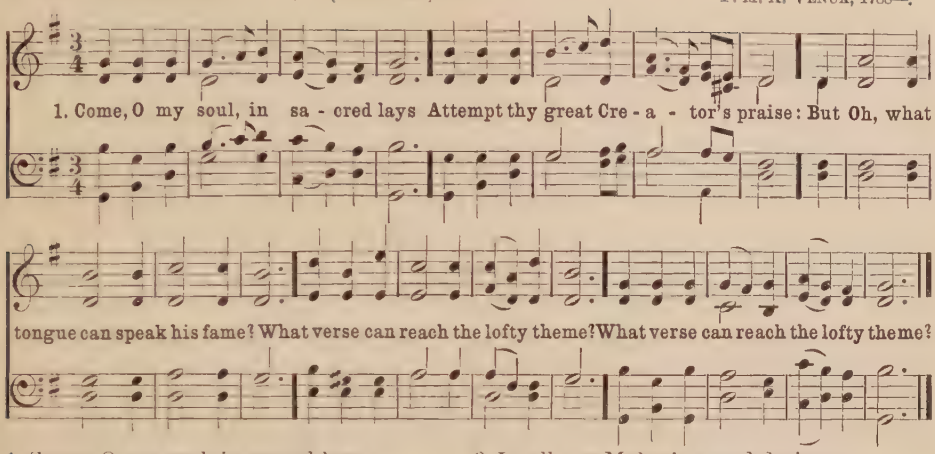
G. Tersteegen, tr. by J. Wesley.

SEASONS. L. M. (*For No.* 7.) IGNACE PLEYEL, 1757–1831.


1. Praise, Lord, for thee in Zi - on waits; Prayer shall be-siege thy tem - ple gates;
All flesh shall to thy throne re - pair, And find thro' Christ sal - va - tion there.

6 PARK STREET. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

F. M. A. VENUA, 1788—.


1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays Attempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise: But Oh, what
tongue can speak his fame? What verse can reach the lofty theme? What verse can reach the lofty theme?

1 Come, O my soul, in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But oh, what tongue can speak his fame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory, like a garment, wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

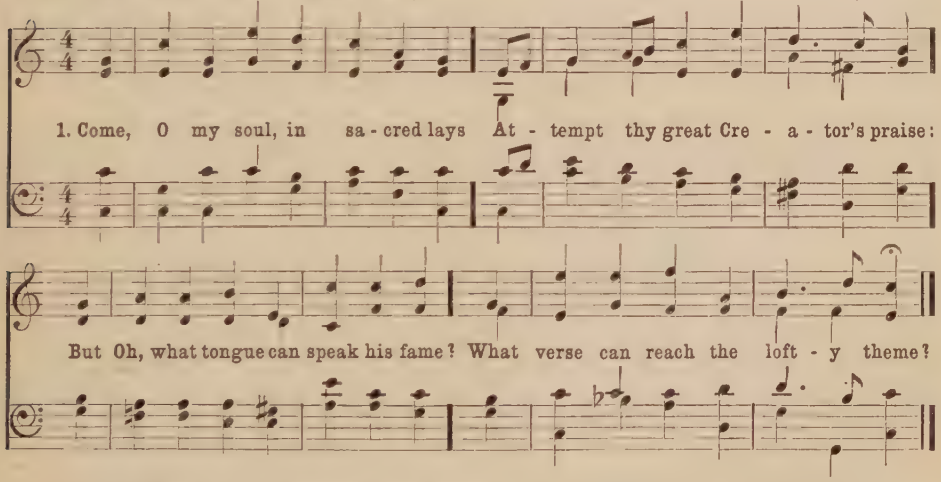
3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power, with wisdom, shines;
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

Thomas Blacklock, 1754.

BROMPTON. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. W. ELLIOTT, 1833—.


1. Come, O my soul, in sa - cred lays At - tempt thy great Cre - a - tor's praise:
But Oh, what tongue can speak his fame? What verse can reach the loft - y theme?

7 SEASONS. (*Opposite.*)

1 Praise, Lord, for thee in Zion waits;
Prayer shall besiege thy temple gates;
All flesh shall to thy throne repair,
And find through Christ salvation there.

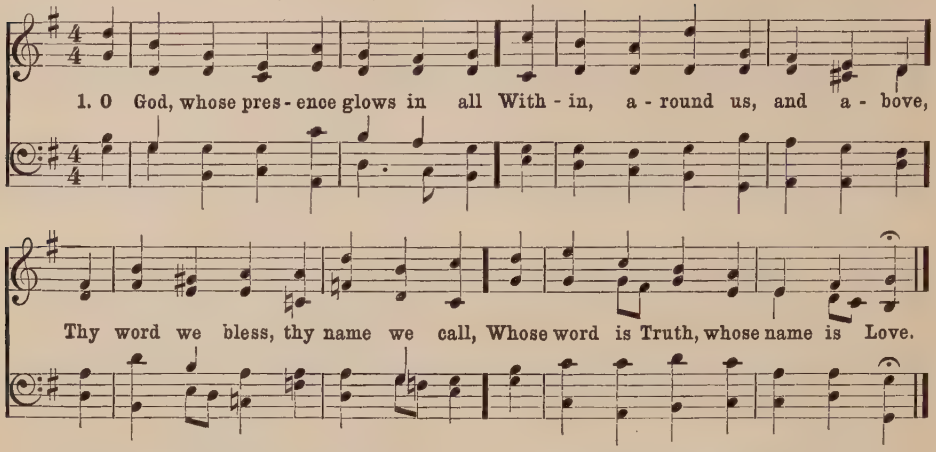
2 How blest thy saints! how safely led!
How surely kept! how richly fed!
Saviour of all in earth and sea,
How happy they who rest in thee.

3 The year is with thy goodness crowned;
Thy clouds drop wealth the world around;
Through thee the deserts laugh and sing,
And nature smiles and owns her King.

4 Lord, on our souls thy Spirit pour;
The moral waste within restore;
O let thy love our spring-tide be,
And make us all bear fruit to thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

8 HAMPTON. L. M. (*First Tune.*) HENRY SMART, 1813–1879.


1. O God, whose pres - ence glows in all With - in, a - round us, and a - bove,
Thy word we bless, thy name we call, Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

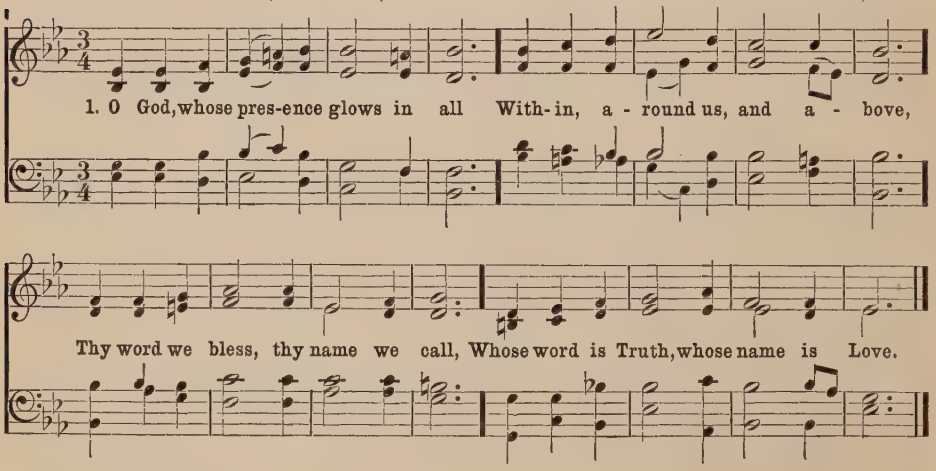
2 That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place,
With power proclaimed, in peace received,
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

3 That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

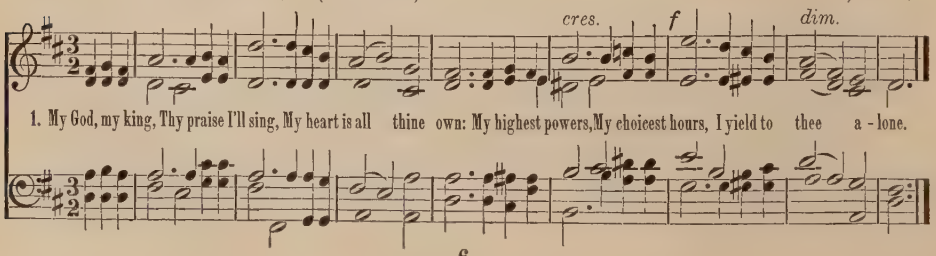
4 Send down its angel to our side,
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would know no other guide.
And we can need no other rest.

N. L. Frothingham, 1793–1870.

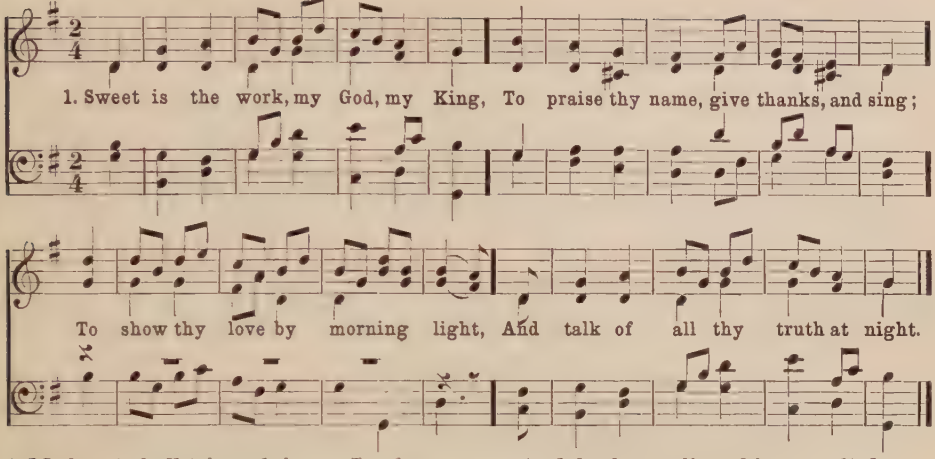
ANGELUS. L. M. (*Second Tune.*) ALT. FROM GEORG JOSEPHI, 1657.


1. O God, whose pres-ence glows in all With-in, a - round us, and a - bove,
Thy word we bless, thy name we call, Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

BRACONDALE. C. M. (*For No.* 10.) J. BOOTH, 1852—.


cres.
f
dim.
1. My God, my king, Thy praise I'll sing, My heart is all thine own: My highest powers, My choicest hours, I yield to thee a - lone.

9 PORTUGAL. L. M. (*First Tune.*) THORLEY.


1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

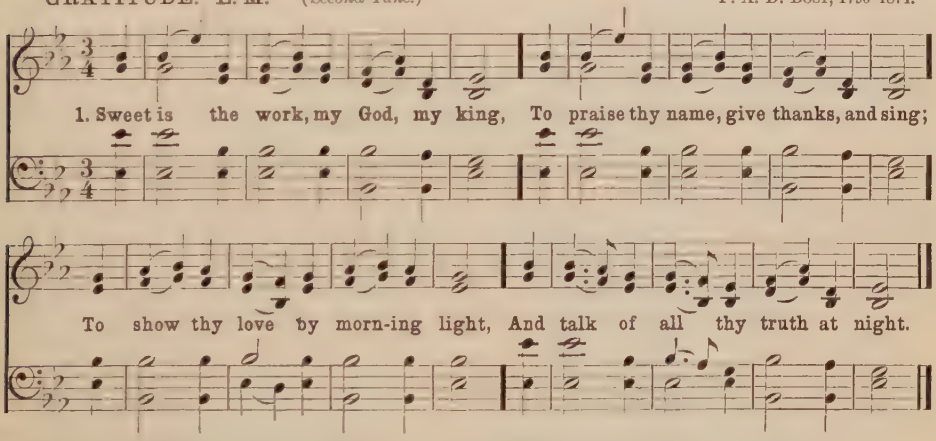
2 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

3 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

4 Then shall I see and hear and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

GRATITUDE. L. M. (*Second Tune.*) P. A. D. BOST, 1790–1874.


1. Sweet is the work, my God, my king, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morn-ing light, And talk of all thy truth at night.

10 BRACONDALE. (*Opposite.*)

1 My God, my king,
Thy praise I'll sing,
My heart is all thine own;
My highest powers,
My choicest hours,
I yield to thee alone.

2 My voice, awake,
Thy part to take;
My soul, the concert join;
Till all around
Shall catch the sound,
And mix their hymns with mine.

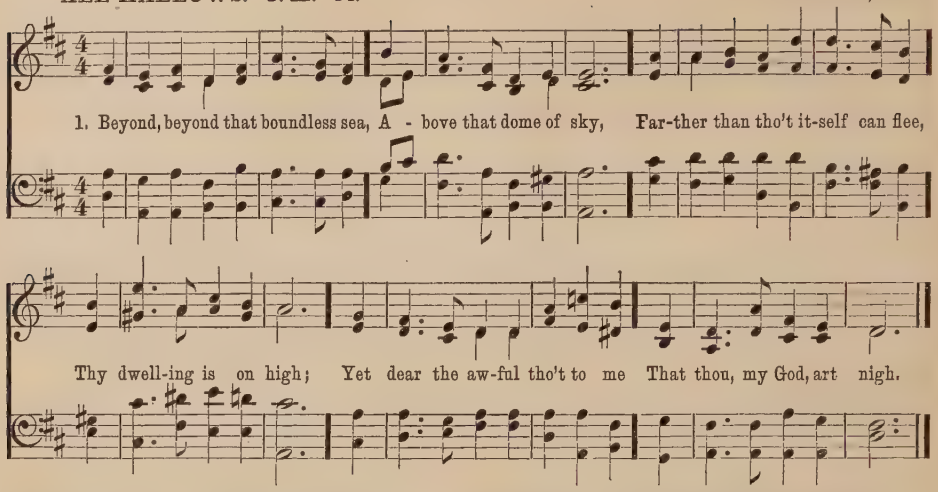
3 But man is weak
Thy praise to speak;
Your God, ye angels, sing;
'Tis yours to see,
More near than we,
The glories of our King.

4 His truth and grace
Fill time and space,
As large his honours be;
Till all that live
Their homage give,
And praise my God with me.

H. F. Lyte, 1793–1847.

11 ALL HALLOWS. C. M. 61.

A. H. Brown, 1862.


1. Beyond, beyond that boundless sea, A - bove that dome of sky, Far-ther than tho't it-self can flee,
Thy dwell-ing is on high; Yet dear the aw-ful tho't to me That thou, my God, art nigh.

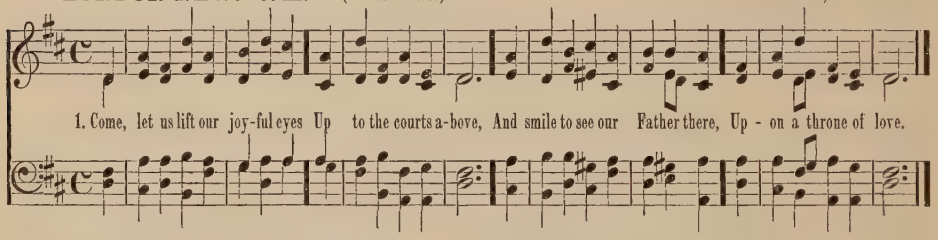
2 We hear thy voice when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air,
The waves obey thy dread control,
But still thou art not there:
Where shall I find him, O my soul,
Who yet is everywhere?

3 Oh, not in circling depth nor height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There doth his spirit rest:
O come, thou Presence infinite,
And make thy creatures blest.

Josiah Conder, 1824.

12 LONDON NEW. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

John Playford, 1613–1693.



1 Come, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord:
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double flaming sword.

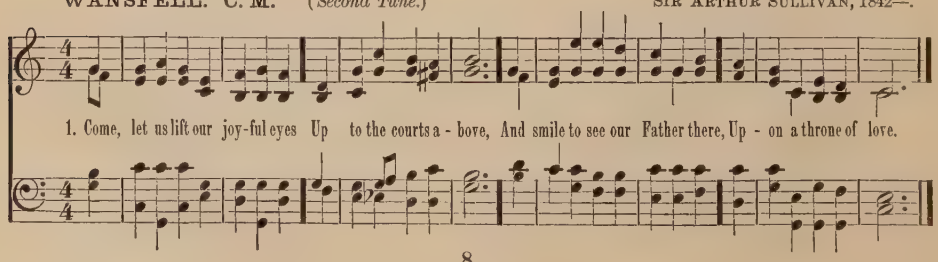
3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach the almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to the eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

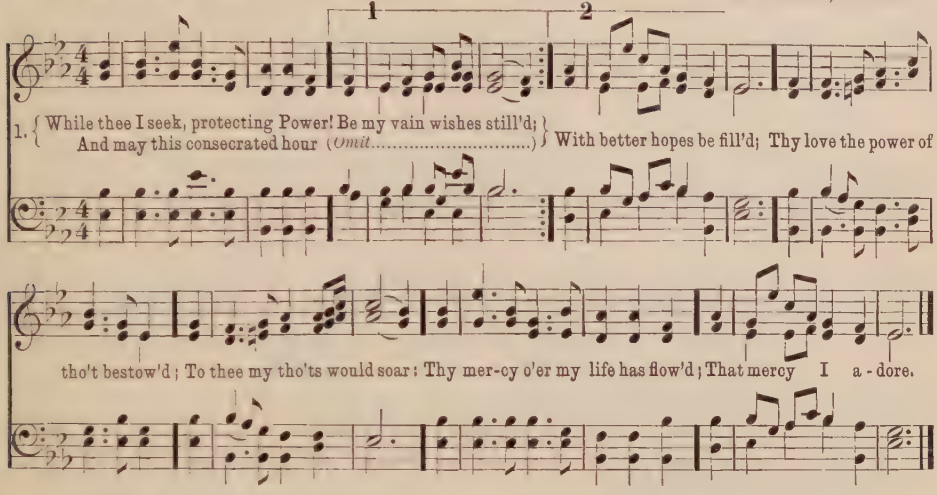
WANSFELL. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1842—.



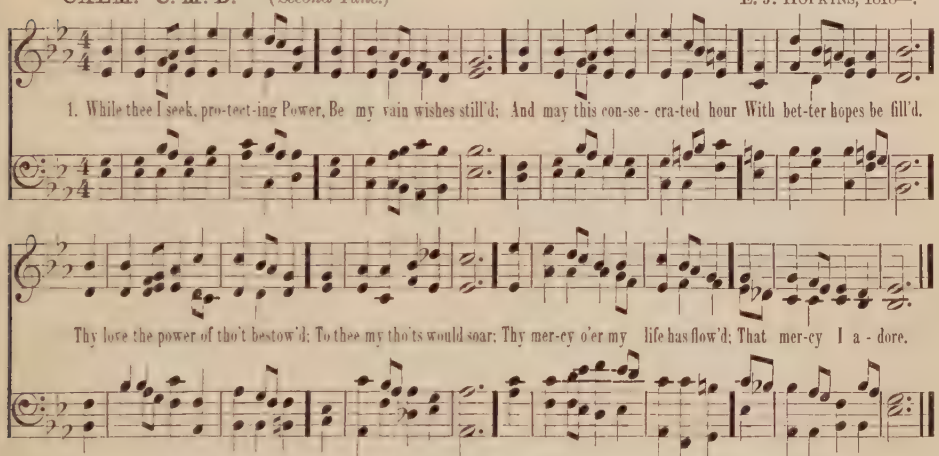
13 BRATTLE STREET. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

IGNACE PLEYEL, 1757–1831.


1
2
1. While thee I seek, protecting Power! Be my vain wishes still'd; And may this consecrated hour (*Omit*.....) With better hopes be fill'd; Thy love the power of
tho't bestow'd; To thee my tho'ts would soar: Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flow'd; That mercy I a - dore.

CALM. C. M. D. (*Second Tune.*)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. While thee I seek, pro-tect-ing Power, Be my vain wishes still'd; And may this con-se - cra-ted hour With bet-ter hopes be fill'd.
Thy love the power of tho't bestow'd; To thee my tho'ts would soar: Thy mer-cy o'er my life has flow'd; That mer-cy I a - dore.

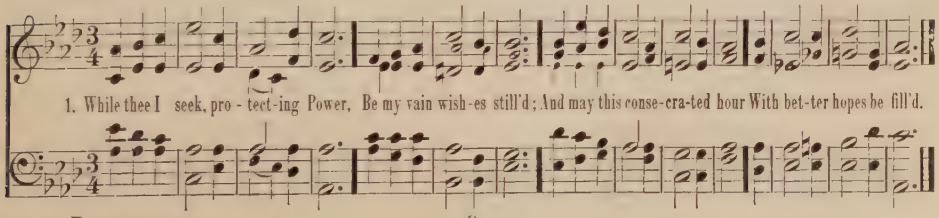
2 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.
In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

3 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

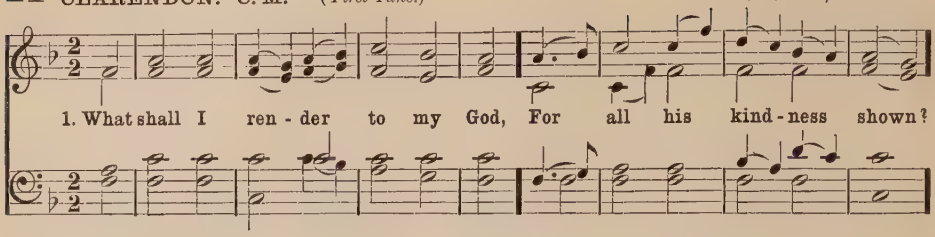
Helen Maria Williams, 1786.

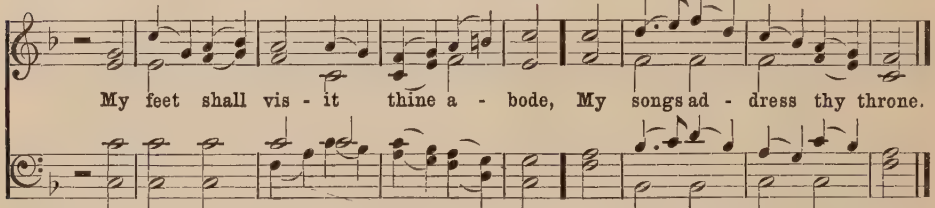
BEATITUDO. C. M. (*Third Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1875.



14 CLARENDON. C. M. (*First Tune.*) I. TUCKER, 1761–1825.



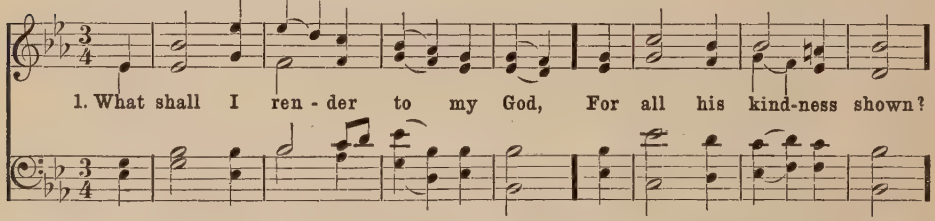
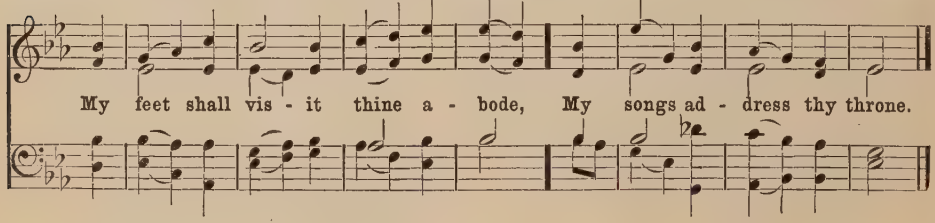


2 Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

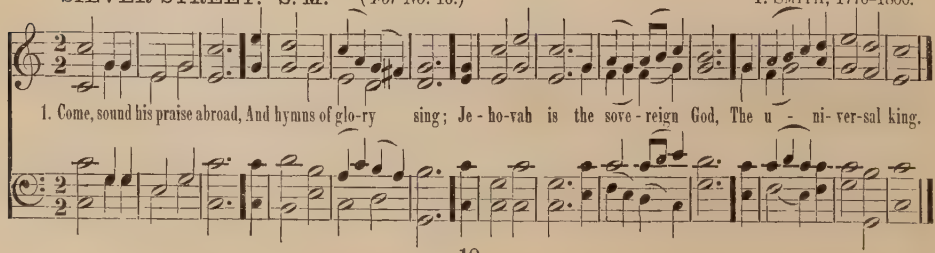
3 How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessed God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

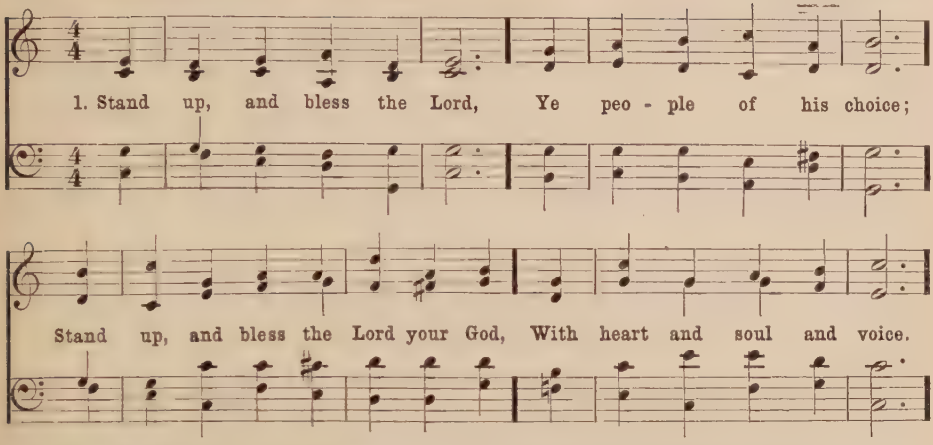
ABRIDGE. C. M. (*Second Tune.*) I. SMITH, 1770–1800.



SILVER STREET. S. M. (*For No.* 16.) I. SMITH, 1770–1800.



15 ST. VINCENT. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1850.



2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?

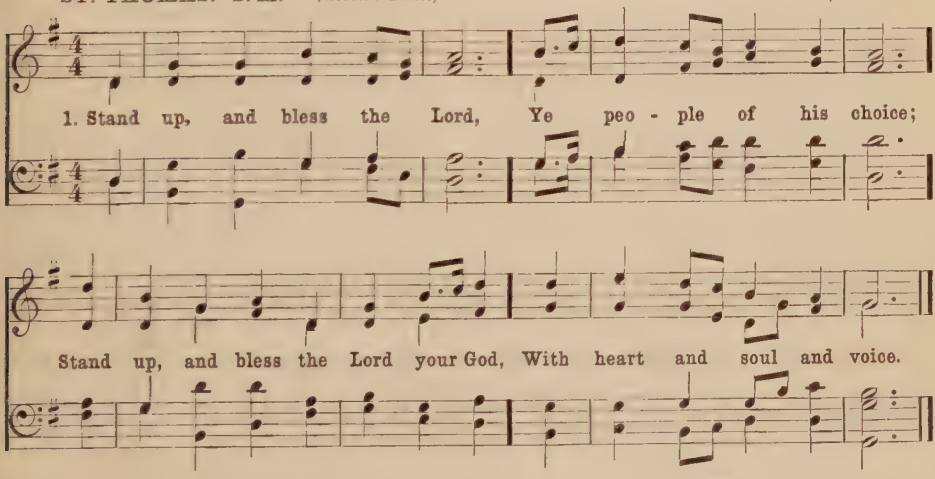
3 Oh, for the living flame,
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore:
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth for evermore.

James Montgomery, 1824.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

G. F. HANDEL, 1685–1759.

16 SILVER STREET. (*Opposite.*)

1 Come, sound his praise abroad
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own:
He formed us by his word.

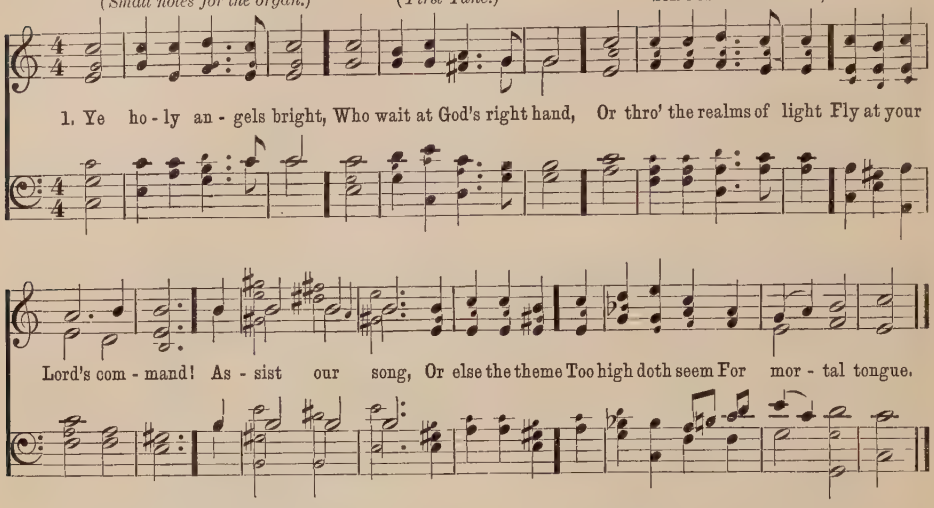
3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

17 ST. GREGORY. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

(*Small notes for the organ.*) (*First Tune.*)

GREGORIAN, ARR. BY SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838-1896.


1. Ye ho - ly an - gels bright, Who wait at God's right hand, Or thro' the realms of light Fly at your
Lord's com - mand! As - sist our song, Or else the theme Too high doth seem For mor - tal tongue.

1 Ye holy angels bright,
Who wait at God's right hand,
Or through the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command!
Assist our song,
Or else the theme
Too high doth seem
For mortal tongue.

2 Ye blessèd souls at rest,
Who ran this earthly race,
And now, from sin released,
Behold the Saviour's face!
God's praises sound,
As in his light,
With sweet delight
Ye do abound.

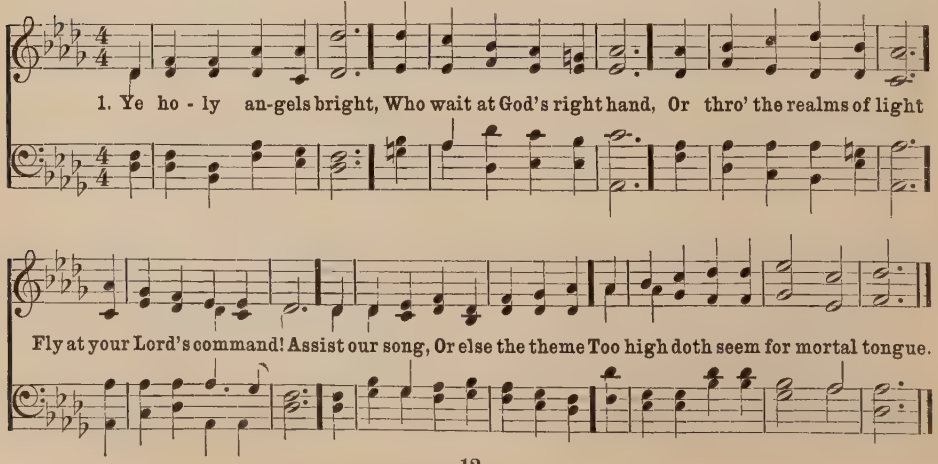
3 Ye saints, who toil below!
Adore your heavenly King,
And onward as ye go
Some joyful anthem sing:
Take what he gives;
And praise him still,
Through good and ill,
Who ever lives!

4 My soul! bear thou thy part;
Triumph in God above,
And with a well-tuned heart
Sing thou the songs of love!
Let all thy days
Till life shall end,
Whate'er he send,
Be filled with praise!

R. Baxter, 1615–1691. Altd. R. R. Chope.

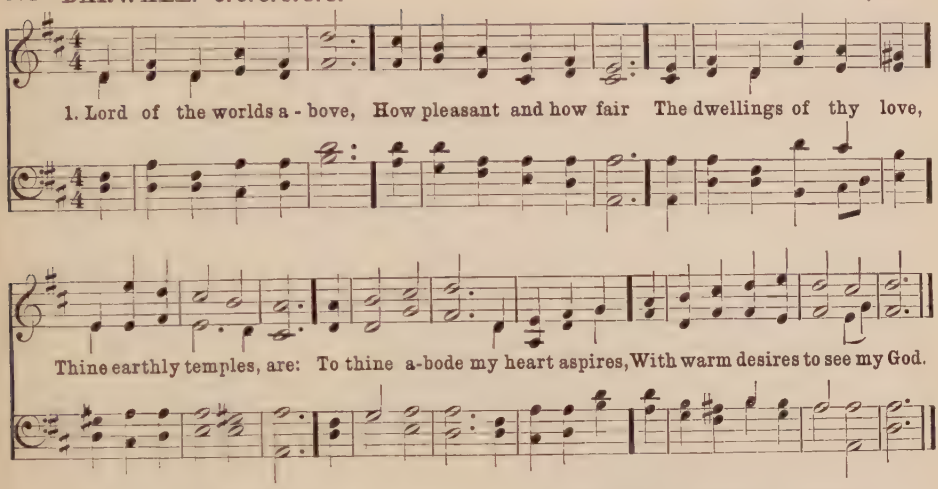
BENSON. 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*Second Tune.*)

W. H. HAVERGAL, 1793–1870.


1. Ye ho - ly an-gels bright, Who wait at God's right hand, Or thro' the realms of light
Fly at your Lord's command! Assist our song, Or else the theme Too high doth seem for mortal tongue.

18 DARWALL. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

JOHN DARWALL, 1770.


1. Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleasant and how fair The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are: To thine a-bode my heart aspires, With warm desires to see my God.

2 O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; and happy they
That love the way to Zion's hill.

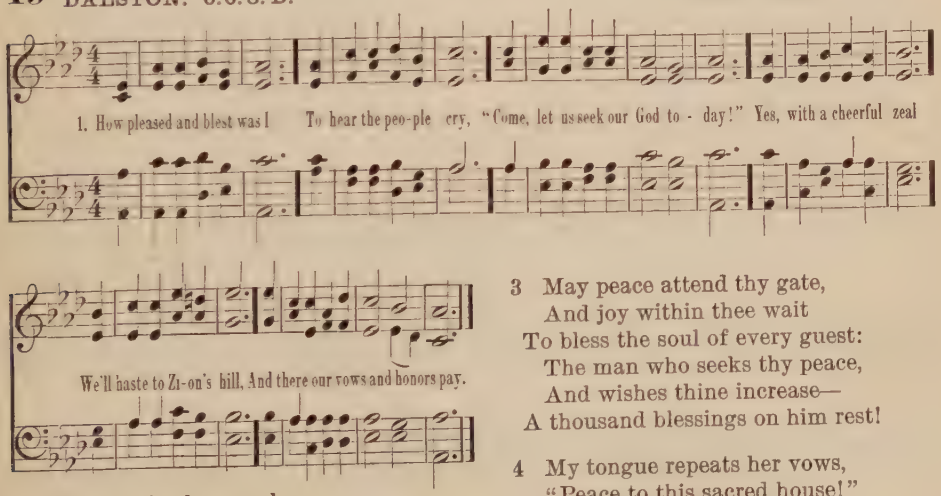
3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, when God, our King,
Shall thither bring our willing feet!

4 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light and our Defence;
With gifts his hands are filled;
We draw our blessings thence.
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

19 DALSTON. 6.6.8.D.

AARON WILLIAMS, 1731–1776.


1. How pleased and blest was I To hear the peo-ple cry, "Come, let us seek our God to - day!" Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We'll haste to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and honors pay.

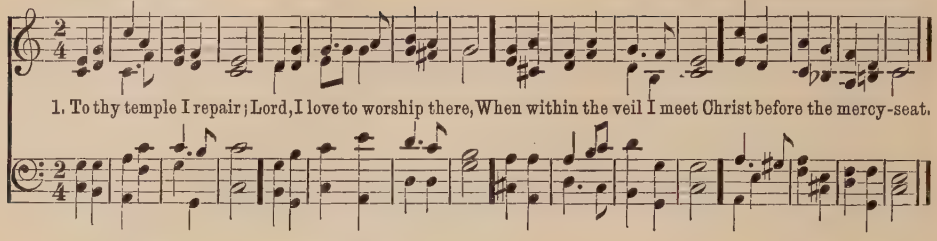
2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round:
In thee our tribes appear
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase—
A thousand blessings on him rest!

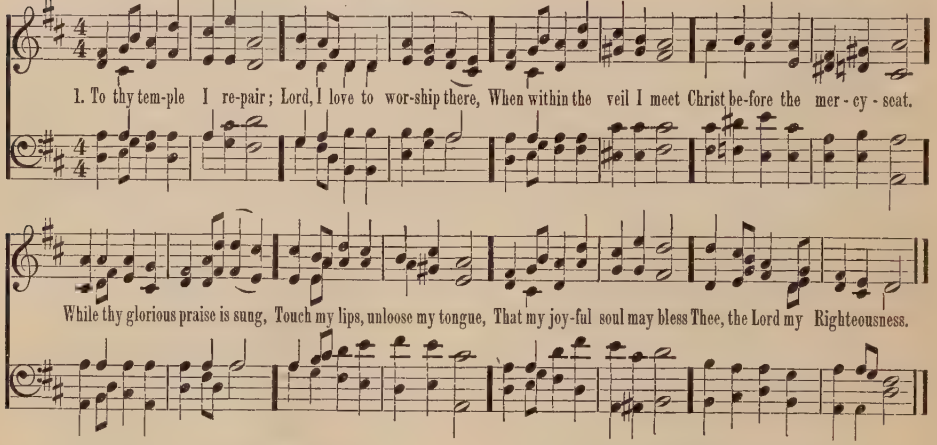
4 My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Isaac Watts, 1674–1748.

20 **PRUEN.** 7s. (*First Tune.*) SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1825-1889.



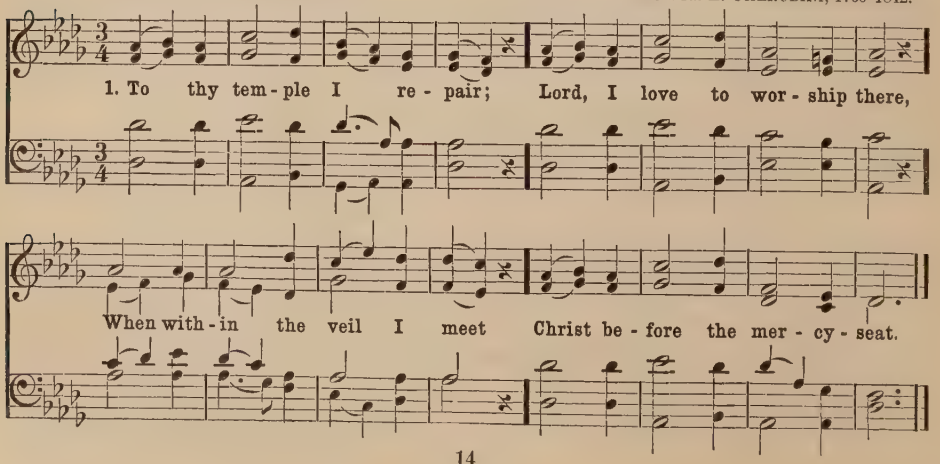
BROMLEY. 7s. D. (*Second Tune.*) J. R. SCHACHNER.


1. To thy tem-ple I re-pair; Lord, I love to wor-ship there, When within the veil I meet Christ be-fore the mer - cy - seat.
While thy glorious praise is sung, Touch my lips, unloose my tongue, That my joy-ful soul may bless Thee, the Lord my Righteousness.

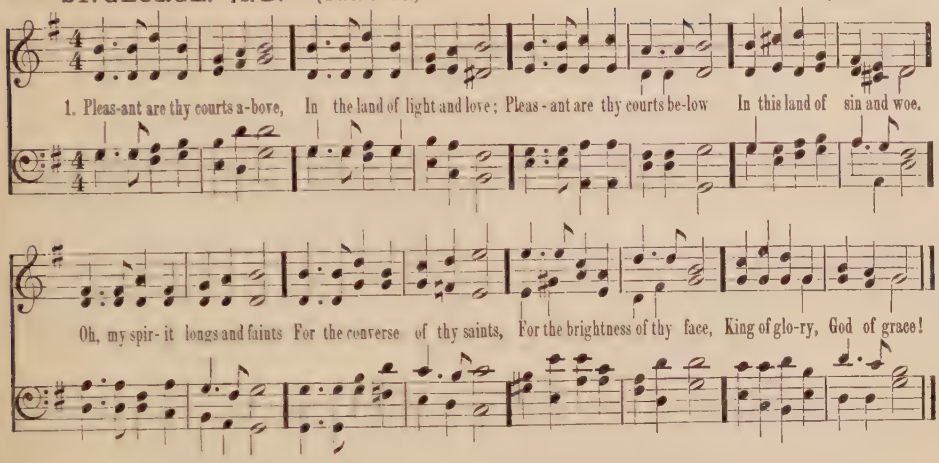
2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.
While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy gospel brings to me
Life and immortality.

3 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from the sky.
From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,—
I have walked with God to-day.

James Montgomery, 1812.

DALLAS. 7s. (*Third Tune.*) ARR. FROM M. L. CHERUBINI, 1760-1842.

21 ST. GEORGE. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*)

SIR G. J. ELVEY, 1816–1893.


1. Pleas-ant are thy courts a-bove, In the land of light and love; Pleas-ant are thy courts be-low In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spir-it longs and faints For the converse of thy saints, For the brightness of thy face, King of glo-ry, God of grace!

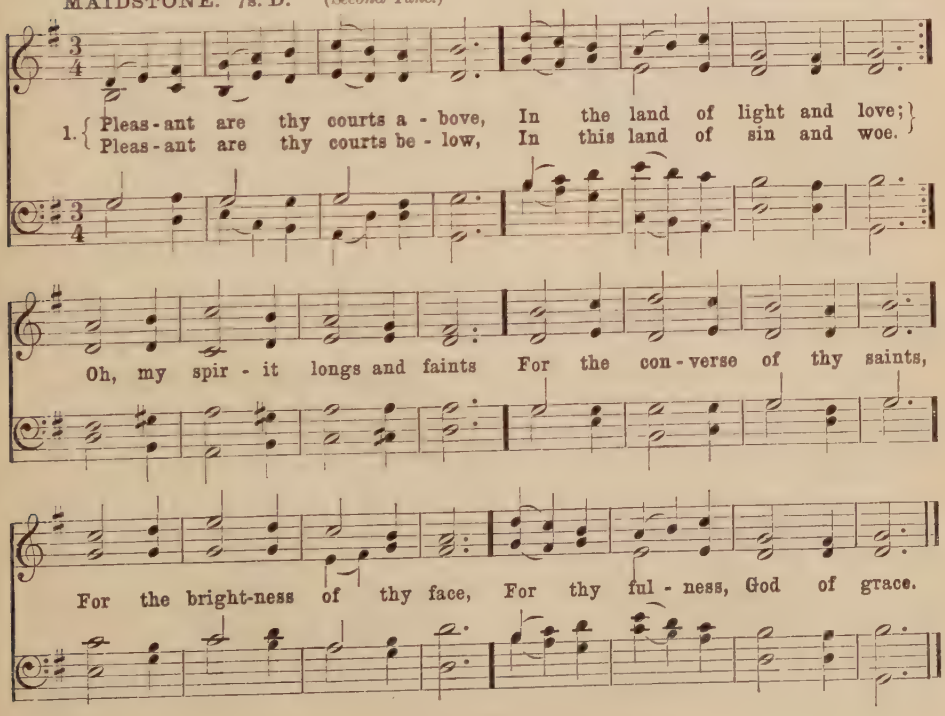
2 Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach thy throne at length;
At thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

3 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by thy saving grace;
Give me at thy side a place.
Sun and shield alike thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart:
Grace and glory flow from thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

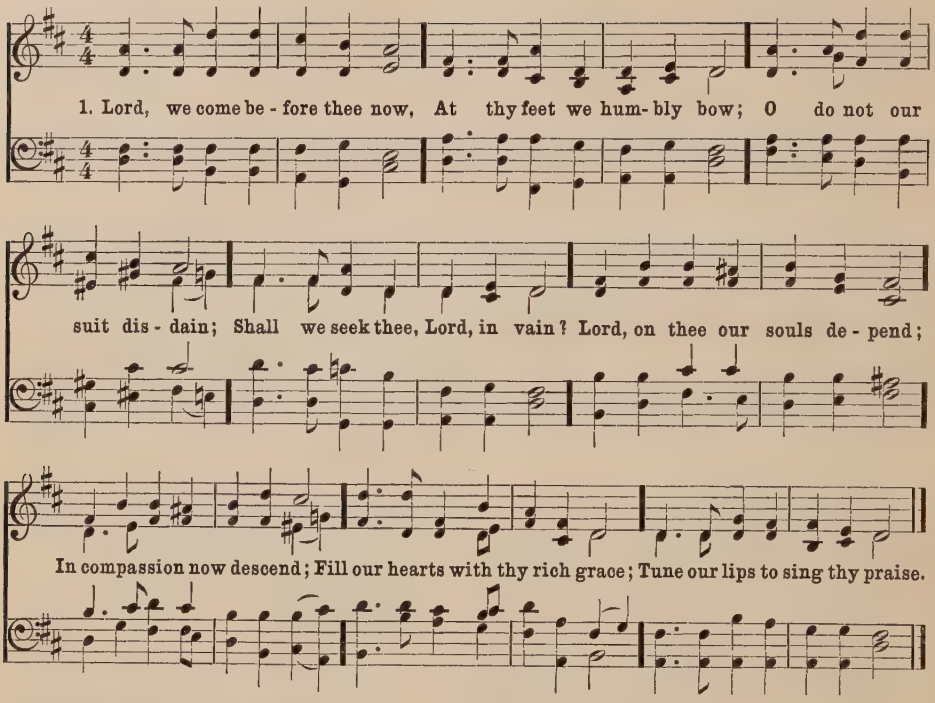
MAIDSTONE. 7s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

W. B. GILBERT, 1865.


1. Pleas-ant are thy courts a-bove, In the land of light and love;
Pleas-ant are thy courts be-low, In this land of sin and woe.
Oh, my spir-it longs and faints For the con-verse of thy saints,
For the bright-ness of thy face, For thy ful-ness, God of grace.

22 RAMOTH. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. CALKIN, 1827—.


1. Lord, we come be - fore thee now, At thy feet we hum - bly bow; O do not our
suit dis - dain; Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain? Lord, on thee our souls de - pend;
In compassion now descend; Fill our hearts with thy rich grace; Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

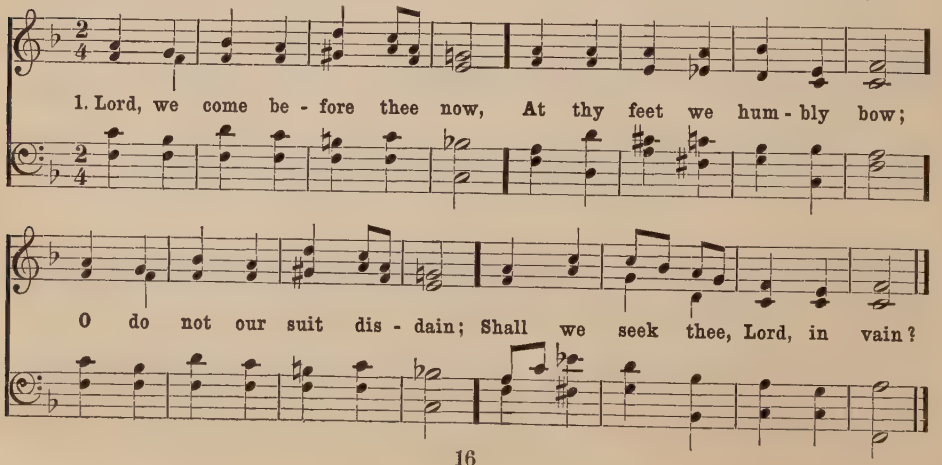
2 In thine own appointed way
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go
Till a blessing thou bestow.
Send some message from thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

3 Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down, lift up,
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.
Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in thee.

William Hammond, 1745.

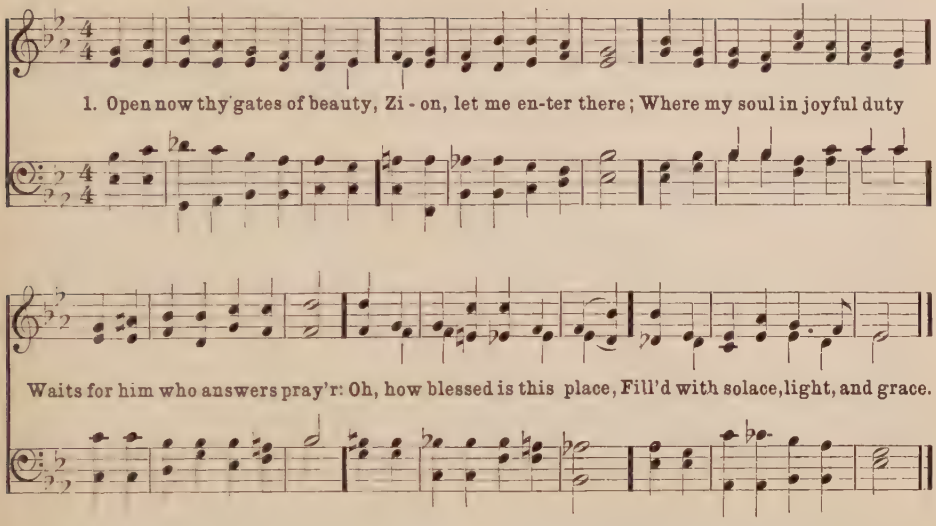
SEYMOUR. 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

ARR. FROM C. M. F. E. VON WEBER, 1826.



23 ILKLEY. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

J. W. Elliott, 1833—.


1. Open now thy gates of beauty, Zi - on, let me en-ter there; Where my soul in joyful duty
Waits for him who answers pray'r: Oh, how blessed is this place, Fill'd with solace, light, and grace.

1 Open now thy gates of beauty,
Zion, let me enter there;
Where my soul in joyful duty
Waits for him who answers prayer:
Oh, how blessèd is this place,
Filled with solace, light, and grace.

2 Yes, my God, I come before thee,
Come thou also down to me;
Where we find thee and adore thee,
There a heaven on earth must be.
To my heart, O enter thou,
Let it be thy temple now.

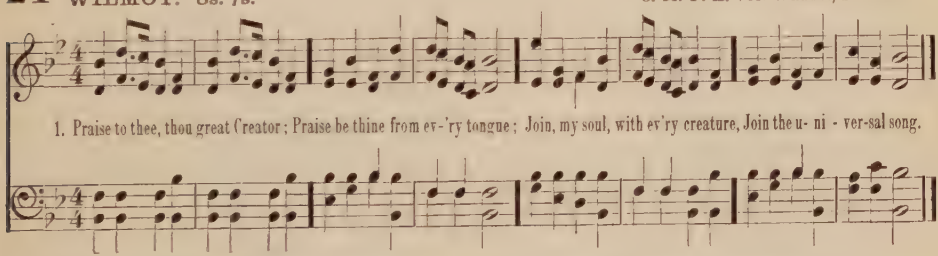
3 Thou my faith increase and quicken,
Let me keep thy gift divine,
Howsoe'er temptations thicken;
May thy word still o'er me shine,
As my pole-star through my life,
As my comfort in my strife.

4 Speak, O God, and I will hear thee,
Let thy will be done indeed;
May I undisturbed draw near thee
Whilst thou dost thy people feed.
Here of life the fountain flows,
Here is balm for all our woes.

B. Schmolke, 1723. tr. C. Winkworth, 1863.

24 WILMOT. 8s. 7s.

C. M. F. E. von Weber, 1786–1826


1. Praise to thee, thou great Creator; Praise be thine from ev-'ry tongue; Join, my soul, with ev'ry creature, Join the u- ni - ver-sal song.

1 Praise to thee, thou great Creator;
Praise be thine from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father, source of all compassion,
Free, unbounded grace is thine;
Hail the God of our salvation;
Praise him for his love divine.

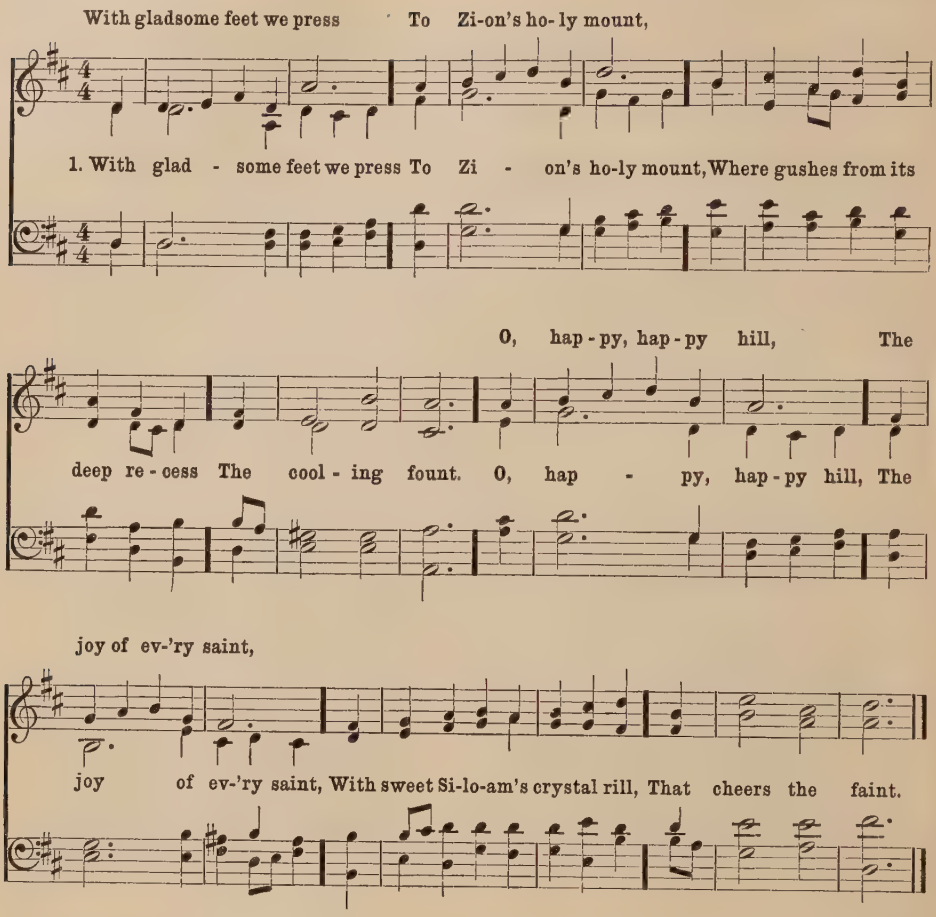
3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise thro' earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore Him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
There, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

John Fawcett, 1782.

25 MT. ZION. 6. 6. 8. 4. D.

SIR G. A. MACFARREN, 1813–1887.


With gladsome feet we press To Zi-on's ho-ly mount,
1. With glad - some feet we press To Zi - on's ho-ly mount, Where gushes from its
O, hap - py, hap - py hill, The
deep re - cess The cool - ing fount. O, hap - py, hap - py hill, The
joy of ev-'ry saint,
joy of ev-'ry saint, With sweet Si-lo-am's crystal rill, That cheers the faint.

1 With gladsome feet we press
To Zion's holy mount,
Where gushes from its deep recess
The cooling fount.
O, happy, happy hill,
The joy of every saint,
With sweet Siloam's crystal rill,
That cheers the faint.

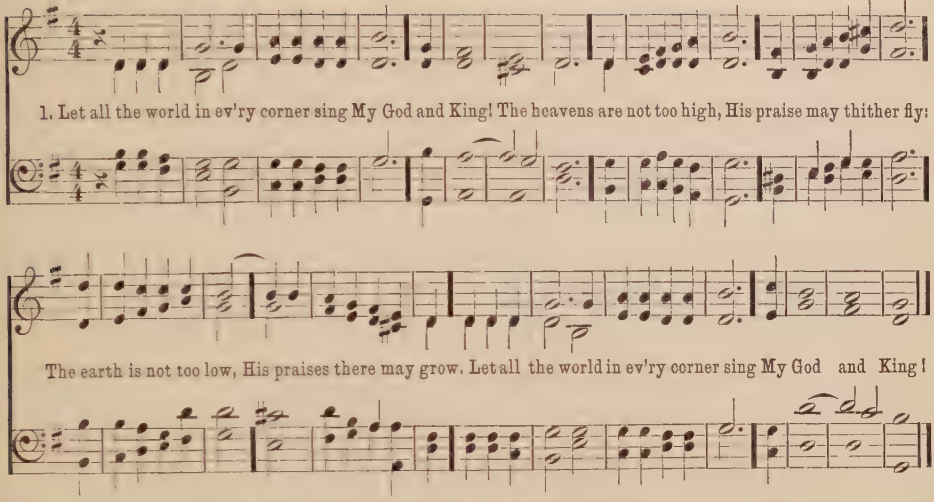
2 Great City, blest of God!
Jerusalem the free!
With ceaseless step the path be trod,
That leads to thee!
The martyrs' bleeding feet,
The saints with woundless breast,
Alike have sought thy golden seat
To win their rest.

3 There, calming all alarms,
Thy Cross of Love is traced,
Outstretching salutary arms,
To bless the waste;
The sinner there can plead
In ever-listening ears;
On hope and thee can sweetly feed,
And dry his tears.

4 So this our festal day
Celestial joys shall raise,
While lips and hearts, conjoined, essay
To hymn thy praise!
The very stones shall ring,
Resound each holy wall,
With thee, thyself the Rock, the Spring,
Our Heaven, our All.

Robert C. Singleton.

26 HERBERT. P. M.

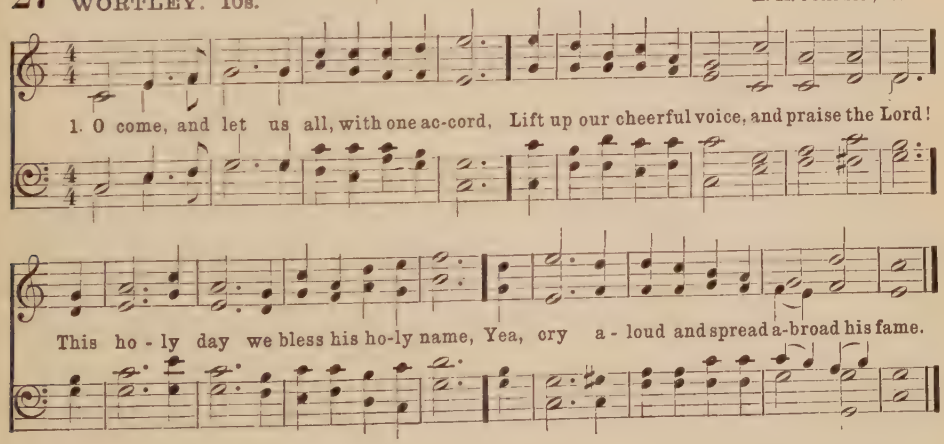
SIR G. J. ELVEY, 1816–1893.

1. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing My God and King! The heavens are not too high, His praise may thither fly:
The earth is not too low, His praises there may grow. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing My God and King!

2 Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!
The church with psalms must shout
And ring her praises out;
But best of all the heart
Must bear the largest part.
Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King!

George Herbert, 1593–1632, alt.

27 WORTLEY. 10s.

E. H. JOHNSON, 1897.


1. O come, and let us all, with one ac-cord, Lift up our cheerful voice, and praise the Lord!
This ho - ly day we bless his ho-ly name, Yea, cry a - loud and spread a-broad his fame.

2 Let universal nature ever raise
A cheerful voice to give him thanks and praise;
Let us and all his saints his glory sing,
Who is our blessed Saviour, Lord, and King.

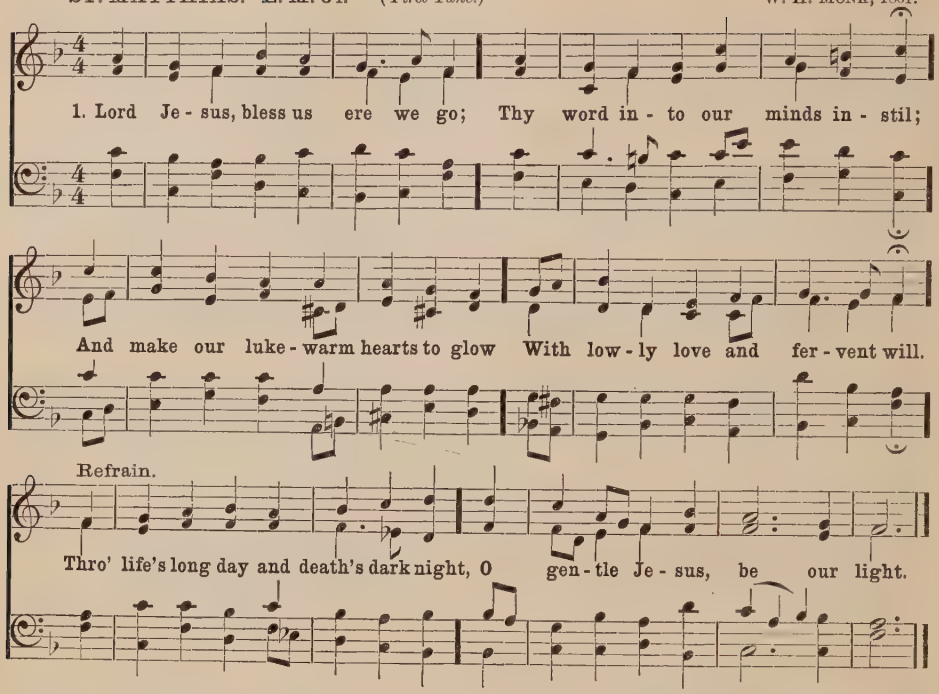
3 For by his word the heaven and earth were made,
The earth's foundation also firmly laid;
All things were done at his divine command,
And shall throughout all ages surely stand.

4 Therefore let all in heaven and earth agree
To sing his praise in perfect unity;
Yea, let his servants all, with one accord,
With joyful hallelujahs praise the Lord.

Anon, alt.

28 ST. MATTHIAS. L. M. 61. (*First Tune.*)

W. H. Monk, 1861.


1. Lord Je - sus, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - stil;
And make our luke - warm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will.
Refrain.
Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus, be our light.

2 The day is done, its hours have run;
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.—*Ref.*

3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release;
And bless us, more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.—*Ref.*

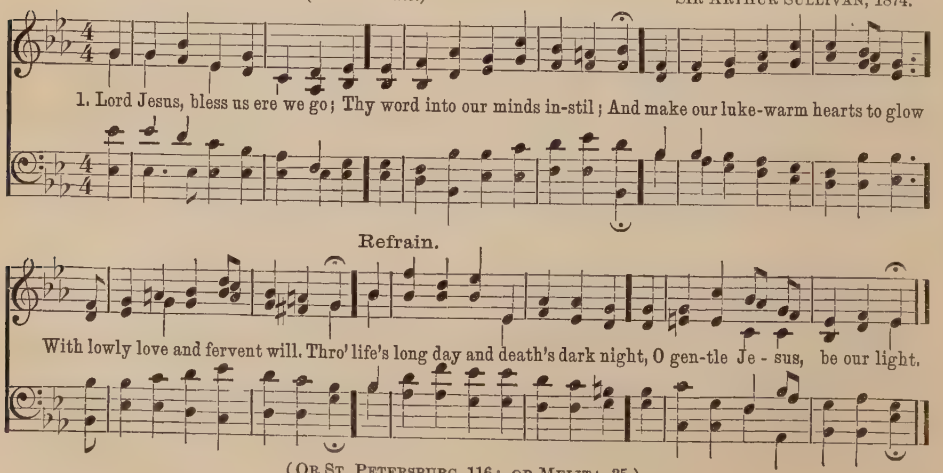
4 Do more than pardon; give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like thee.—*Ref.*

5 For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our All.—*Ref.*

F. W. Faber, 1849, alt.

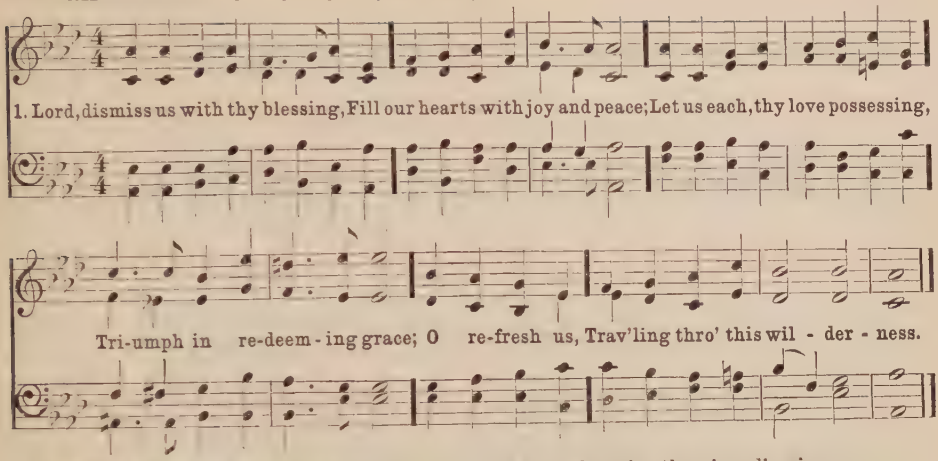
VALETE. L. M. 61. (*Second Tune.*)

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874.


1. Lord Jesus, bless us ere we go; Thy word into our minds in-stil; And make our luke-warm hearts to glow
Refrain.
With lowly love and fervent will. Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen-tle Je - sus, be our light.

(Or St. Petersburg, 116; or Melita, 35.)

29 **RAPHAEL.** 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*First Tune.*) E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.

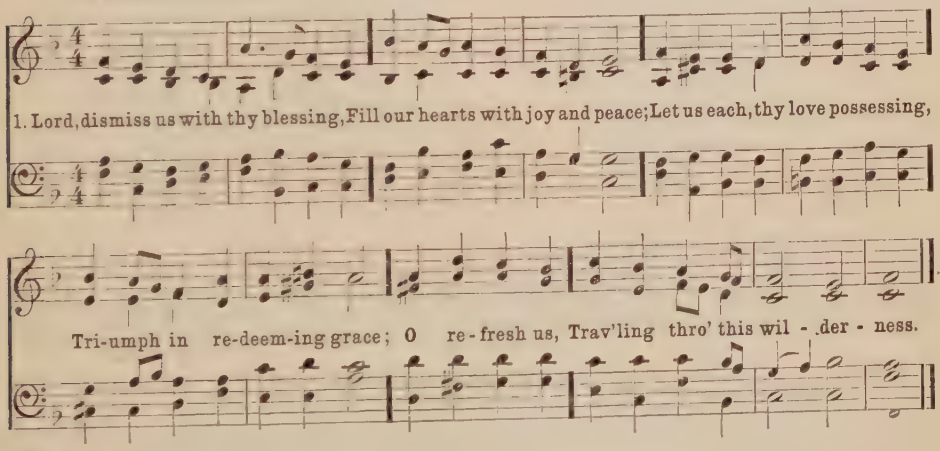

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy love possessing,
Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace; O re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
Ever faithful
To the truth may we be found!

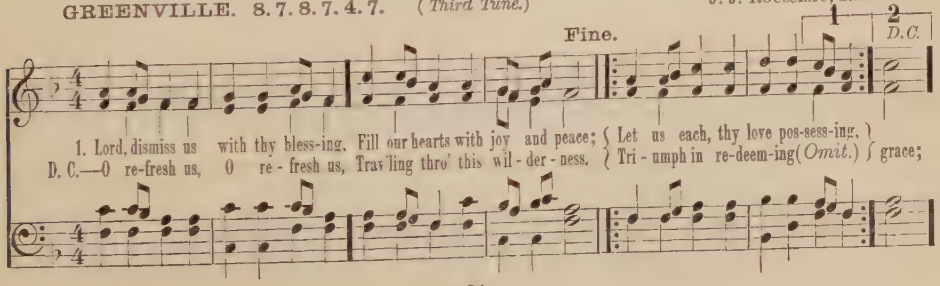
3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Rise, and reign in endless day.

J. Fawcett, 1773.

HARROW. 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*Second Tune.*) SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1886.

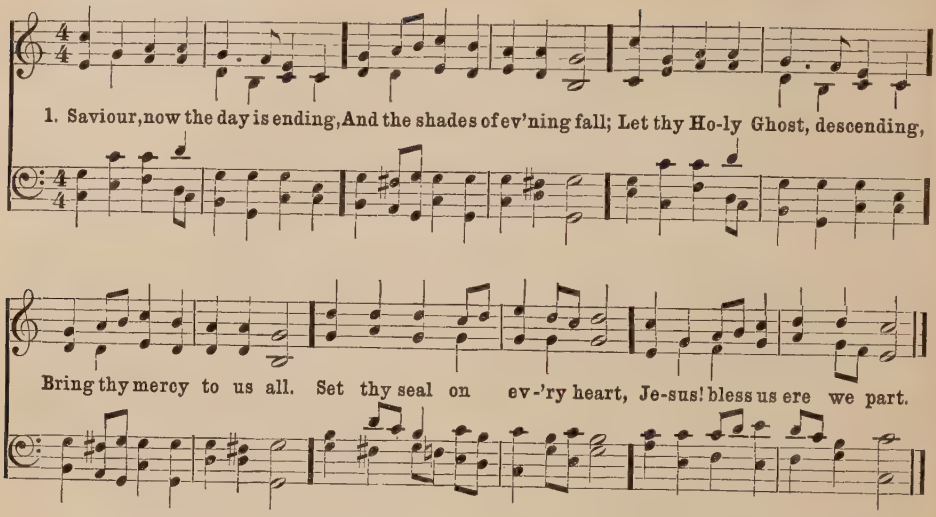

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy love possessing,
Tri-umph in re-deem-ing grace; O re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness.

GREENVILLE. 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*Third Tune.*) J. J. ROUSSEAU, 1712–1778.


Fine.
1
2
D.C.
1. Lord, dismiss us with thy bless-ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; { Let us each, thy love pos-sess-ing, }
D. C.—O re-fresh us, O re - fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil - der - ness. { Tri - umph in re-deem-ing (Omit.) } grace;

30 ALTENBURG. 8.7.8.7.7.7. (*First Tune.*)

GERMAN CHORAL.


1. Saviour, now the day is ending, And the shades of ev'ning fall; Let thy Ho-ly Ghost, descending,
Bring thy mercy to us all. Set thy seal on ev-'ry heart, Je-sus! bless us ere we part.

1 Saviour, now the day is ending,
And the shades of evening fall;
Let thy Holy Ghost, descending,
Bring thy mercy to us all.
Set thy seal on every heart,
Jesus! bless us ere we part.

2 Bless the gospel message, spoken
In thine own appointed way;
Give each longing soul a token
Of thy tender love to-day.
Set thy seal on every heart,
Jesus! bless us ere we part.

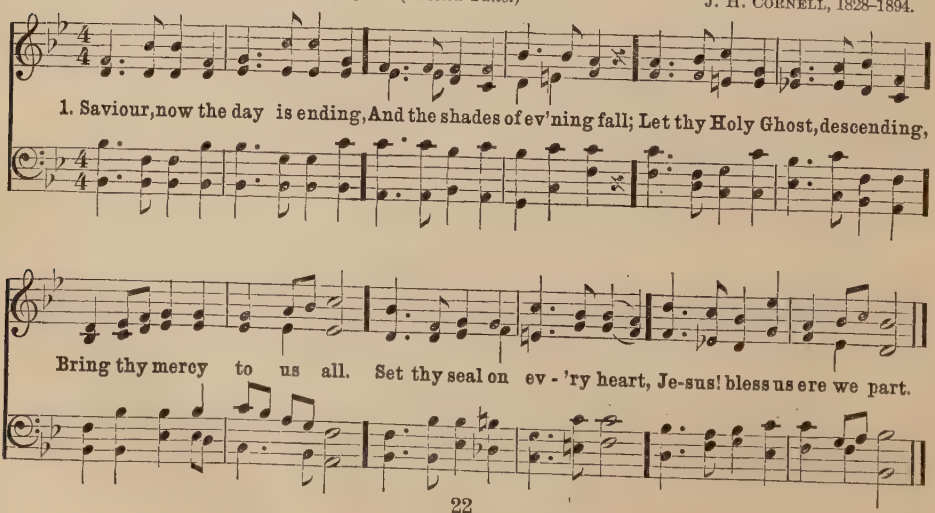
3 Comfort those in pain and sorrow,
Watch each sleeping child of thine;
Let us all arise to-morrow
Strengthened by thy grace divine;
Set thy seal on every heart,
Jesus! bless us ere we part.

4 Pardon thou each deed unholy,
Lord, forgive each sinful thought;
Make us contrite, pure, and lowly,
By thy great example taught:
Set thy seal on every heart,
Jesus! bless us ere we part.

Sarah Doudney.

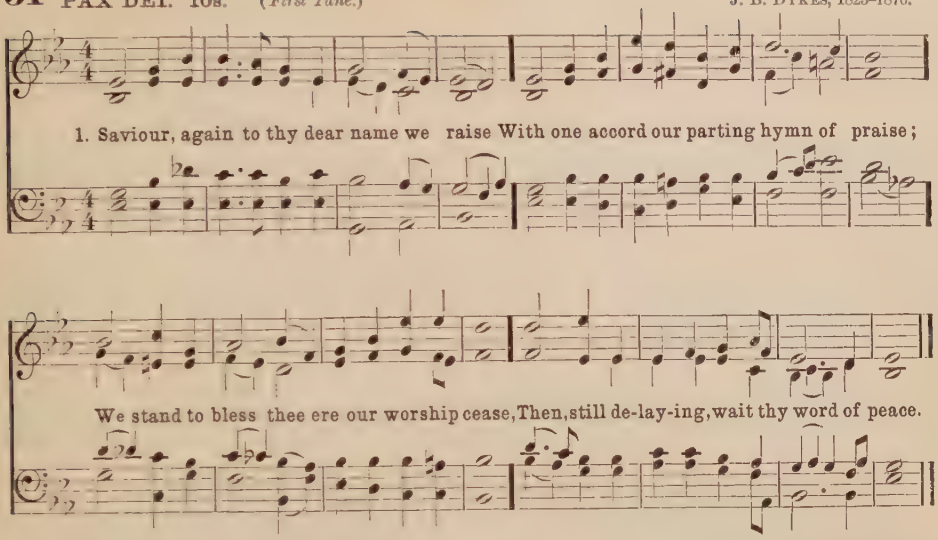
NIGHTFALL. 8.7.8.7.7.7. (*Second Tune.*)

J. H. CORNELL, 1828–1894.


1. Saviour, now the day is ending, And the shades of ev'ning fall; Let thy Holy Ghost, descending,
Bring thy mercy to us all. Set thy seal on ev-'ry heart, Je-sus! bless us ere we part.

31 PAX DEI. 10s. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.


1. Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease, Then, still de-lay-ing, wait thy word of peace.

1 Saviour, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
Then, still delaying, wait thy word of peace.

2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

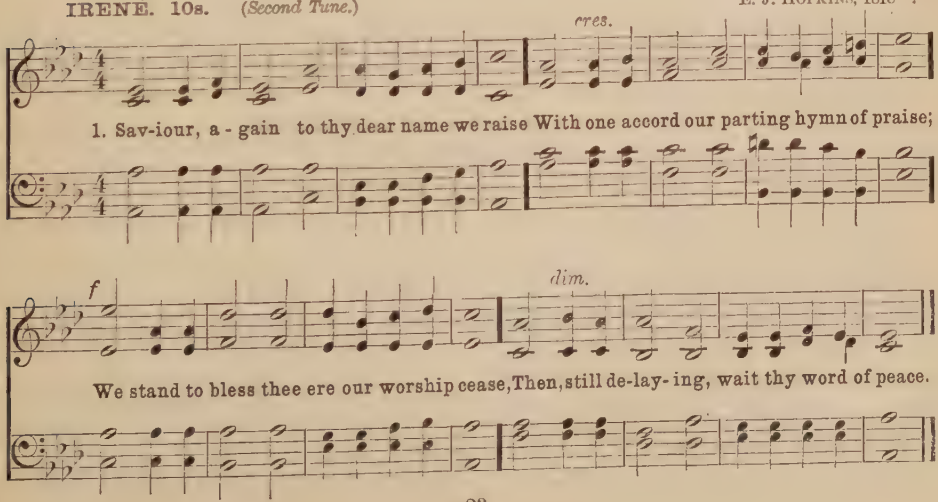
3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

John Ellerton, 1861.

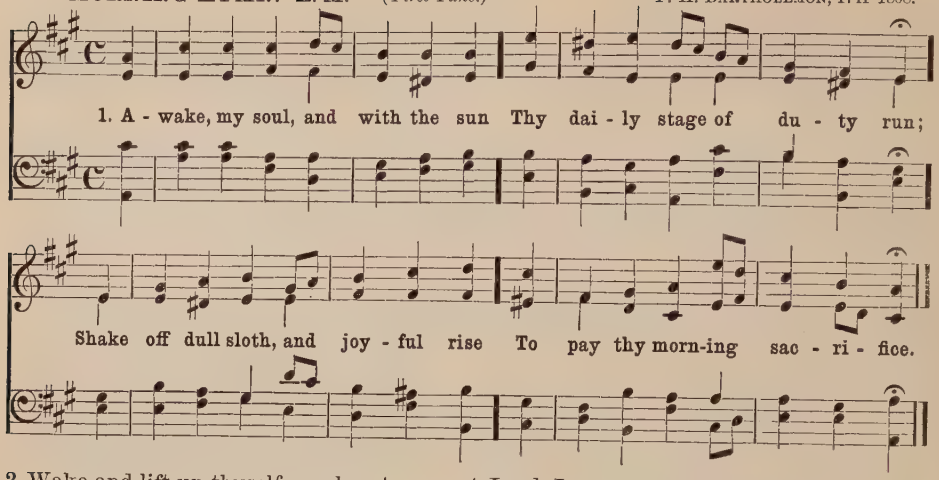
IRENÉ. 10s. (*Second Tune.*)

E. J. Hopkins, 1818—.


cres.
1. Sav-iour, a - gain to thy dear name we raise With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
f
dim.
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease, Then, still de-lay- ing, wait thy word of peace.

32 MORNING HYMN. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

F. H. Bartholemon, 1741–1808.


1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morn-ing sac - ri - fice.

2 Wake and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
Who, all night long, unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.

3 All praise to thee who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept!
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake!

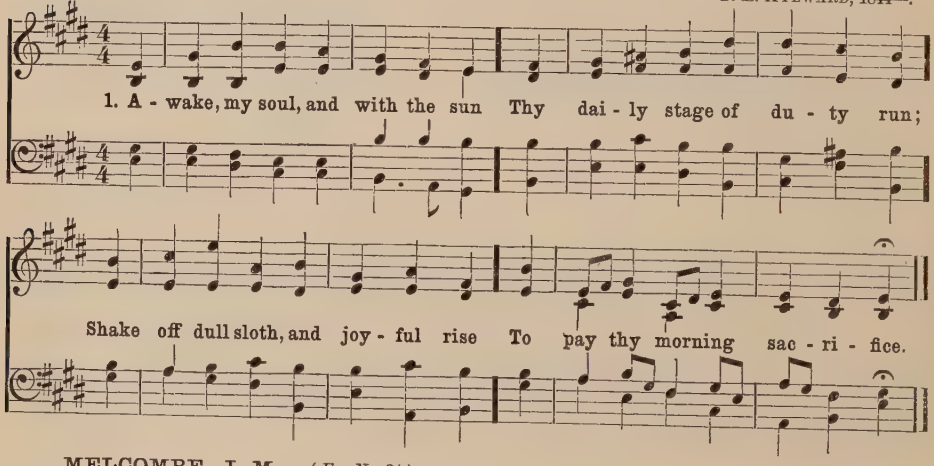
4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Thomas Ken, 1697.

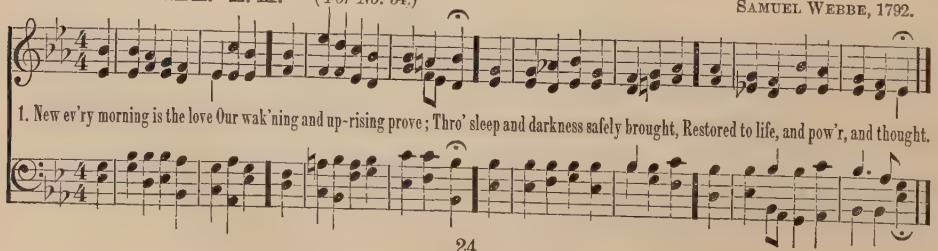
BALCOM. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

T. E. Aylward, 1844—.


1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joy - ful rise To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice.

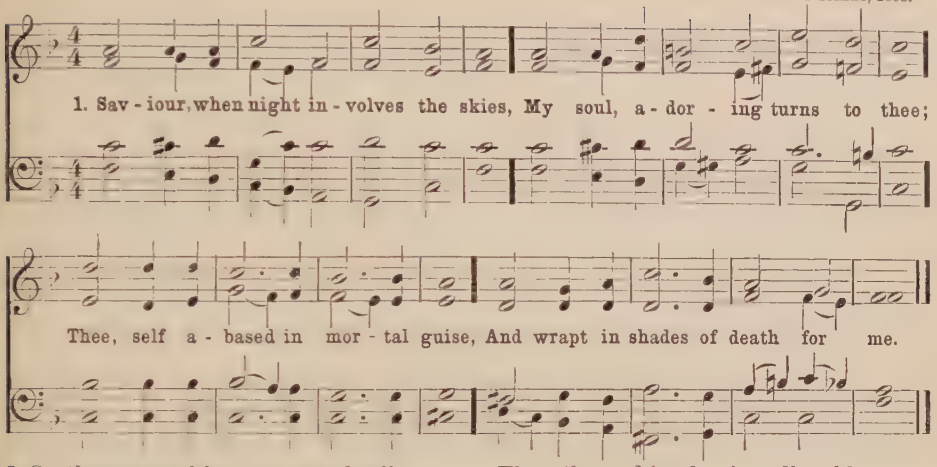
MELCOMBE. L. M. (*For No. 34.*)

Samuel Webbe, 1792.


1. New er'ry morning is the love Our wak'ning and up-rising prove; Thro' sleep and darkness safely brought, Restored to life, and pow'r, and thought.

33 SWEDEN. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

HENRY HILES, 1868.


1. Sav - iour, when night in - volves the skies, My soul, a - dor - ing turns to thee;
Thee, self a - based in mor - tal guise, And wrapt in shades of death for me.

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

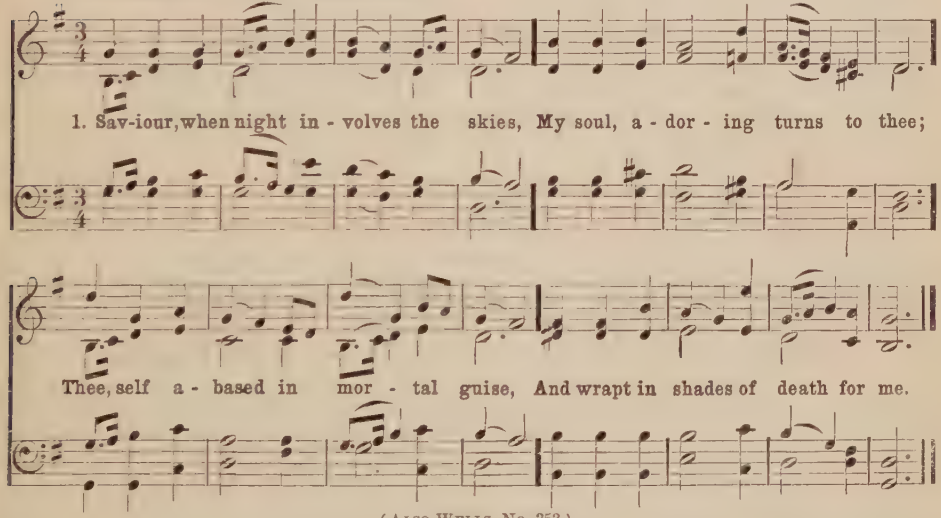
3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings.

4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon shall feel,
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

Thomas Gisborne, 1803, alt.

ST. NEOT'S. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

H. W. GREATOREX, 1811–1858.


1. Sav-iour, when night in - volves the skies, My soul, a - dor - ing turns to thee;
Thee, self a - based in mor - tal guise, And wrapt in shades of death for me.

(ALSO WELLS, No. 353.)

34 MELCOMBE. (*Opposite.*)

2 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

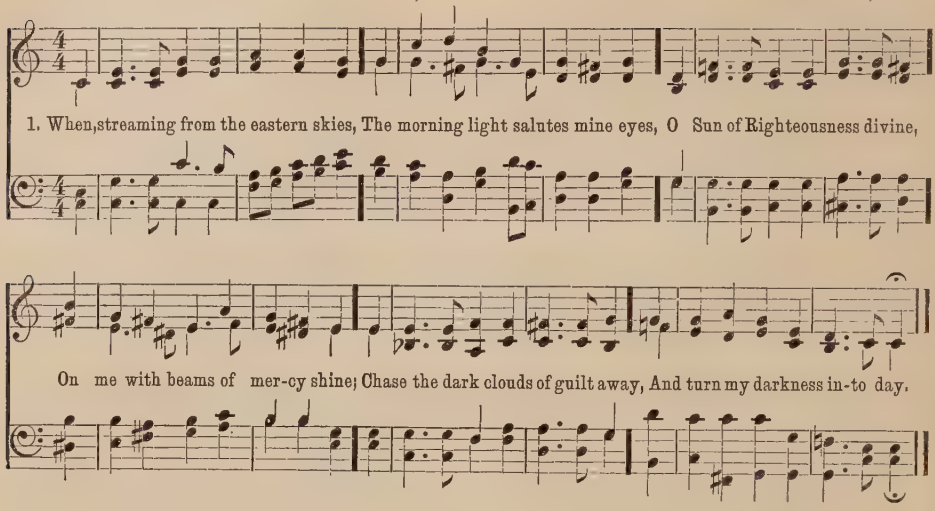
4 The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

5 Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above,
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

John Keble, 1822.

35 MELITA. L. M. 61. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. Dykes, 1861.


1. When, streaming from the eastern skies, The morning light salutes mine eyes, O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mer-cy shine; Chase the dark clouds of guilt away, And turn my darkness in-to day.

1 When, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 And when to heaven's all-glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, Jesus, cleanse me with thy blood,
And be my advocate with God.

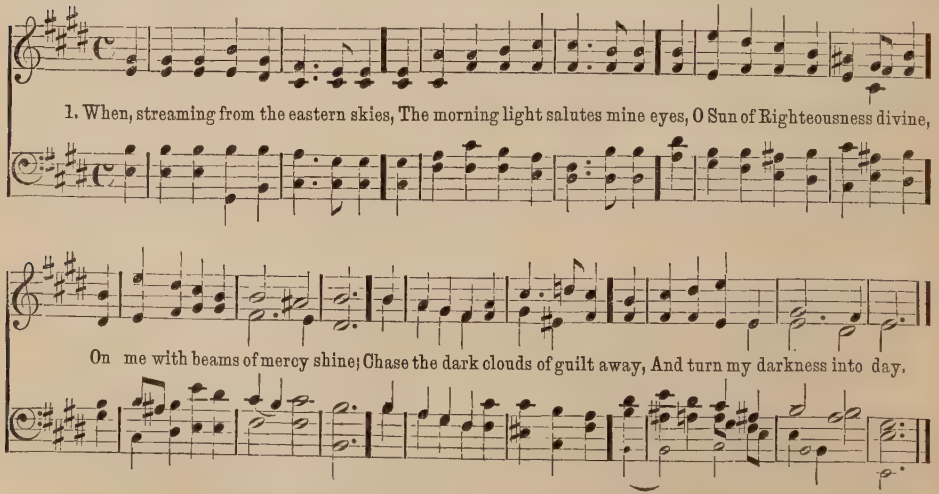
3 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

4 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

W. Shrubsole, Jr., 1813.

ENNERDALE. L. M. 61. (*Second Tune.*)

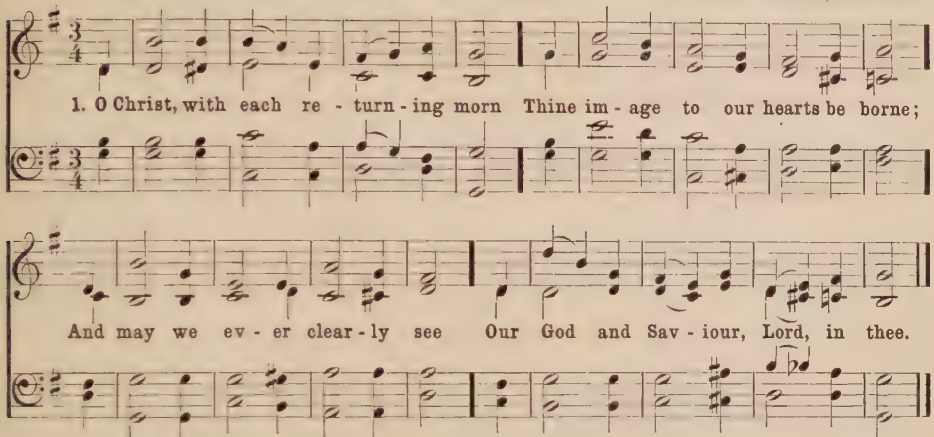
Sir J. Barnby, 1838–1896.


1. When, streaming from the eastern skies, The morning light salutes mine eyes, O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine; Chase the dark clouds of guilt away, And turn my darkness into day.

(Also Plumptre, opposite; or St. Petersburg, No. 116.)

36 BROOKFIELD. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

T. B. SOUTHGATE, 1814-1868.


1. O Christ, with each re - turn - ing morn Thine im - age to our hearts be borne;
And may we ev - er clear - ly see Our God and Sav - iour, Lord, in thee.

2 All hallowed be our walk this day;
May meekness form our early ray,
And faithful love our noontide light,
And hope our sunset, calm and bright.

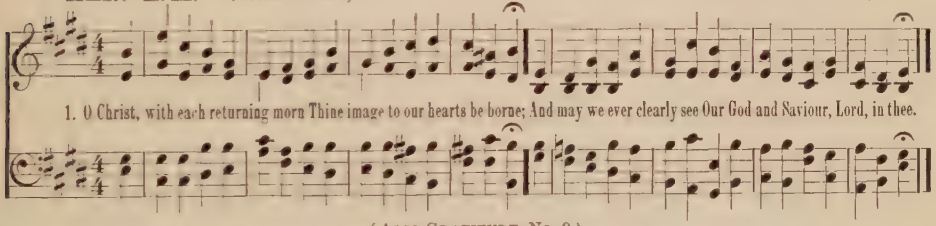
3 May grace each idle thought control,
And sanctify our wayward soul;
May guile depart, and malice cease,
And all within be joy and peace.

4 Our daily course, O Jesus, bless;
Make plain the way of holiness:
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And cheer at last our journey's end.

Tr. by John Chandler, 1806–1876.

KEN. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

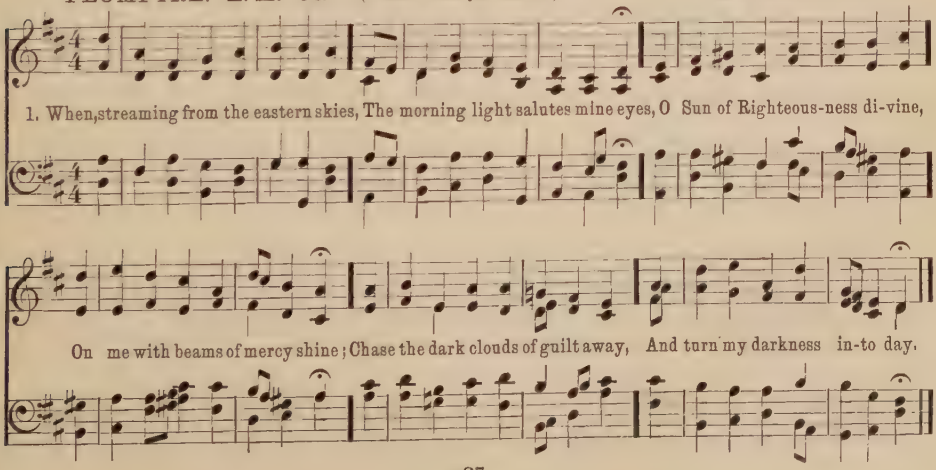
E. G. MONK, 1867.


1. O Christ, with each returning morn Thine image to our hearts be borne; And may we ever clearly see Our God and Saviour, Lord, in thee.

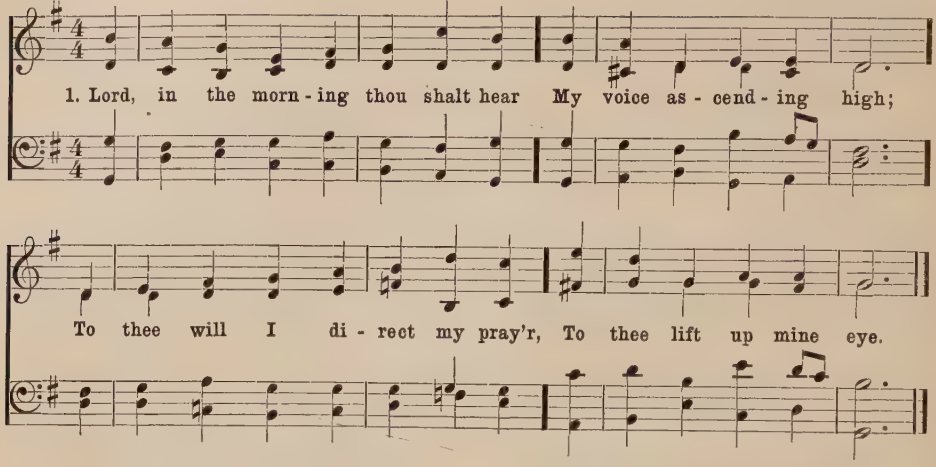
(ALSO GRATITUDE, No. 9.)

PLUMPTRE. L. M. 61. (*Third Tune for No. 35.*)

S. S. WESLEY, 1810–1876.


1. When, streaming from the eastern skies, The morning light salutes mine eyes, O Sun of Righteous-ness di-vine,
On me with beams of mercy shine; Chase the dark clouds of guilt away, And turn my darkness in-to day.

37 **GRONINGEN. C. M.** (*First Tune.*) BERTHOLD TOURS, 1872.



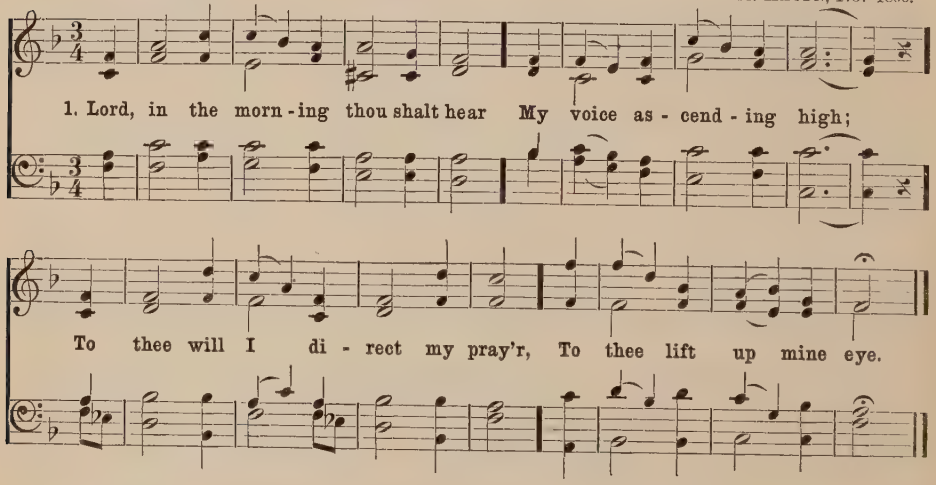
2 Thou art a God before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

3 But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

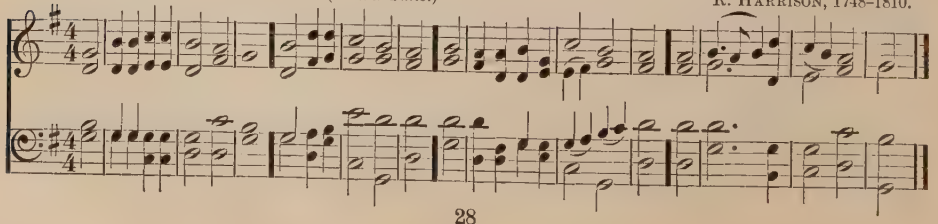
4 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

SALZBURGH. C. M. (*Second Tune.*) J. M. HAYDN, 1737–1806.

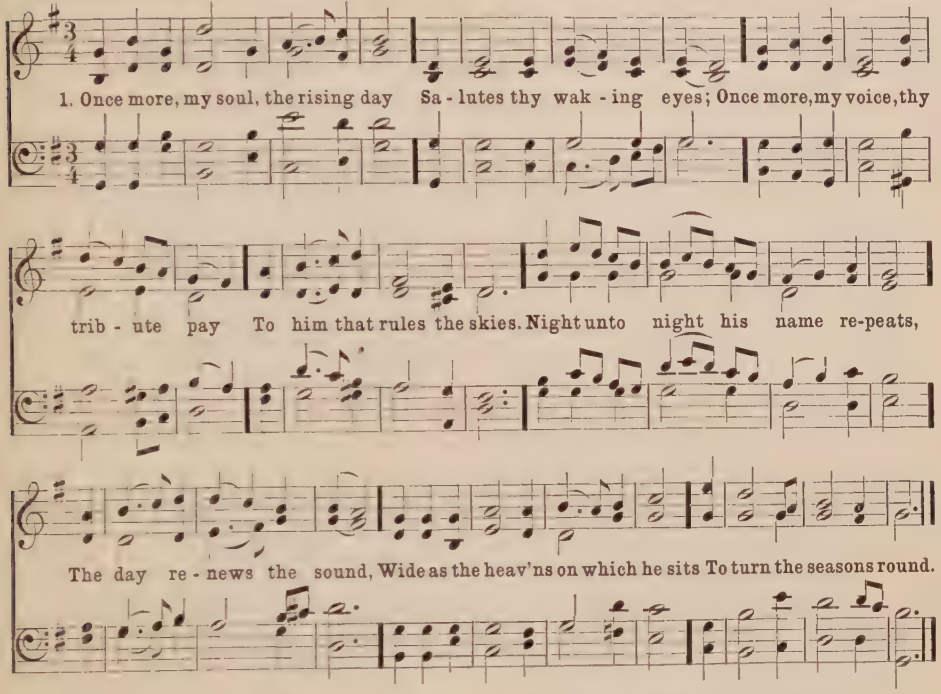


PETERBORO'. C. M. (*Third Tune.*) R. HARRISON, 1748–1810.



38 BISSELL'S MAJESTY. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

THOMAS BISSELL. c. 1810–1877.


1. Once more, my soul, the rising day Sa - lutes thy wak - ing eyes; Once more, my voice, thy
trib - ute pay To him that rules the skies. Night unto night his name re-peats,
The day re - news the sound, Wide as the heav'ns on which he sits To turn the seasons round.

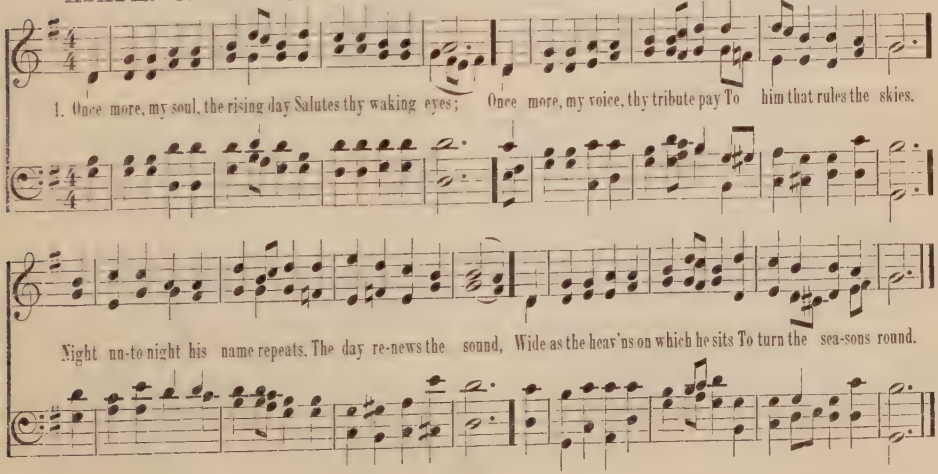
1 Once more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes:
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him that rules the skies.
Night unto night his name repeats,
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits
To turn the seasons round.

2 'Tis he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.
Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

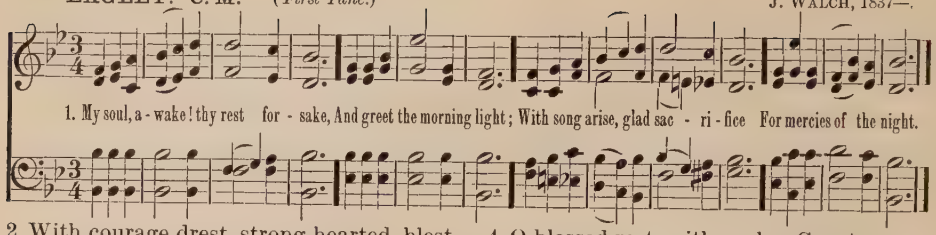
ASAPH. C. M. D. (*Second Tune.*)

ARR. FROM J. M. GIORNOVICHI, 1745–1804.


1. Once more, my soul, the rising day Salutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To him that rules the skies.
Night un-to night his name repeats. The day re-news the sound, Wide as the heav'ns on which he sits To turn the sea-sons round.

39 EAGLEY. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. WALCH, 1837—.



2 With courage drest, strong-hearted, blest,
Fulfil thy work abroad.
Fearless and true, thy way pursue,
A happy child of God.

3 In liberty of holy glee,
Accept thy sonship's part;
And thou shalt find, by faith enshrined,
The Father in thy heart.

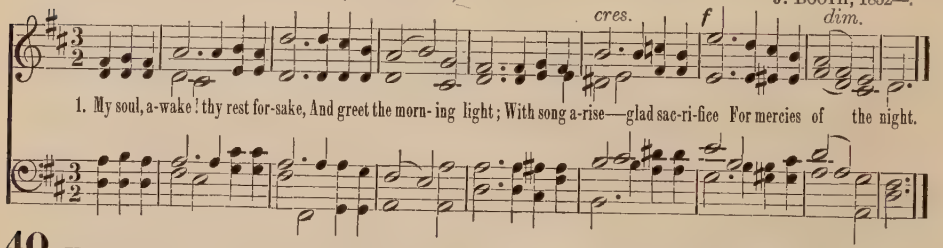
4 O blessed rest, with such a Guest
Life's duty grows divine,
Dross becomes gold, and, as of old,
The water turns to wine.

5 Eternal praise to thee we raise,
Who deign'st with men to dwell;
Great Word of God, Jehovah! Lord!
Adored Immanuel!

Jane E. Livock.

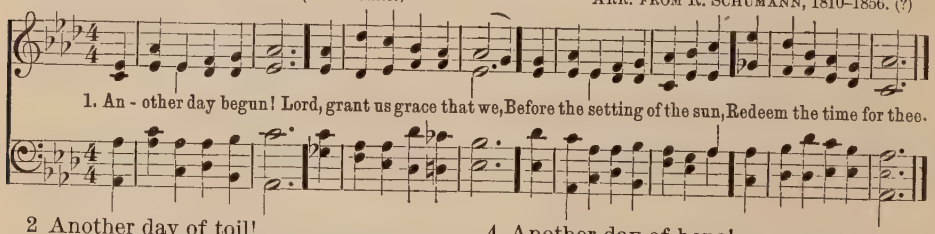
BRACONDALE. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. BOOTH, 1852—.


cres.
f
dim.
1. My soul, a-wake! thy rest for-sake, And greet the morn- ing light; With song a-rise—glad sac-ri-fice For mercies of the night.

40 HESPERUS. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM R. SCHUMANN, 1810–1856. (?)



2 Another day of toil!
To thee we yield our powers;
Keep thou our souls from guilty soil
Through all the passing hours.

3 Another day of fear!
For watchful is our foe,
And sin is strong, and death is near,
And short our time below.

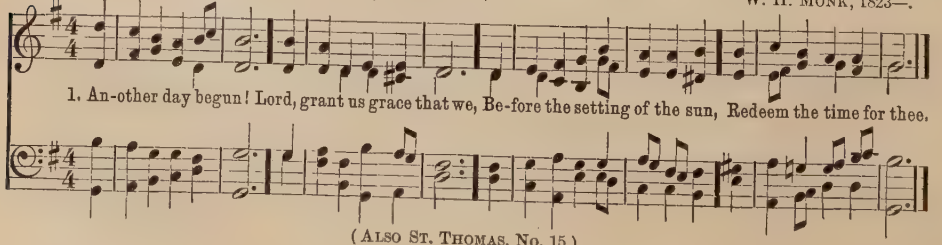
4 Another day of hope!
For thou art with us still,
And thine almighty strength can cope
With all who seek our ill.

5 Another day of grace
To help us on our way!
One step towards the resting-place,
The eternal Sabbath-day.

John Ellerton, 1871.

ST. ETHELWALD. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

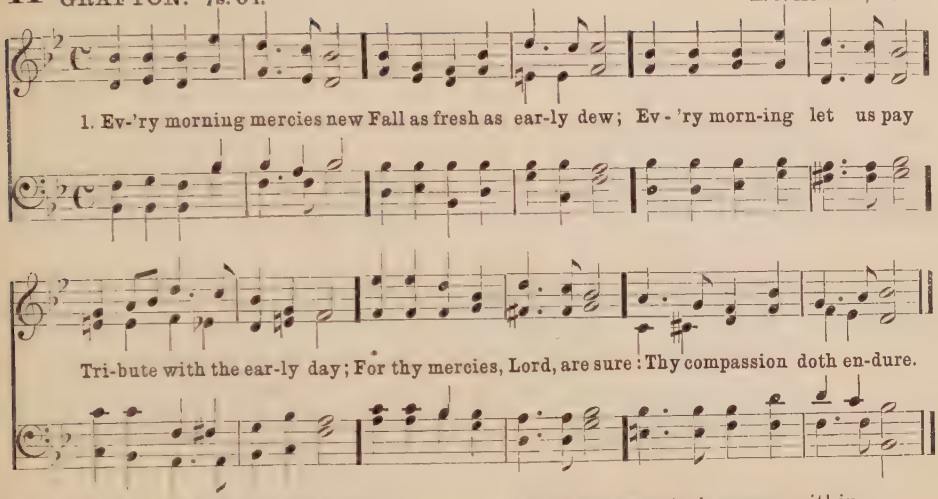
W. H. MONK, 1823—.



(ALSO ST. THOMAS, No. 15.)

41 GRAFTON. 7s. 6l.

E. J. Hopkins, 1872.


1. Ev-'ry morning mercies new Fall as fresh as ear-ly dew; Ev-'ry morn-ing let us pay
Tri-bute with the ear-ly day; For thy mercies, Lord, are sure: Thy compassion doth en-dure.

2 Still the greatness of thy love
Daily doth our sins remove;
Daily, far as east to west,
Lifts the burden from the breast;
Gives unbought to those who pray
Strength to stand in evil day.

3 Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail;
And, as we confess the sin
And the tempter's power within,
Feed us with the Bread of Life;
Fit us for our daily strife.

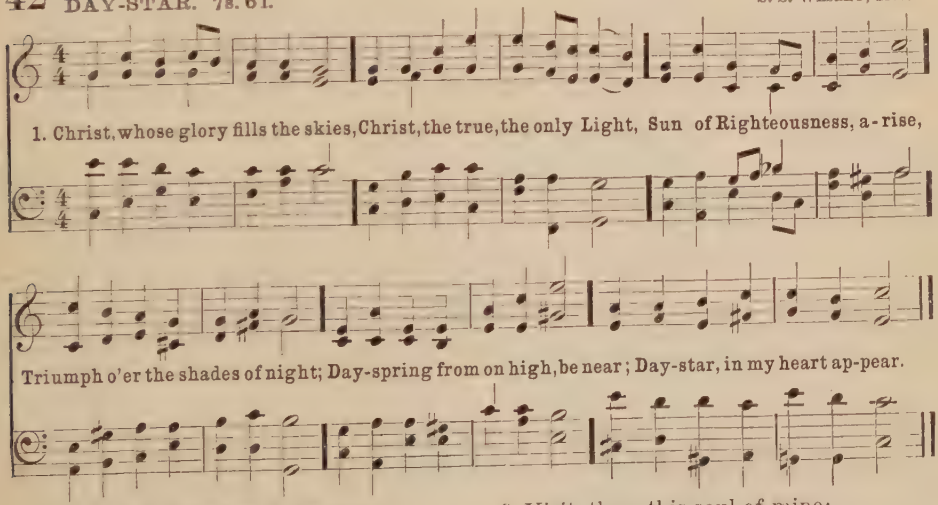
4 As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us still to turn to thee,
Ever-blessed Trinity,
With our hands our hearts to raise,
In unfailing prayer and praise.

Greville Phillimore, 1821–1884.

(Also Aletta, No. 383.)

42 DAY-STAR. 7s. 6l.

S. S. Wesley, 1872.


1. Christ, whose glory fills the skies, Christ, the true, the only Light, Sun of Righteousness, a-rise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night; Day-spring from on high, be near; Day-star, in my heart ap-pear.

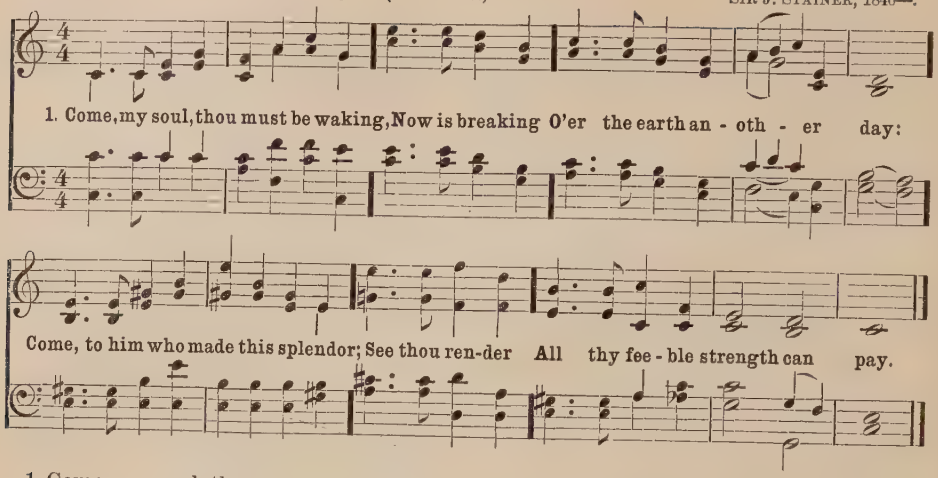
2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
If thy light is hid from me;
Joyless is the day's return
Till thy mercy's beams I see;
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes and warm my heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine;
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
Scatter all my unbelief:
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

43 HOLYHEAD. 8.4.7.8.4.7. (*First Tune.*)

SIR J. STAINER, 1840—.


1. Come, my soul, thou must be waking, Now is breaking O'er the earth an - oth - er day:
Come, to him who made this splendor; See thou ren-der All thy fee - ble strength can pay.

1 Come, my soul, thou must be waking,
Now is breaking
O'er the earth another day:
Come, to him who made this splendor;
See thou render
All thy feeble strength can pay.

2 Gladly hail the sun returning:
Ready burning
Be the incense of thy powers:
For the night is safely ended;
God hath tended
With his care thy helpless hours.

3 Pray that he may prosper ever
Each endeavor,
When thine aim is good and true;
But that he may ever thwart thee,
And convert thee,
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

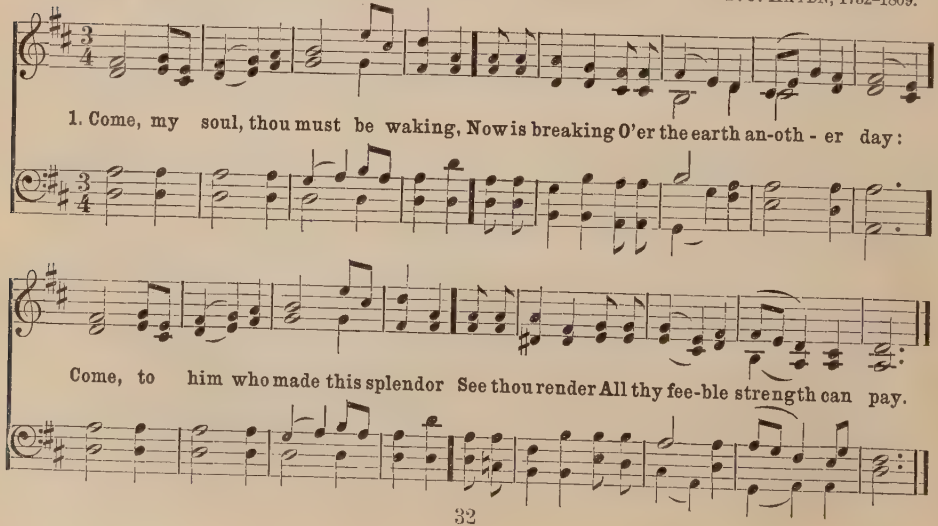
4 Think that he thy ways beholdeth;
He unfoldeth
Every fault that lurks within;
Every stain of shame glossed over
Can discover,
And discern each deed of sin.

5 Only God's free gifts abuse not,
Light refuse not,
But his Spirit's voice obey;
Thou with him shalt dwell, beholding
Light enfolding
All things in unclouded day.

F. R. L. von Canitz, 1654–1699.
Tr. H. J. Buckol, 1848.

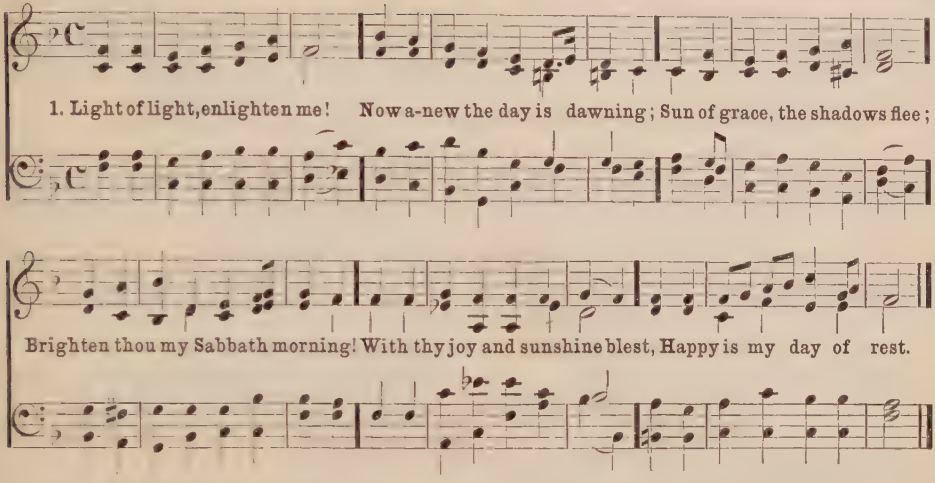
HALLE. 8.4.7.8.4.7. (*Second Tune.*)

F. J. HAYDN, 1732–1809.


1. Come, my soul, thou must be waking, Now is breaking O'er the earth an-oth - er day:
Come, to him who made this splendor See thou render All thy fee-ble strength can pay.

44 MADELEY. 7.8.7.8.7.7.

SIR J. BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. Light of light, enlighten me! Now a-new the day is dawning; Sun of grace, the shadows flee;
Brighten thou my Sabbath morning! With thy joy and sunshine blest, Happy is my day of rest.

2 Fount of all our joy and peace,
To thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless thy word, that it may prove
Rich in fruits that thou dost love.

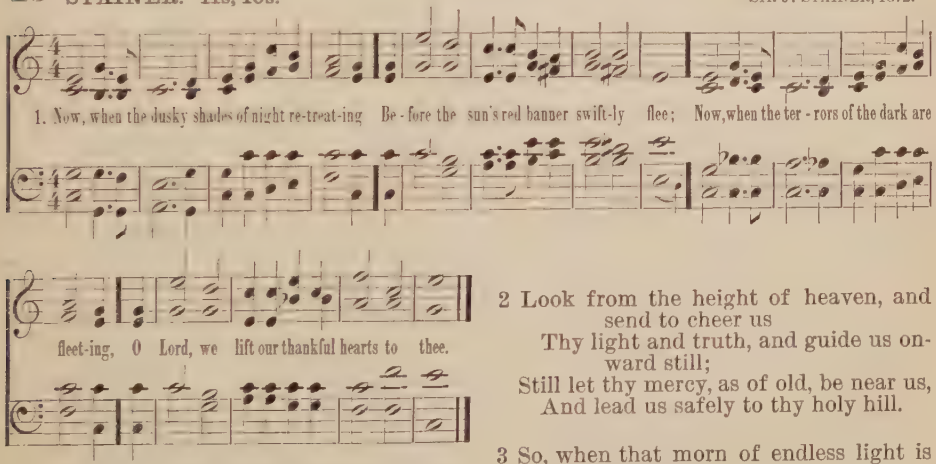
3 Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, holy, holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to thee upspringing,
Have a foretaste inly given
How they worship thee in heaven.

4 Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy;
Come, thou glorious Majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Naught to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in thy love.

Benjamin Schmolke, 1714. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858.

45 STAINER. 11s, 10s.

SIR J. STAINER, 1872.


1. Now, when the dusky shades of night re-treat-ing Be-fore the sun's red banner swift-ly flee; Now, when the ter-rors of the dark are
fleet-ing, O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to thee.

1 Now, when the dusky shades of night
retreating
Before the sun's red banner swiftly flee;
Now, when the terrors of the dark are
fleeting,
O Lord, we lift our thankful hearts to
thee.

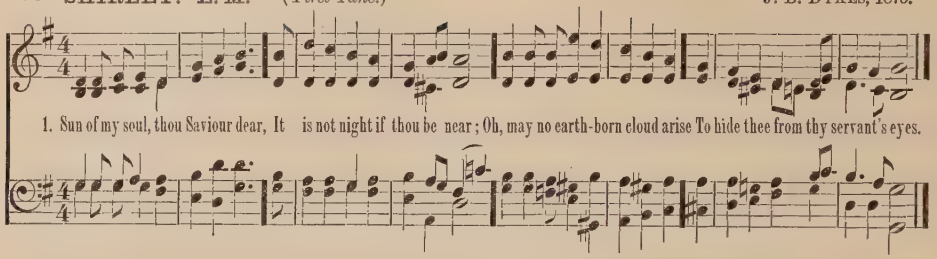
2 Look from the height of heaven, and
send to cheer us
Thy light and truth, and guide us on-
ward still;
Still let thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
And lead us safely to thy holy hill.

3 So, when that morn of endless light is
waking,
And shades of evil from its splendors
flee,
Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale
forsaking,
Through all the long bright day to
dwell with thee.

Anon, 1853.

46 SHIRLEY. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. Dykes, 1875.


1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, It is not night if thou be near; Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

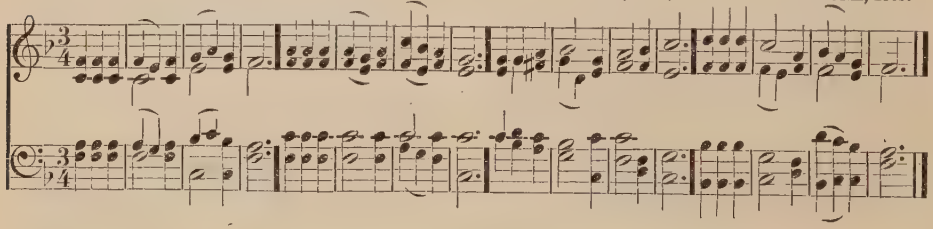
3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

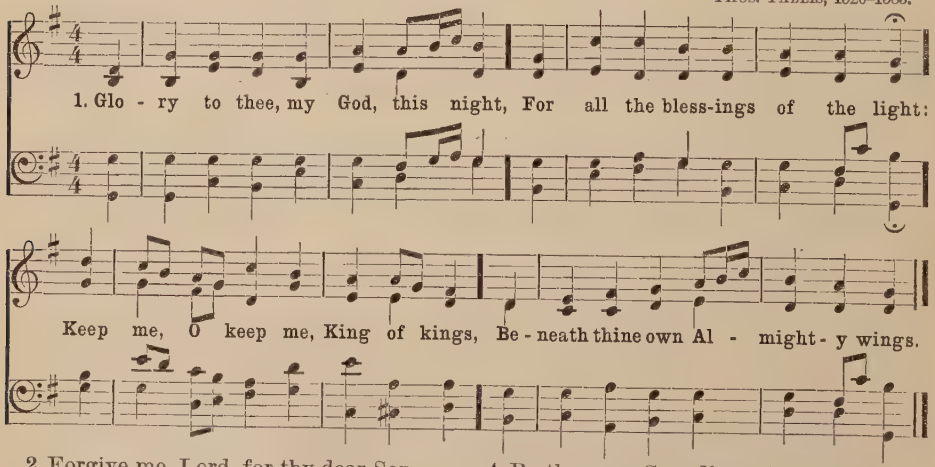
5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble, 1827.

HURSLEY. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

P. Ritter, 1792; Arr. by W. H. Monk, 1861.

47 EVENING HYMN. L. M.

Thos. Tallis, 1520–1585.


1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be - neath thine own Al - might - y wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

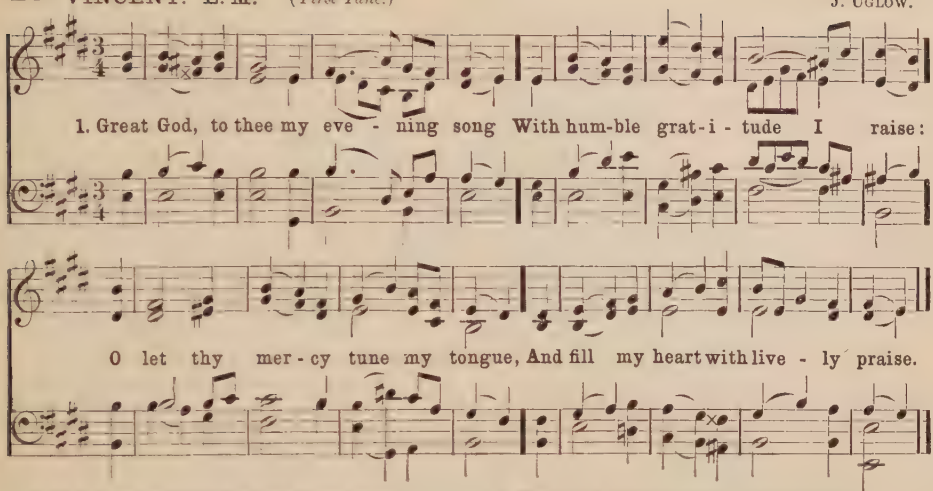
4 Be thou my Guardian while I sleep;
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

5 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.

T. Ken, 1709.

48 VINCENT. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. Uglow.


1. Great God, to thee my eve - ning song With hum-ble grat-i - tude I raise:
O let thy mer - cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live - ly praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

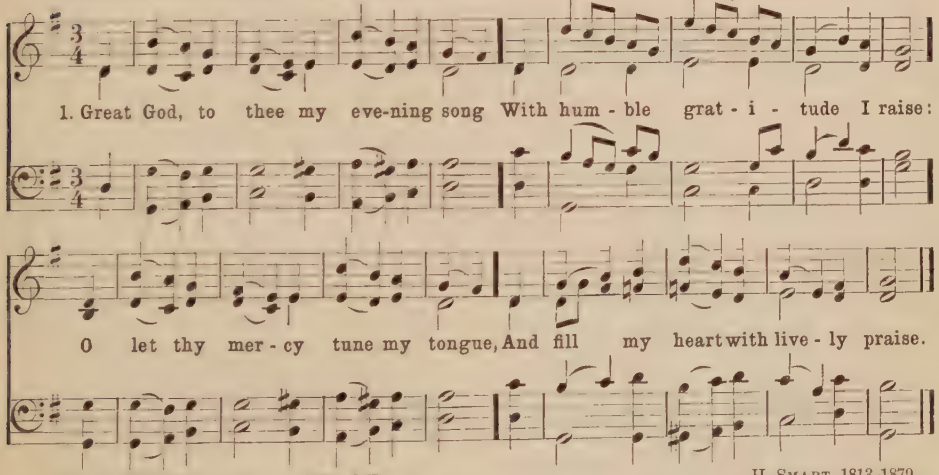
4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ my Lord; his name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 With hope in him mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

Anna Steele, 1760.

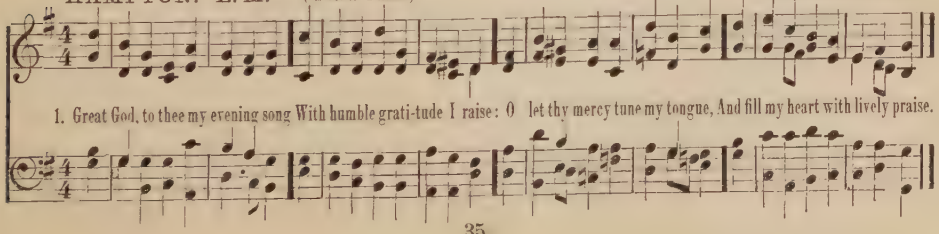
SCHUBERT. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

Arr. from Schubert, 1797–1828.


1. Great God, to thee my eve-ning song With hum - ble grat - i - tude I raise:
O let thy mer - cy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with live - ly praise.

HAMPTON. L. M. (*Third Tune.*)

H. Smart, 1813–1879.

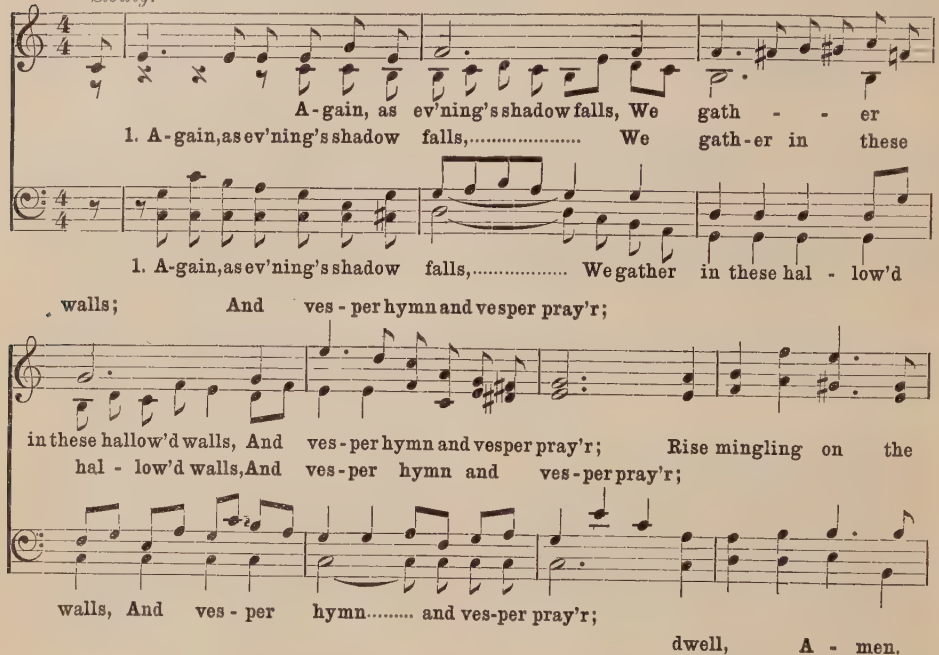

1. Great God, to thee my evening song With humble grati-tude I raise: O let thy mercy tune my tongue, And fill my heart with lively praise.

49 EVENTIME. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

B. Smith, 1897.

1. A - gain, as ev'ning's shadow falls, We gath - er in these hallow'd walls; And ves - per hymn and vesper pray'r;

Slowly.


A-gain, as ev'ning's shadow falls, We gath - - er
1. A-gain, as ev'ning's shadow falls,..... We gath-er in these
1. A-gain, as ev'ning's shadow falls,..... We gather in these hal - low'd
walls; And ves - per hymn and vesper pray'r;
in these hallow'd walls, And ves-per hymn and vesper pray'r; Rise mingling on the
hal - low'd walls, And ves-per hymn and ves-per pray'r;
walls, And ves - per hymn..... and ves-per pray'r;
dwell, A - men.
1st.
Ending for last stanza.
ho - ly air, Rise mingling on the ho - - ly air. dwell. A - - - men.
dwell. A - men.

2 May struggling hearts, that seek release,
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

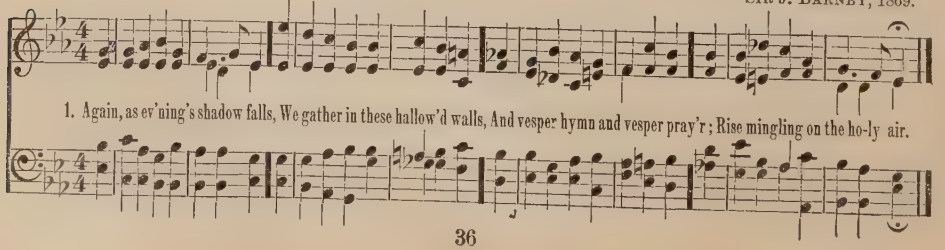
3 O God our Light, to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou:
Give deeper calm than night can bring,
Give sweeter songs than life can sing.

4 Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer for ever dwell.

Samuel Longfellow, 1819–1892.

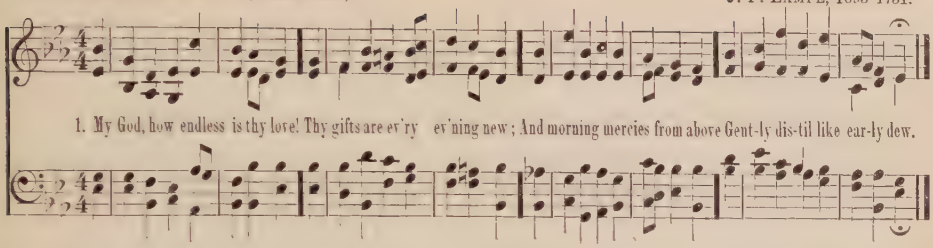
WRENTHAM. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

Sir J. Barnby, 1869.


1. Again, as ev'ning's shadow falls, We gather in these hallow'd walls, And vesper hymn and vesper pray'r; Rise mingling on the ho-ly air.

50 KENT. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. F. LAMPE, 1693–1751.



1 My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

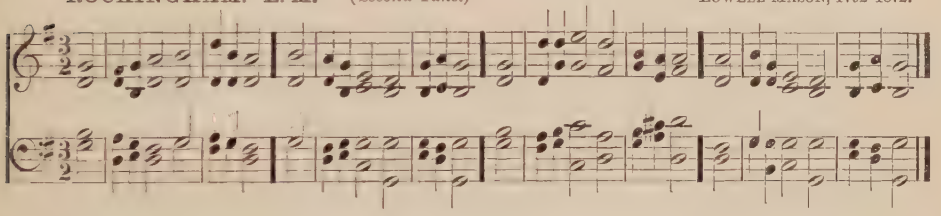
2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

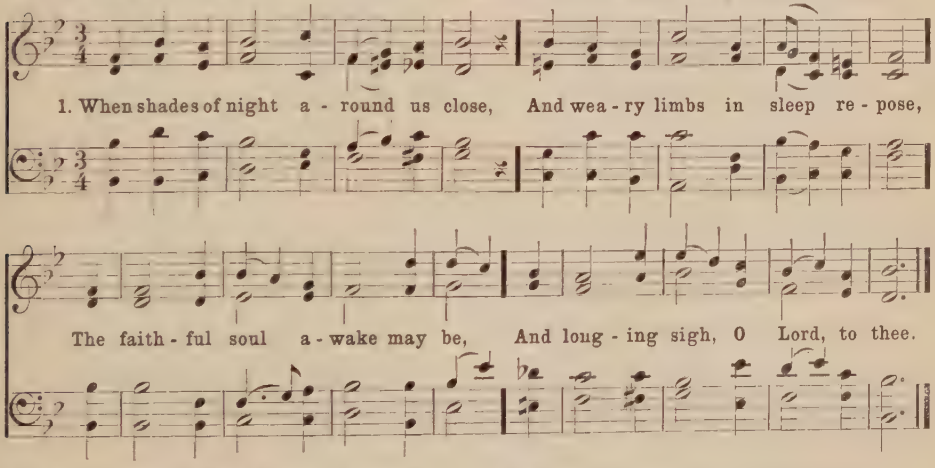
ROCKINGHAM. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872.



51 GERMANY. L. M.

BEETHOVEN, 1770–1827.(?) ARR. BY W. GARDINER, 1815.


1. When shades of night a - round us close, And wea - ry limbs in sleep re - pose,
The faith - ful soul a - wake may be, And long - ing sigh, O Lord, to thee.

1 When shades of night around us close
And weary limbs in sleep repose,
The faithful soul awake may be,
And longing sigh, O Lord, to thee.

2 Thou true Desire of nations, hear;
Thou Word of God, thou Saviour dear;
In pity heed our humble cries,
And bid at length the fallen rise.

3 O come, Redeemer, come and free
Thine own from guilt and misery;
The gates of heaven again unfold,
Which Adam's sin had closed of old.

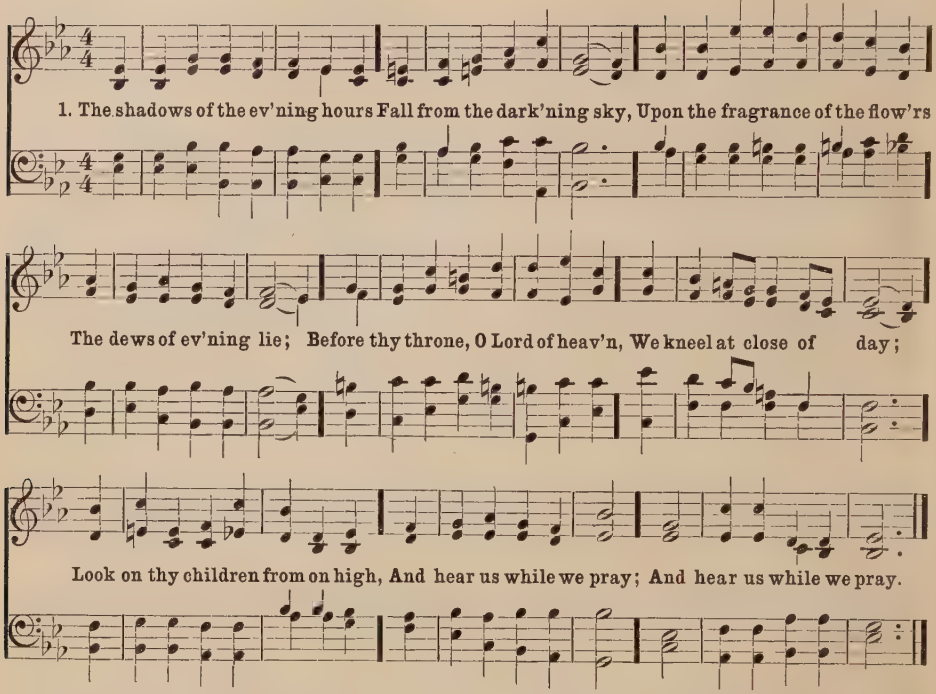
4 All praise, eternal Son, to thee,
Whose advent doth thy people free;
Whom with the Father we adore
And Holy Ghost for evermore.

Tr. from C. Coffin.

(ALSO WRENTHAM, OPPOSITE.)

52 SOLYMA. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. M. HAYDN, 1737–1806.


1. The shadows of the ev'ning hours Fall from the dark'ning sky, Upon the fragrance of the flow'rs
The dews of ev'ning lie; Before thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day;
Look on thy children from on high, And hear us while we pray; And hear us while we pray.

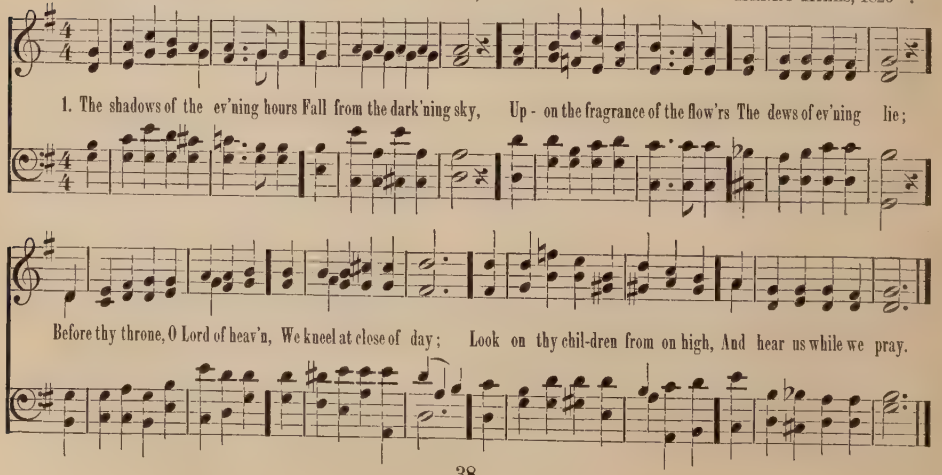
2 The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
O do not thou despise;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise;
The brightness of the coming light
Upon the darkness rolls;
And hopes of future glory chase
The shadows from our souls.

3 Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend,
From midnight fears, and perils, thou
Our trembling hearts defend:
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
O, give us now repose.

Adelaide A. Procter, 1825–1864.

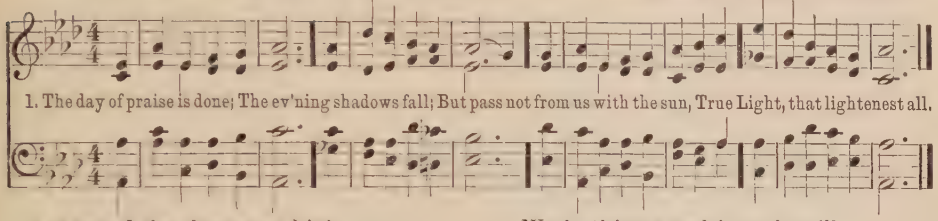
ST. LEONARD. C. M. D. (*Second Tune.*)

HENRY HILES, 1826—.


1. The shadows of the ev'ning hours Fall from the dark'ning sky, Up - on the fragrance of the flow'rs The dews of ev'ning lie;
Before thy throne, O Lord of heav'n, We kneel at close of day; Look on thy chil-dren from on high, And hear us while we pray.

53 HESPERUS. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM R. SCHUMAN, 1810–1856. (?)



2 Around the throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.

3 Too faint our anthems here;
Too soon of praise we tire:
But Oh, the strains, how full and clear,
Of that eternal choir!

4 Yet, Lord, to thy dear will
If thou attune the heart,
We in thine angels' music still
May bear our lower part.

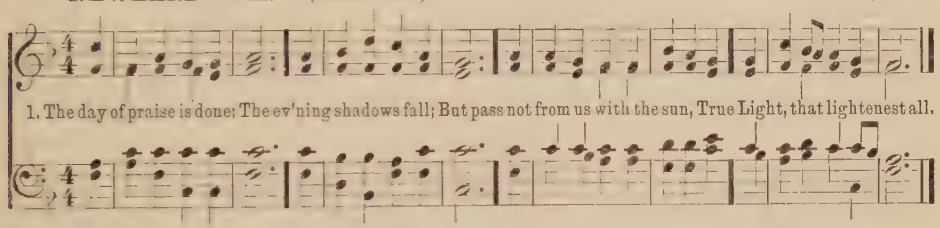
5 'Tis thine each soul to calm,
Each wayward thought reclaim,
And make our life a daily psalm
Of glory to thy name.

6 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

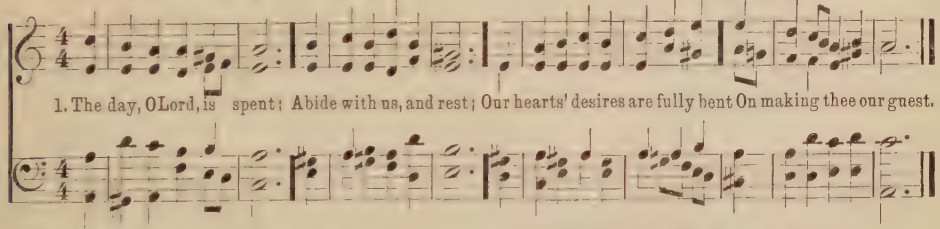
John Ellerton, 1869, 1871.

NEWLAND S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1858.



54 IRENÆUS. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1869.

2 We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

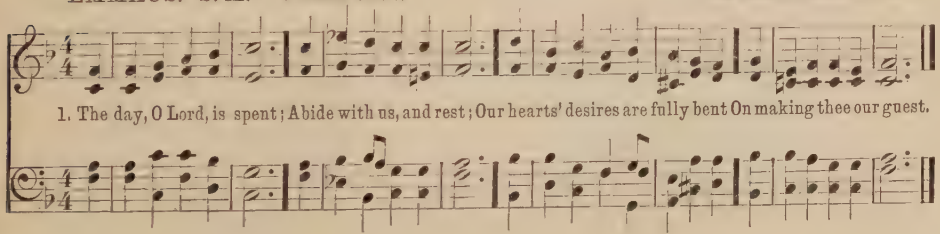
3 Our sun is sinking now;
Our day is almost o'er;
O Sun of Righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore.

4 From men below the skies,
And all the heavenly host,
To God the Father praise arise,
The Son, and Holy Ghost.

J. M. Neale, 1842.

EMMAUS. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

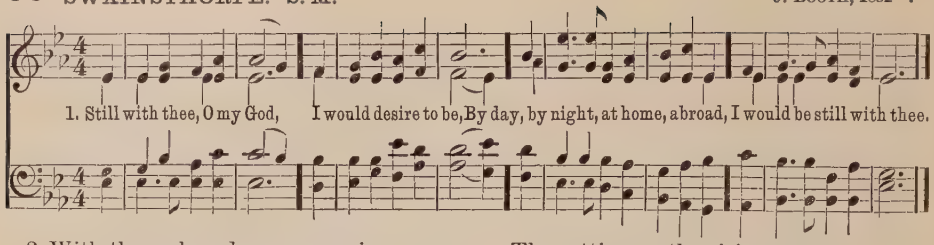
SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1862.



(ALSO DOVER, No. 288.)

55 SWAINSTHORPE. S. M.

J. Booth, 1852—.



2 With thee when dawn comes in
And calls me back to care,
Each day returning to begin
With thee, my God, in prayer.

3 With thee amid the crowd
That throngs the busy mart,
To hear thy voice, when time's is loud,
Speak softly to my heart.

4 With thee when day is done,
And evening calms the mind;
The setting as the rising sun
With thee my heart would find.

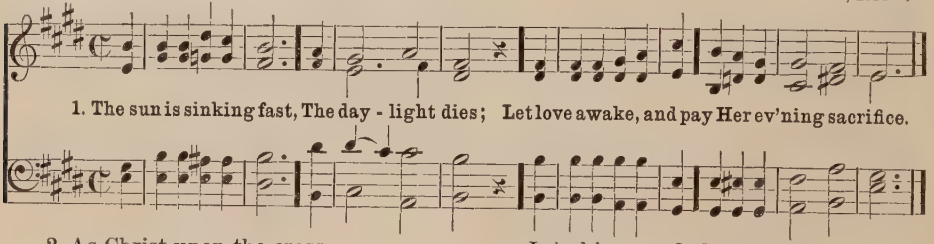
5 With thee when darkness brings
The signal of repose,
Calm in the shadow of thy wings,
Mine eyelids I would close.

6 With thee, in thee, by faith
Abiding, I would be;
By day, by night, in life, in death,
I would be still with thee.

J. D. Burns. 1857.

56 CASWALL. 6. 4. 6. 6. (*First Tune.*)

E. J. Hopkins, 1818—.



2 As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to his Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;—

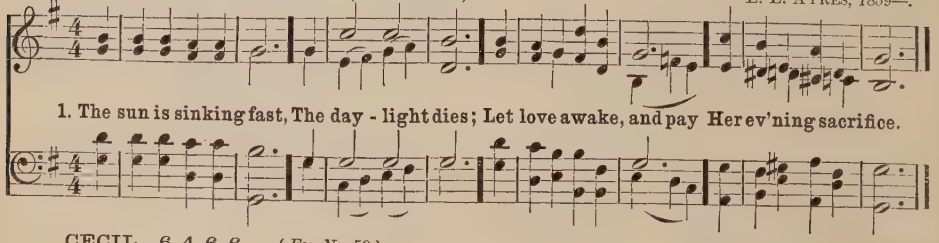
3 So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into his sacred charge,
In whom all spirits live.

4 Thus would I live; yet now
Not I, but he
In all his power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

Edward Caswall, tr.

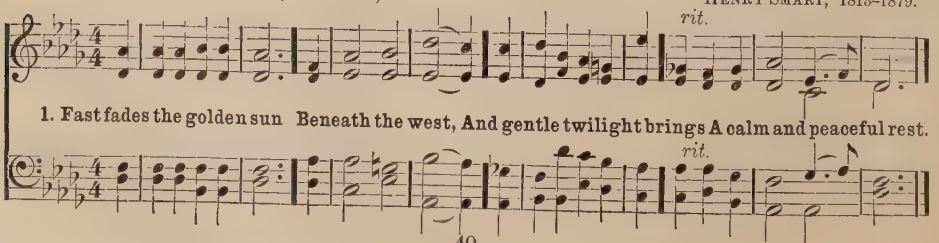
NOX SACRA. 6. 4. 6. 6. (*Second Tune.*)

E. E. Ayres, 1859—.



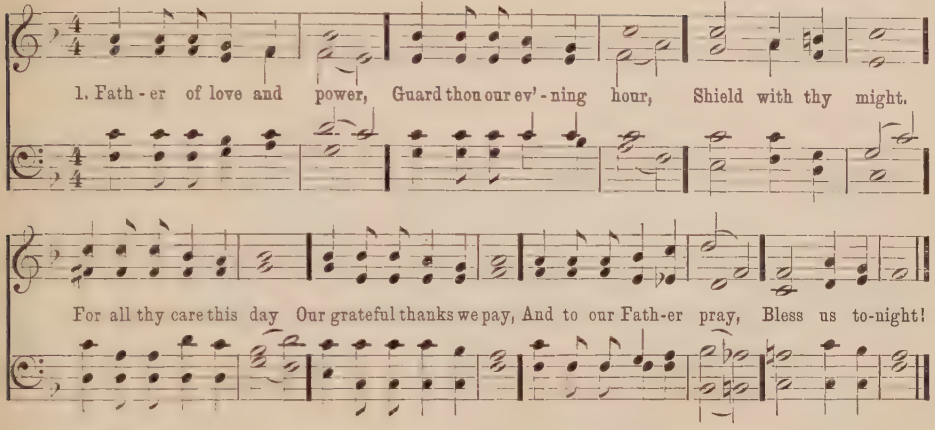
CECIL. 6. 4. 6. 6. (*For No.* 58.)

Henry Smart, 1813–1879.



57 KIRBY BEDON. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*First Tune.*)

EDWARD BUNNETT, 1887.


1. Fath - er of love and power, Guard thou our ev' - ning hour, Shield with thy might.
For all thy care this day Our grateful thanks we pay, And to our Fath-er pray, Bless us to-night!

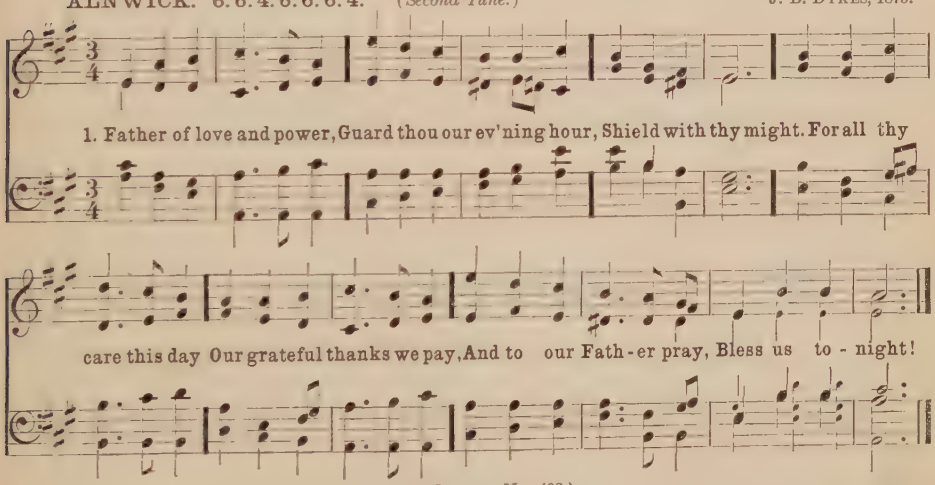
2 Jesus, Immanuel!
Come in thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite.
For all our sins we grieve,
But we thy grace receive,
And in thy word believe;
Bless us to-night!

3 Spirit of holiness,
Gentle, transforming grace,
Indwelling light!
Soothe thou each weary breast,
Now let thy peace possessed
Calm us to perfect rest,
Bless us to-night!

George Rawson, 1807–1889.

ALNWICK. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*Second Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1875.


1. Father of love and power, Guard thou our ev'ning hour, Shield with thy might. For all thy
care this day Our grateful thanks we pay, And to our Fath-er pray, Bless us to - night!

(ALSO OLIVET, No. 408.)

58 CECIL. (*Opposite.*)

1 Fast fades the golden sun
Beneath the west,
And gentle twilight brings
A calm and peaceful rest.

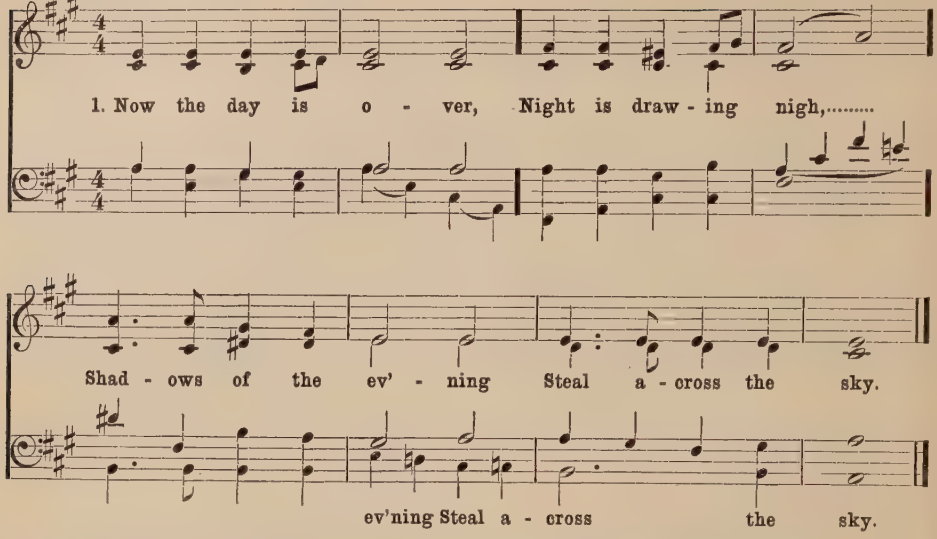
2 Hear thou, O gracious Lord,
And grant my prayer;
Receive my humble thanks
For all thy tender care.

3 Defend and keep thy child
Through night's dark shade;
And let no thought of harm
My trusting heart invade.

4 And when life's closing day
For me shall come,
Oh, may my soul awake
In thy eternal home.

F. J. van Alstyne, 1882.

59 **MERRIAL.** 6s. 5s. (*First Tune.*) SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1876.



1 Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Jesus, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose,
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

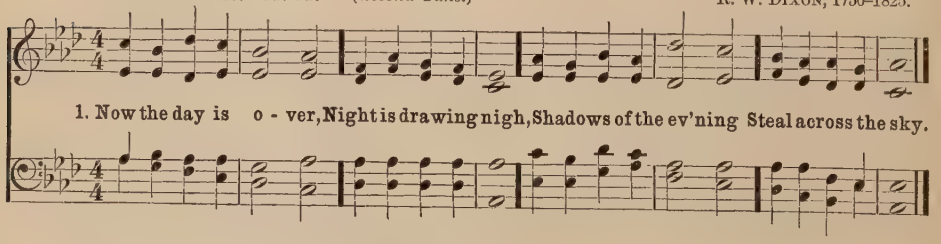
3 Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee,
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night-watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

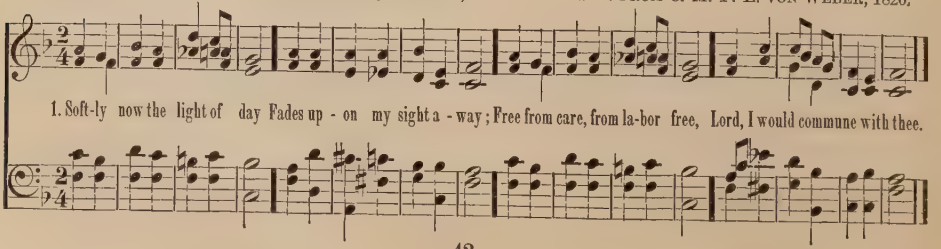
5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes.

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865.

CASTLE EDEN. 6s. 5s. (*Second Tune.*) R. W. DIXON, 1750–1825.

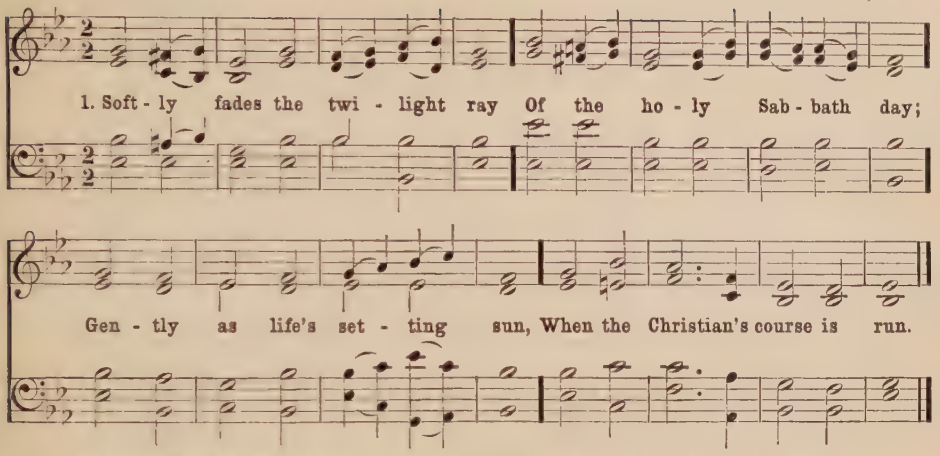


SEYMOUR. 7s. (*Second Tune for No.* 61.) ARR. FROM C. M. F. E. VON WEBER, 1826.



60 HOLLEY. 7s.

G. Hews, 1835.



1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

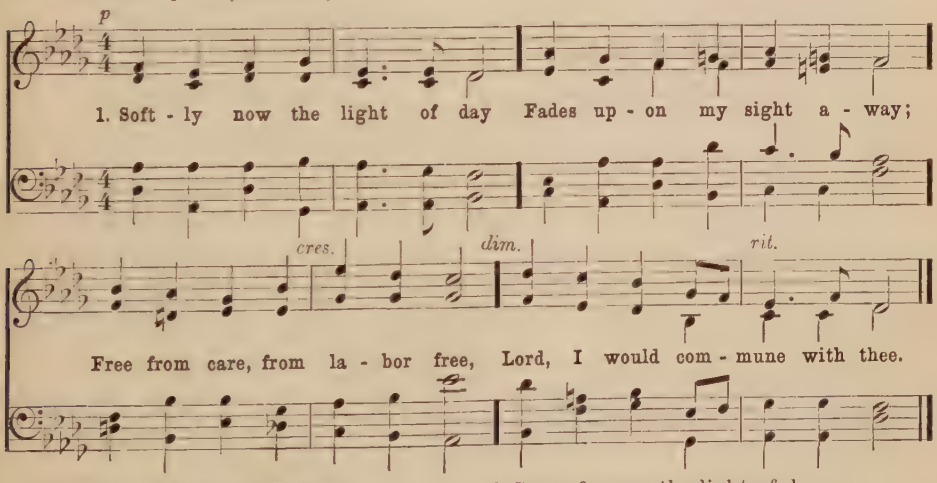
3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,—
Symbol of the peace within
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Saviour! may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

S. F. Smith, 1840.

61 DULCE. 7s. (*First Tune.*)

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1880.


p
1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my sight a - way;
cres.
dim.
rit.
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with thee.

1 Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

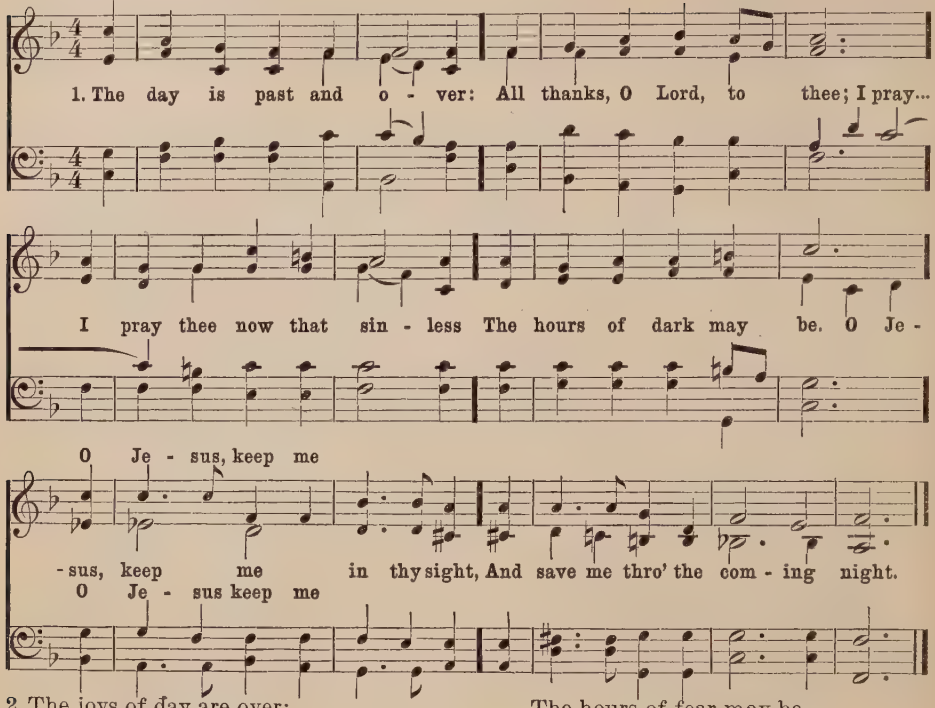
3 Soon, for me, the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

4 Thou who sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

G. W. Doane, 1827.

(Also Seymour, opposite.)

62 ANATOLIUS. (BARNBY.) 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8. (*First Tune.*) SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1869.


1. The day is past and o - ver: All thanks, O Lord, to thee; I pray...
I pray thee now that sin - less The hours of dark may be. O Je -
O Je - sus, keep me
- sus, keep me in thy sight, And save me thro' the com - ing night.
O Je - sus keep me

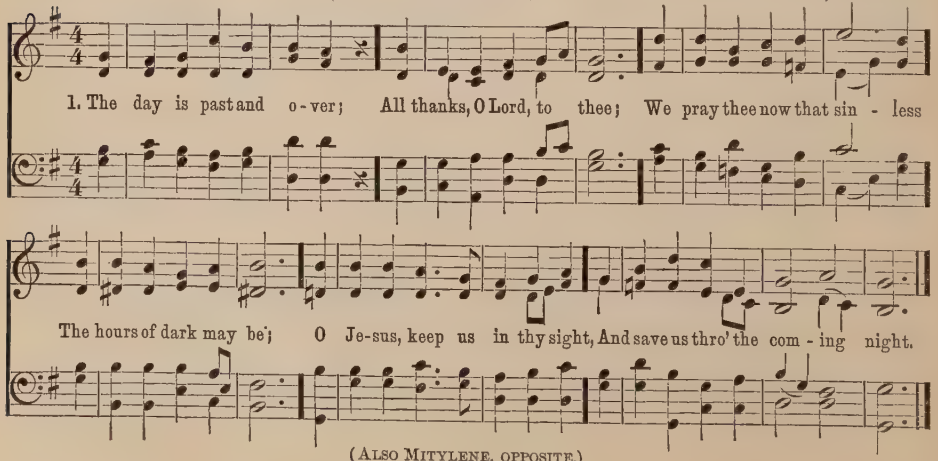
2 The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee,
And call on thee that sinless
The hours of gloom may be.
O Jesus, make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night.

3 The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to thee,
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesus, keep me in thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night.

4 Be thou my soul's Preserver,
O God, for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go.
Lover of men, O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

Cento from early Greek Service Bk. Tr. J. M. Neale, 1853, 1862.

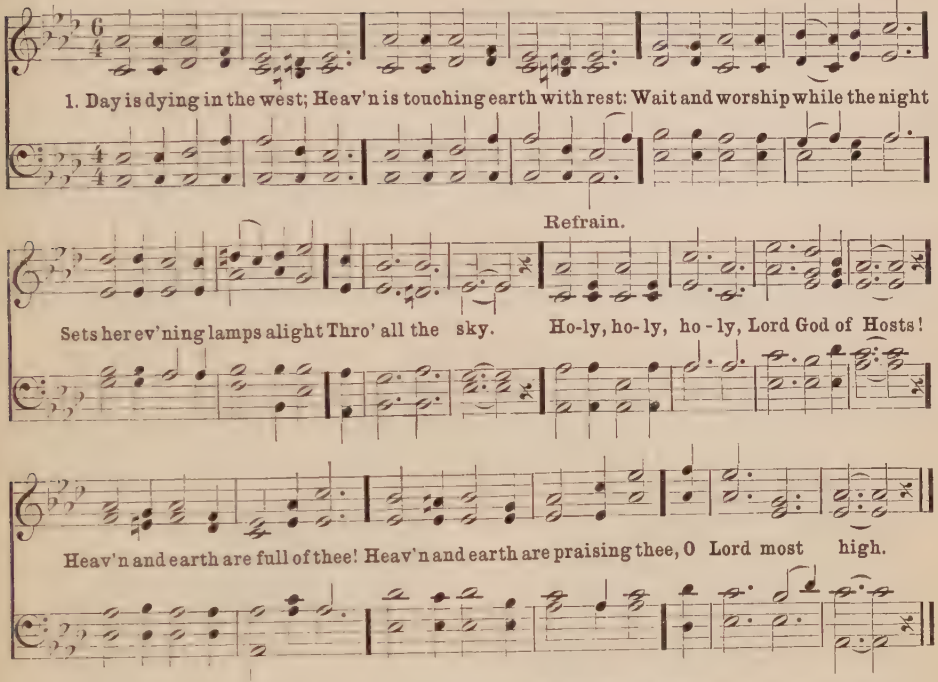
BLOOMSBURY. 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8. (*Second Tune.*) J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to thee; We pray thee now that sin - less
The hours of dark may be; O Je-sus, keep us in thy sight, And save us thro' the com - ing night.

(ALSO MITYLENE, OPPOSITE.)

63 CHAUTAUQUA. P. M.

W. F. Sherwin, 1826–1887.


1. Day is dying in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest: Wait and worship while the night
Refrain.
Sets her ev'ning lamps alight Thro' all the sky. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God of Hosts!
Heav'n and earth are full of thee! Heav'n and earth are praising thee, O Lord most high.

1 Day is dying in the west;
Heaven is touching earth with rest:
Wait and worship while the night
Sets her evening lamps alight
Through all the sky.

Refrain.

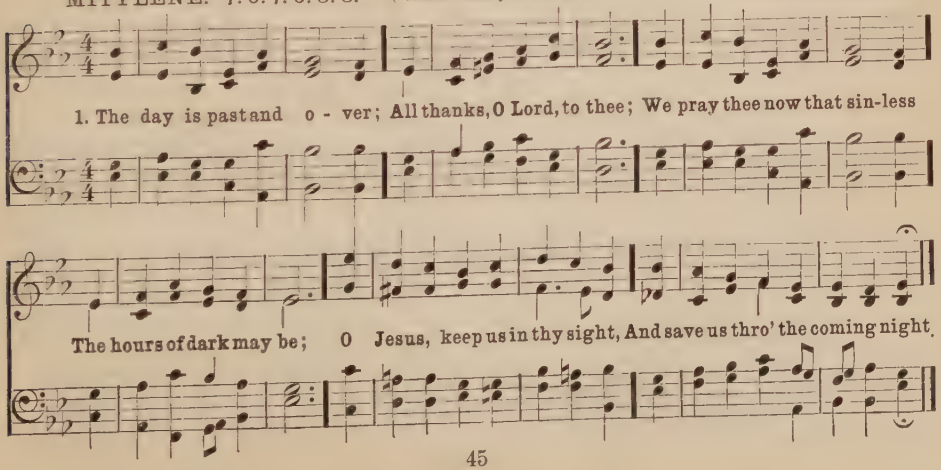
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of thee.
Heaven and earth are praising thee,
O Lord most high.

2 Lord of life, beneath the dome
Of the universe, thy home,
Gather us who seek thy face
To the fold of thy embrace,
For thou art nigh. *Ref.*

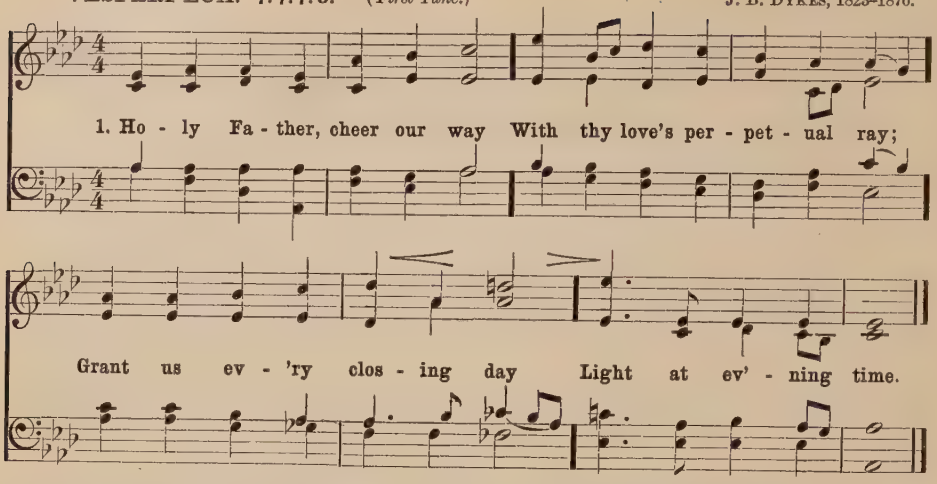
Mary A. Lathbury, 1841—.

MITYLENE. 7. 6. 7. 6. 8. 8. *(Third Tune for No. 62.)*

A. H. Brown, 1830—.


1. The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O Lord, to thee; We pray thee now that sin-less
The hours of dark may be; O Jesus, keep us in thy sight, And save us thro' the coming night.

64 VESPERI LUX. 7.7.7.5. (*First Tune.*) J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



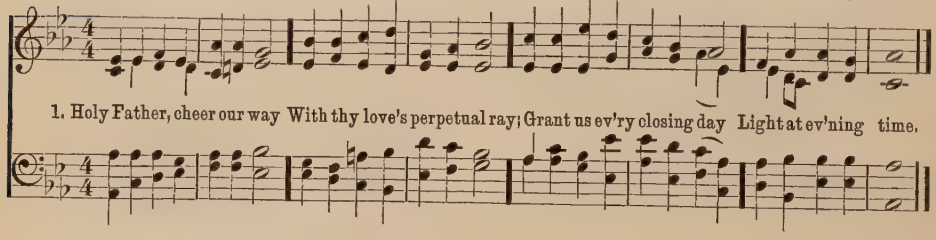
2 Holy Saviour, calm our fears,
When earth's brightness disappears;
Grant us, in our later years,
Light at evening time.

3 Holy Spirit, be thou nigh,
When in mortal pains we lie;
Grant us, as we come to die,
Light at evening time.

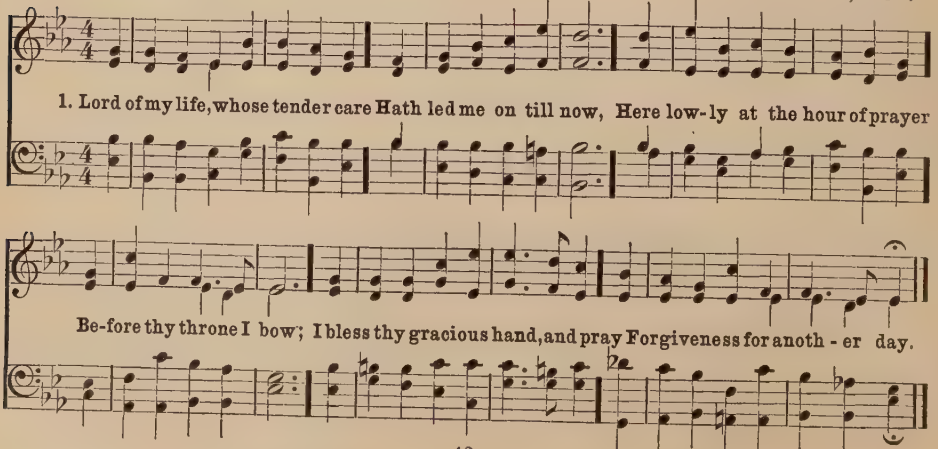
4 Holy, blesséd Trinity!
Darkness is not dark with thee;
Those thou keepest always see
Light at evening time.

R. H. Robinson, 1842—.

WALSALL. 7.7.7.5. (*Second Tune.*) C. C. SCHOLEFIELD, 1839—.

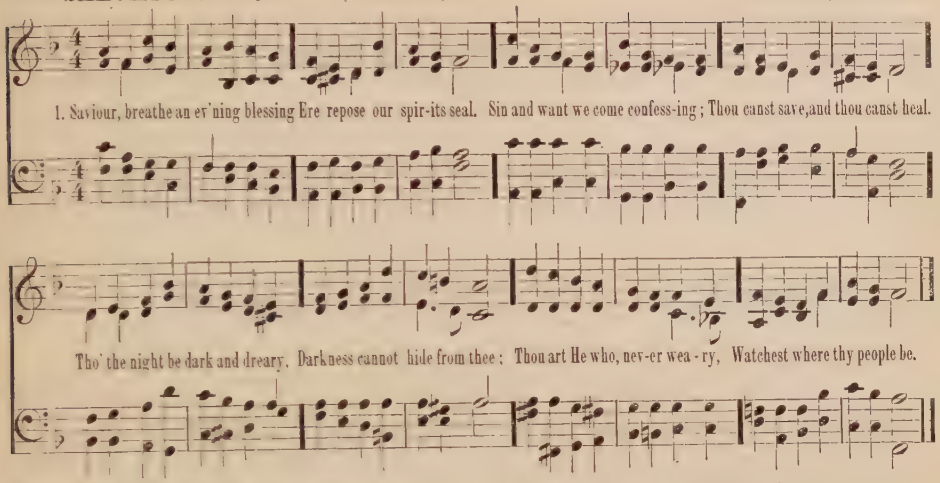


WESSEX. 8.6.8.6.8.8. (*For No.* 66.) E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. Lord of my life, whose tender care Hath led me on till now, Here low-ly at the hour of prayer
Be-fore thy throne I bow; I bless thy gracious hand, and pray Forgiveness for anoth - er day.

65 SALVATOR. 8s. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*)

SIR J. GOSS, 1800–1880.


1. Saviour, breathe an ev'ning blessing Ere repose our spir-its seal. Sin and want we come confess-ing; Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Tho' the night be dark and dreary. Darkness cannot hide from thee; Thou art He who, nev-er wea-ry, Watchest where thy people be.

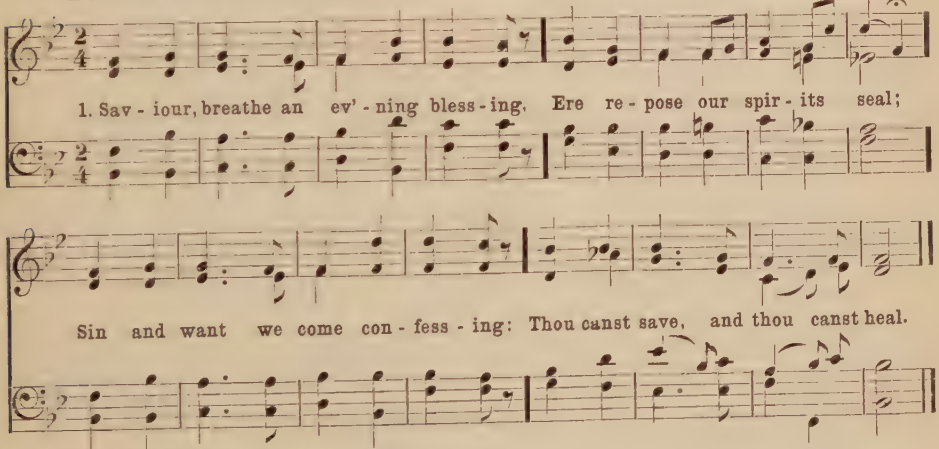
2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.
Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

3 Father, to thy holy keeping
Humbly we ourselves resign;
Saviour, who hast slept our sleeping,
Make our slumbers pure as thine;
Blessed Spirit, brooding o'er us,
Chase the darkness of our night,
Till the perfect day before us
Breaks in everlasting light.

J. Edmeston, 1820. V. 3 by E. H. Bickersteth, 1876.

EVENING PRAYER. 8s. 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

G. C. STEBBINS, 1878.


1. Sav - iour, breathe an ev' - ning bless - ing. Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
Sin and want we come con - fess - ing: Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

Copyright, by George C. Stebbins.

(ALSO VESPER HYMN, No. 651.)

66 WESSEX. (*Opposite.*)

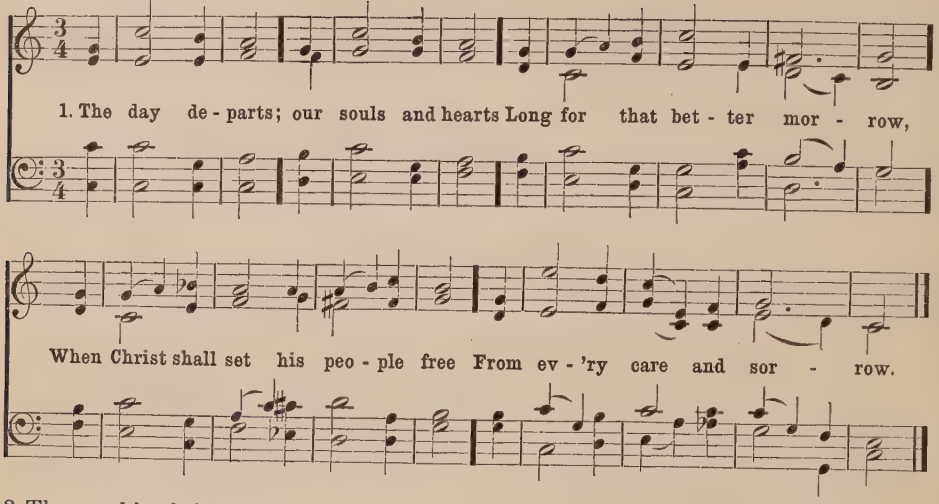
2 Oh, may I daily, hourly, strive
In heavenly grace to grow;
To thee and to thy glory live,
Dead else to all below;
Tread in the path my Saviour trod,
Though thorny, yet the path to God!

3 With prayer my humble praise I bring,
For mercies day by day:
Lord, teach my heart thy love to sing,
Lord, teach me how to pray!
All that I have, I am, to thee
I offer through eternity.

Omega, Chelsea, 1839.

67 FROYLE. 8s. 7s.

E. BUNNETT, 1834—.


1. The day de - parts; our souls and hearts Long for that bet - ter mor - row,
When Christ shall set his peo - ple free From ev - 'ry care and sor - row.

2 The sunshine bright is lost in night;
O Lord, thyself unveiling,
Shine on our souls with beams of love,
All darkness there dispelling.

3 The land above, of peace and love,
No earthly beams need brighten,
For all its borders Christ himself
Doth with his glory lighten.

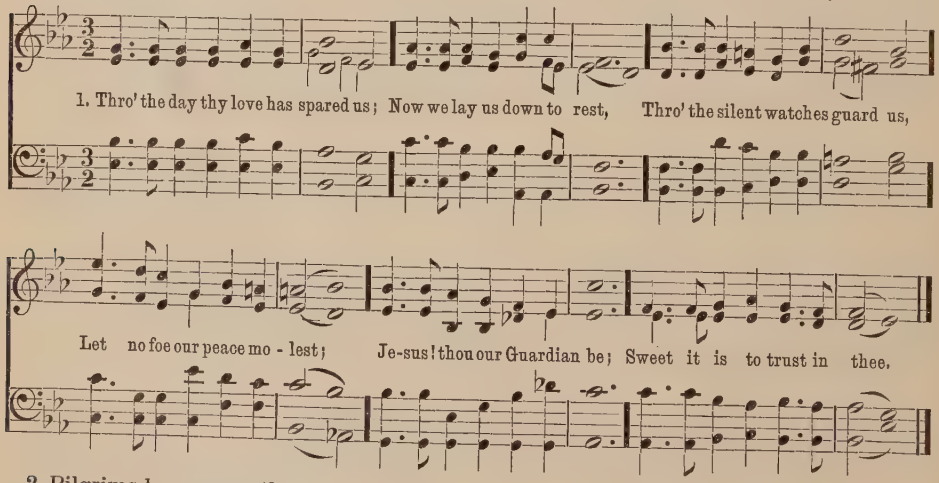
4 May we be there, that joy to share,
Glad hallelujahs singing:
With all the ransomed evermore
Our joyful praises bringing.

5 Lord Jesus, thou our refuge now,
Forsake thy servants never;
Uphold and guide, that we may stand
Before thy throne forever.

J. A. Freylinghausen, 1670–1739. Tr. H. L. L.

68 VENTNOR. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. Thro' the day thy love has spared us; Now we lay us down to rest, Thro' the silent watches guard us,
Let no foe our peace mo - lest; Je-sus! thou our Guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in thee.

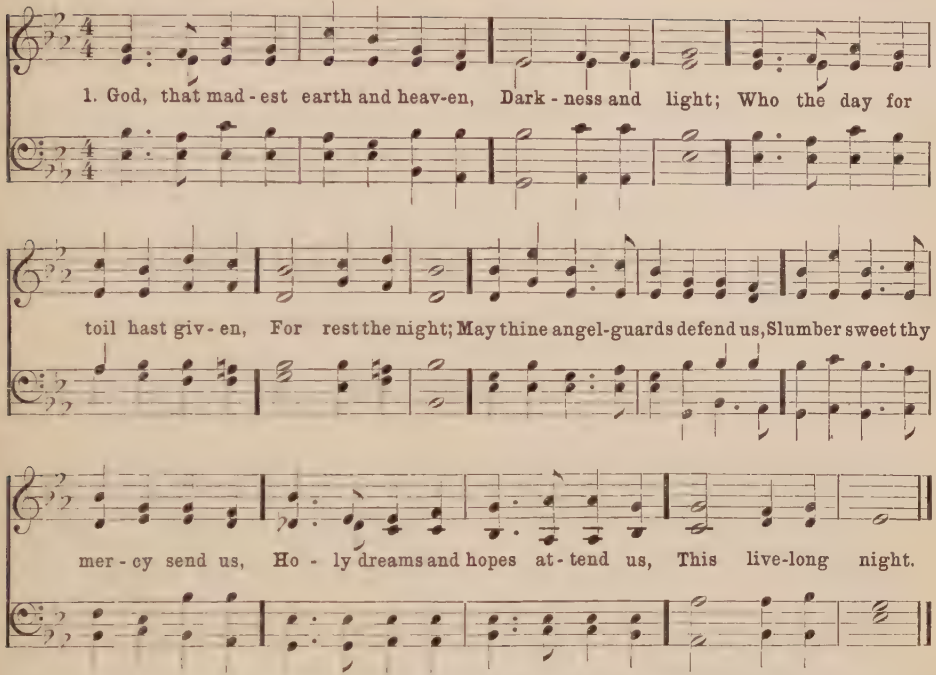
2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In thine arms may we repose,
And when life's short day is past
Rest with thee in heaven at last.

3 Triune God, let all adore thee,
Saints on earth, and saints in heaven;
Every creature bow before thee,
Who hast all their being given;
Who doth seek and save the lost;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Thomas Kelly, 1769–1854.

69 STEGGALL. 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. (*First Tune.*)

C. STEGGALL, 1826—.


1. God, that mad-est earth and heav-en, Dark-ness and light; Who the day for
toil hast giv-en, For rest the night; May thine angel-guards defend us, Slumber sweet thy
mer-cy send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes at-tend us, This live-long night.

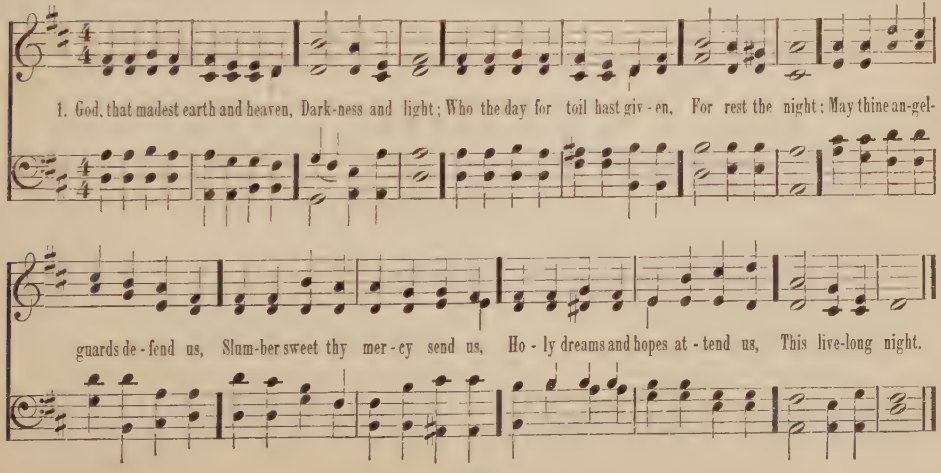
1 God, that madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;
May thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And when we die,
May we in thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With thee on high.

R. Heber, 1827; R. Whately, 1855.

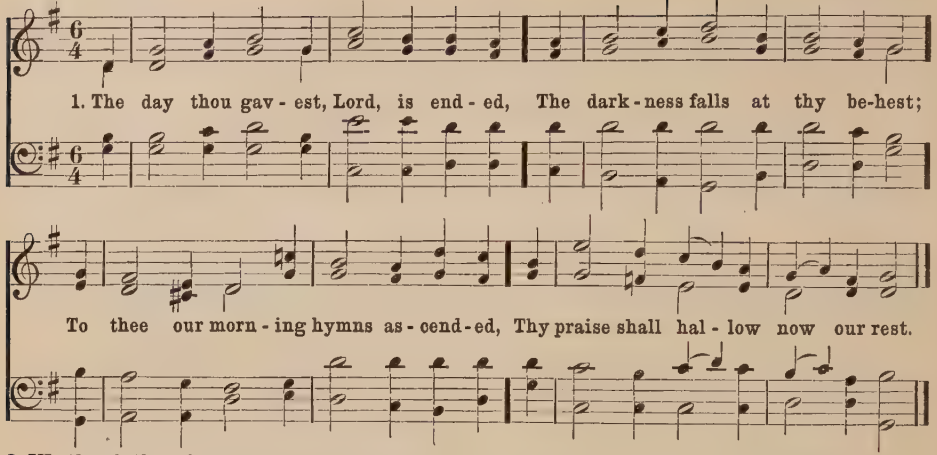
EVENSONG. 8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4. (*Second Tune.*)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. God, that madest earth and heaven, Dark-ness and light; Who the day for toil hast giv-en, For rest the night; May thine an-gel-
guards de-fend us, Slum-ber sweet thy mer-cy send us, Ho-ly dreams and hopes at-tend us, This live-long night.

70 RADFORD. 9s. 8s. (*First Tune.*)

S. S. Wesley, 1874.


1. The day thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed, The dark - ness falls at thy be-hest;
To thee our morn - ing hymns as - cend - ed, Thy praise shall hal - low now our rest.

2 We thank thee that thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Thro' all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

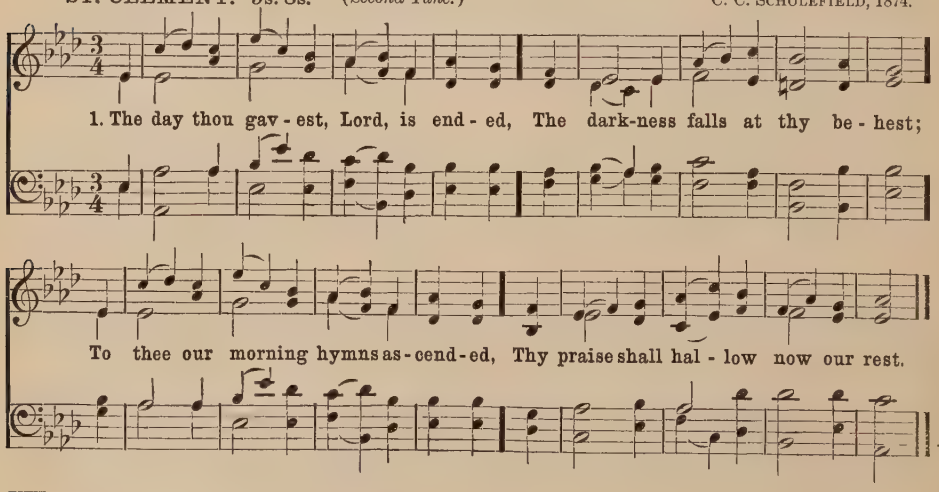
3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 So be it, Lord; thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
But stand, and rule, and grow for ever,
Till all thy creatures own thy sway.

John Ellerton, 1870.

ST. CLEMENT. 9s. 8s. (*Second Tune.*)

C. C. Scholefield, 1874.


1. The day thou gav - est, Lord, is end - ed, The dark-ness falls at thy be - hest;
To thee our morning hymns as - cend - ed, Thy praise shall hal - low now our rest.

71 SUNSET. (*Opposite.*)

1 The radiant morn hath passed away,
And spent too soon her golden store;
The shadows of departing day
Creep on once more.

2 Our life is but a fading dawn;
Its glorious noon how quickly past!
Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone,
Safe home at last.

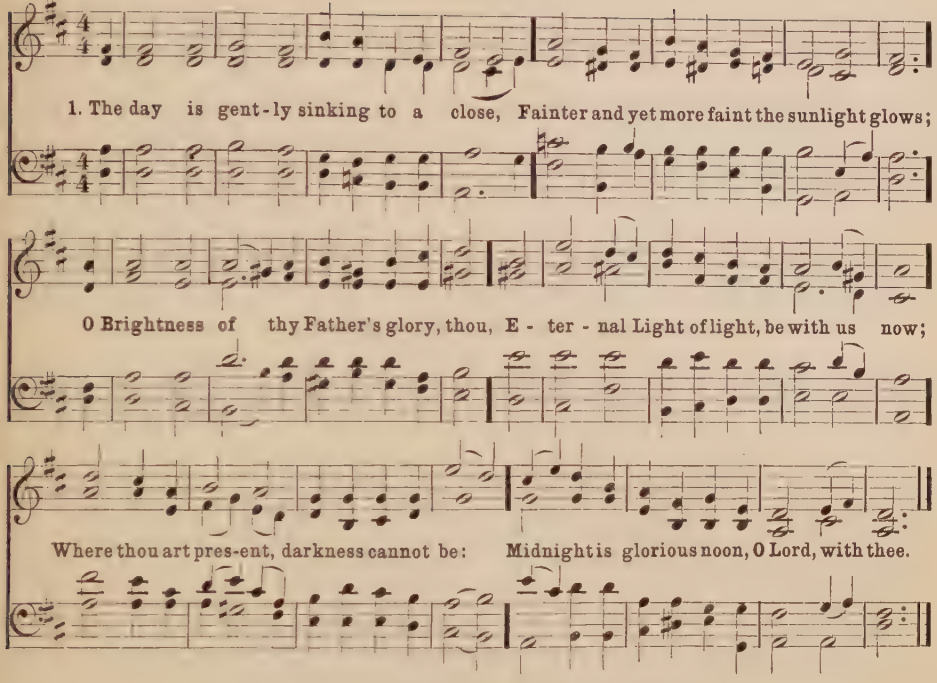
3 Where light and life and joy and peace
In undivided empire reign,
And thronging angels never cease
Their deathless strain;—

4 Where saints are clothed in spotless white,
And evening shadows never fall;
Where thou, eternal Light of light,
Art Lord of all!

Godfrey Thring, 1864.

72 **WISHART.** 10s. 6 l.

H. SMART, 1813–1879.


1. The day is gent-ly sinking to a close, Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows;
O Brightness of thy Father's glory, thou, E - ter - nal Light of light, be with us now;
Where thou art pres-ent, darkness cannot be: Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with thee.

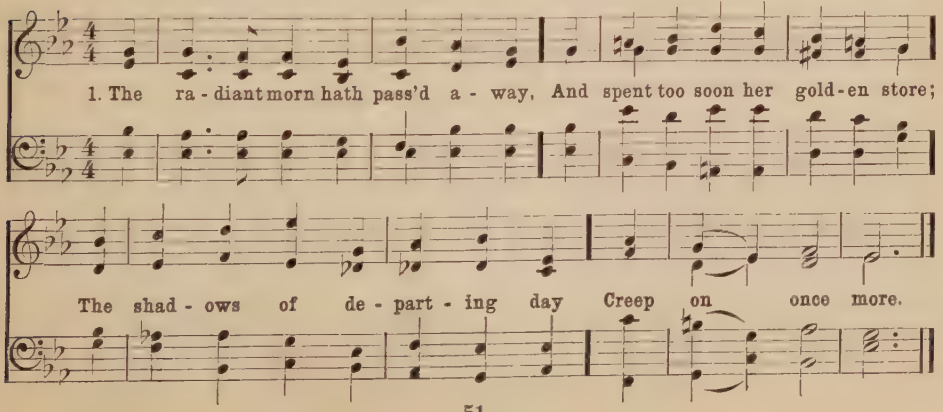
2 Thou, who in darkness walking didst appear
Upon the waves, and thy disciples cheer,
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms assail,
And earthly hopes and human succors fail;
When all is dark, may we behold thee nigh,
And hear thy voice, "Fear not; for it is I."

3 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;
O Conqueror of the grave! be thou our Guide,
Be thou our light in death's dark eventide;
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

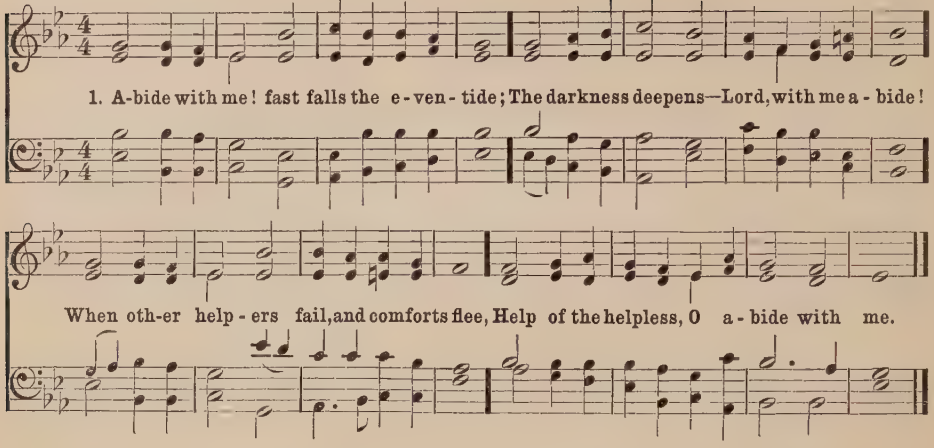
Christopher Wordsworth, 1863.

SUNSET. 8.8.8.4. (*For No.* 71. *Opposite.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1887.



73 **EVENTIDE.** (MONK'S.) (*First Tune.*) W. H. MONK, 1861.


1. A-bide with me! fast falls the e-ven-tide; The darkness deepens—Lord, with me a-bide!
When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou who changest not, abide with me.

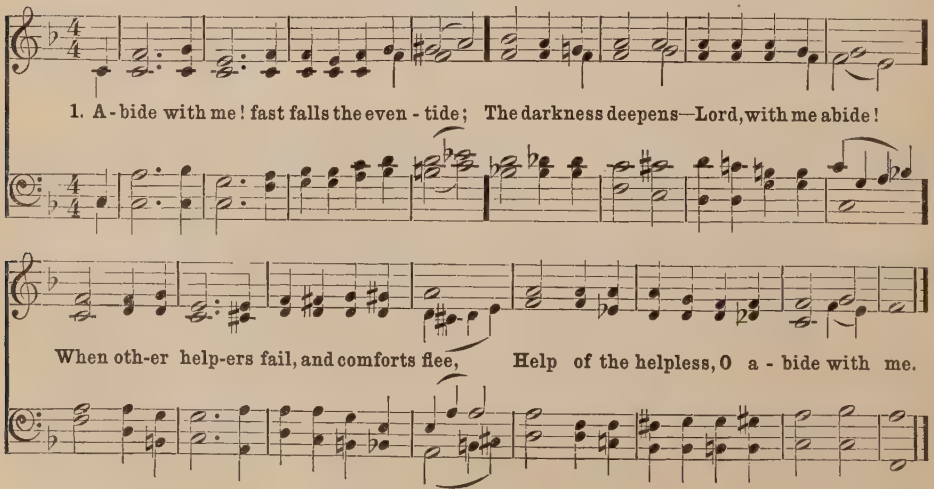
3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me.

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee:
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

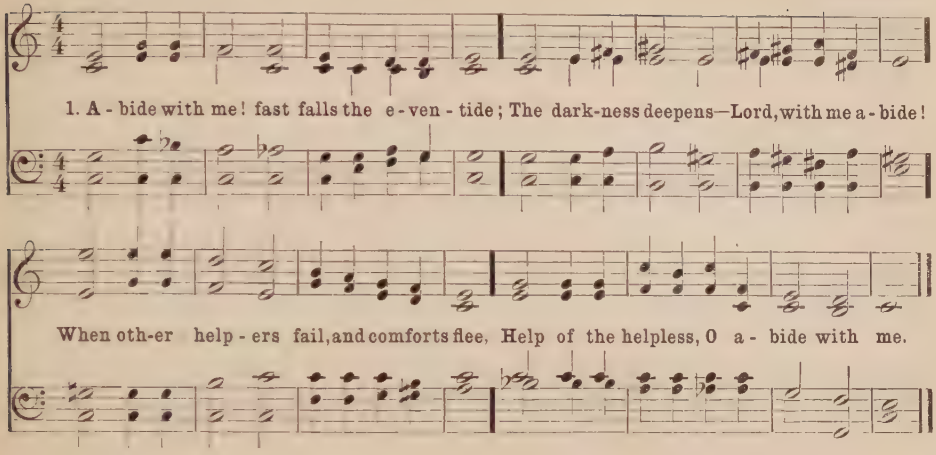
H. F. Lyte, 1847.

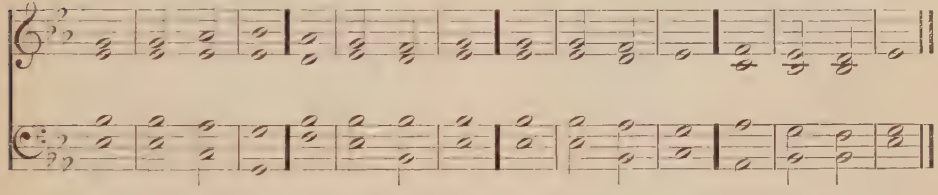
HAMMERFEST. 10s. (*Second Tune.*) J. H. STRONG, 1887.

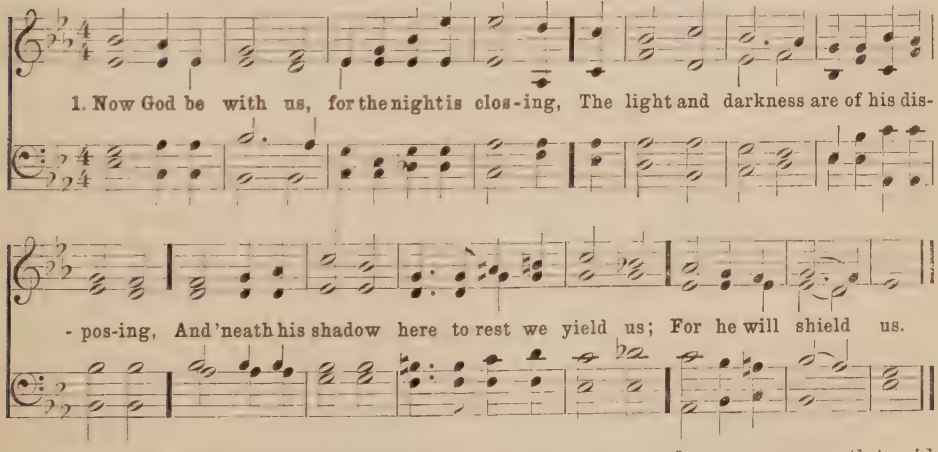

1. A-bide with me! fast falls the even-tide; The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!
When oth-er help-ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me.

(ALSO EVENTIDE AND TROYTE, OPPOSITE.)

EVENTIDE. 10s. (POPE'S.) (*Third Tune for No. 73.*) G. A. POPE.


1. A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deepens—Lord, with me a - bide!
When oth-er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me.

TROYTE. (CHANT.) (*Fourth Tune for No. 73.*) A. H. D. TROYTE, 1811–1857.

74 RYDAL. 11. 11. 11. 5. SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. Now God be with us, for the night is clos-ing, The light and darkness are of his dis-
- pos-ing, And 'neath his shadow here to rest we yield us; For he will shield us.

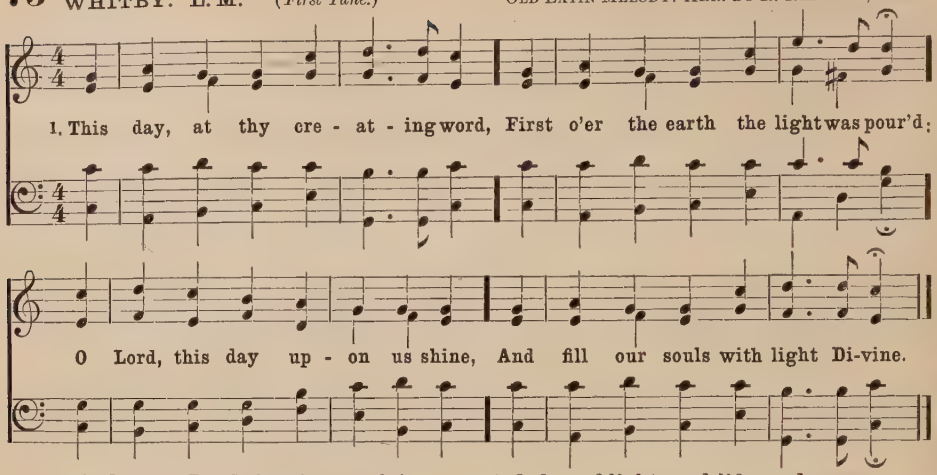
2 Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us,
Till morning cometh, watch, O Father, o'er us;
In soul and body thou from harm defend us,
Thine angels send us.

3 We have no refuge, none on earth to aid us,
Save thee, O Father, who thine own hast made us;
But thy dear presence will not leave them lonely
Who seek thee only.

Bohemian Brethren, 1530; Tr. C. Winkworth, 1858.

75 WHITBY. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

OLD LATIN MELODY: ARR. BY R. REDHEAD, 1853.


1. This day, at thy cre - at - ing word, First o'er the earth the light was pour'd:
O Lord, this day up - on us shine, And fill our souls with light Di-vine.

2 This day the Lord, for sinners slain,
In might victorious rose again:
O Jesus, may we raiséd be
From death of sin to life in thee.

3 This day the Holy Spirit came
With fiery tongues of cloven flame:
O Spirit, fill our hearts this day
With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

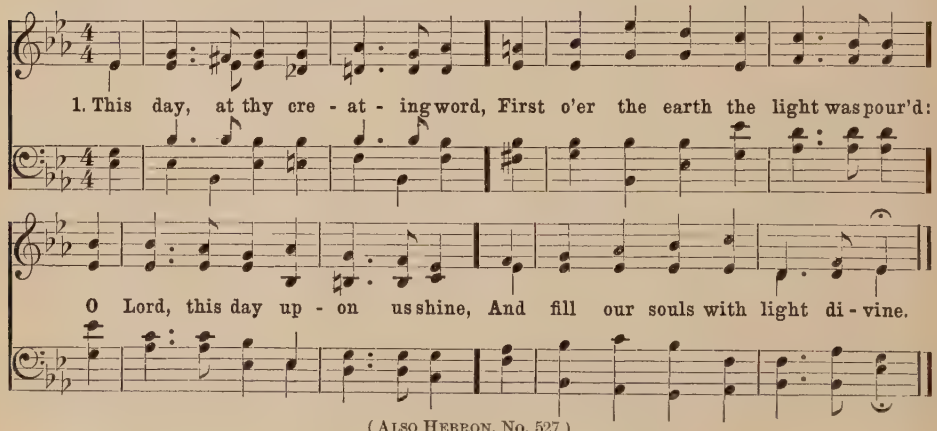
4 O day of light, and life, and grace;
From earthly toils sweet resting-place!
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of Love,
Give we again to God above.

5 All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore
For ever and for evermore.

W. W. How, 1854, 1871.

DOANE. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. B. CALKIN, 1872.


1. This day, at thy cre - at - ing word, First o'er the earth the light was pour'd:
O Lord, this day up - on us shine, And fill our souls with light di - vine.

(ALSO HEBRON, No. 527.)

76 CAREW. (*Opposite.*)

1 Sweet is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing,
To praise and pray, to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell,
And, when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

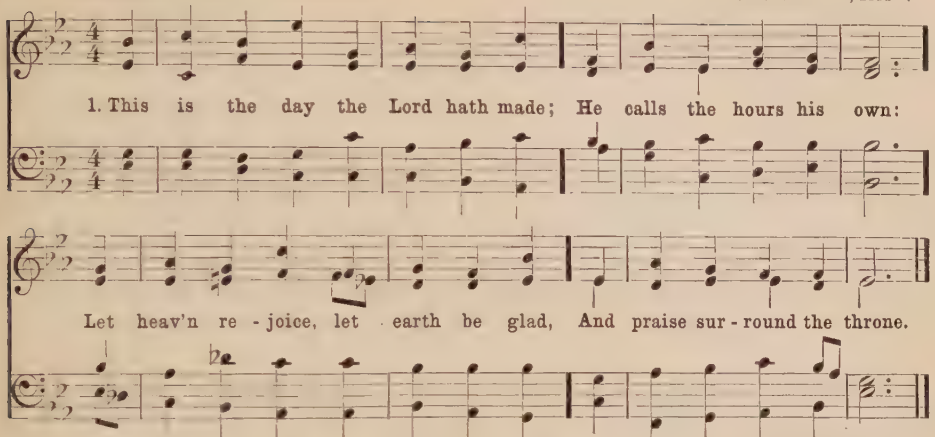
4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

(ALSO SHIRELAND, No. 662.)

77 IFFLEY. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

G. M. GARRETT, 1834—.


1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours his own:
Let heav'n re - joice, let earth be glad, And praise sur - round the throne.

2 To-day he rose, and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son:
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

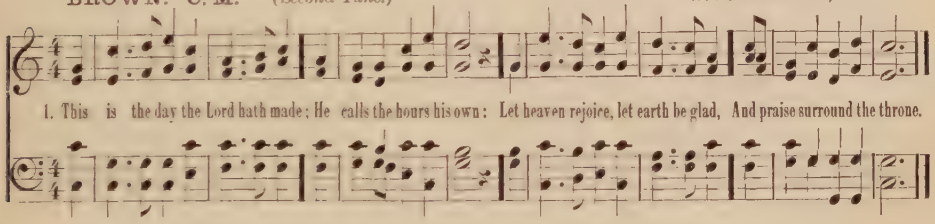
4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise;
The highest heavens in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

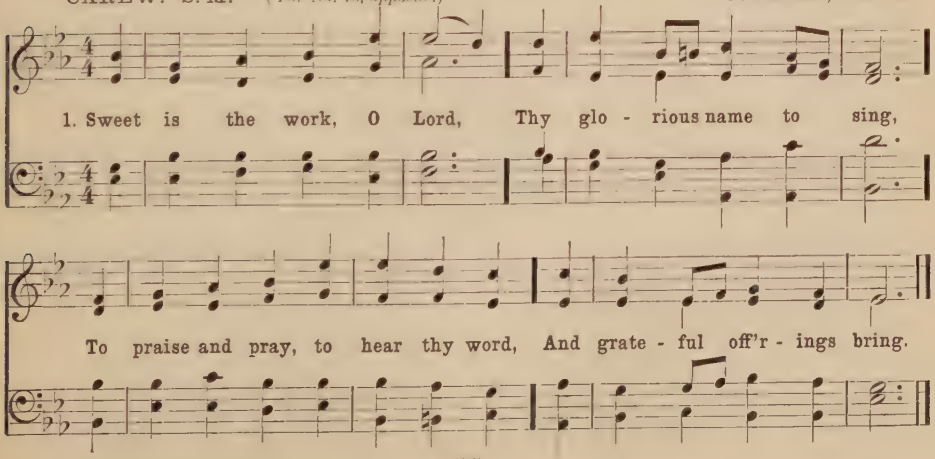
BROWN. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

W. B. BRADBURY, 1816–1868.

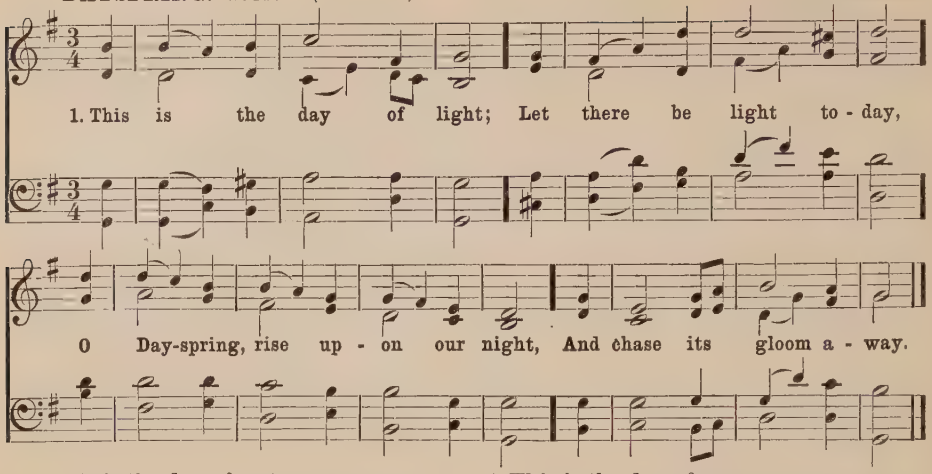

1. This is the day the Lord hath made; He calls the hours his own: Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad, And praise surround the throne.

CAREW. S. M. (*For No. 76, opposite.*)

D. STEIBELT, 1755–1823.



78 DAYSPRING. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

C. BRYAN, 1775–1840.

2 This is the day of rest;
Our failing strength renew;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

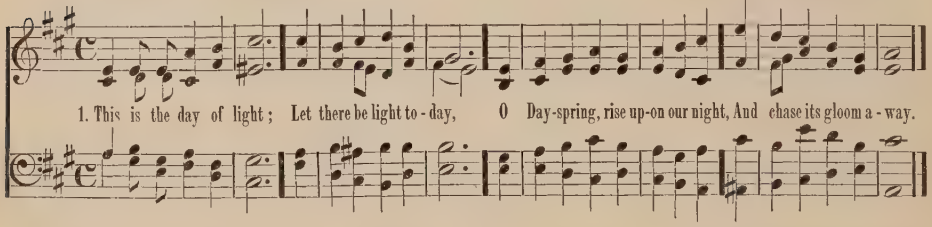
3 This is the day of peace;
With peace our spirits fill;
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

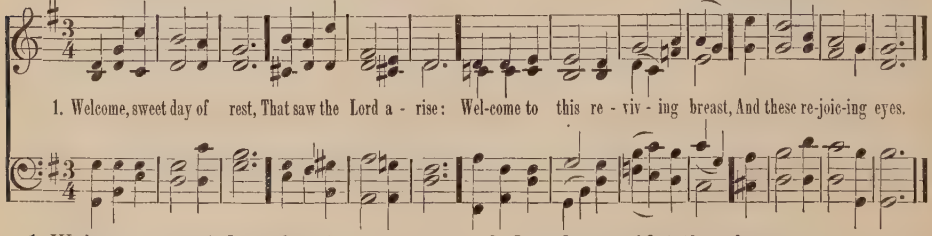
4 This is the day of prayer;
Let earth to heaven draw near;
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there,
Come down to meet us here.

5 This is the First of days:
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O vanquisher of death.

John Ellerton, 1867.

DOMENICA. (*Second Tune.*)

H. S. OAKELEY, 1830—.

79 CHISELHURST. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1887.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear God hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit, and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

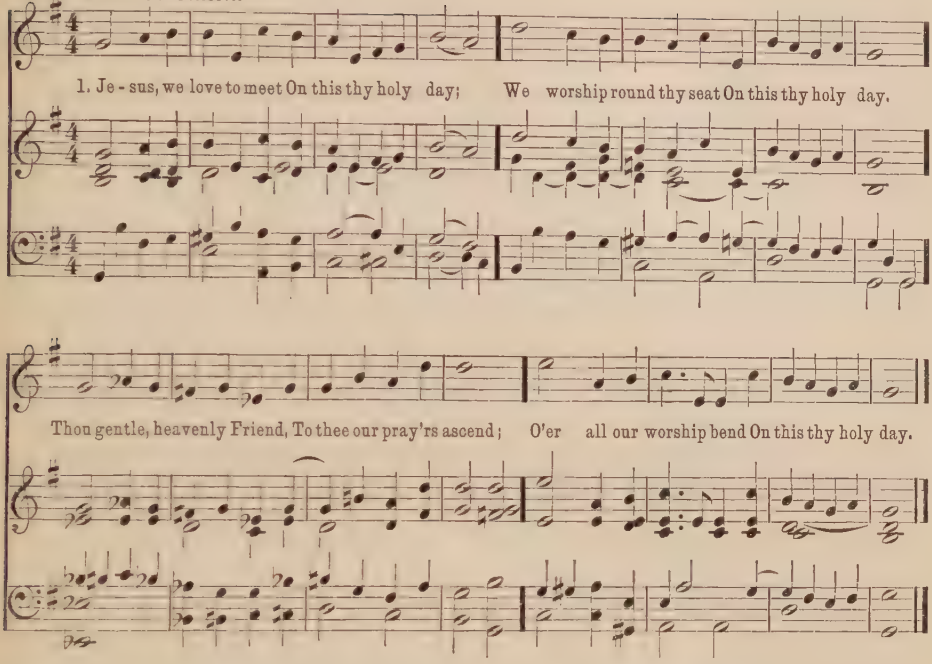
Isaac Watts, 1707.

(ALSO STATE STREET, OPPOSITE.)

80 BEECHCROFT. 6s. D.

T. German Reed, 1817–1888.

Voices in Unison.


1. Je - sus, we love to meet On this thy holy day; We worship round thy seat On this thy holy day.
Thou gentle, heavenly Friend, To thee our pray'rs ascend; O'er all our worship bend On this thy holy day.

2 We dare not trifle now,
On this thy holy day;
In silent awe we bow,
On this thy holy day.
Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve thee as we ought
On this thy holy day.

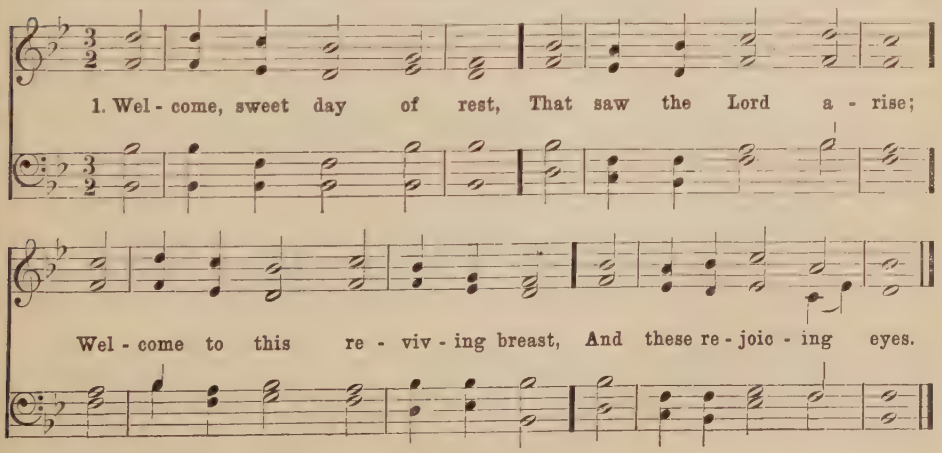
3 We listen to thy word,
On this thy holy day;
Bless all we shall have heard
On this thy holy day.
Go with us when we part,
And to each waiting heart
Thy saving grace impart,
On this thy holy day.

Mrs. E. R. Parson, 1858.

STATE STREET. S. M.

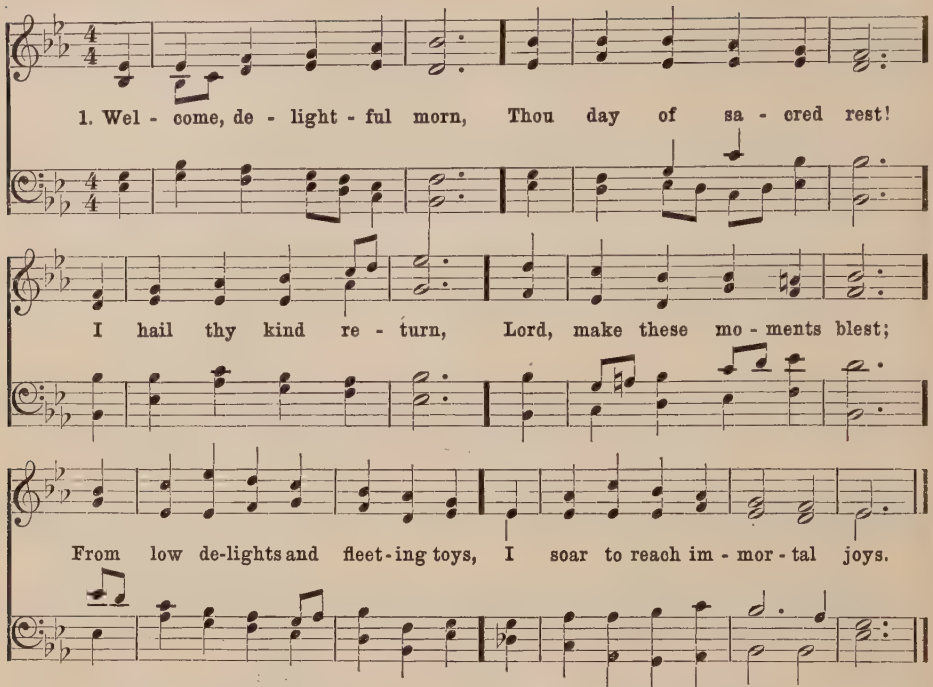
(Second Tune for No. 79.)

J. C. Woodman, 1813–1894.



81 BEVAN. 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*First Tune.*)

SIR J. GOSS, 1800–1880.


1. Wel - come, de - light - ful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest!
I hail thy kind re - turn, Lord, make these mo - ments blest;
From low de-lights and fleet-ing toys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

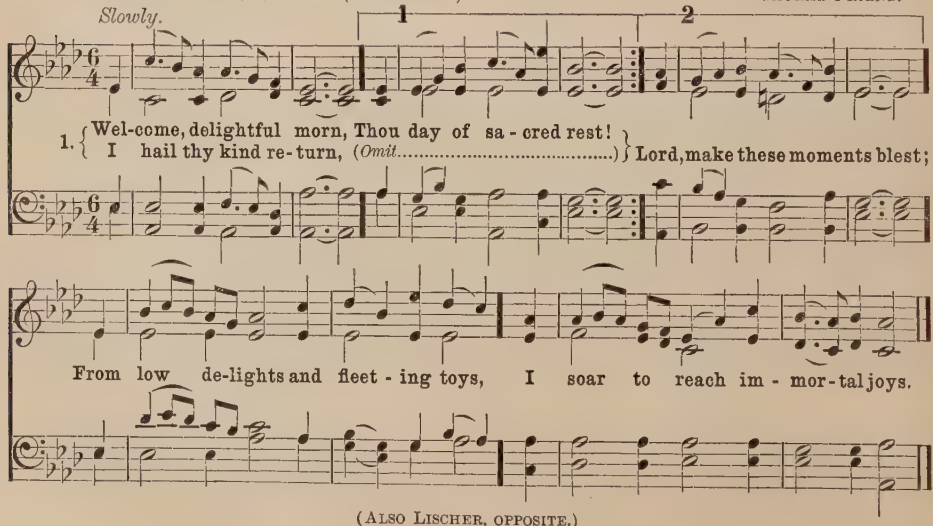
2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face;
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be enjoyed in vain.

Thomas Hayward, 1806.

ORIOLE. 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*Second Tune.*)

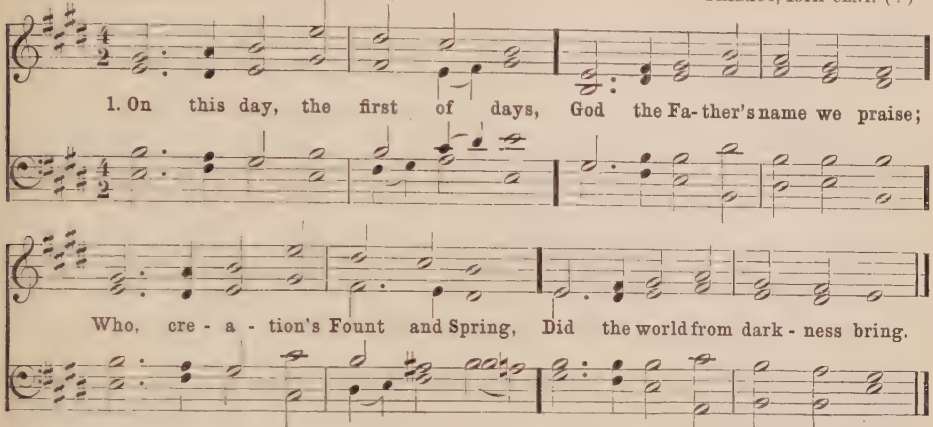
"CHORAL FRIEND."


Slowly.
1
2
1. { Wel-come, delightful morn, Thou day of sa - cred rest!
I hail thy kind re-turn, (Omit.....) } Lord, make these moments blest;
From low de-lights and fleet - ing toys, I soar to reach im - mor-tal joys.

(ALSO LISCHER, OPPOSITE.)

82 INNOCENTS. 7s. (*First Tune.*)

THIBAUT, 13TH CENT. (?)


1. On this day, the first of days, God the Fa-ther's name we praise;
Who, cre - a - tion's Fount and Spring, Did the world from dark - ness bring.

2 On this day the Eternal Son
Over death his triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With his gifts of living flame.

3 Oh, that fervent love to-day
May in every heart have sway,
Teaching us to praise aright
God, the source of life and light!

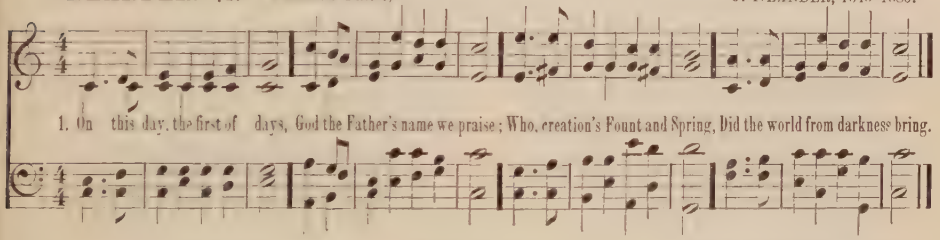
4 Father, who didst fashion me
Image of thyself to be,
Fill me with thy love divine,
Let my every thought be thine.

5 Thou who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, sweet Spirit, in my heart;
Best of gifts, thyself, bestow;
Make me burn thy love to know.

Tr. Sir H. W. Baker, 1861.

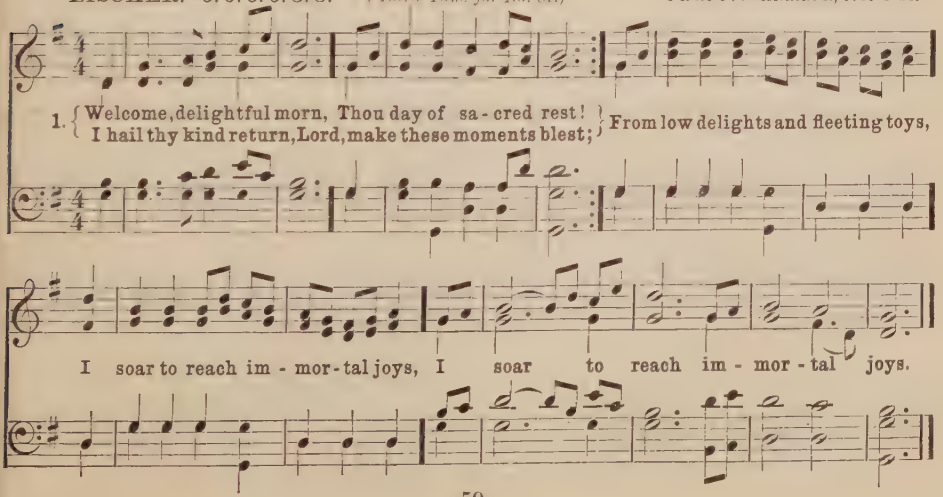
NEANDER. 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

J. NEANDER, 1610–1680.

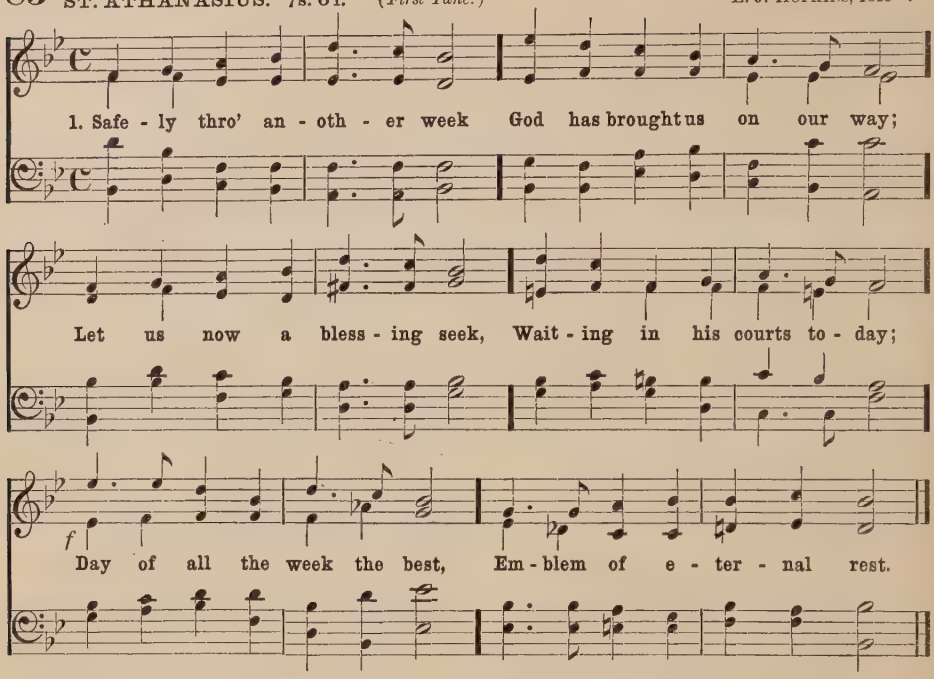

1. On this day, the first of days, God the Father's name we praise; Who, creation's Fount and Spring, Did the world from darkness bring.

LISCHER. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. (*Third Tune for No.* 81.)

ARR. BY L. MASON, 1841.
FROM F. SCHNEIDER, 1786–1853.


1. { Welcome, delightful morn, Thou day of sa-cred rest! I hail thy kind return, Lord, make these moments blest; } From low delights and fleeting toys,
I soar to reach im - mor-tal joys, I soar to reach im - mor - tal joys.

83 ST. ATHANASIUS. 7s. 6l. (*First Tune.*) E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in his courts to - day;
f
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.

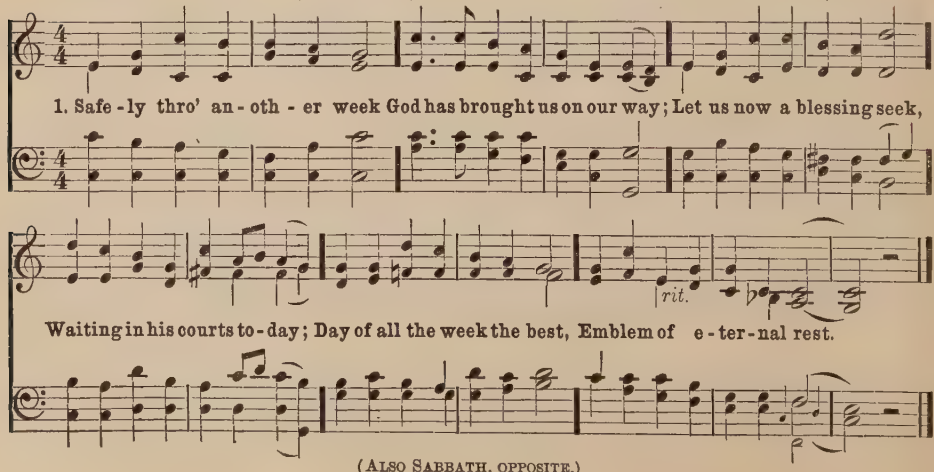
2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face,—
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May thy gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief for all complaints:
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the Church above.

John Newton, 1779.

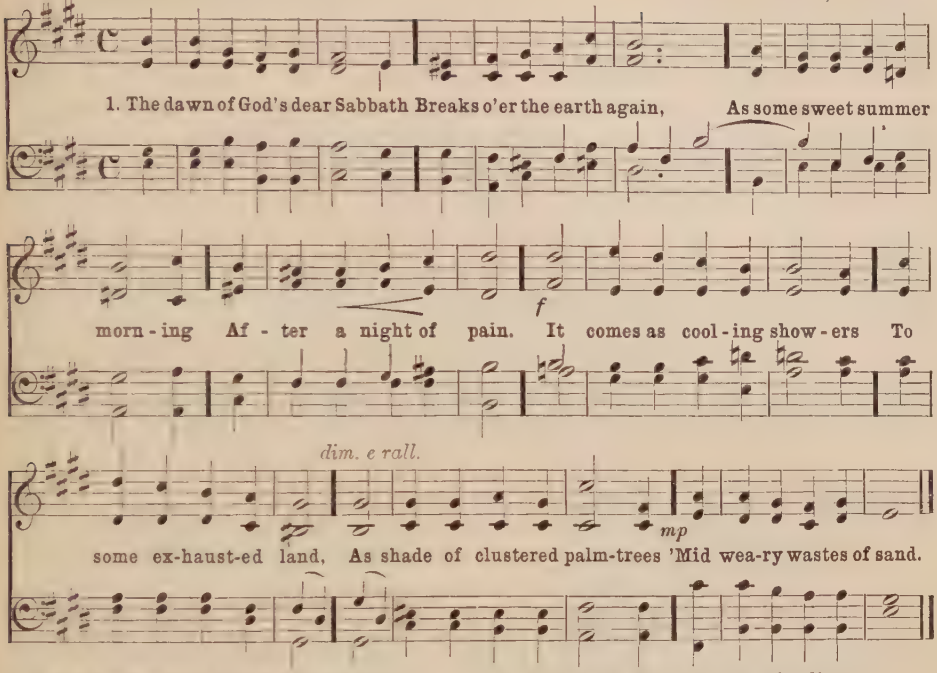
BUNHILL. 7s. 6l. (*Second Tune.*) ADAPTED FROM J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek,
rit.
Waiting in his courts to - day; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.

(ALSO SABBATH, OPPOSITE.)

84 PIERREPONT. 7s. 6s. D.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. The dawn of God's dear Sabbath Breaks o'er the earth again, As some sweet summer
morn - ing Af - ter a night of pain. It comes as cool - ing show - ers To
f
dim. e rall.
mp
some ex-haust-ed land. As shade of clustered palm-trees 'Mid wea-ry wastes of sand.

2 And we would bring our burden
Of sinful thought and deed,
In thy pure presence kneeling,
From bondage to be freed;
Our heart's most bitter sorrow
For all thy work undone—
So many talents wasted!
So few bright laurels won!

3 And with that sorrow mingling,
A steadfast faith, and sure,
And love so deep and fervent,
That tries to make it pure:—
In his dear presence finding
The pardon that we need;
And then the peace so lasting—
Celestial peace indeed!

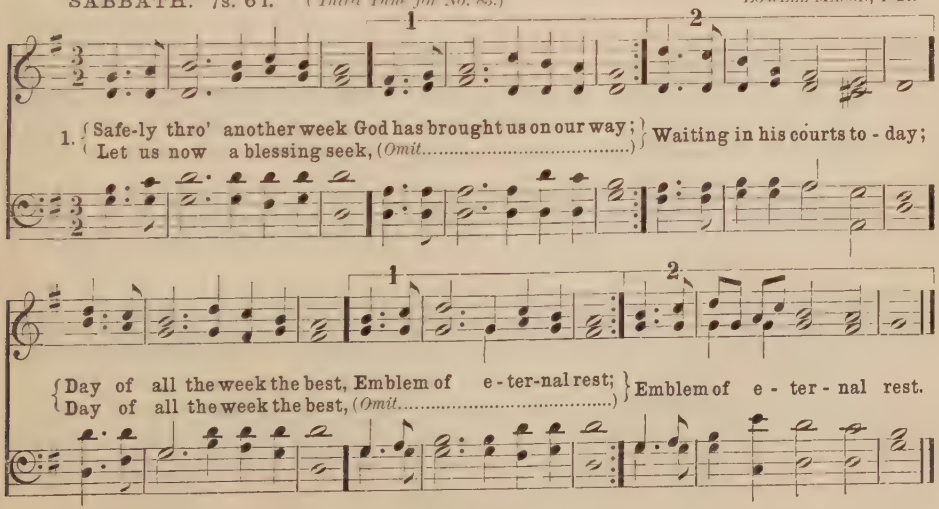
Ada CROSS, 1866.

(ALSO CRUCIFIX, No. 696.)

SABBATH. 7s. 6l.

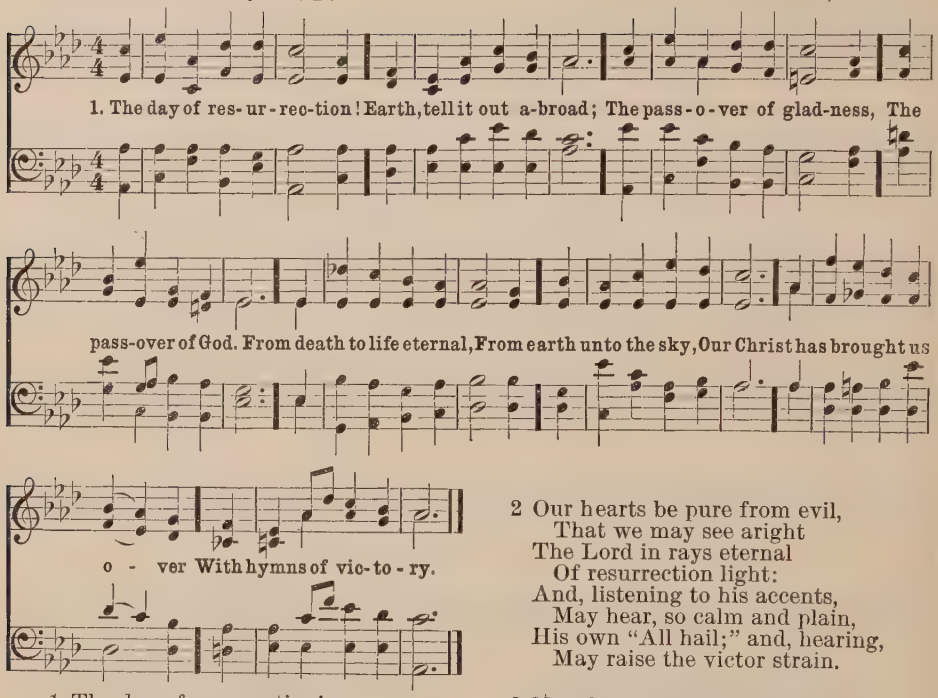
(Third Tune for No. 83.)

LOWELL MASON, 1824.


1
2
1. Safe-ly thro' another week God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek, (Omit.....)
Waiting in his courts to - day;
1
2
Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter-nal rest;
Day of all the week the best, (Omit.....)
Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.

85 ROTTERDAM. 7s. 6s. D.

BERTHOLD TOURS, 1835–1897.


1. The day of res-ur-rec-tion! Earth, tell it out a-broad; The pass-o-ver of glad-ness, The
pass-over of God. From death to life eternal, From earth unto the sky, Our Christ has brought us
o - ver With hymns of vic-to-ry.

1 The day of resurrection!
Earth, tell it out abroad;
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ has brought us over
With hymns of victory.

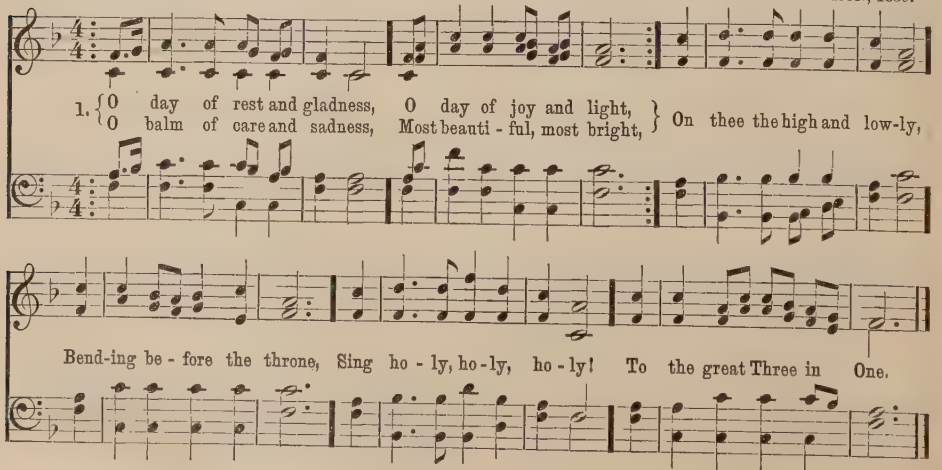
2 Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light:
And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own "All hail;" and, hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

3 Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin;
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our Joy that hath no end.

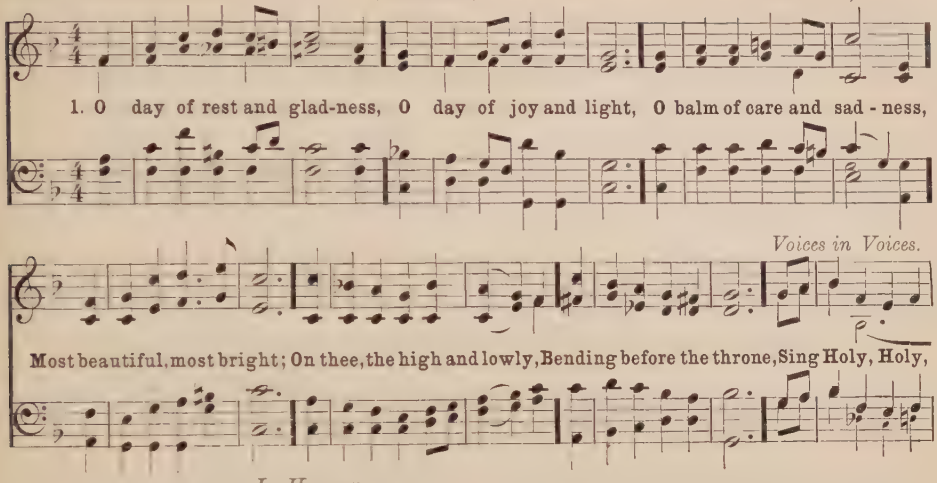
John of Damascus, 8th Cent., Tr. by J. M. Neale, 1862.

MENDEBRAS. 7s. 6s. D. (*Third Tune for No.* 86.)

GERMAN MELODY. ARR. L. MASON, 1839.


1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, / O balm of care and sadness, Most beauti-ful, most bright, } On thee the high and low-ly,
Bend-ing be-fore the throne, Sing ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly! To the great Three in One.

86 **DAY OF REST.** 7s. 6s. D. *(First Tune.)* J. W. ELLIOTT, 1833—.


1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sad - ness,
Voices in Voices.
Most beautiful, most bright; On thee, the high and lowly, Bending before the throne, Sing Holy, Holy,
In Harmony.
Ho - ly, To the Great Three in One.

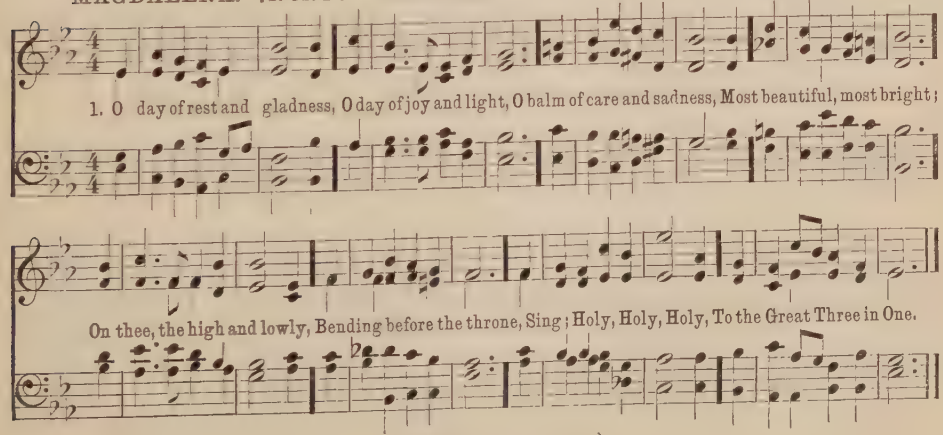
1 O day of rest and gladness,
O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly,
Bending before the throne,
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the Great Three in One.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from heaven:
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

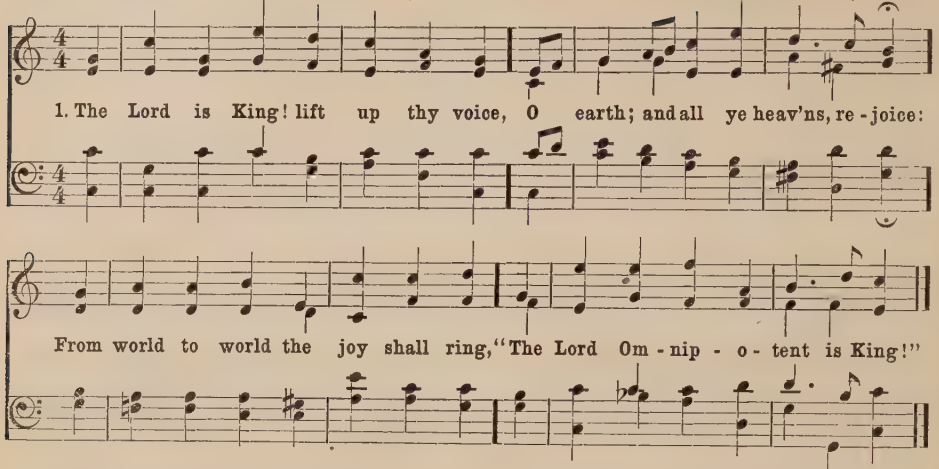
3 To-day, on weary nations,
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1865.

MAGDALENA. 7s. 6s. D. *(Second Tune.)* SIR JOHN STAINER, 1840—.


1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, O balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee, the high and lowly, Bending before the throne, Sing; Holy, Holy, Holy, To the Great Three in One.

(ALSO MENDEBRAS, OPPOSITE.)

87 BROMPTON. L. M. (*First Tune.*) J. W. ELLIOTT, 1833—.

1. The Lord is King! lift up thy voice, O earth; and all ye heav'ns, re - joice:
From world to world the joy shall ring, "The Lord Om - nip - o - tent is King!"

2 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt his royal promises?

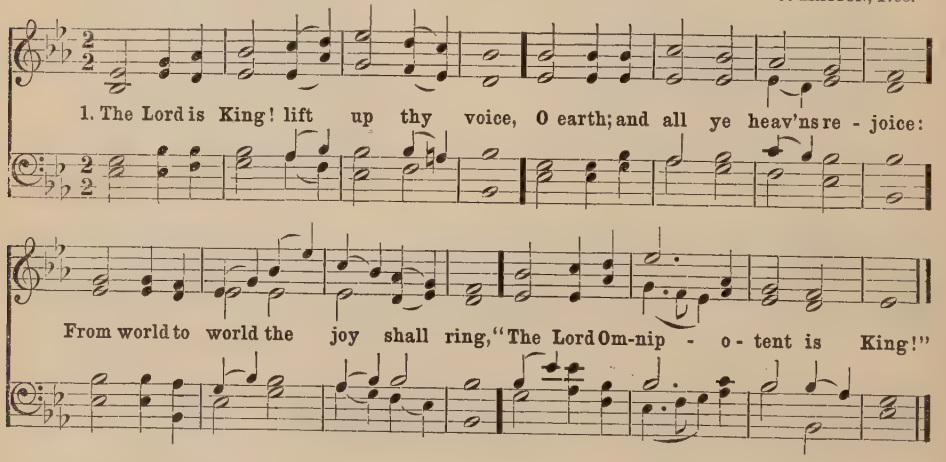
3 The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all his ways:
Let every creature speak his praise.

4 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

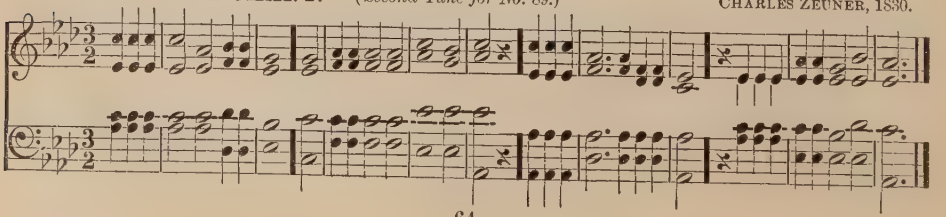
5 One Lord, one empire, all secures;
He reigns, and life and death are yours:
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
"The Lord Omnipotent is King!"

Josiah Conder, 1824.

DUKE STREET. L. M. (*Second Tune.*) J. HATTON, 1793.

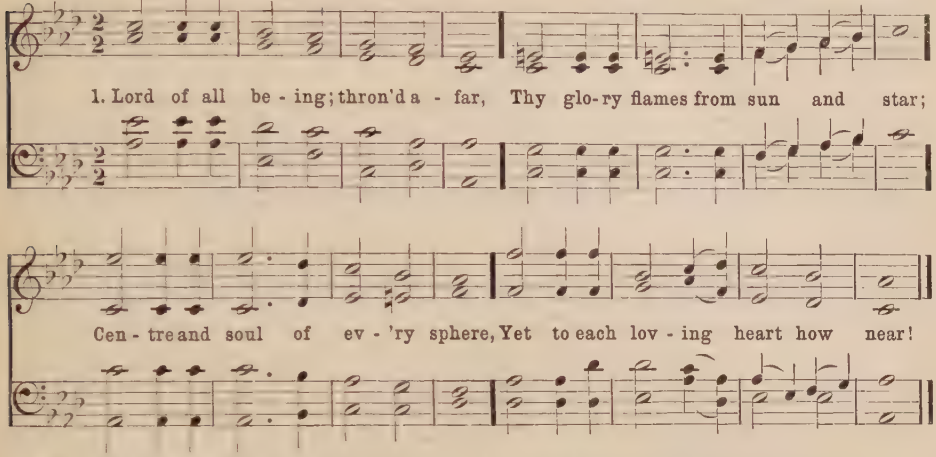

1. The Lord is King! lift up thy voice, O earth; and all ye heav'ns re - joice:
From world to world the joy shall ring, "The Lord Om-nip - o - tent is King!"

MISSIONARY CHANT. (*Second Tune for No.* 89.) CHARLES ZEUNER, 1830.



88 GROSTETTE. L. M.

H. W. Greatorex, 1811–1858.


1. Lord of all be - ing; thron'd a - far, Thy glo-ry flames from sun and star;
Cen - tre and soul of ev - 'ry sphere, Yet to each lov - ing heart how near!

2 Sun of our life, thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

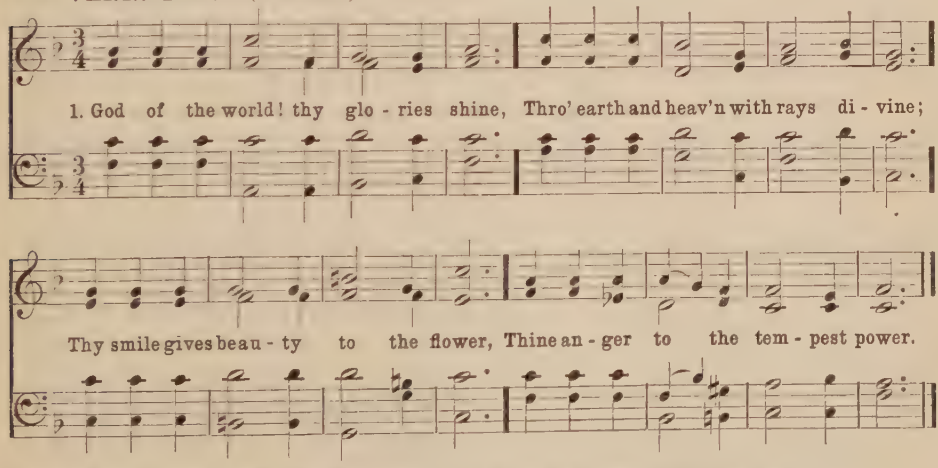
3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine!

4 Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

5 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

O. W. Holmes, 1848.

89 VENN. L. M. *(First Tune.)*


1. God of the world! thy glo - ries shine, Thro' earth and heav'n with rays di - vine;
Thy smile gives beau - ty to the flower, Thine an - ger to the tem - pest power.

1 God of the world! thy glories shine,
Thro' earth and heaven with rays divine;
Thy smile gives beauty to the flower,
Thine anger to the tempest power.

2 God of our lives! the throbbing heart
Doth at thy beck its action start;
Throbs on, obedient to thy will,
Or ceases at thy fatal chill.

3 God of eternal life! thy love
Doth every stain of sin remove;
The cross, the cross—its hallowed light
Shall drive from earth her cheerless night.

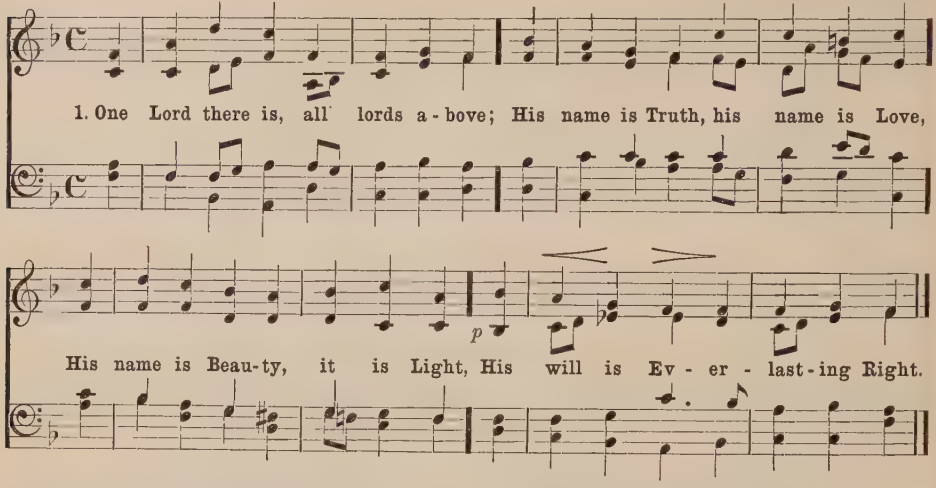
4 God of all goodness! to the skies
Our hearts in grateful anthems rise;
And to thy service shall be given
The rest of life, the whole of heaven.

S. S. Cutting, 1835.

(Also Missionary Chant, opposite.)

90 LITTINGTON TOWER. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838-1896.


1. One Lord there is, all lords a - bove; His name is Truth, his name is Love,
His name is Beau-ty, it is Light, His will is Ev - er - last-ing Right.

2 But ah! to Wrong, what is his name?
This Lord is a consuming flame
To every wrong beneath the sun:
He is one Lord, the Holy One.

3 Lord of the Everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame!
Shall I not lift my heart to thee,
And ask thee, Lord, to rule in me?

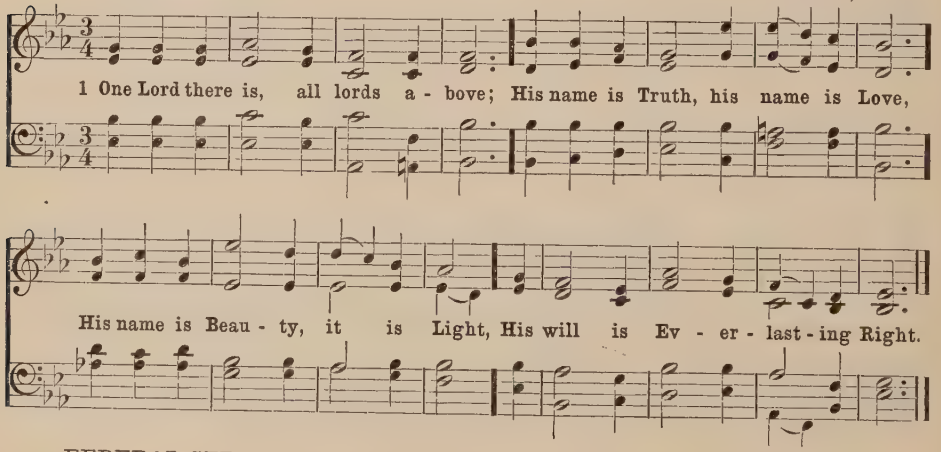
4 If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies: [hate,
With things that harm, and things that
And roam by night, and miss the gate—

5 The happy gate, which leads to where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with an Everlasting Name.

W. B. Rands.

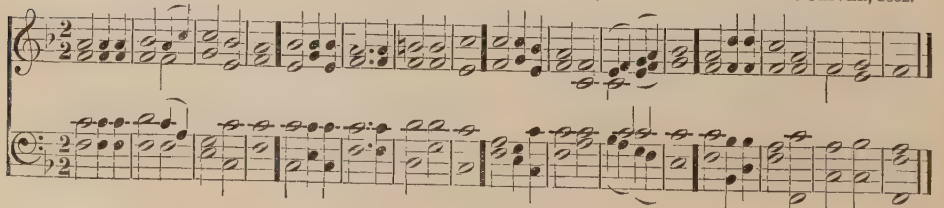
MARYTON. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

H. PERCY SMITH, 1825—.


1 One Lord there is, all lords a - bove; His name is Truth, his name is Love,
His name is Beau - ty, it is Light, His will is Ev - er - last-ing Right.

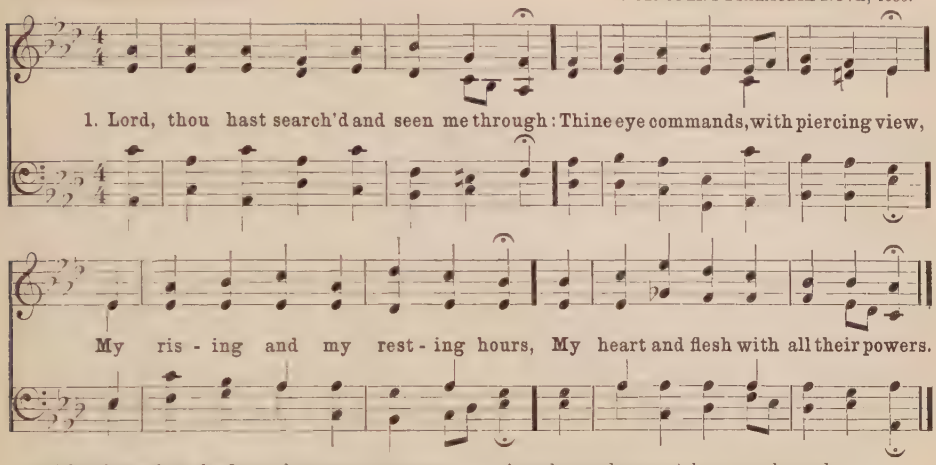
FEDERAL STREET. L. M. (*Second Tune for No. 92.*)

H K. OLIVER, 1832.



91 BRESLAU. L. M.

I. Clauder's Psalmodia Nova, 1630.


1. Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me through: Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My ris - ing and my rest - ing hours, My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

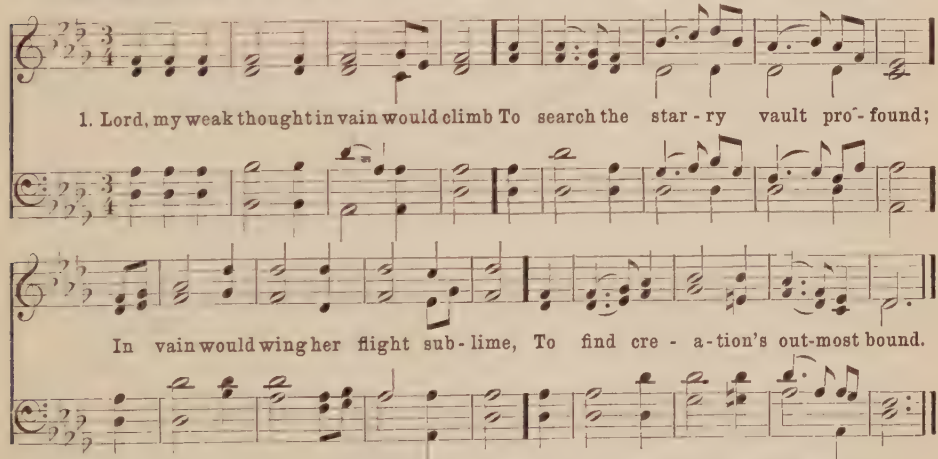
4 Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

(Also Olives Brow, No. 192.)

92 REDEMPTION. L. M. 61. *(First Tune.)*

M. L. C. Z. S. Cherubini, 1760–1842.


1. Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb To search the star - ry vault pro - found;
In vain would wing her flight sub - lime, To find cre - a - tion's out-most bound.

1 Lord, my weak thought in vain would climb
To search the starry vaults profound;
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's outmost bound.

2 But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search thy great eternal plan,—
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

3 When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

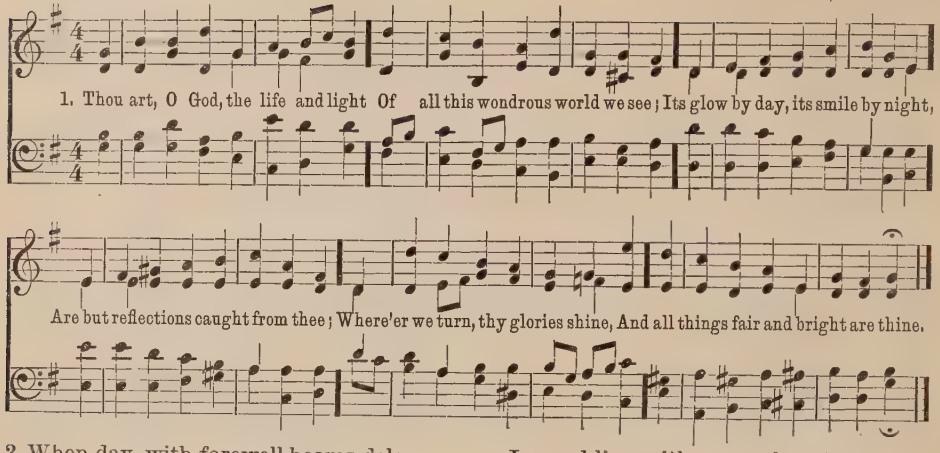
4 When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest;
That so it seemeth good to thee.

5 Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at thy will:
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust thee still.

Ray Palmer, 1808–1887.

(Also Federal Street, opposite.)

93 BICKLEY. L. M. 61. (*First Tune.*) W. H. Monk, 1823–1889.


1. Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see; Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee; Where'er we turn, thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are thine.

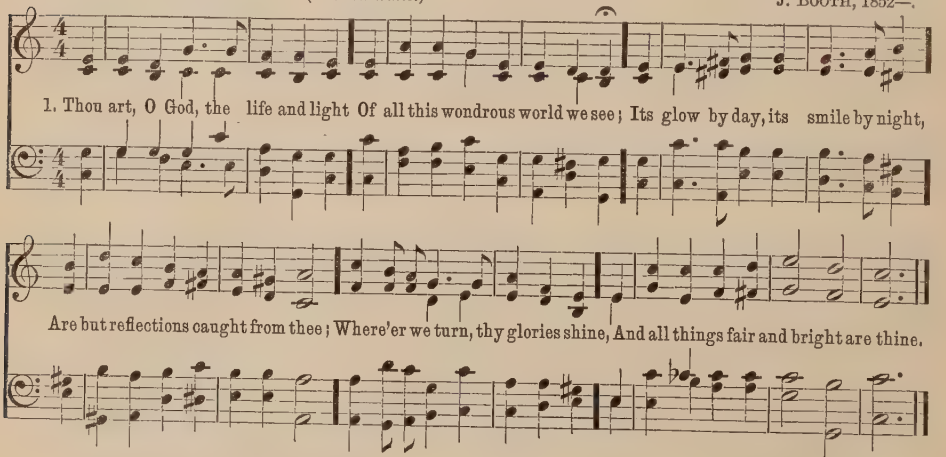
2 When day, with farewell beams delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven;—
Those hues, that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

3 When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,—
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

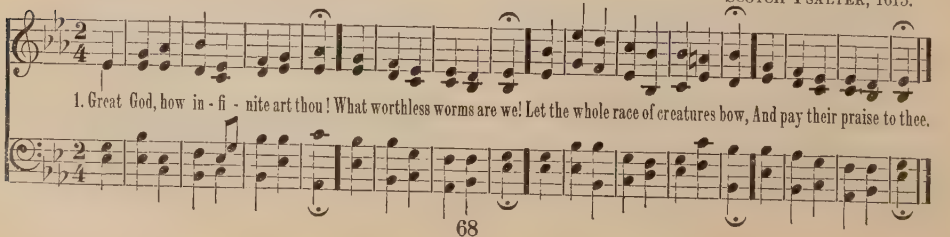
4 When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower that Summer wreathes
Is born beneath thy kindling eye;—
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

T. Moore, 1779–1852.

PENIEL. L. M. 61. (*Second Tune.*) J. Booth, 1852—.

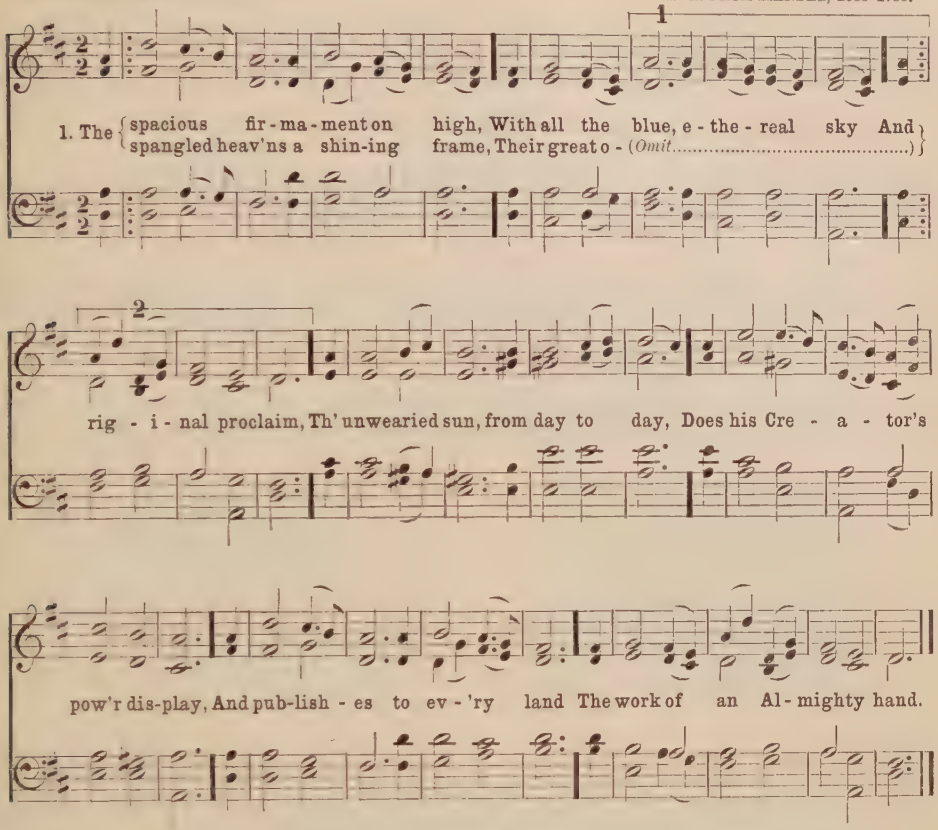

1. Thou art, O God, the life and light Of all this wondrous world we see; Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee; Where'er we turn, thy glories shine, And all things fair and bright are thine.

DUNDEE. C. M. (*For No.* 95.) Scotch Psalter, 1615.


1. Great God, how in - fi - nite art thou! What worthless worms are we! Let the whole race of creatures bow, And pay their praise to thee.

94 FIRMAMENT. L. M. D.

AFR. FROM HÄNDEL, 1685–1759.


1
1. The spacious fir-ma-ment on high, With all the blue, e-the-real sky And
spangled heav'ns a shin-ing frame, Their great o- (Omit.....)
2
rig-i-nal proclaim, Th' unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Cre-a-tor's
pow'r dis-play, And pub-lish-es to ev-'ry land The work of an Al-mighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

J. Addison, 1712.

---

95 DUNDEE. (*Opposite.*)

1 Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God, there's nothing new.

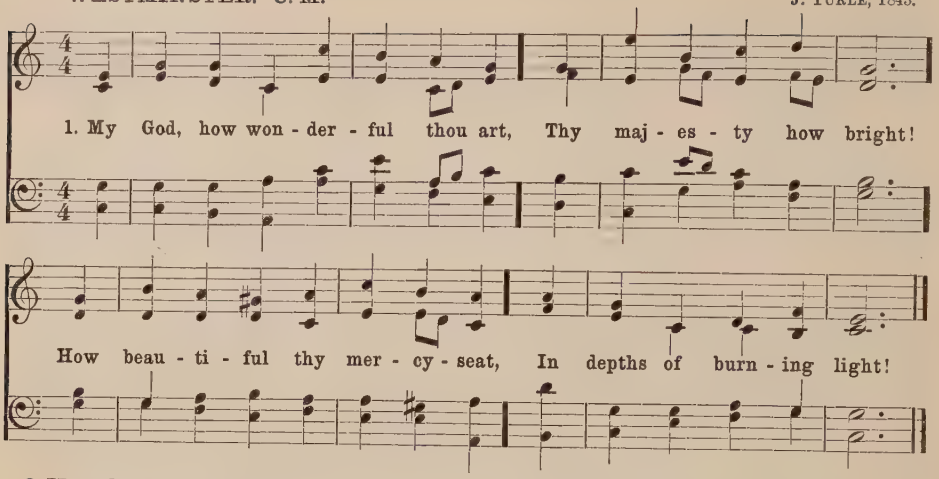
4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

96 WESTMINSTER. C. M.

J. Turle, 1843.



2 How dread are thine eternal years,
O Everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits, day and night,
Incessantly adored.

3 O how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears;
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

4 Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

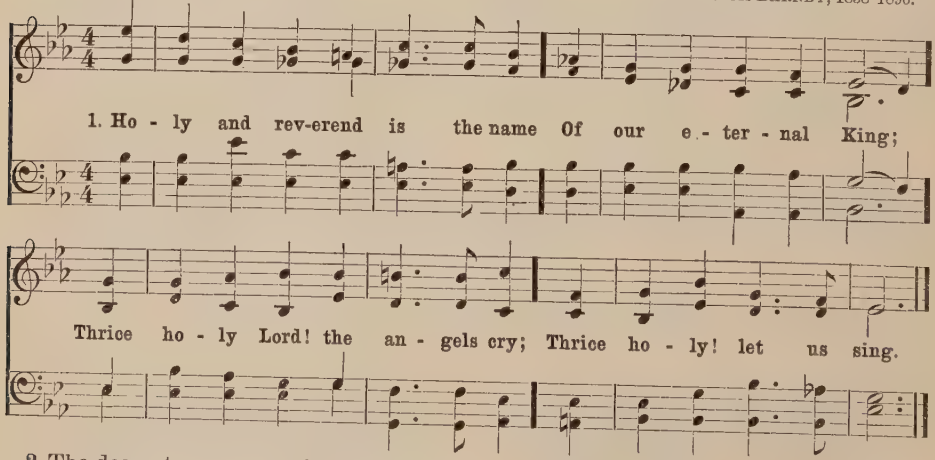
5 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus, love's reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on thee.

F. W. Faber, 1848.

97 HOLY TRINITY. C. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896.



2 The deepest reverence of the mind,
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart,
To his sublime abode.

3 With sacred awe pronounce his name
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than noblest forms of speech.

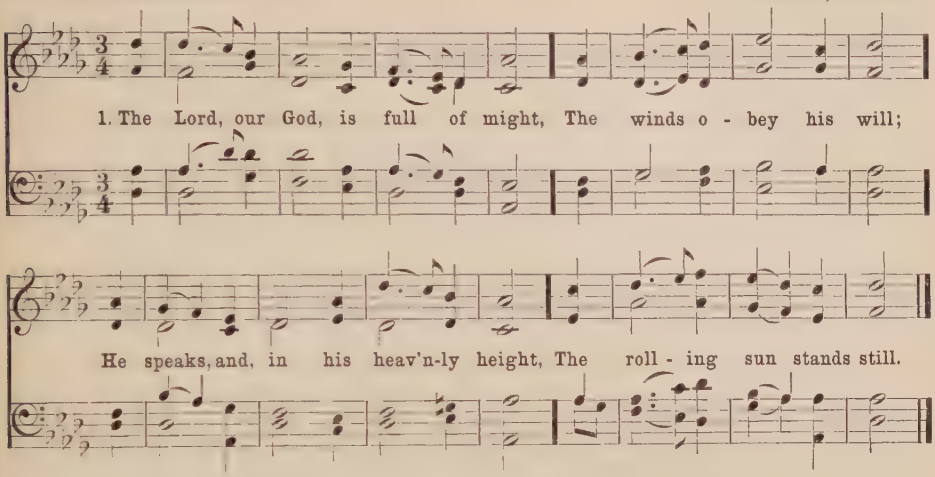
4 Thou holy God! preserve our souls
From all pollution free:
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

J. Needham, 1768.

(Also Dundee, No. 95.)

98 COLCHESTER. C. M.

H. Purcell, 1658–1695.



2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

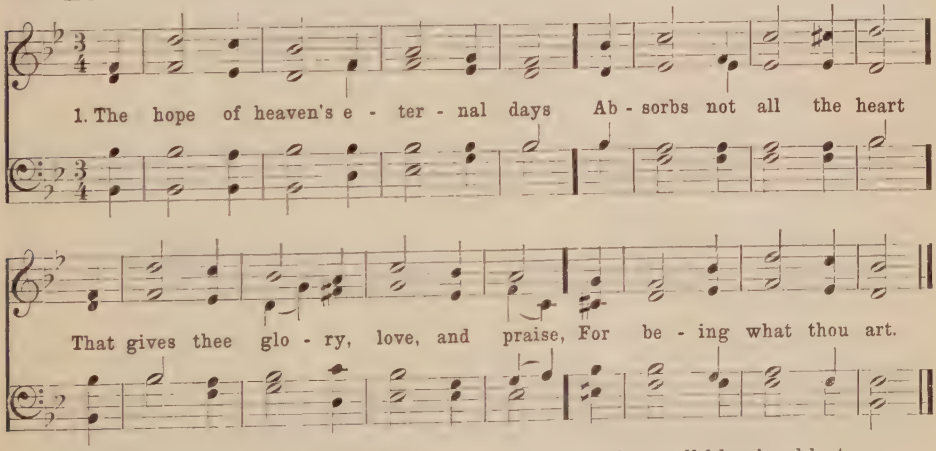
3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations, bend—in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God,

Henry Kirke White, 1785–1806.

99 HOLY CROSS. C. M.



2 For thou art God, the One, the Same,
O'er all things high and bright;
And round us, when we speak thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

3 O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine:
To know that naught in man can tell
How fair thy beauties shine.

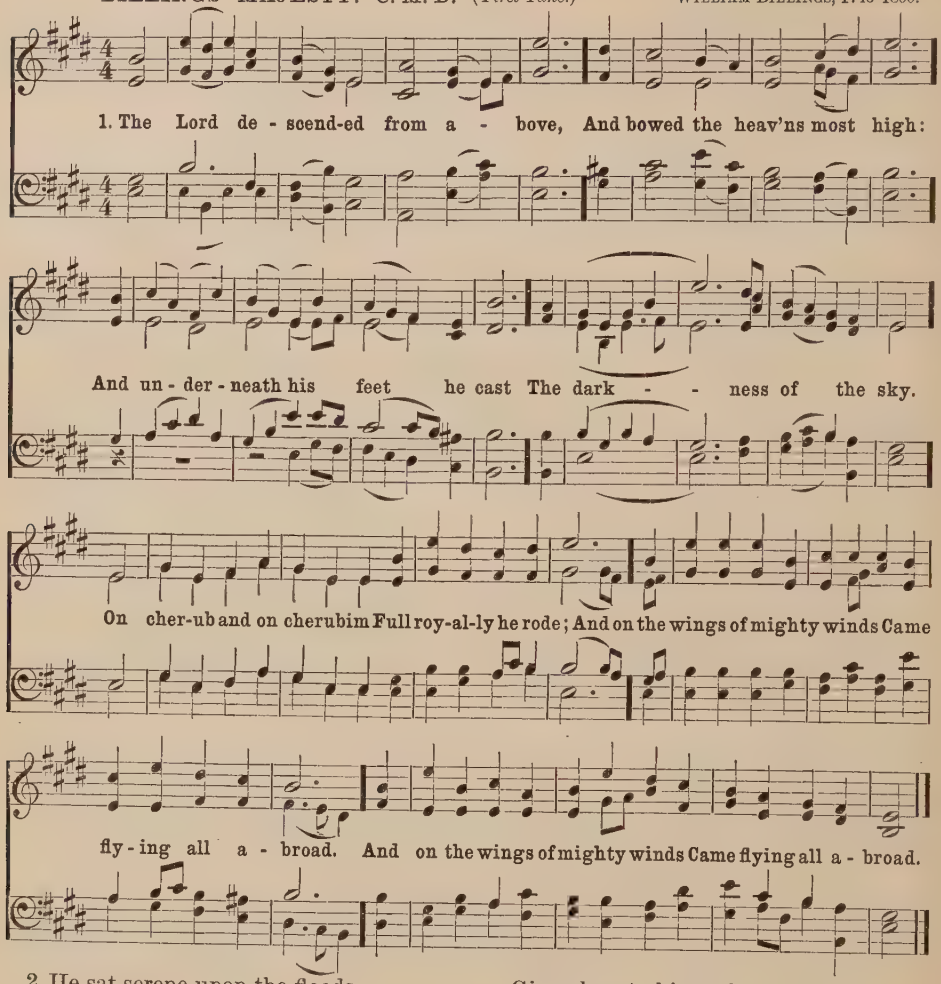
4 O thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;

5 For when we feel the praise of thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say—A perfect God is he,
And he is fully ours.

W. Bright, 1824—.

100 *BILLINGS' MAJESTY. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

WILLIAM BILLINGS, 1746–1800.


1. The Lord de - scend-ed from a - bove, And bowed the heav'ns most high:
And un - der - neath his feet he cast The dark - - ness of the sky.
On cher-ub and on cherubim Full roy-al-ly he rode; And on the wings of mighty winds Came
fly - ing all a - broad. And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all a - broad.

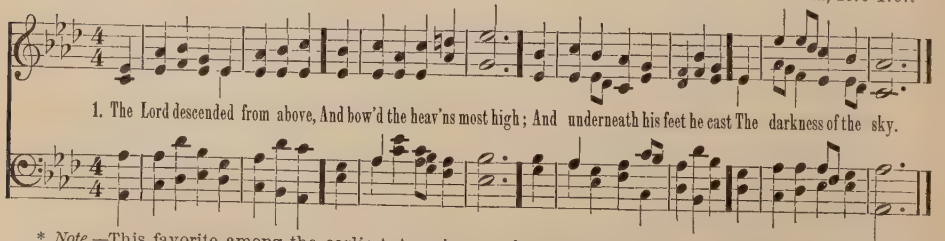
2 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
Forevermore shall reign.

Give glory to his awful name,
And honor him alone;
Give worship to his majesty,
Upon his holy throne.

Thomas Sternhold, — 1549.

NOTTINGHAM. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

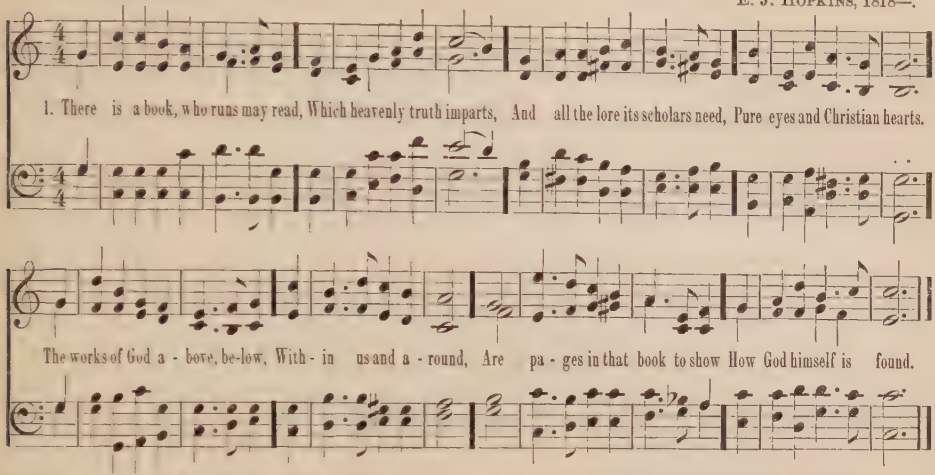
JEREMIAH CLARKE, 1670–1707.



* *Note.*—This favorite among the earliest American psalm tunes ought not be forgotten. Some of its quaintness has been sacrificed in correcting, and adapting it to congregational use; but in a certain stately joyousness it remains unsurpassed.

101 ST. ELWYN. C. M.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. There is a book, who runs may read, Which heavenly truth imparts, And all the lore its scholars need, Pure eyes and Christian hearts.
The works of God a - bove, be-low, With - in us and a - round, Are pa - ges in that book to show How God himself is found.

2 The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small,
In peace and order move.

3 One Name, above all glorious names,
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

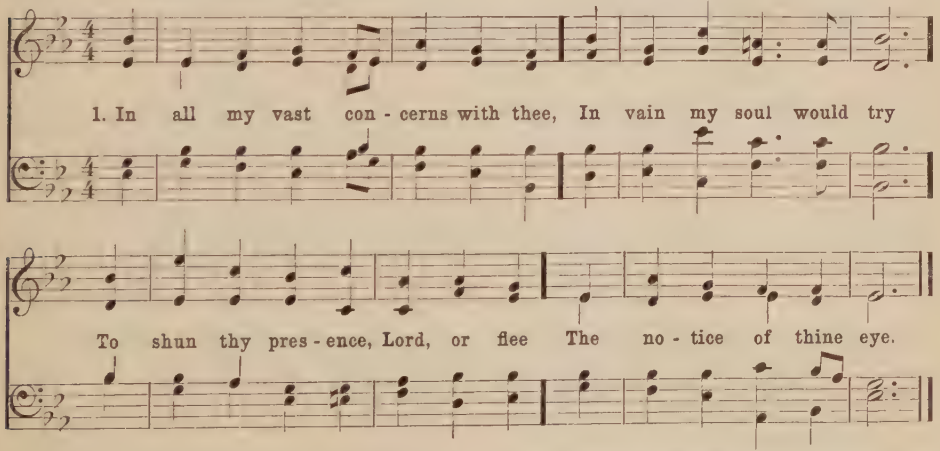
4 Two worlds are ours: 't is only sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

5 Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out thee,
And read thee everywhere.

John Keble, 1827.

102 COVERT. C. M.

ARR. BY J. RICHARDSON, 1816–1879.



1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

3 Oh, wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

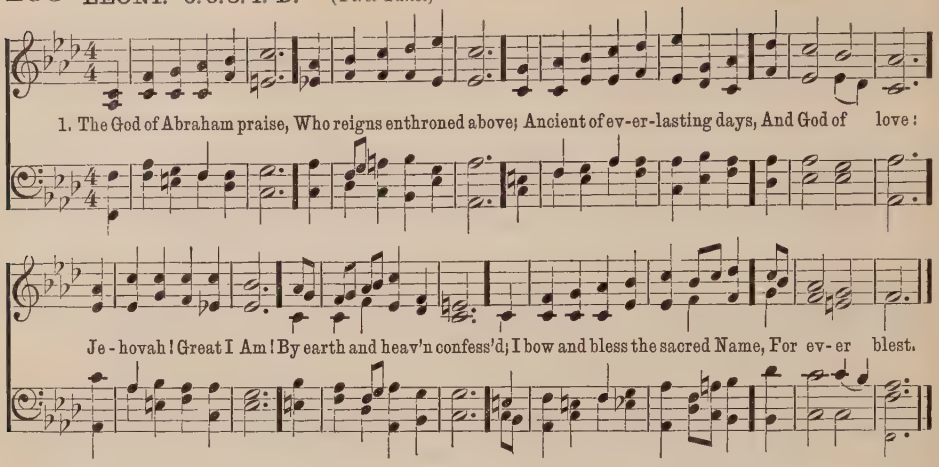
4 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

(ALSO YORK, No. 118.)

103 LEONI. 6.6.8.4. D. (*First Tune.*)

JEWISH MELODY.


1. The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned above; Ancient of ev-er-lasting days, And God of love:
Je-hovah! Great I Am! By earth and heav'n confess'd; I bow and bless the sacred Name, For ev-er blest.

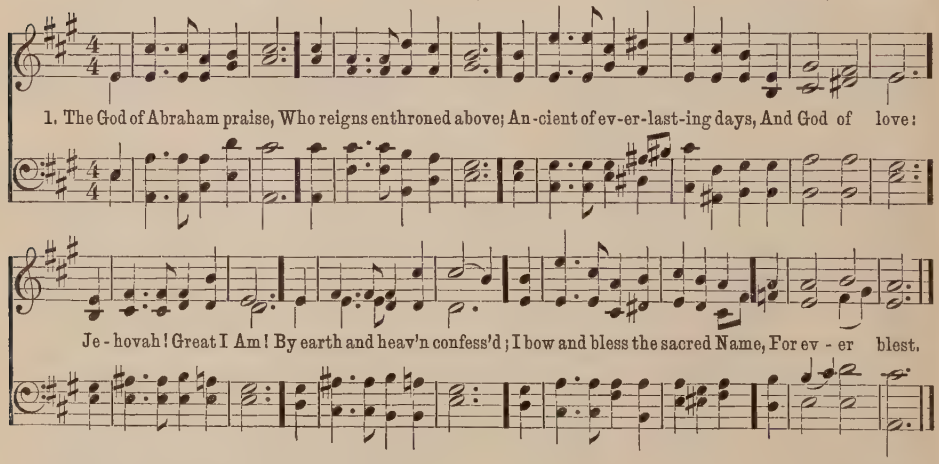
2 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"Almighty King!
Who was, and is, the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, Great I Am!
We worship thee."

3 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

Thomas Olivers, c. 1770.

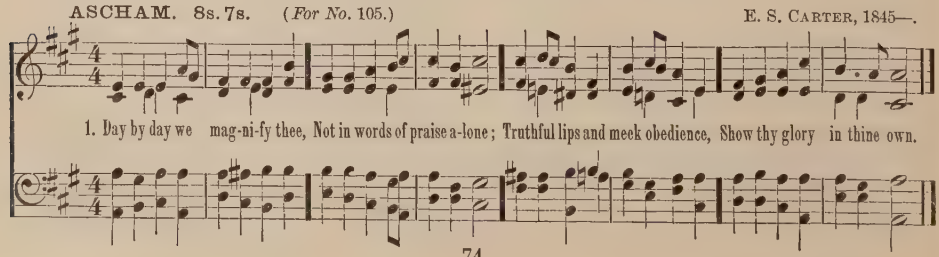
ARCHANGEL. 6.6.8.4. (*Second Tune.*)

ADAPTED FROM BERTHOLD TOURS, 1838–1897.


1. The God of Abraham praise, Who reigns enthroned above; An-cient of ev-er-last-ing days, And God of love:
Je-hovah! Great I Am! By earth and heav'n confess'd; I bow and bless the sacred Name, For ev-er blest.

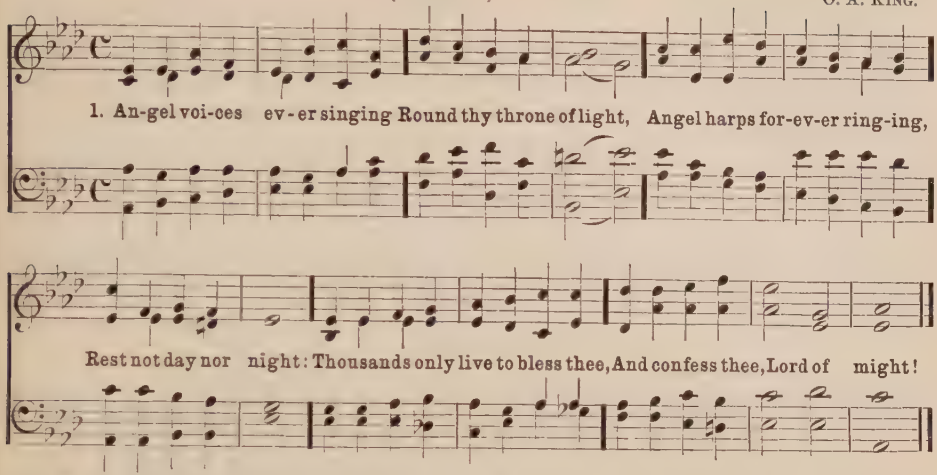
ASCHAM. 8s. 7s. (*For No.* 105.)

E. S. CARTER, 1845—.



104 BAMPTON. 8.5.8.5.8.7. (*First Tune.*)

O. A. KING.


1. An-gel voi-ces ev-er singing Round thy throne of light, Angel harps for-ev-er ring-ing,
Rest not day nor night: Thousands only live to bless thee, And confess thee, Lord of might!

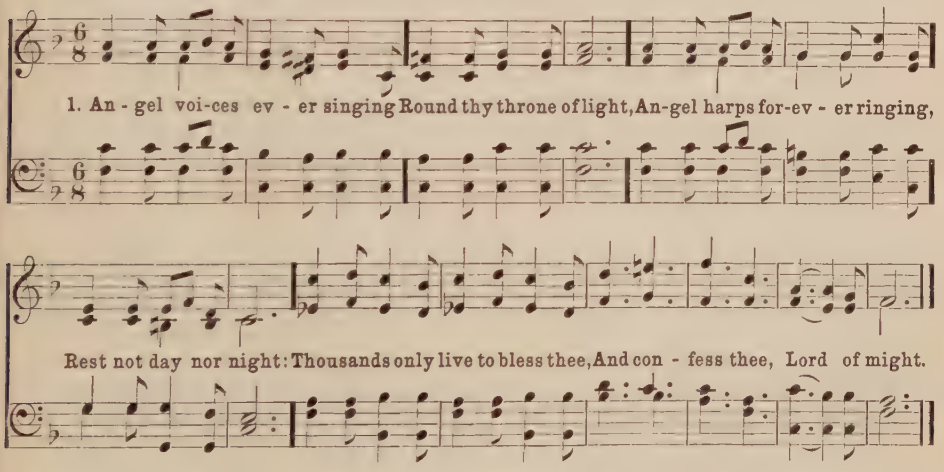
2 Thou, who art beyond the farthest
Mental eye can scan,
Can it be that thou regardest
Songs of sinful man?
Can we feel that thou art near us,
And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.

3 Here, great God, to-day we offer
Of thine own to thee;
And for thine acceptance proffer,
All unworthily,
Hearts and minds and hands and voices,
In our choicest melody.

Francis Pott, 1861.

ANGEL VOICES. 8.5.8.5.8.7. (*Second Tune.*)

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.


1. An - gel voi-ces ev - er singing Round thy throne of light, An-gel harps for-ev - er ringing,
Rest not day nor night: Thousands only live to bless thee, And con - fess thee, Lord of might.

105 ASCHAM. (*Opposite.*)

1 Day by day we magnify thee,—
Not in words of praise alone;
Truthful lips and meek obedience,
Show thy glory in thine own.

2 Day by day we magnify thee,—
When for Jesus' sake we try
Every wrong to bear with patience,
Every sin to mortify.

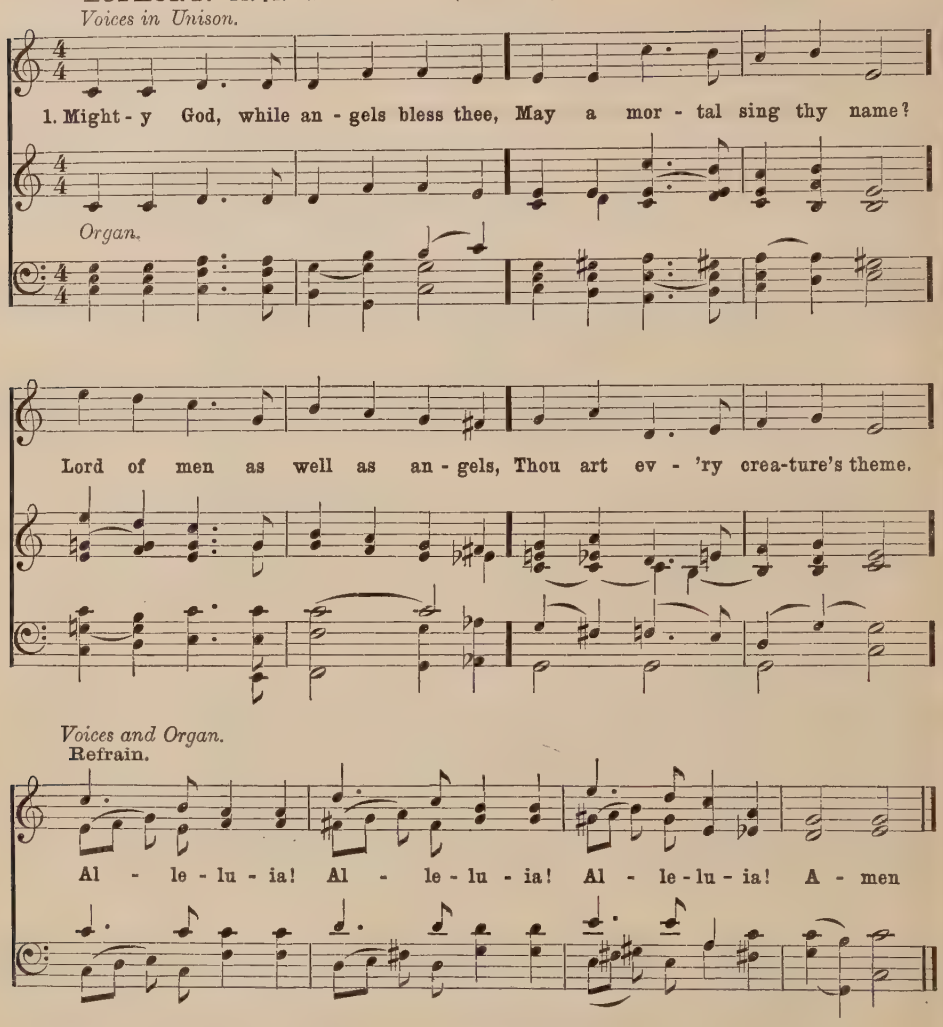
3 Day by day we magnify thee,—
Till our days on earth shall cease,
Till we rest from all our labours,
Waiting for thy day in peace.

4 Then on that eternal morning,
With thy great eternal host,
May we fully magnify thee—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

John Ellerton, 1826–1893.

106 EUPHONY. 8s. 7s. *With Alleluias.* (*First Tune.*)

ALBERT LOWE, 1860.


Voices in Unison.
1. Might - y God, while an - gels bless thee, May a mor - tal sing thy name?
Organ.
Lord of men as well as an - gels, Thou art ev - 'ry crea-ture's theme.
Voices and Organ.
Refrain.
Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - men

2 Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days,
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise.
Alleluia! Amen.

3 For the grandeur of thy nature—
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power,
Works with skill and kindness wrought;
Alleluia! Amen.

4 But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along,—
Thought is poor, and poor expression,
Who dare sing that awful song?
Alleluia! Amen.

5 Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unuttered lie?
Fly, my tongue, such guilty silence,
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Alleluia! Amen.

6 From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross of deepest woe,
All to ransom guilty captives,—
Flow my praise, for ever flow.
Alleluia! Amen.

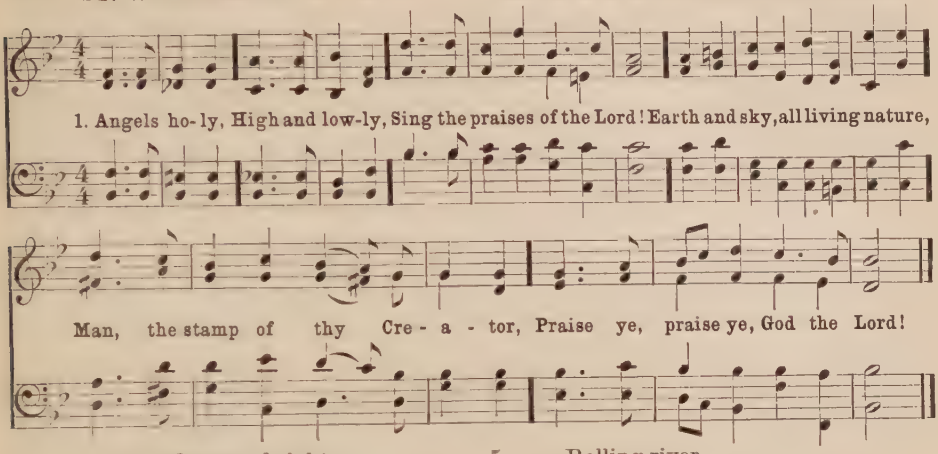
7 Go, return, Immortal Saviour,
Leave thy footstool, take thy throne,
Thence return, and reign for ever,
Be the kingdom all thine own.
Alleluia! Amen.

Robert Robinson, 1774, alt.

(ALSO AUTUMN, OPPOSITE.)

107 ST. WINIFRED'S. 8. 7. 8. 8. 7.

SIR FREDERICK ARTHUR GORE OUSELEY, 1825–1889.


1. Angels ho-ly, High and low-ly, Sing the praises of the Lord! Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Cre - a - tor, Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

2 Sun and moon, bright
Night and moonlight;
Starry temples, azure-floored;
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Sons of God, that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

3 Ocean hoary,
Tell his glory;
Cliffs, where tumbling seas have roared;
Pulse of waters, blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

4 Rock and highland
Wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-clearing, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

5 Rolling river,
Praise him ever,
From the mountains' deep vein poured:
Silver fountain, clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent, wildly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

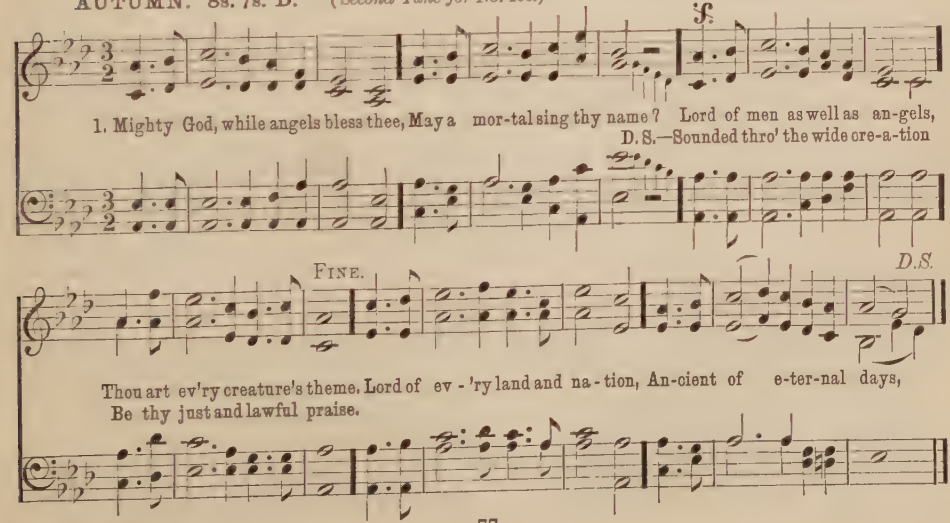
6 Bond and freeman,
Land and seaman,
Earth with peoples wisely stored,
Wanderer lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

7 Praise him ever,
Bounteous Giver;
Praise him, Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each glad voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

John Stuart Blackie, 1835.

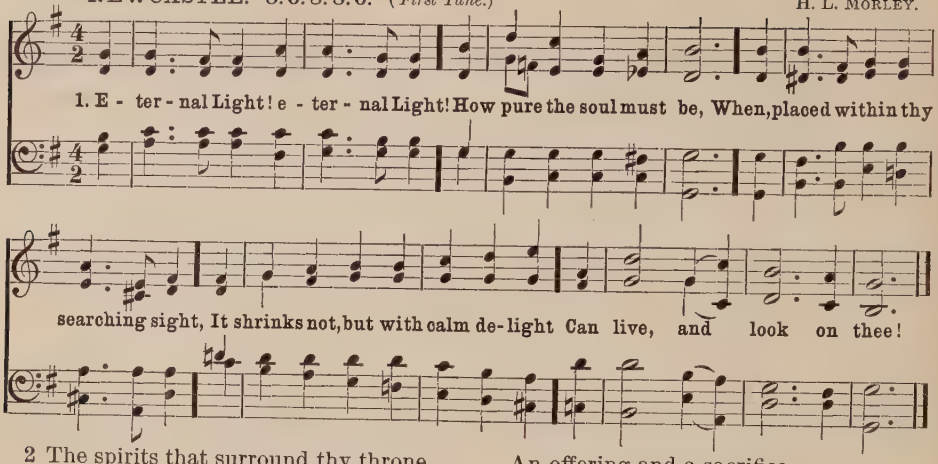
AUTUMN. 8s. 7s. D. (*Second Tune for No.* 106.)

LOUIS VON ESCH, c. 1810.


1. Mighty God, while angels bless thee, May a mor-tal sing thy name? Lord of men as well as an-gels,
D.S.—Sounded thro' the wide cre-a-tion
FINE.
D.S.
Thou art ev'ry creature's theme, Lord of ev-'ry land and na-tion, An-cient of e-ter-nal days,
Be thy just and lawful praise.

108 NEWCASTLE. 8.6.8.8.6. (*First Tune.*)

H. L. MORLEY.


1. E - ter - nal Light! e - ter - nal Light! How pure the soul must be, When, placed within thy
searching sight, It shrinks not, but with calm de-light Can live, and look on thee!

2 The spirits that surround thy throne,
May bear the burning bliss;
But that is surely theirs alone,
Since they have never, never known
A fallen world like this.

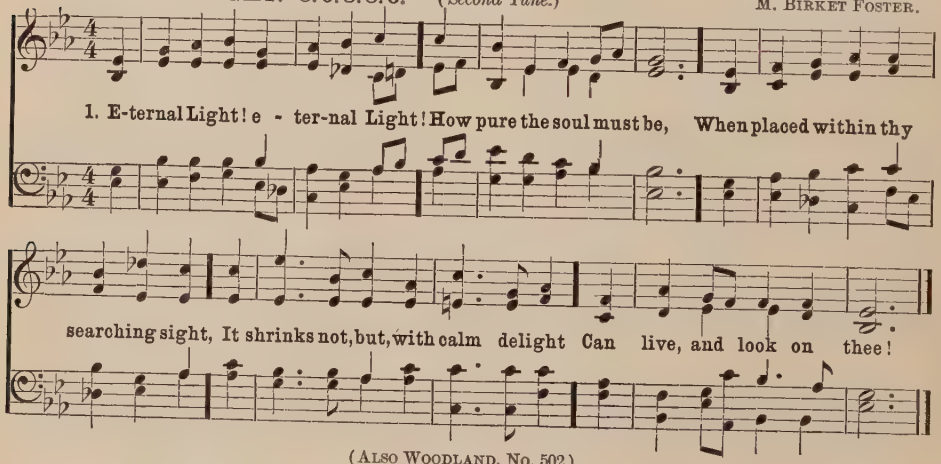
3 There is a way for man to rise
To that sublime abode:—
An offering and a sacrifice,
A Holy Spirit's energies,
An advocate with God.

4 These, these prepare us for the sight
Of holiness above:
The sons of ignorance and night
May dwell in the eternal Light,
Through the eternal Love!

Thomas Binney, 1826.

ETERNAL LIGHT. 8.6.8.8.6. (*Second Tune.*)

M. BIRKET FOSTER.


1. E-ternal Light! e - ter-nal Light! How pure the soul must be, When placed within thy
searching sight, It shrinks not, but, with calm delight Can live, and look on thee!

(ALSO WOODLAND, No. 502.)

109 ESSEX. (*Opposite.*)

1 Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore him,
Praise him, angels, in the height:
Sun and moon, rejoice before him,
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

2 Praise the Lord! for he hath spoken,
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

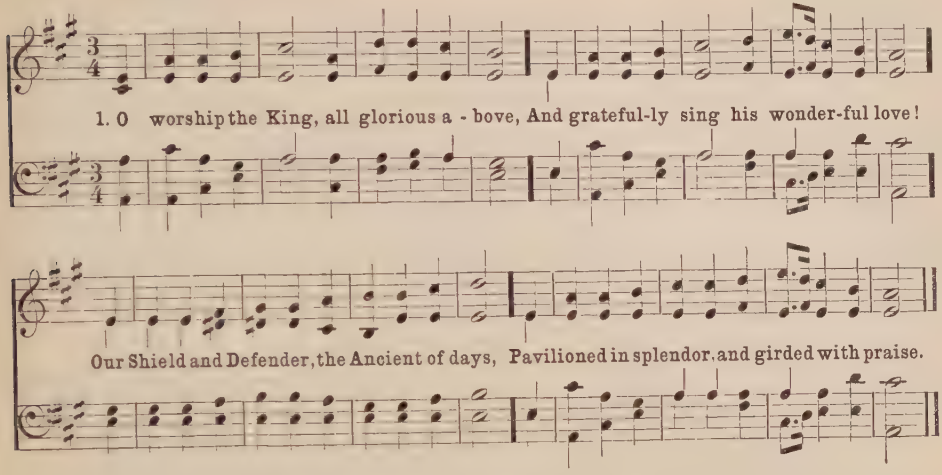
3 Praise the Lord! for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious,
Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify his name!

J. Kempthorne, 1775–1838.

110 LYONS. 10. 10. 11. 11.

F. J. HAYDN, 1732–1809.


1. O worship the King, all glorious a - bove, And grateful-ly sing his wonder-ful love!
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days, Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of his might, O sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space!
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path on the wings of the storm,

3 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air; it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills; it descends to the plain;
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

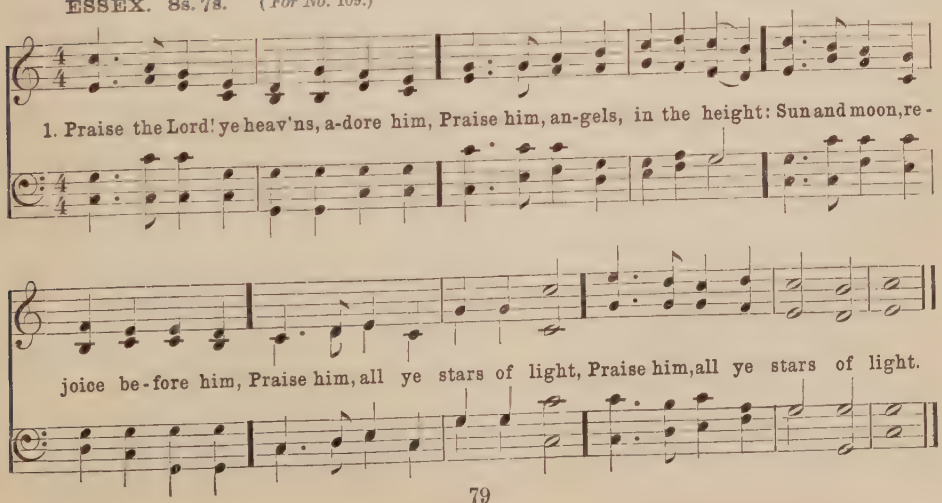
4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

5 O measureless Might, Ineffable Love,
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

Sir Robert Grant, 1833.

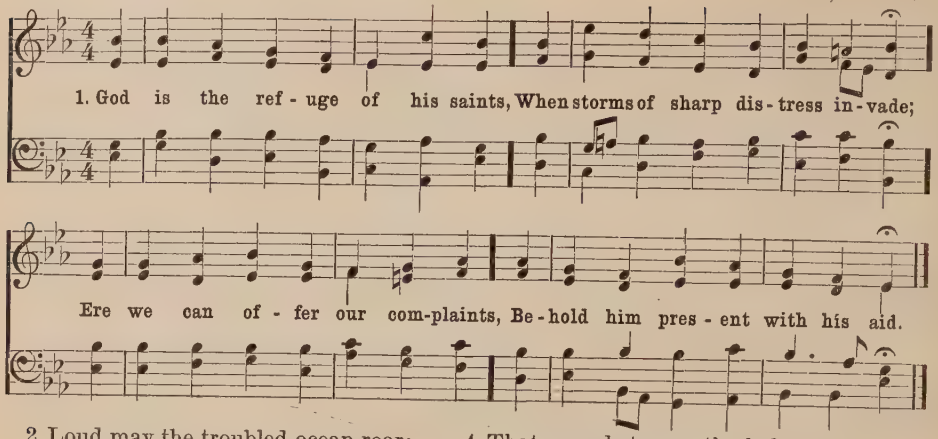
ESSEX. 8s. 7s. (*For No.* 109.)

THOMAS CLARK, 1775–1859.


1. Praise the Lord! ye heav'ns, a-dore him, Praise him, an-gels, in the height: Sun and moon, re -
joice be-fore him, Praise him, all ye stars of light, Praise him, all ye stars of light.

111 MELCOMBE. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

S. WEBBE, 1740–1816.


1. God is the ref - uge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade;
Ere we can of - fer our com-plaints, Be - hold him pres - ent with his aid.

2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

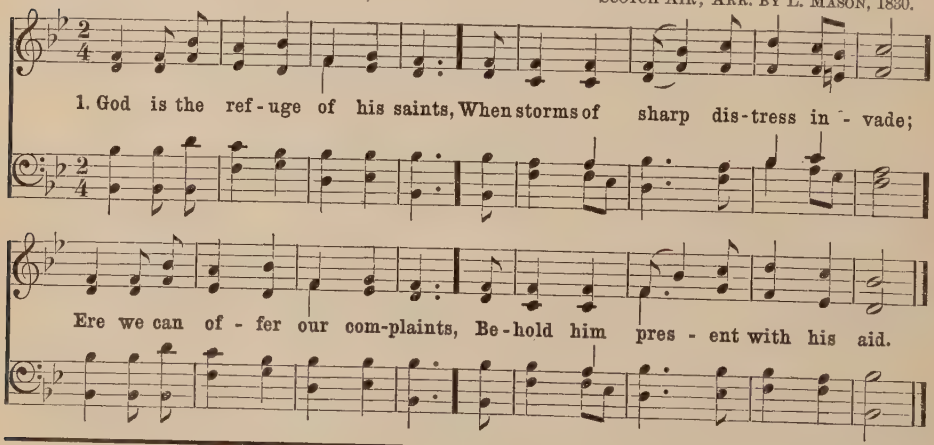
4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

5 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

WARD. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

SCOTCH AIR; ARR. BY L. MASON, 1830.


1. God is the ref - uge of his saints, When storms of sharp dis - tress in - vade;
Ere we can of - fer our com-plaints, Be - hold him pres - ent with his aid.

112 ALSTONE. (*Opposite.*)

1 There's not a bird with lonely nest,
In pathless wood or mountain crest,
Nor meaner thing, which does not share,
O God, in thy paternal care.

2 Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds thee within its solitude;
And thou dost bless the wanderer there,
Who makes his solitary prayer.

3 In busy mart, or crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness.

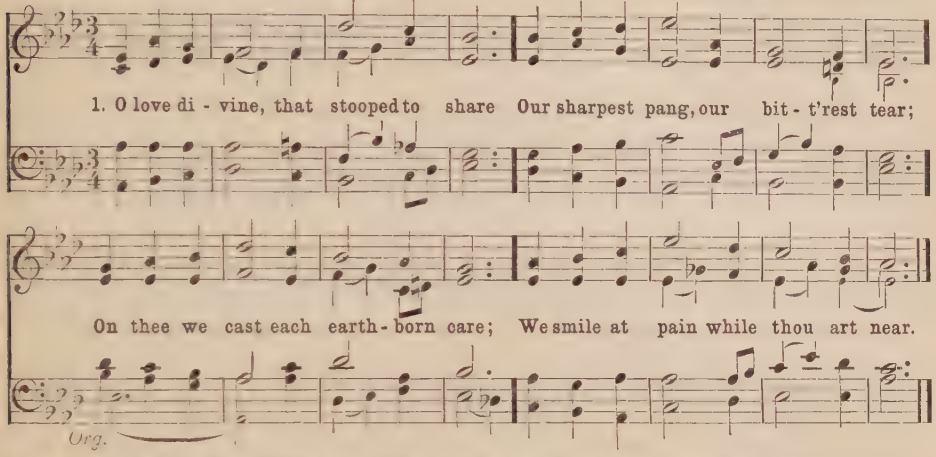
4 And every moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its loaded wing;
Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last through all eternity.

5 And we where'er our lot is cast,
While life and thought and feeling last,
Through all our years, in every place,
Will bless thee for thy boundless grace.

G. T. Noel, 1782–1851.

113 ABENDS. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

SIR H. S. OAKELEY, 1830—.


1. O love di - vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit - t'rest tear;
On thee we cast each earth - born care; We smile at pain while thou art near.
Org.

1 O love divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care,
We smile at pain, while thou art near.

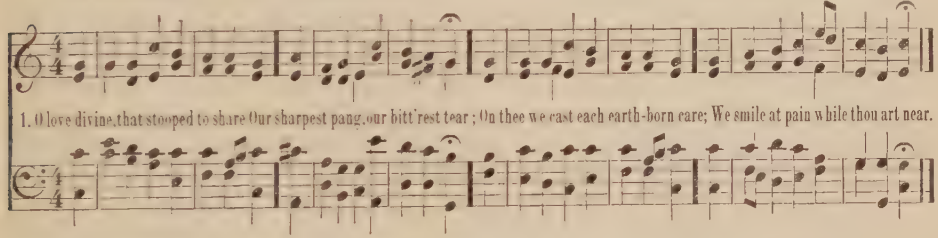
2 Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near.

3 When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us thou art near.

4 On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O love divine, for ever dear;
Content to suffer while we know,
Living or dying, thou art near!

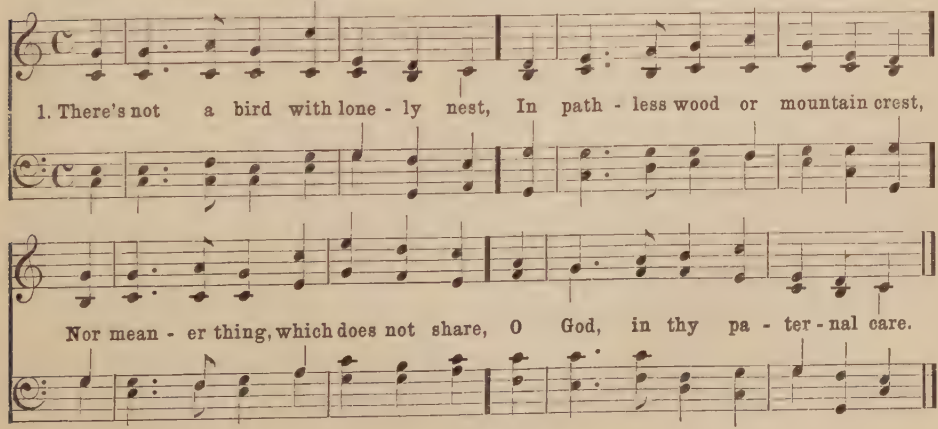
O. W. Holmes, 1809–1894.

MAINZER. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

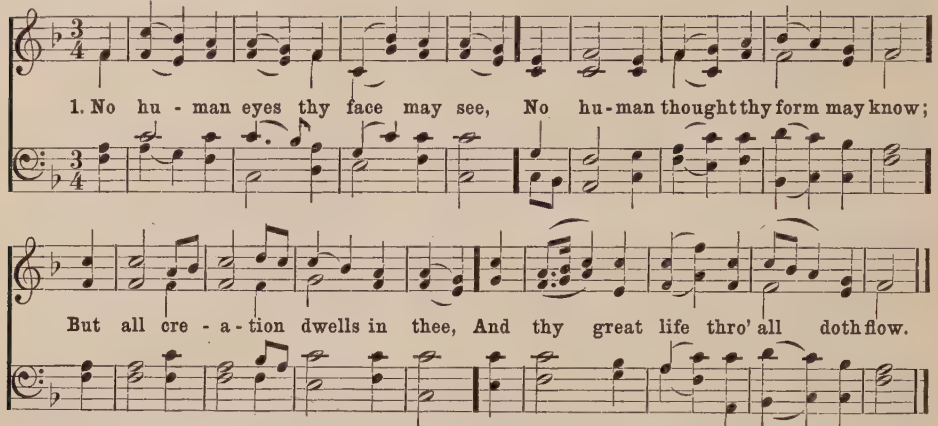
JOSEPH MAINZER, 1801–1851.

1. O love divine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitt'rest tear; On thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while thou art near.

ALSTONE. L. M. (*For No.* 112.)

C. E. WILLING, 1830—.


1. There's not a bird with lone - ly nest, In path - less wood or mountain crest,
Nor mean - er thing, which does not share, O God, in thy pa - ter - nal care.

114 EFFINGHAM. L. M. (*First Tune.*)


1. No hu - man eyes thy face may see, No hu-man thought thy form may know;
But all cre - a - tion dwells in thee, And thy great life thro' all doth flow.

2 And yet, Oh, strange and wondrous tho't!
Thou art a God who hearest prayer:
And every heart with sorrow fraught,
To seek thy present aid may dare.

3 And thou wilt turn them not aside
Who cannot solve thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by thine.

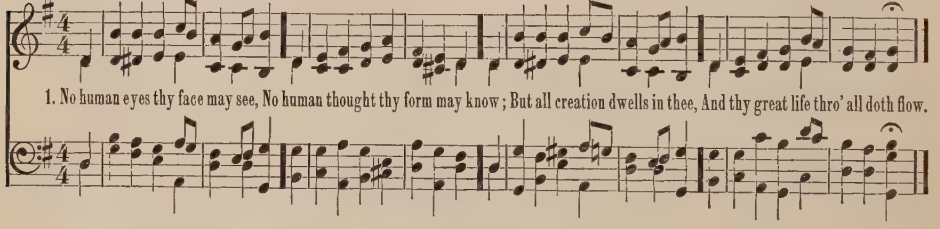
4 And thine unceasing love gave birth
To our dear Lord, thy holy Son,
Who left a perfect proof on earth
That duty, love, and trust are one.

5 So, though we faint on life's dark hill, [flee,
And thought grow weak, and knowledge
Yet faith shall teach us courage still,
And love shall guide us on to thee.

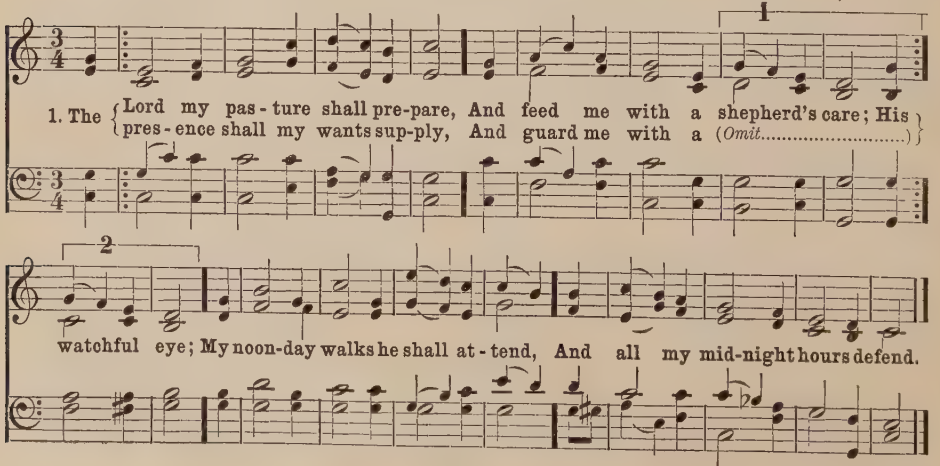
T. W. Higginson, 1846.

CANONBURY. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

ARR. FROM R. SCHUMANN, 1810–1856.

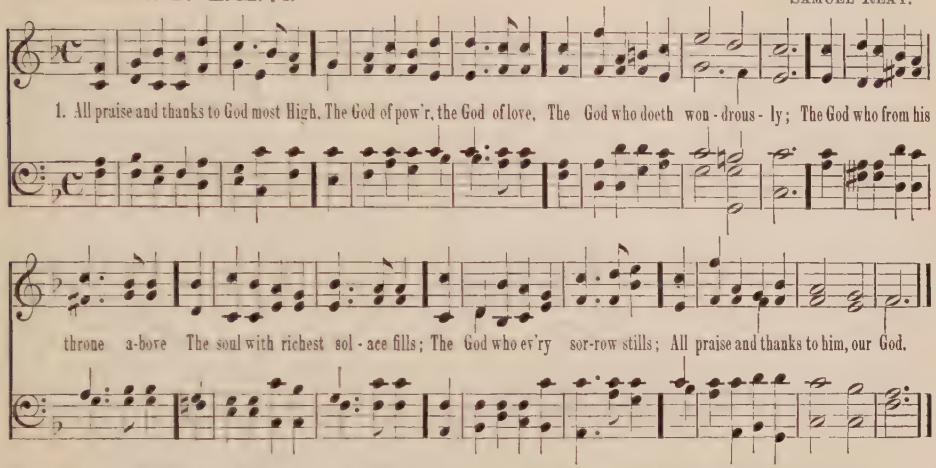

1. No human eyes thy face may see, No human thought thy form may know; But all creation dwells in thee, And thy great life thro' all doth flow.

ST. PETERSBURG. L. M. 61. (*Second Tune for No.* 116.) ARR. FROM D. S. BORTNIANSKY, 1752–1828.


1
1. The { Lord my pas - ture shall pre-pare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His
pres - ence shall my wants sup-ply, And guard me with a (Omit.....) }
2
watchful eye; My noon-day walks he shall at - tend, And all my mid-night hours defend.

115 RADLEY. L. M. 71.

SAMUEL REAY.


1. All praise and thanks to God most High, The God of pow'r, the God of love, The God who doeth won - drous - ly; The God who from his
throne a-bove The soul with richest sol - ace fills; The God who ev'ry sor-row stills; All praise and thanks to him, our God.

2 The host of heaven thy praises tell;
All powers and thrones bow down to thee;
And all who in thy shadow dwell,
Alike in earth and air and sea,
Declare and laud their Maker's might,
Whose wisdom orders all things right:
All praise and thanks to him, our God.

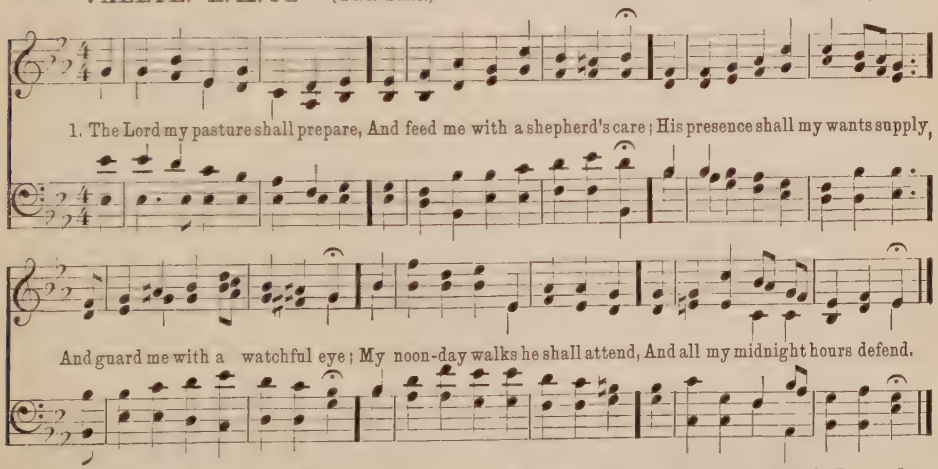
3 And for the creatures he has made
Our God will ceaselessly provide;
His grace will be their constant aid,
And guard them round on every side;
His kingdom we can surely trust;
There all is right, and all is just;
All praise and thanks to him, our God.

4 We sought him in our hour of need;
We cried, Lord God, now hear our prayer;
For death he gave us life indeed,
And hope and comfort for despair:
For this our thanks shall endless be;
With heart and voice we sing to thee;
All praise and thanks to thee, our God.

C. Winkworth, 1829–1878.

116 VALETE. L. M. 61. (*First Tune.*)

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1874.


1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care; His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye; My noon-day walks he shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.

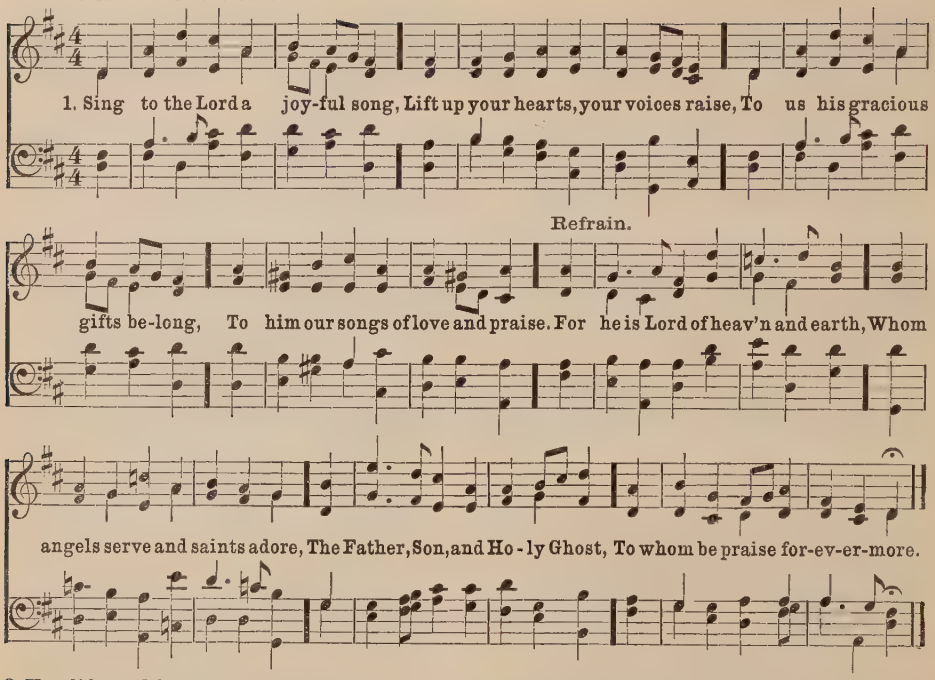
2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison, 1712.

(ALSO ST. PETERSBURG, OPPOSITE.)

117 BASILEUS. L. M. D.


1. Sing to the Lord a joy-ful song, Lift up your hearts, your voices raise, To us his gracious
Refrain.
gifts be-long, To him our songs of love and praise. For he is Lord of heav'n and earth, Whom
angels serve and saints adore, The Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, To whom be praise for-ev-er-more.

2 For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for he is good,
And praise his Name, for it is fair.—*Ref.*

3 For strength to those who on him wait,
His truth to prove, his will to do;
Praise ye our God, for he is great;
Trust in his Name, for it is true.—*Ref.*

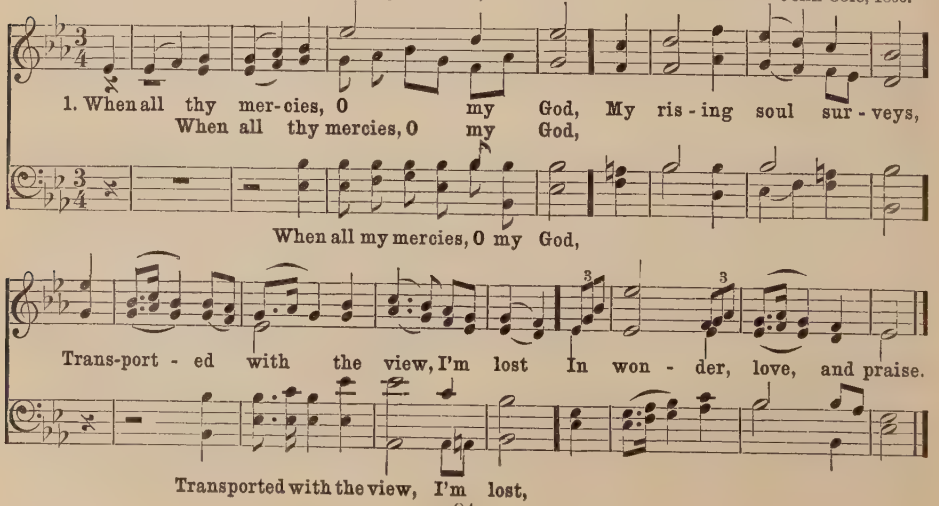
4 For joys untold that from above
Cheer those who love his sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for he is love;
Exalt his Name, for it is joy—*Ref.*

5 For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die.—*Ref.*

J. S. B. Monsell, 1811–1875.

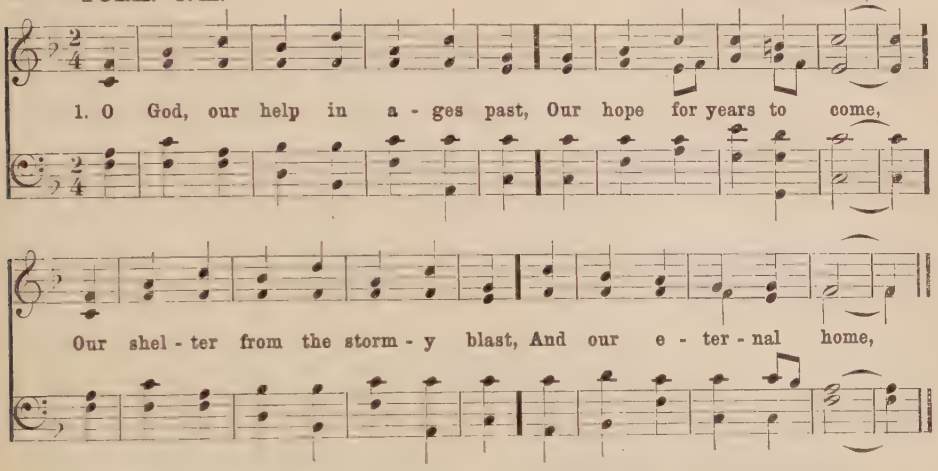
GENEVA. C. M. (*Second Tune for No.* 119.)

John Cole, 1800.


1. When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,
When all thy mercies, O my God,
When all my mercies, O my God,
Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.
Transported with the view, I'm lost,

118 YORK. C. M.

SCOTCH PSALTER, 1615.



2 Beneath the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God;
To endless years the same.

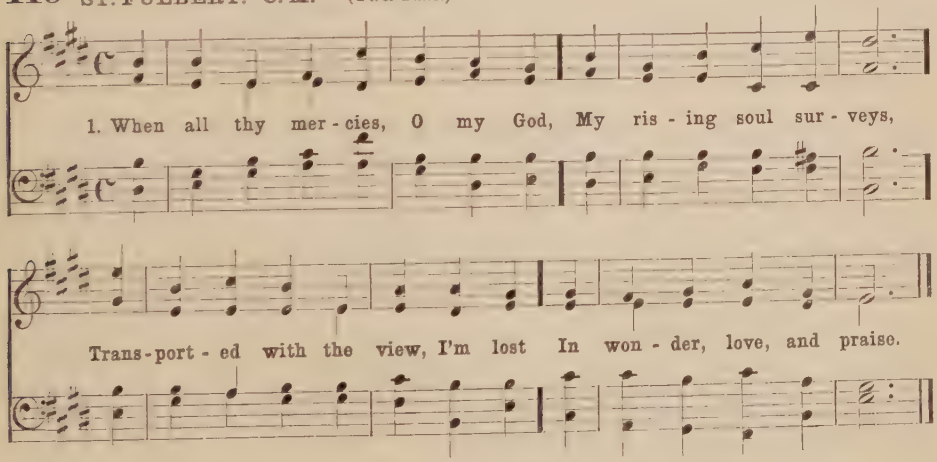
4 A thousand ages, in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

119 ST. FULBERT. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1872.



2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

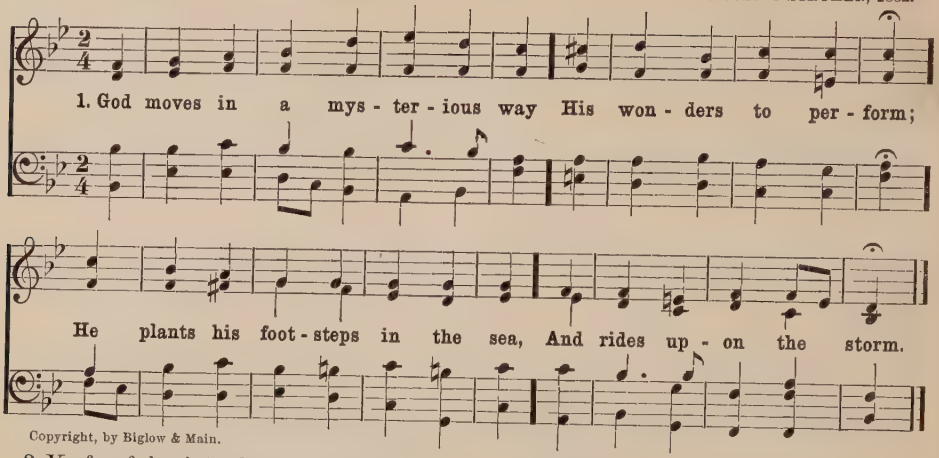
5 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
But, oh, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

Joseph Addison, 1712.

(ALSO GENEVA, OPPOSITE.)

120 ABDIEL. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

M. Woolsey Stryker, 1882.



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2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
With blessing on your head.

3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

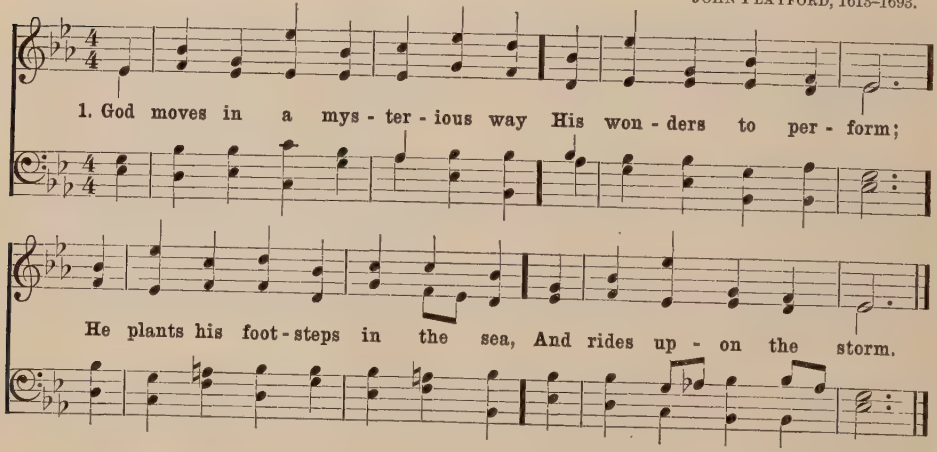
4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper, 1779.

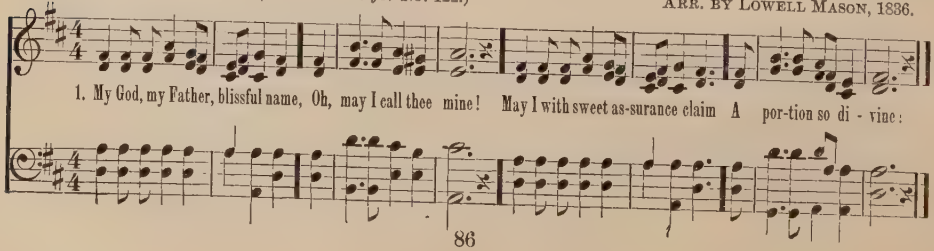
LONDON NEW. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

John Playford, 1613–1693.



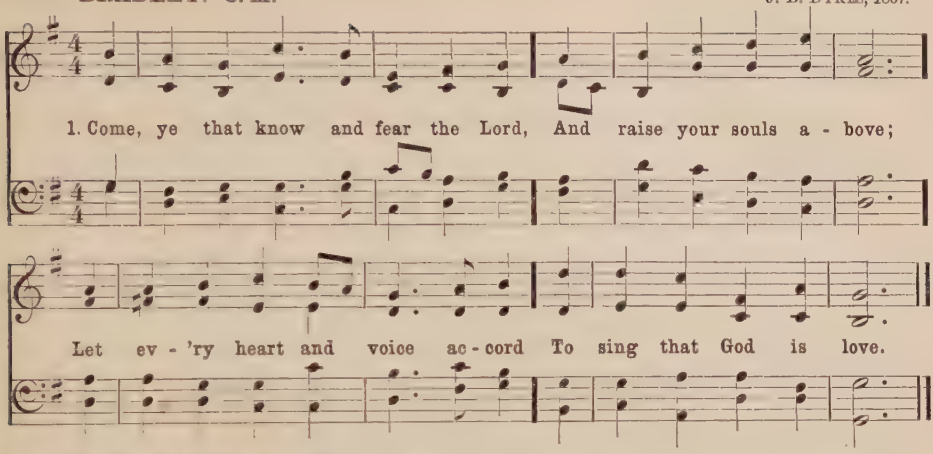
NAOMI. C. M. (*Second Tune for No.* 122.)

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1836.



121 BRADLEY. C. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1867.



1 Come, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord
To sing that God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears
To show that God is love.

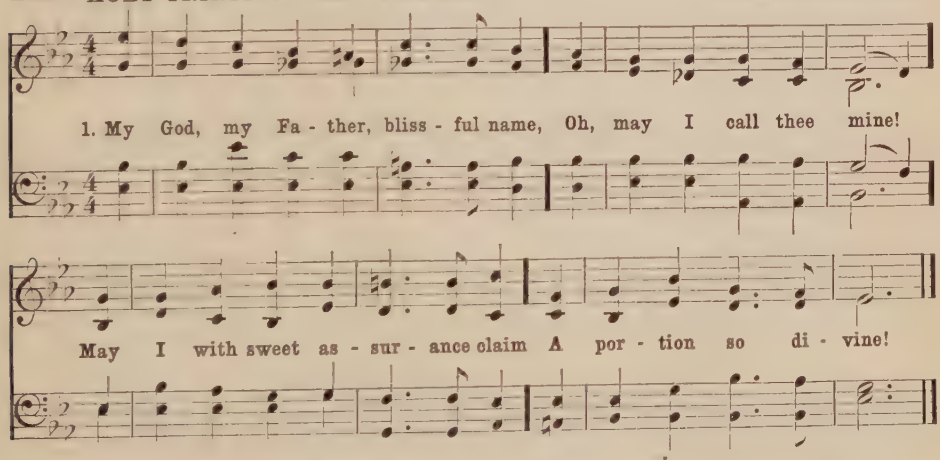
3 Behold, his loving-kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them God is love.

4 Oh, may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove!
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that God is love.

G. Burder, 1784.

(Also Warwick, No. 124.)

122 HOLY TRINITY. C. M. *(First Tune.)*

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1861.

1 My God, my Father, blissful name,
Oh, may I call thee mine!
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine!

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign;
For thou art good and just and wise;
O bend my will to thine.

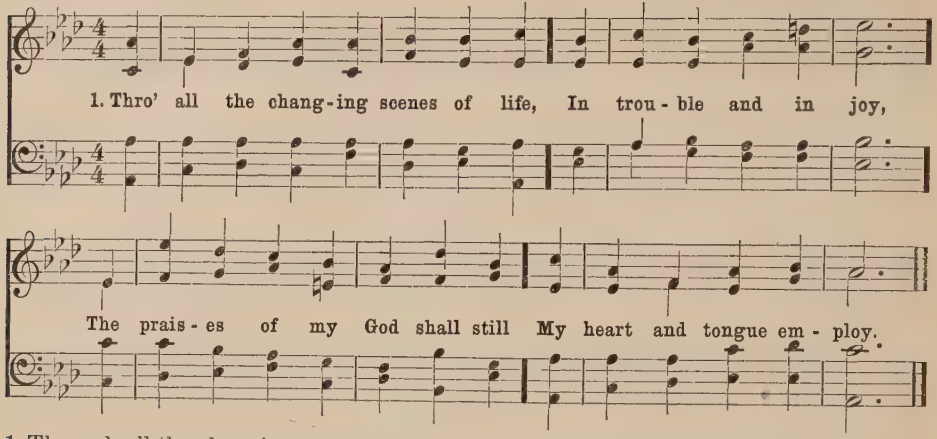
4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear.
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

Anne Steele, 1760.

(Also Naomi, opposite.)

123 ST. NATHANAEL. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1874.



1 Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

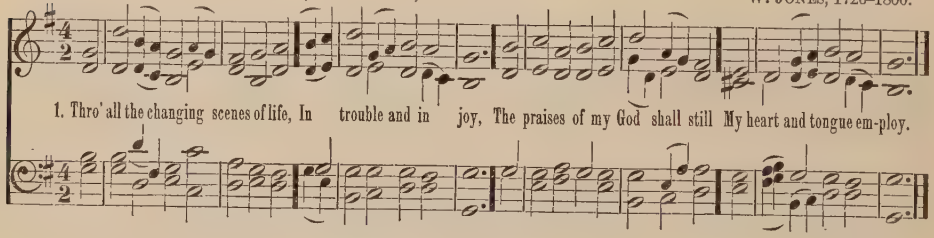
3 O make but trial of his love.
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

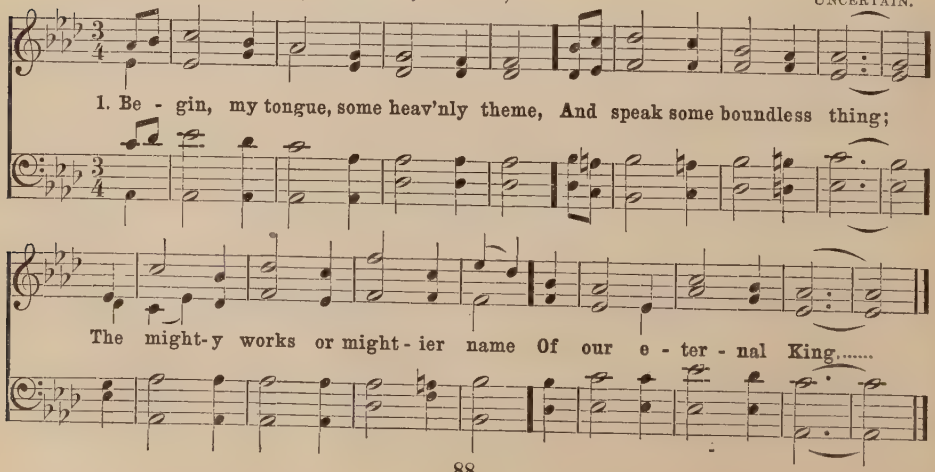
STEPHENS. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

W. JONES, 1726–1800.



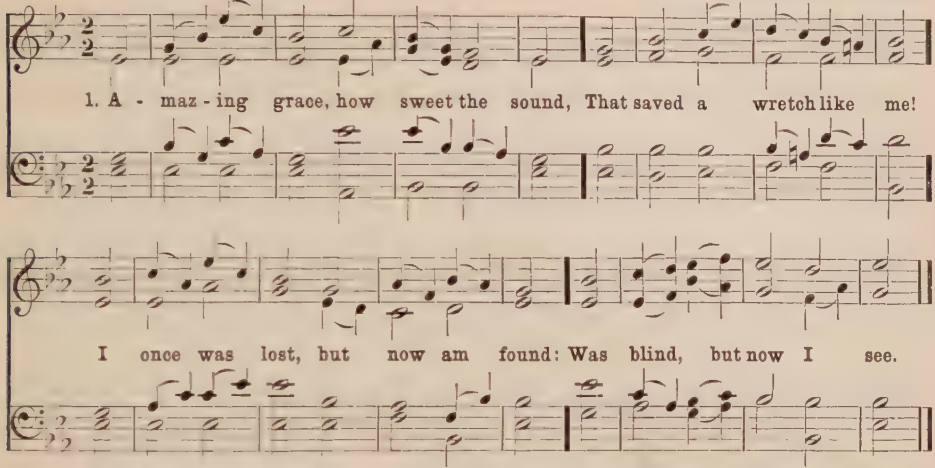
MANOAH. C. M. (*Second Tune for No.* 125.)

UNCERTAIN.


1. Be-gin, my tongue, some heav'nly theme, And speak some boundless thing;
The might-y works or might-ier name Of our e-ter-nal King.....

124 WARWICK. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1767–1822.



1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found:
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

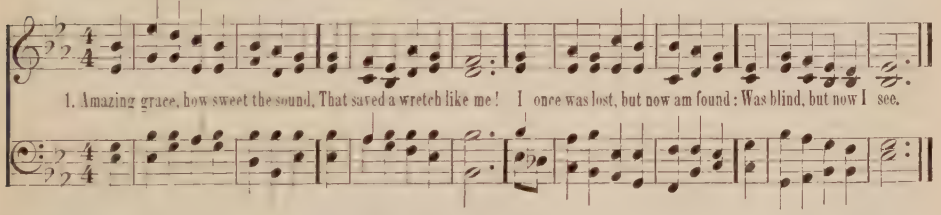
3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

John Newton, 1779.

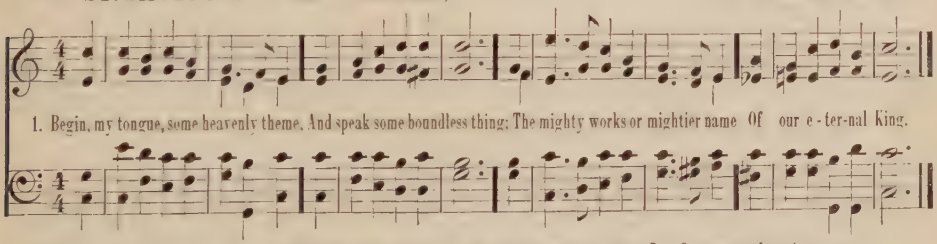
ST. PETER'S. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

A. R. REINAGLE, 1799–1877.



125 ST. SAVIOUR. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

F. G. BAKER, 1840–1872.


1. Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme, And speak some boundless thing; The mighty works or mightier name Of our e - ter-nal King.

1 Begin, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 His every word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

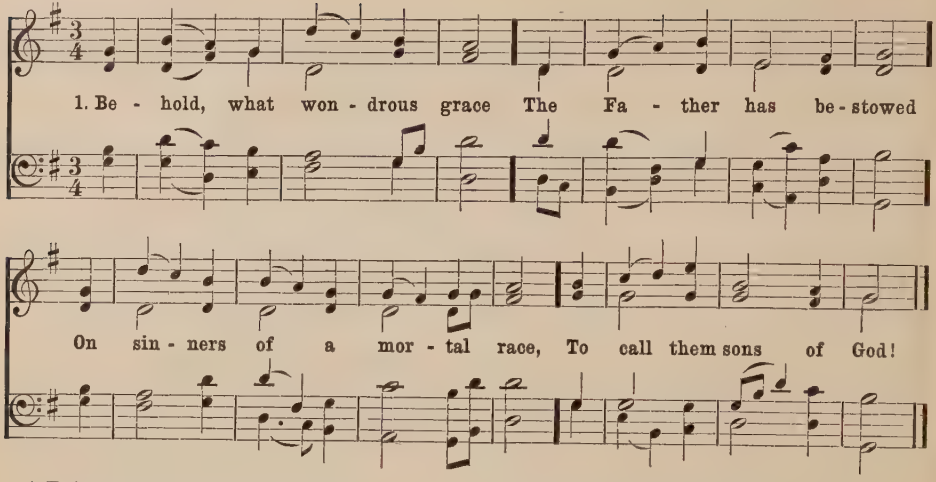
4 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

(ALSO MANOAH, OPPOSITE.)

126 THATCHER. S. M.

G. F. HANDEL, 1685–1759.



1 Behold, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

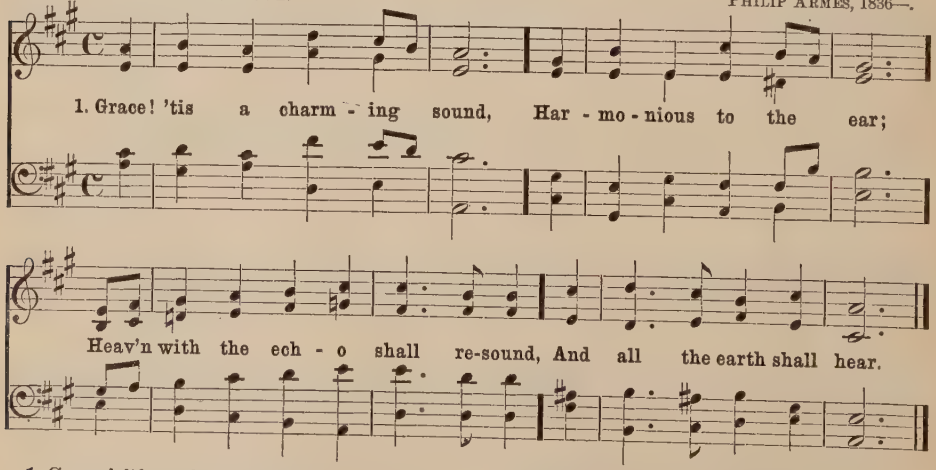
3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

127 CRANFORD. S. M.

PHILIP ARMES, 1836—.



1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

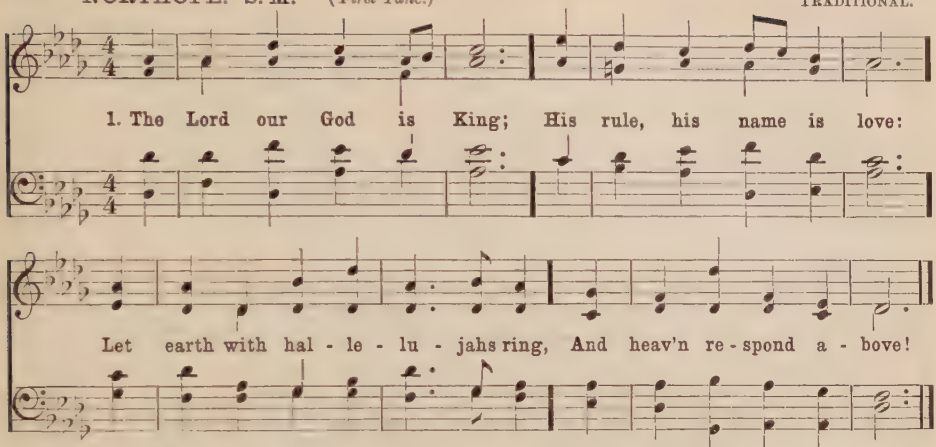
2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

Philip Doddridge, 1740.

128 NORTHOPE. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

TRADITIONAL.

2 His counsels he may keep
Hidden from mortal sight;
His ends may be a soundless deep;
But all he wills is right.

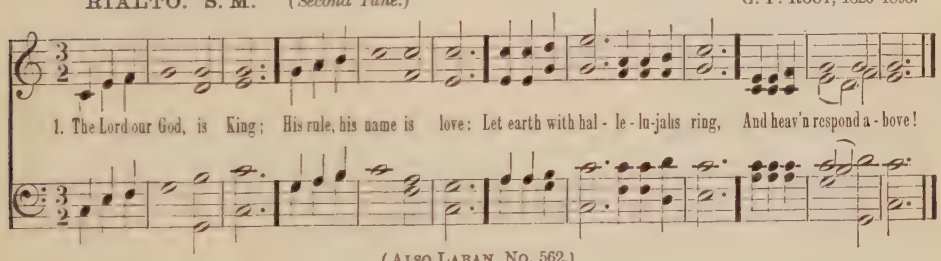
3 Never shall wrong prevail,
Whate'er his foes may do:
His word is given, and shall not fail;
For all he saith is true.

4 Dread storms may mark his path;
Darkness may o'er it brood;
The round world shake as with his wrath;
But all he doth is good.

5 Then sing, the Lord is King;
Sing, for his name is love;
Let earth with hallelujahs ring,
And heaven respond above!

RIALTO. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

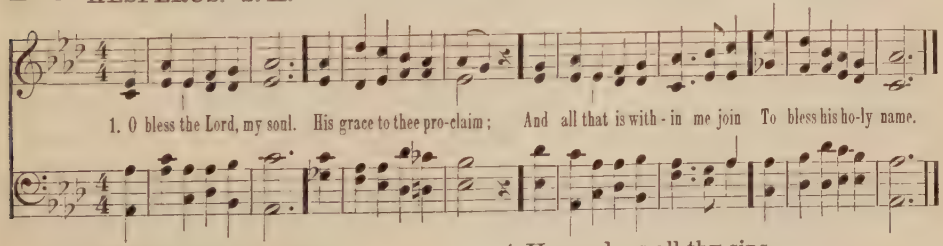
G. F. ROOT, 1820–1895.



(ALSO LABAN, No. 562.)

129 HESPERUS. S. M.

R. SCHUMANN, (?) 1810–1856.



2 O bless the Lord, my soul.
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

3 He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait:
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

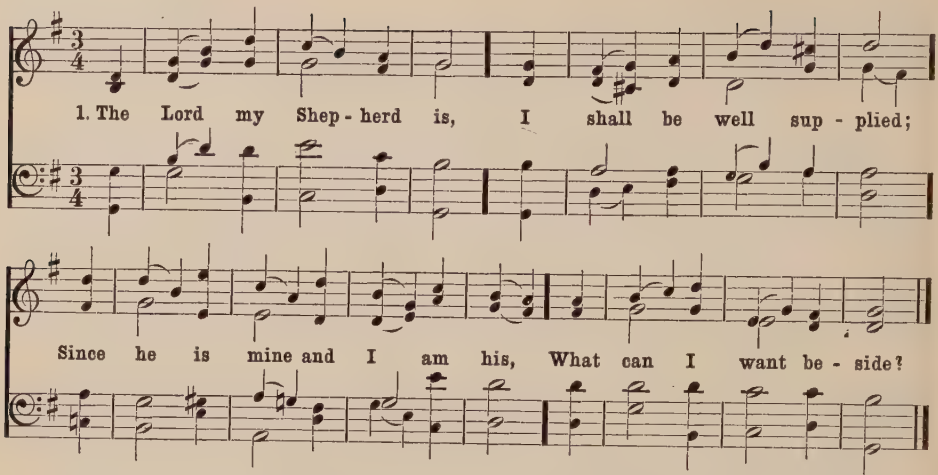
4 He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

5 Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days,
O bless the Lord, my soul.

James Montgomery, 1825.

130 MALDEN. S. M.

W. H. Birch.



2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

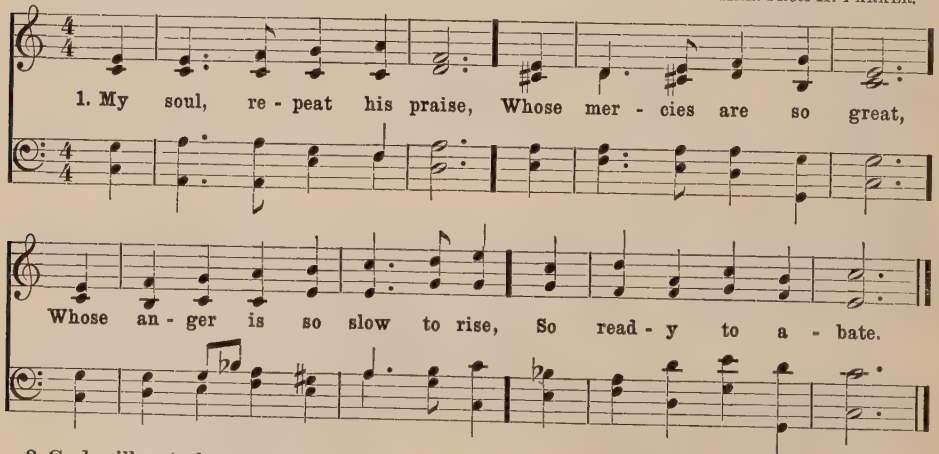
5 In spite of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my foll'wing days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

131 HAREWOOD. S. M.

Arr. from H. Parker.



2 God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes
And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

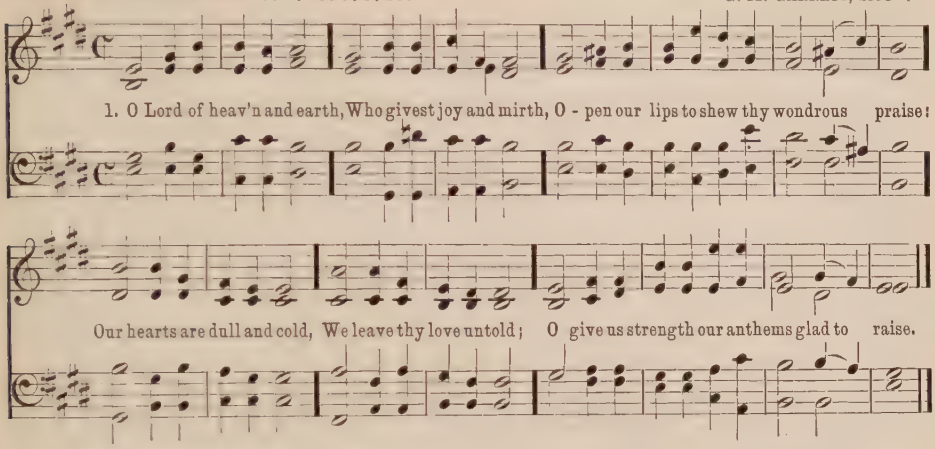
4 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

(Also Dover, No. 288.)

132 HARBINGER. 6.6.10.6.6.10.

G. M. Garrett, 1834—.


1. O Lord of heav'n and earth, Who givest joy and mirth, O - pen our lips to shew thy wondrous praise:
Our hearts are dull and cold, We leave thy love untold; O give us strength our anthems glad to raise.

2 Each month we sow or reap,
Each hour we toil or sleep,
Thou givest life and joy, and thou alone:
O grant to each and all,
When death's dark shadows fall,
To stand true workers round our Master's throne.

3 So, life's long task-work o'er,
Set free for evermore
We shall sit down at thy great harvest feast;
Reaper and sower met,
The burning heat forget,
And taste God's love, the greatest as the least.

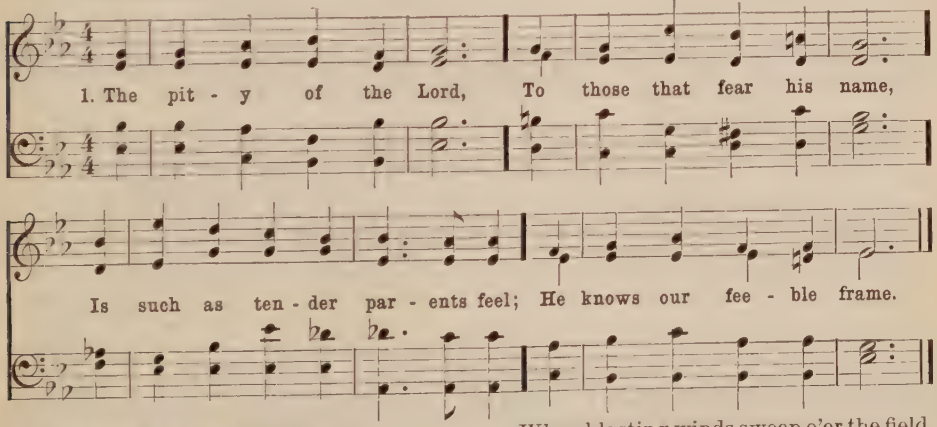
4 Yea, Lord, thou too dost claim,
The Sower's mystic name; [field;
Thou sendest forth thy reapers to their
O be it theirs to bear
The full corn in the ear,
When thy true seed its hundred-fold shall yield.

5 Root out the evil tares,
Earth's vexing griefs and cares,
Bind the hot blasts that wither and destroy:
And when the hour is come
To bring the full sheaves home,
Bid men and angels share thy harvest joy.

E. H. Plumptre, 1821–1891.

133 MONSELL. S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1868.



2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

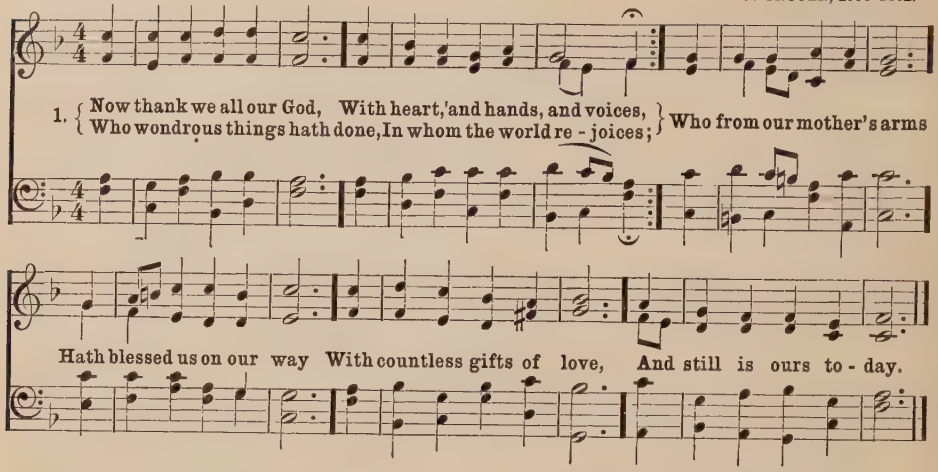
4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

(Also Boylston, 331.)

134 CRÜGER. (Nun Danket.) 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.

J. Crüger, 1598–1662.


1. Now thank we all our God, With heart, and hands, and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom the world re - joices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way With countless gifts of love, And still is ours to - day.

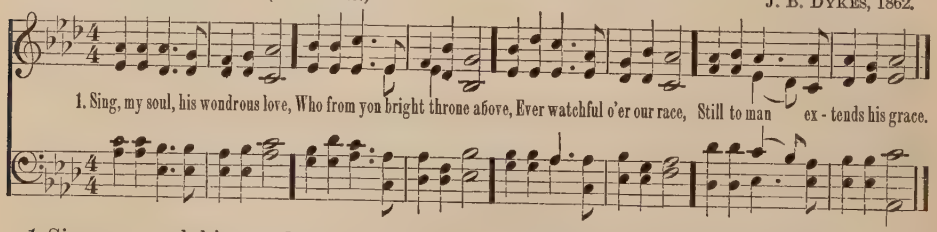
2 Oh, may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us!
To keep us in his grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and him who reigns
With them in highest Heaven,
The One Eternal God,
Whom earth and Heaven adore;
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

M. Rinkart, 1644; Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1858.

135 ST. BEES. 7s. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. Dykes, 1862.


1. Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, Who from yon bright throne above, Ever watchful o'er our race, Still to man ex - tends his grace.

1 Sing, my soul, his wondrous love,
Who from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.

2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
All is by his scepter swayed;
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below!

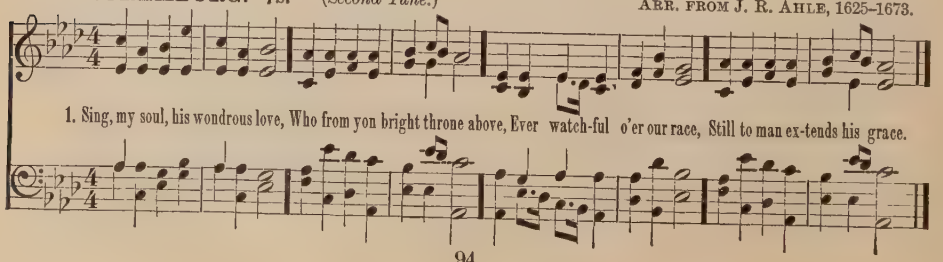
3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore his name;
Let his glory be thy theme;
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.

Anon.

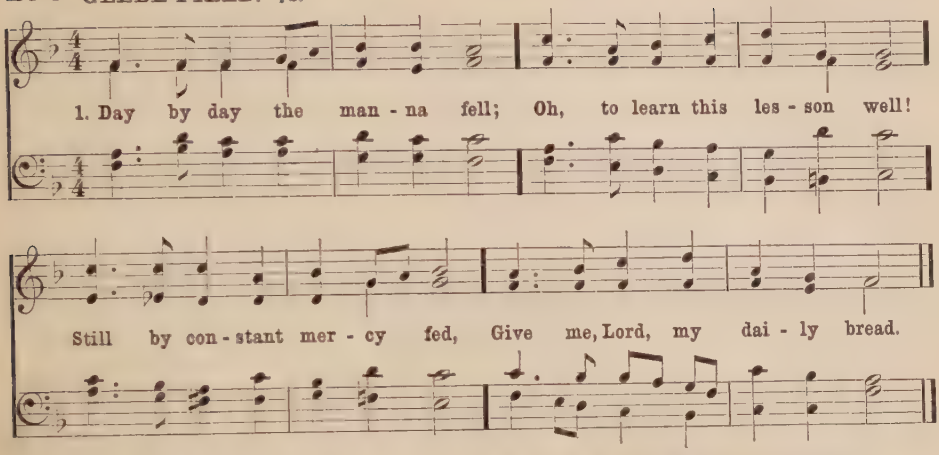
NUREMBURG. 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

Arr. from J. R. Ahle, 1625–1673.


1. Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, Who from yon bright throne above, Ever watch-ful o'er our race, Still to man ex-tends his grace.

136 GLEBE FIELD. 7s.

J. B Dykes, 1823-1876.



1 Day by day the manna fell;
Oh, to learn this lesson well!
Still by constant mercy fed,
Gives me, Lord, my daily bread.

2 "Day by day" the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

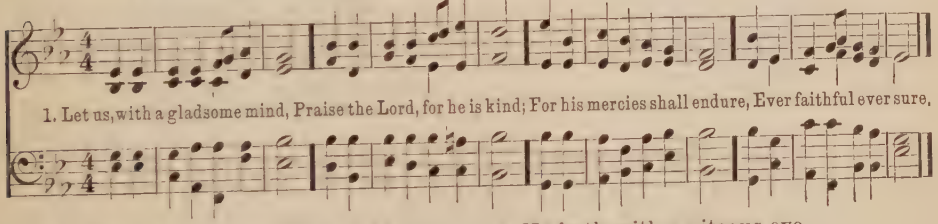
3 Lord, my times are in thy hand;
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To thy wisdom I resign,
And would make thy purpose mine.

4 Thou my daily task shalt give;
Day by day to thee I live;
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own, my Father's will.

Josiah Conder, 1836.

137 STRATTNER. 7s. (*First Tune.*)

G. C. Strattner, 1650-1705.



2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

3 All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need:
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

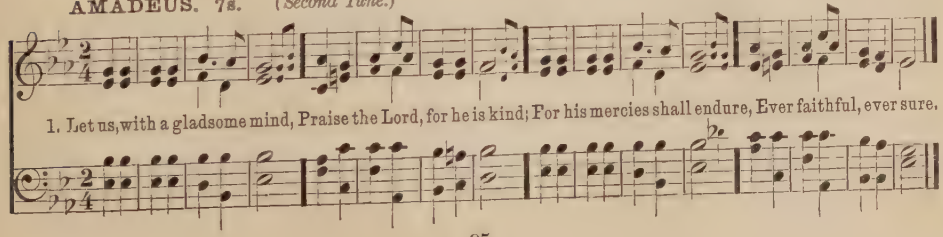
4 He hath with a piteous eye
Looked upon our misery:
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

5 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

John Milton, 1623.

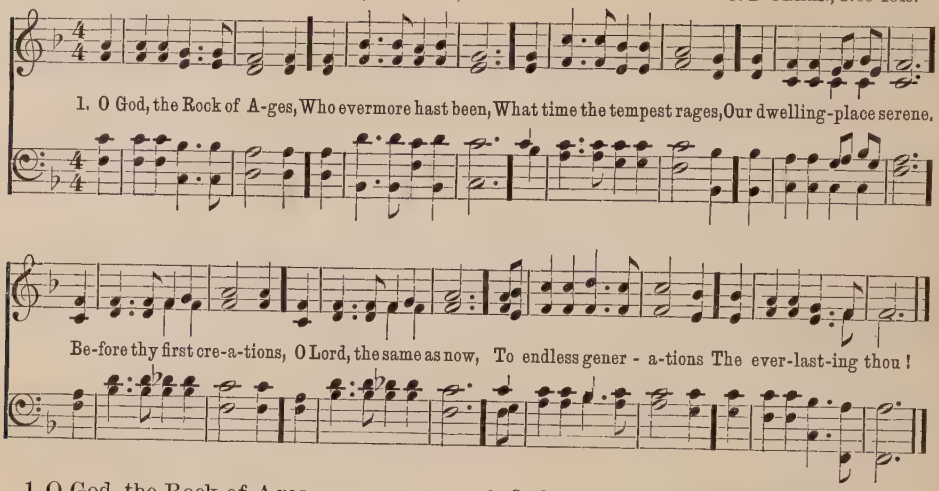
AMADEUS. 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

Arr. from Mozart, (?) 1756-1799.



138 RIMBAULT. 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

C. D'URHAN, 1788–1845.


1. O God, the Rock of A-ges, Who evermore hast been, What time the tempest rages, Our dwelling-place serene.
Be-fore thy first cre-a-tions, O Lord, the same as now, To endless gener - a-tions The ever-last-ing thou!

1 O God, the Rock of Ages,
Who evermore hast been,
What time the tempest rages,
Our dwelling-place serene.
Before thy first creations,
O Lord, the same as now,
To endless generations
The everlasting thou!

2 Our years are like the shadows
On sunny hills that lie,
Or grasses in the meadows
That blossom but to die;
A sleep, a dream, a story
By strangers quickly told,
An unremaining glory
Of things that soon are old.

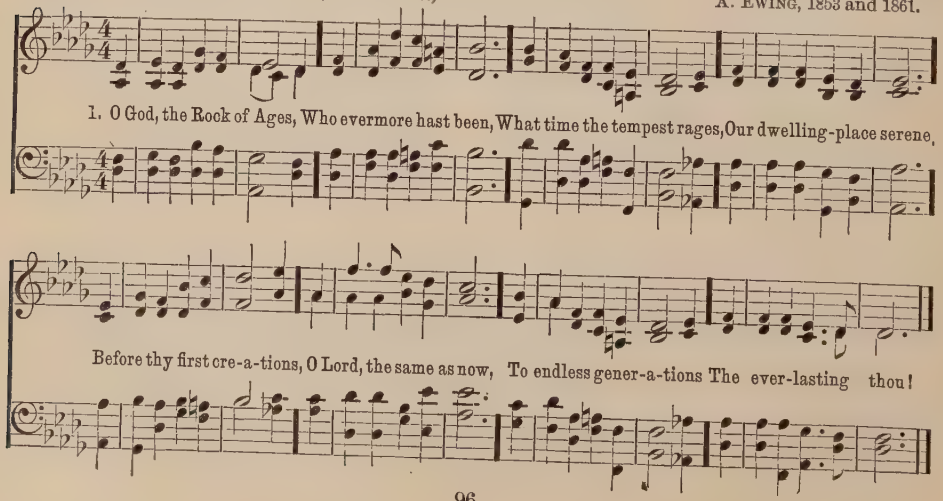
3 O thou, who canst not slumber,
Whose light grows never pale,
Teach us aright to number
Our years before they fail;
On us thy mercy lighten,
On us thy goodness rest,
And let thy Spirit brighten
The hearts thyself hast blessed.

4 Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
With beauty and with grace,
Till, clothed in light for ever,
We see thee face to face:
A joy no language measures;
A fountain brimming o'er;
An endless flow of pleasures;
An ocean without shore.

E. H. Bickersteth, 1860.

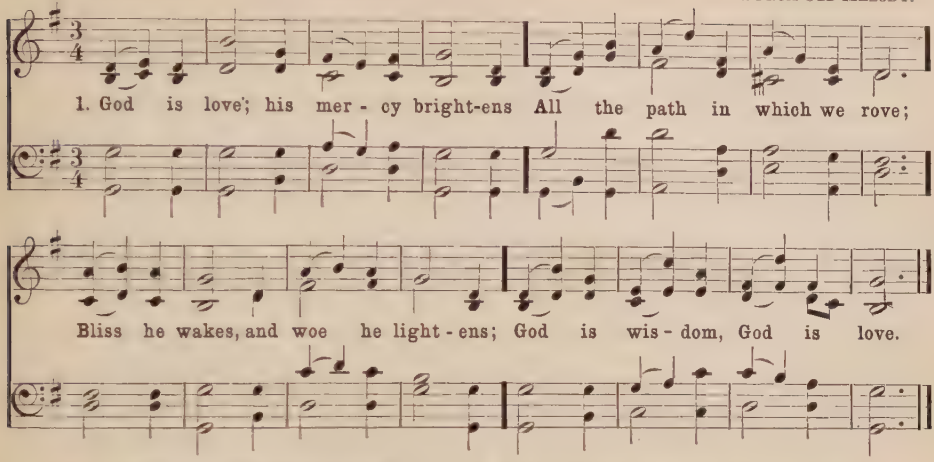
EWING. 7s. 6s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

A. EWING, 1853 and 1861.


1. O God, the Rock of Ages, Who evermore hast been, What time the tempest rages, Our dwelling-place serene,
Before thy first cre-a-tions, O Lord, the same as now, To endless gener-a-tions The ever-lasting thou!

139 BOWRING. 8s. 7s. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM OLD MELODY.



1 God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

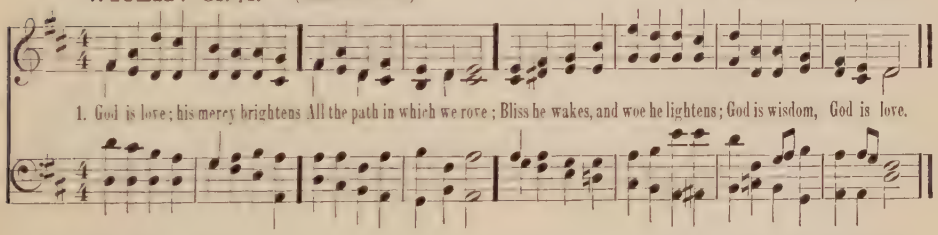
3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

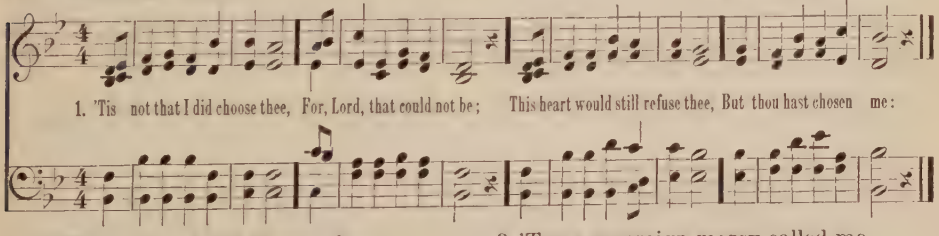
WICLIF. 8s. 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

SIR J. STAINER, 1840—.



140 AULÉ. 7s. 6s.

ARR. FROM OLD MELODY.



1 'Tis not that I did choose thee,
For, Lord, that could not be;
This heart would still refuse thee,
But thou hast chosen me:

2 Thou from the sin that stained me
Washed me and set me free,
And to this end ordained me,
That I should live to thee.

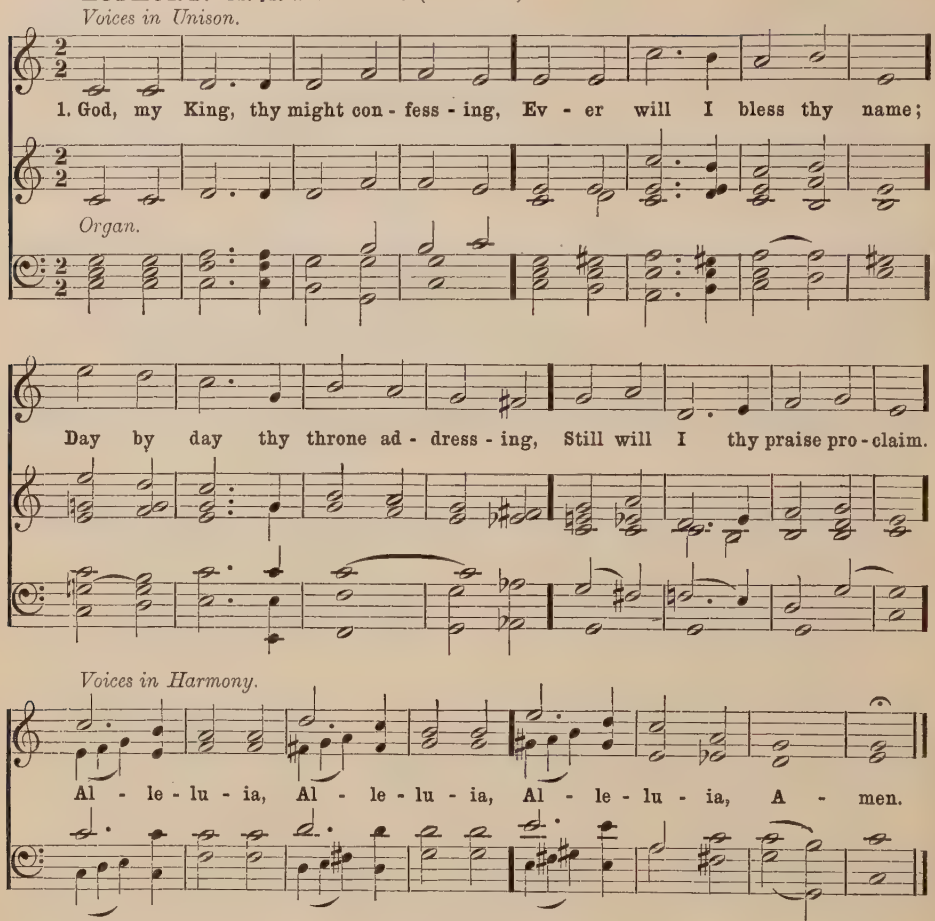
3 'Twas sovereign mercy called me,
And taught my opening mind;
The world had else enthralled me,
To heavenly glories blind.

4 My heart owns none above thee;
For thy rich grace I thirst;
This knowing: if I love thee,
Thou must have loved me first.

Joseph Conder, 1789–1855.

141 EUPHONY. 8s. 7s. *With Alleluias.* (*First Tune.*)

ALBERT LOWE.


Voices in Unison.
1. God, my King, thy might con - fess - ing, Ev - er will I bless thy name;
Organ.
Day by day thy throne ad - dress - ing, Still will I thy praise pro - claim.
Voices in Harmony.
Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, A - men.

1 God, my King, thy might confessing,
Ever will I bless thy name;
Day by day thy throne addressing,
Still will I thy praise proclaim.

2 Nor shall fail from memory's treasure,
Works by love and mercy wrought—
Works of love surpassing measure,
Works of mercy passing thought.

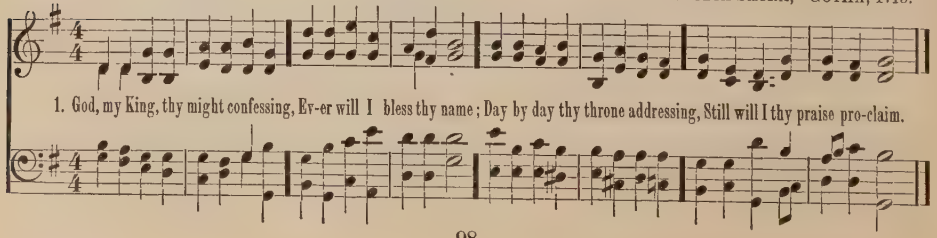
3 Full of kindness and compassion,
Slow of anger, vast in love,
God is good to all creation;
All his works his goodness prove.

4 All thy works, O Lord, shall bless thee,
Thee shall all thy saints adore;
King supreme shall they confess thee,
And proclaim thy sovereign power.

Richard Mant, 1776–1848.

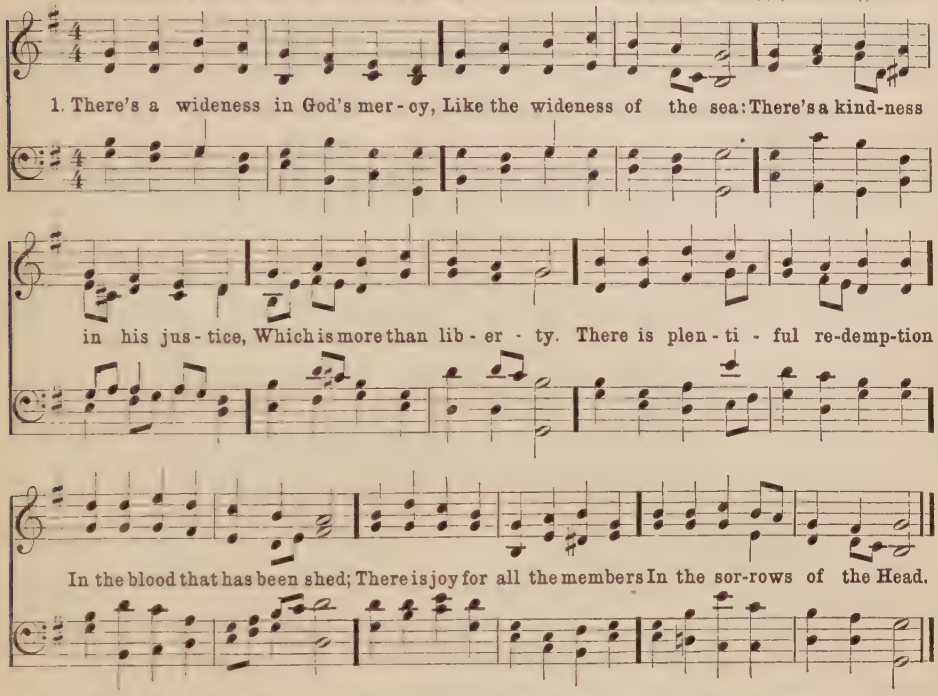
STUTTGART. 8s. 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

"PSALMODIA SACRA," GOTHA, 1715.


1. God, my King, thy might confessing, Ev-er will I bless thy name; Day by day thy throne addressing, Still will I thy praise pro-claim.

142 COBLENTZ. 8s. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*)

CLAUDE GOUDIMEL, (?) (1510–1572,) 1565.


1. There's a wideness in God's mer - cy, Like the wideness of the sea: There's a kind-ness
in his jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty. There is plen - ti - ful re-demp-tion
In the blood that has been shed; There is joy for all the members In the sor-rows of the Head.

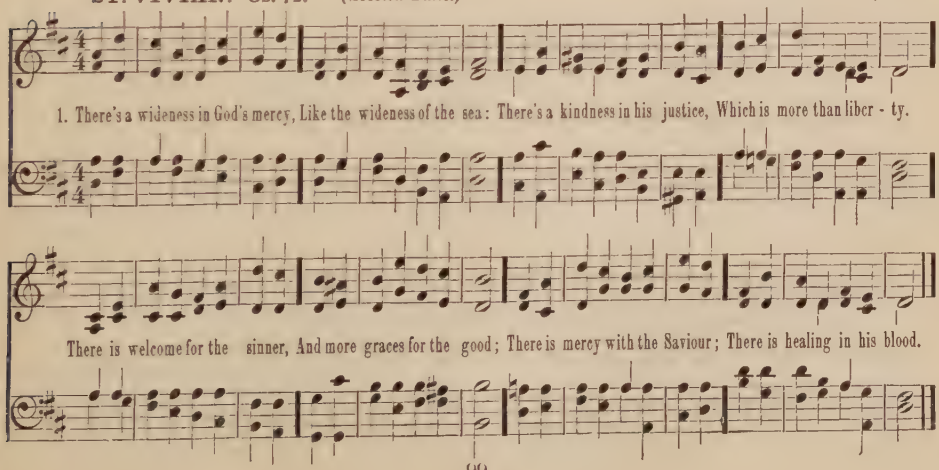
2 Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round his feet?
It is God; his love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems;
'Tis our Father: and his fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

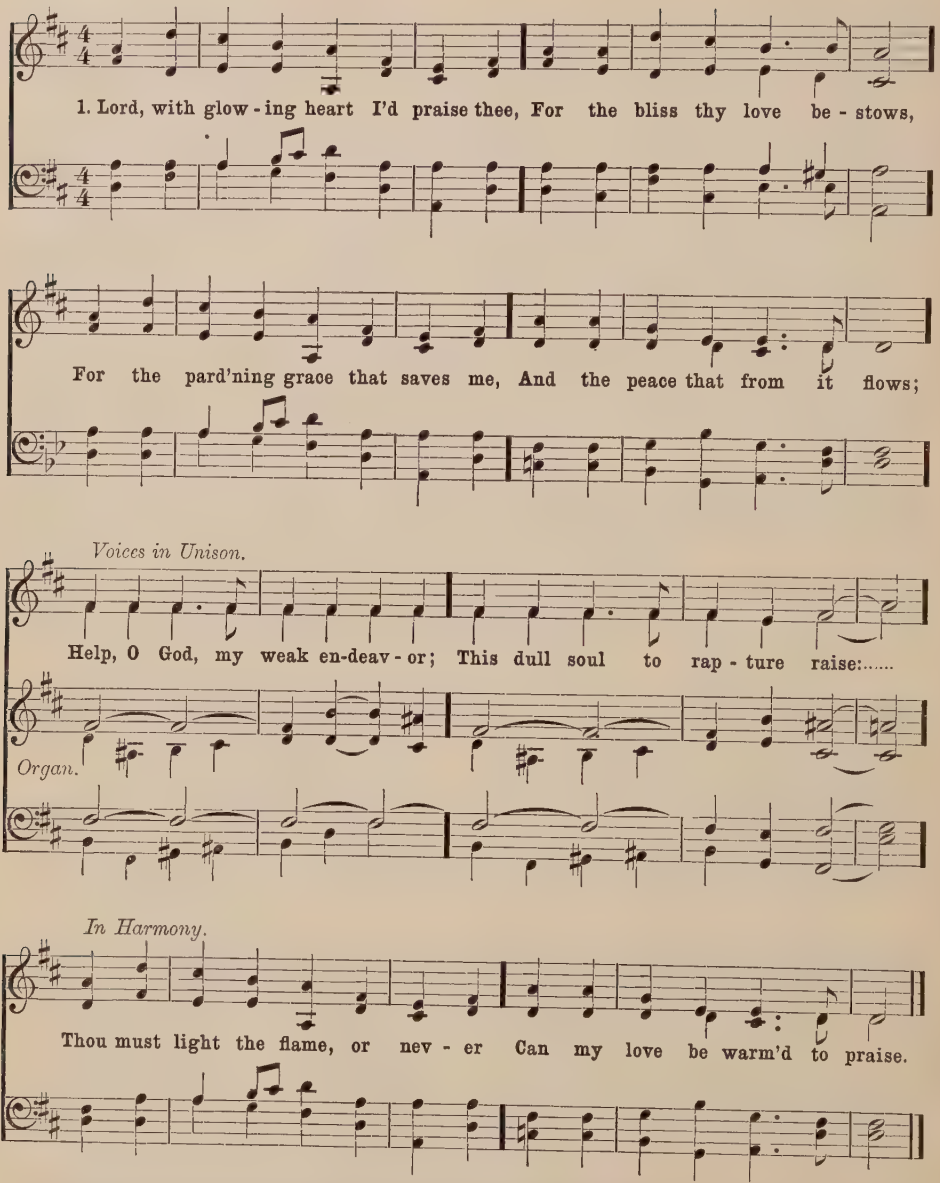
Frederick W. Faber, 1854.

ST. VIVIAN. 8s. 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

W. N. CLARK, 1895.


1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea: There's a kindness in his justice, Which is more than liber - ty.
There is welcome for the sinner, And more graces for the good; There is mercy with the Saviour; There is healing in his blood.

143 ST. CHAD. 8s. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*) R. REDHEAD, 1820—.


1. Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise thee, For the bliss thy love be - stows,
For the pard'ning grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows;
Voices in Unison.
Help, O God, my weak en-deav - or; This dull soul to rap - ture raise:.....
Organ.
In Harmony.
Thou must light the flame, or nev - er Can my love be warm'd to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

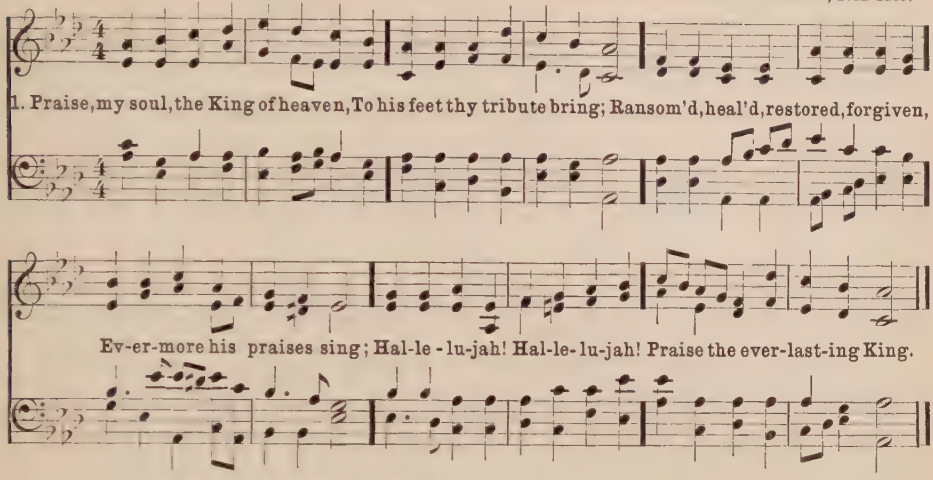
3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless;
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

Francis S. Key, 1779–1843.

(ALSO LUX EOI, OPPOSITE; AND BEECHER, No. 501.)

144 DULCE CARMEN. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

F. J. HAYDN, 1732-1809.


1. Praise, my soul, the King of heaven, To his feet thy tribute bring; Ransom'd, heal'd, restored, forgiven,
Ev-er-more his praises sing; Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the ever-last-ing King.

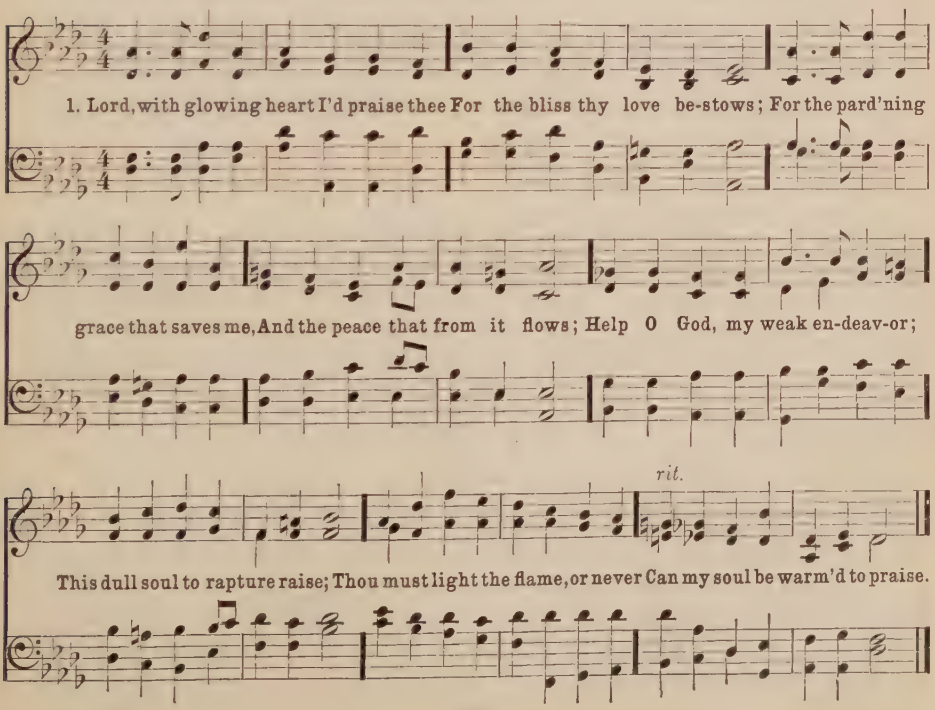
2 Praise him for his grace and favor
To our fathers in distress;
Praise him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Hallelujah!
Glorious in his faithfulness.

3 Father-like, he tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame he knows;
In his hands he gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Hallelujah!
Praise Jehovah, God of grace.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

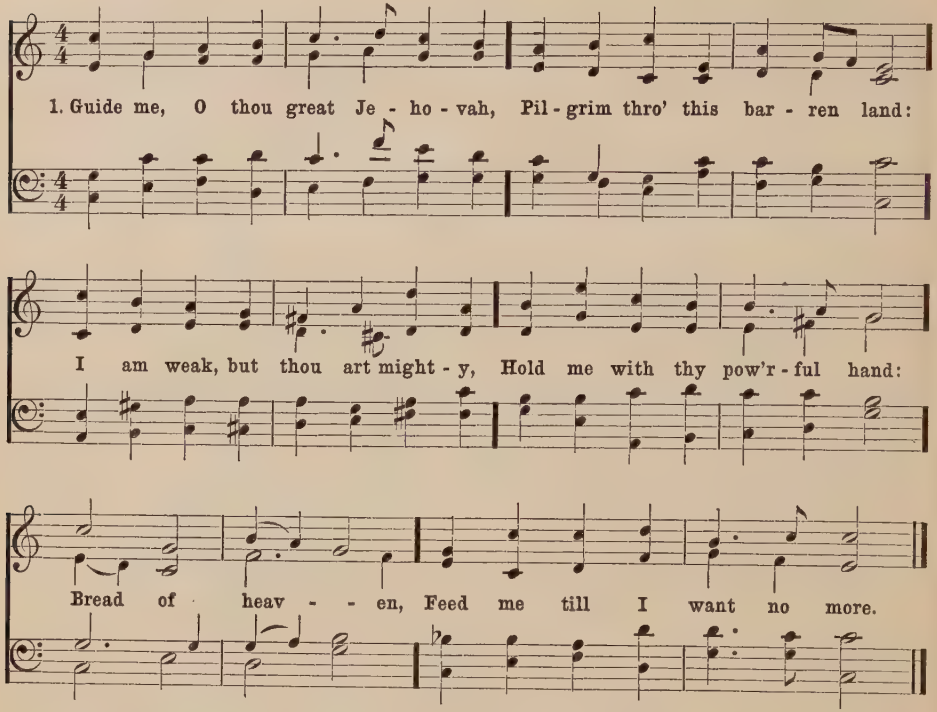
LUX EOI. 8s. 7s. D. (*Second Tune for No.* 143.)

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.


1. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee For the bliss thy love be-stows; For the pard'ning
grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows; Help O God, my weak en-deav-or;
rit.
This dull soul to rapture raise; Thou must light the flame, or never Can my soul be warm'd to praise.

145 ABBEYCOMBE. 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*First Tune.*)

E. J. Hopkins, 1818—.


1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land:
I am weak, but thou art might - y, Hold me with thy pow'r - ful hand:
Bread of heav - - - en, Feed me till I want no more.

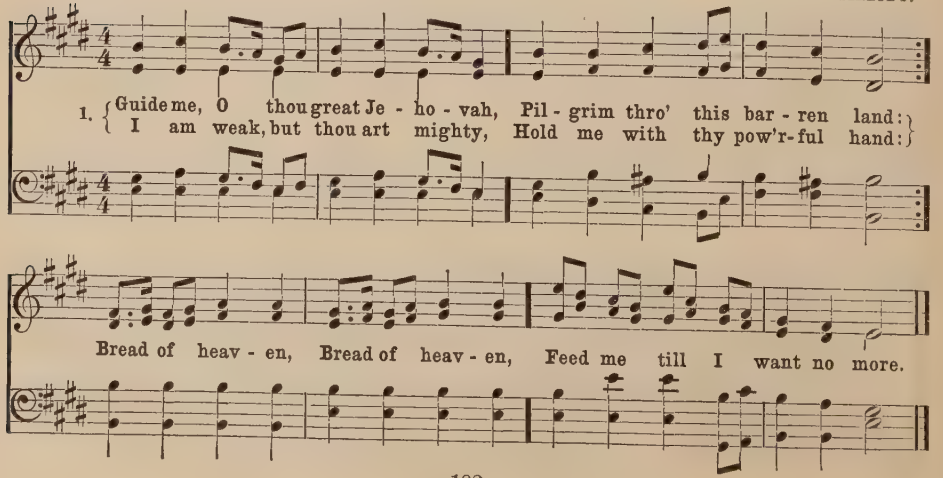
2 Open now the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

William Williams, 1773.

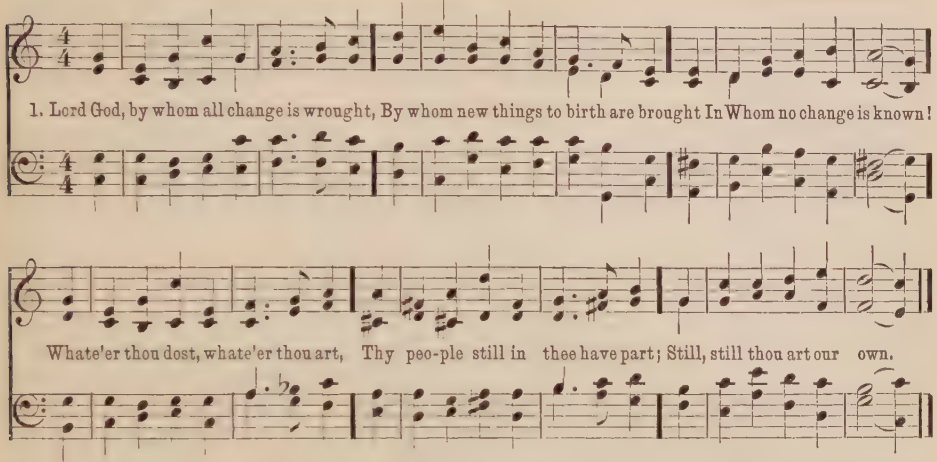
SICILIAN HYMN. 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*Second Tune.*)

Sicilian Melody.


1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty, Hold me with thy pow'r - ful hand:
Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

146 WEST HEATH. 8. 8. 6. D. (*First Tune.*)

E. J. Hopkins, 1818—.


1. Lord God, by whom all change is wrought, By whom new things to birth are brought In Whom no change is known!
Whate'er thou dost, whate'er thou art, Thy peo-ple still in thee have part; Still, still thou art our own.

2 Ancient of Days! we dwell in thee;
Out of thine own eternity
Our peace and joy are wrought;
We rest in our eternal God,
And make secure and sweet abode
With thee, who changest not.

3 Each steadfast promise we possess;
Thine everlasting truth we bless,
Thine everlasting love;
Th' unfailing Helper close we clasp,
The everlasting Arms we grasp,
Nor from our Refuge move.

4 Spirit who makest all things new,
Thou leadest onward; we pursue
The heavenly march sublime,
'Neath thy renewing fire we glow,
And still from strength to strength we go,
From height to height we climb.

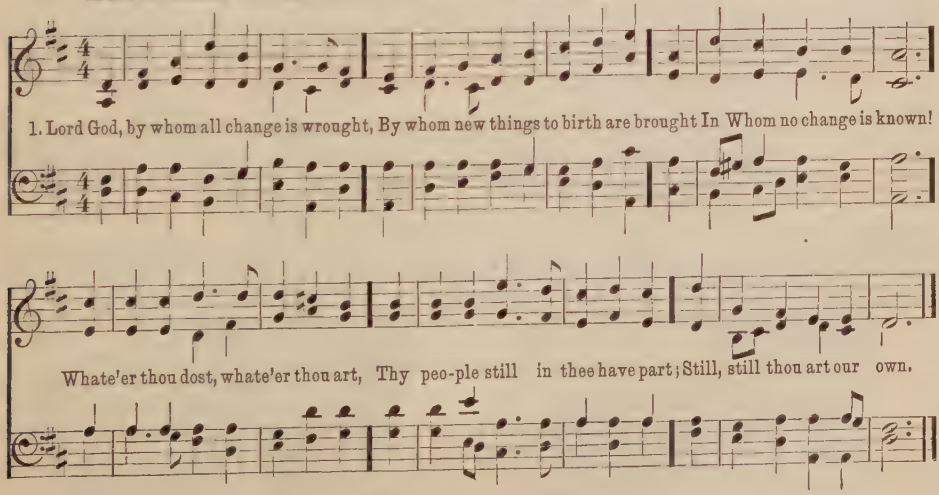
5 Darkness and dread we leave behind,
New light, new glory still we find,
New realms divine possess;
New births of grace new raptures bring;
Triumphant, the new song we sing,
The great Renewer bless.

6 To thee we rise, in thee we rest;
We stay at home, we go in quest,
Still thou art our abode.
The rapture swells, the wonder grows
As full on us new life still flows
From our unchanging God.

T. H. Gill, 1819—.

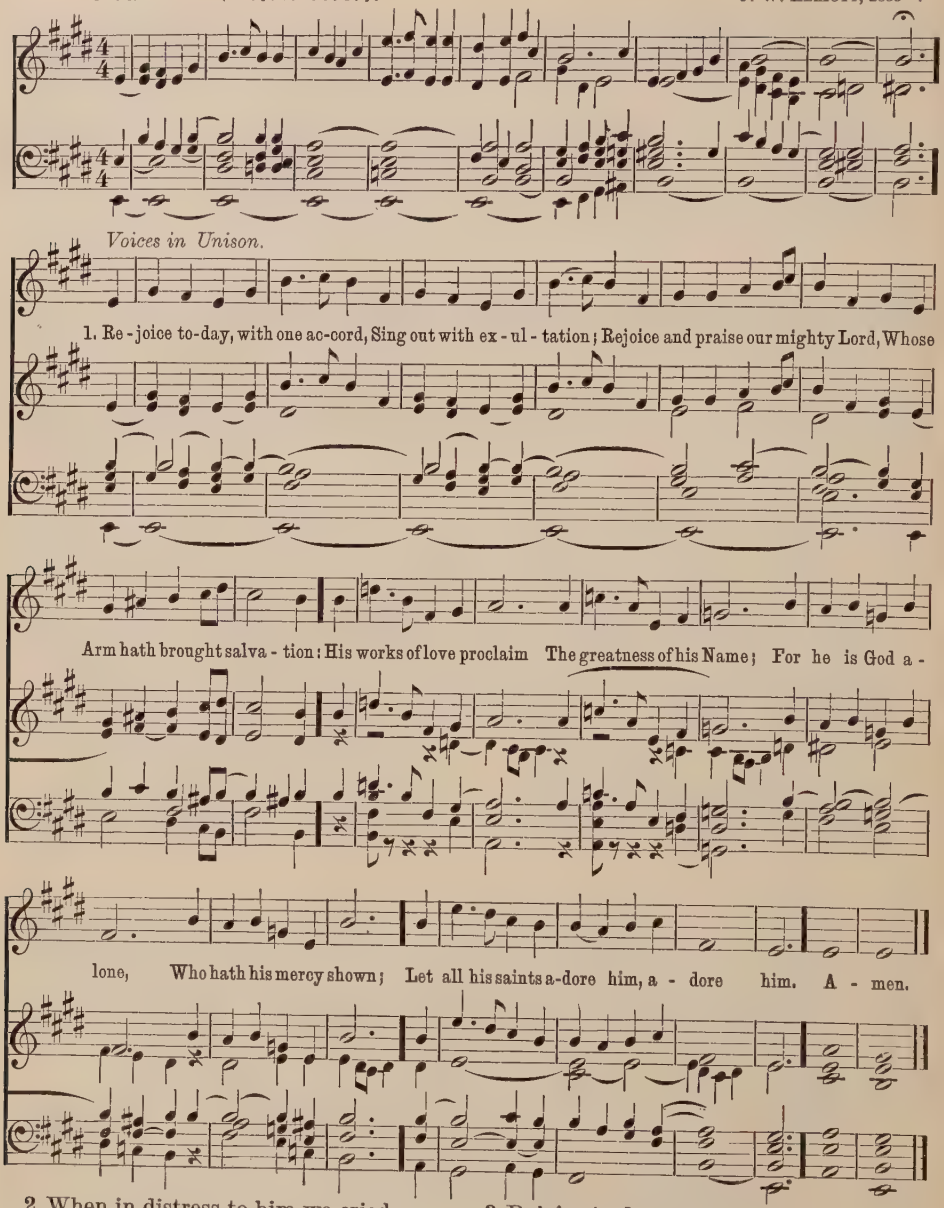
MAGDALEN COLLEGE. 8. 8. 6. D. (*Second Tune.*)

Wm. Hayes, 1707-1777.


1. Lord God, by whom all change is wrought, By whom new things to birth are brought In Whom no change is known!
Whate'er thou dost, whate'er thou art, Thy peo-ple still in thee have part; Still, still thou art our own.

(Also Ariel, No. 277.)

147 ORGAN. 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7. J. W. ELLIOTT, 1833—.


Voices in Unison.
1. Re - joice to-day, with one ac-cord, Sing out with ex - ul - tation; Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord, Whose
Arm hath brought salva - tion: His works of love proclaim The greatness of his Name; For he is God a -
lone, Who hath his mercy shown; Let all his saints a-dore him, a - dore him. A - men.

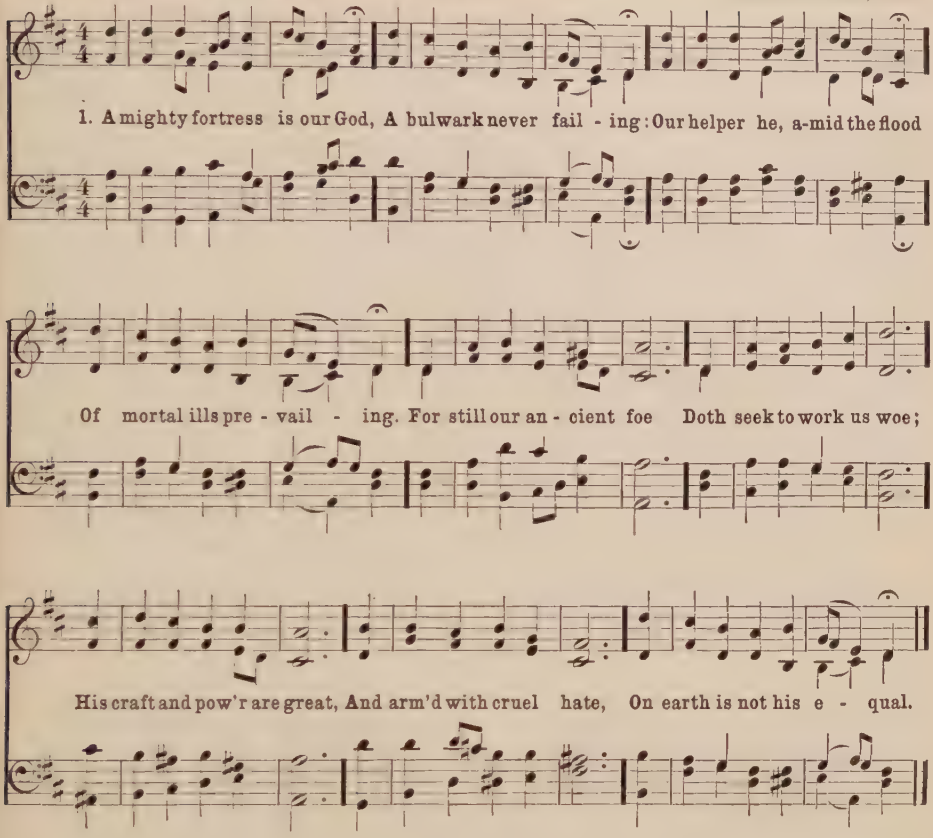
2 When in distress to him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining;
O trust in him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining:
Triumphant songs of praise
To him our hearts shall raise;
Now every voice shall say,
"O praise our God alway;
Let all his saints adore him,"

3 Rejoice to-day, with one accord,
Sing out with exultation;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation:
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of his name;
For he is God alone,
Who hath his mercy shown;
Let all his saints adore him. Amen.

Sir H. W. Baker, 1821–1877.

148 EIN FESTE BURG. 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529.


1. A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never fail - ing: Our helper he, a-mid the flood
Of mortal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and pow'r are great, And arm'd with cruel hate, On earth is not his e - qual.

1 A mighty fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing:
Our Helper he, amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and power are great,
And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing;
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth is his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

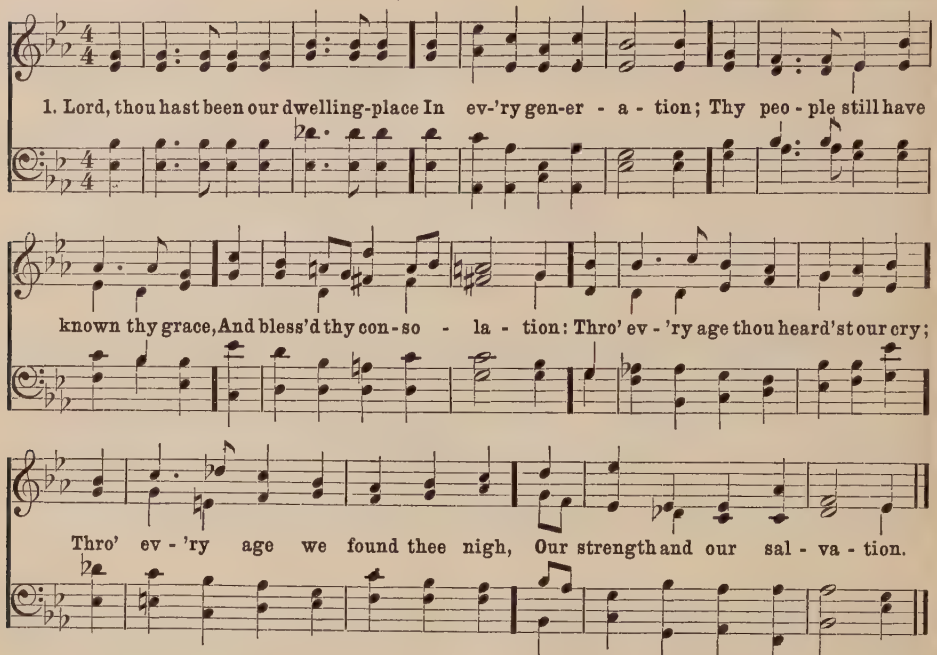
3 And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The prince of darkness grim,—
We tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,—
One little word shall fell him?

4 That word above all earthly powers—
No thanks to them—abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also:
The body they may kill:
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

Martin Luther, 1521; Tr. F. H. Hedge, 1853.

149 ASHMEAD. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1887.


1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place In ev-'ry gen-er - a - tion; Thy peo - ple still have
known thy grace, And bless'd thy con - so - la - tion: Thro' ev - 'ry age thou heard'st our cry;
Thro' ev - 'ry age we found thee nigh, Our strength and our sal - va - tion.

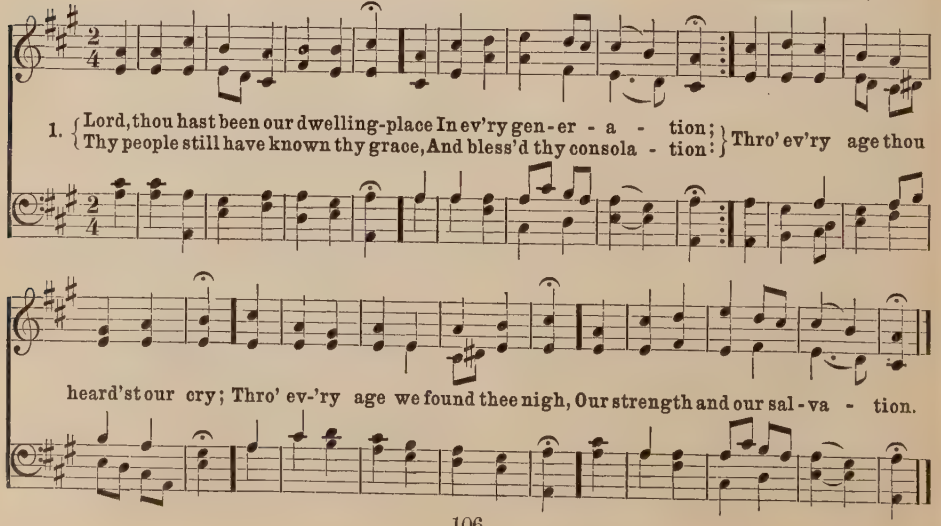
2 Our cleaving sins we oft have wept,
And oft thy patience provéd;
But still thy faith we fast have kept,
Thy name we still have lovéd;
And thou hast kept and loved us well,
Hast granted us in thee to dwell,
Unshaken, unremovéd.

3 No, nothing from those arms of love
Shall thine own people sever;
Our Helper never will remove,
Our God will fail us never.
Thy people, Lord, have dwelt in thee,
Our dwelling-place thou still wilt be
For ever and for ever.

T. H. Gill, 1864.

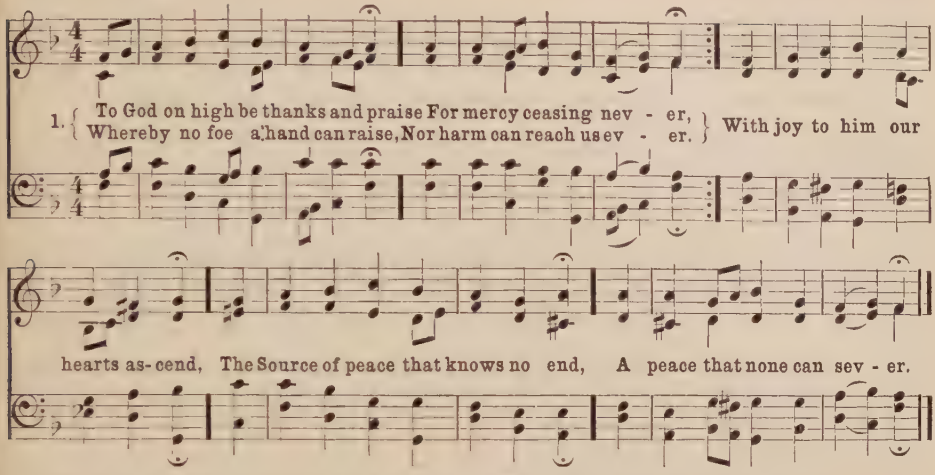
JUDGMENT HYMN. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. (*Second Tune.*)

KLUG'S GESANGBUCH, 1535.


1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place In ev'ry gen-er - a - tion;
Thy people still have known thy grace, And bless'd thy consola - tion: Thro' ev'ry age thou
heard'st our cry; Thro' ev-'ry age we found thee nigh, Our strength and our sal-va - tion.

150 DECIUS. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

N. Decius, 1519–1541.


1. { To God on high be thanks and praise For mercy ceasing nev - er,
Whereby no foe a hand can raise, Nor harm can reach us ev - er. } With joy to him our
hearts as- cend, The Source of peace that knows no end, A peace that none can sev - er.

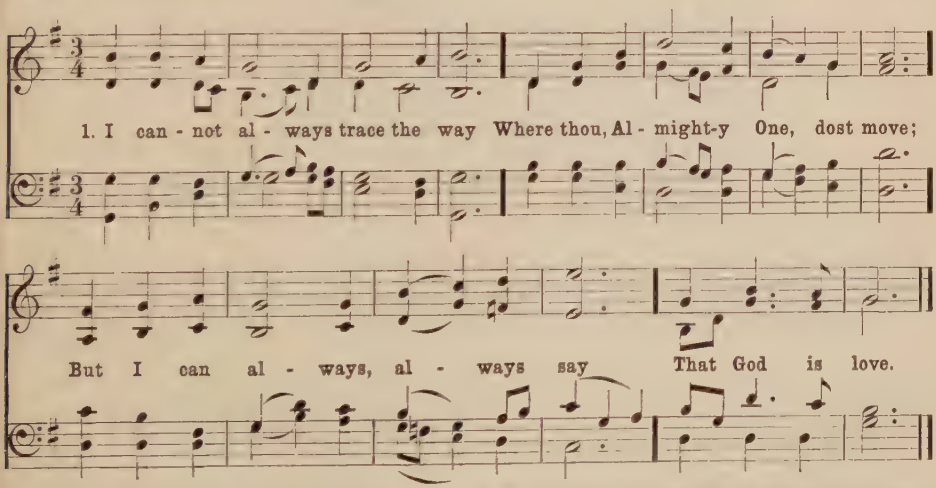
1 To God on high be thanks and praise
For mercy ceasing never,
Whereby no foe a hand can raise,
Nor harm can reach us ever.
With joy to him our hearts ascend,
The source of peace that knows no end,
A peace that none can sever.

2 The honors paid thy holy name
To hear thou ever deignest!
Thou God the Father, still the same
Unshaken ever reignest.
Unmeasured stands thy glorious might;
Thy thoughts, thy deeds, outstrip the light,
Our heaven thou, Lord, remainest.

Nicolaus Decius, 1525. Tr. by Cath. Winkworth, 1863.

151 ELLIOTT. 8.8.8.4.

J. B. Dykes, 1875.



1 I cannot always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say
That God is love.

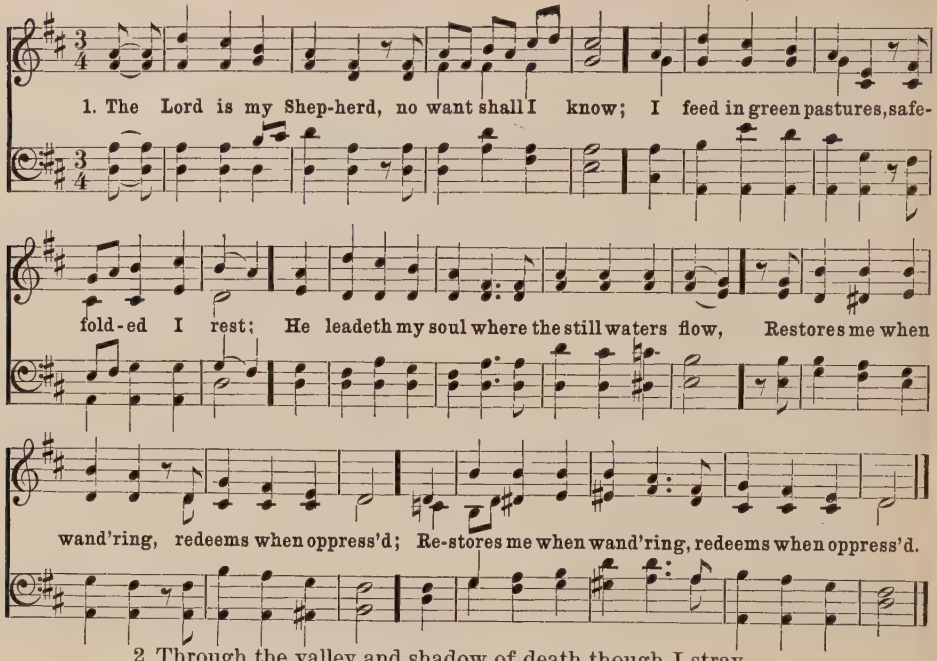
2 When fear her chilling mantle throws
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home upsprings,
For God is love.

3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love.

4 Yes, God is love: a thought like this
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love.

Sir John Bowring, 1792–1872.

152 EPHRATAH. 11s. (*First Tune.*) THOMAS KOSCHAT, 1862; ARR. BY B. SMITH.


1. The Lord is my Shep-herd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe-
fold-ed I rest; He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow, Restores me when
wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd; Re-stores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

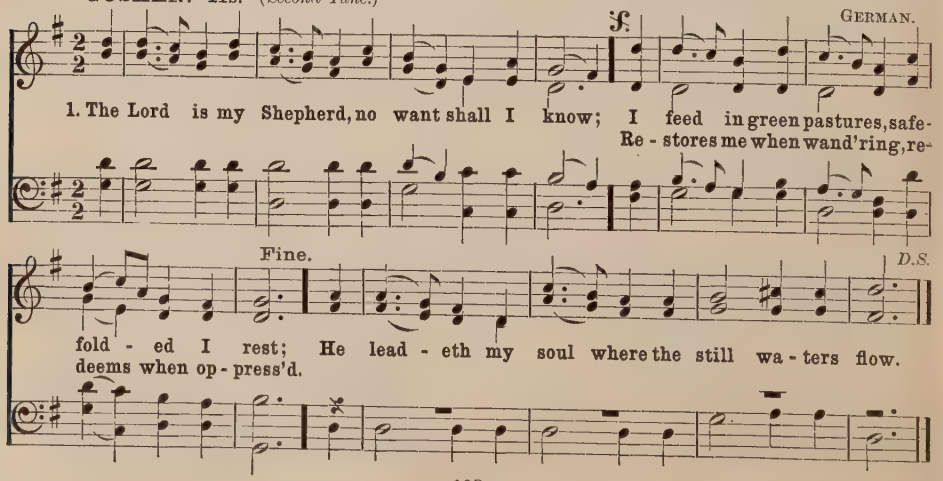
2 Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of thy Providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

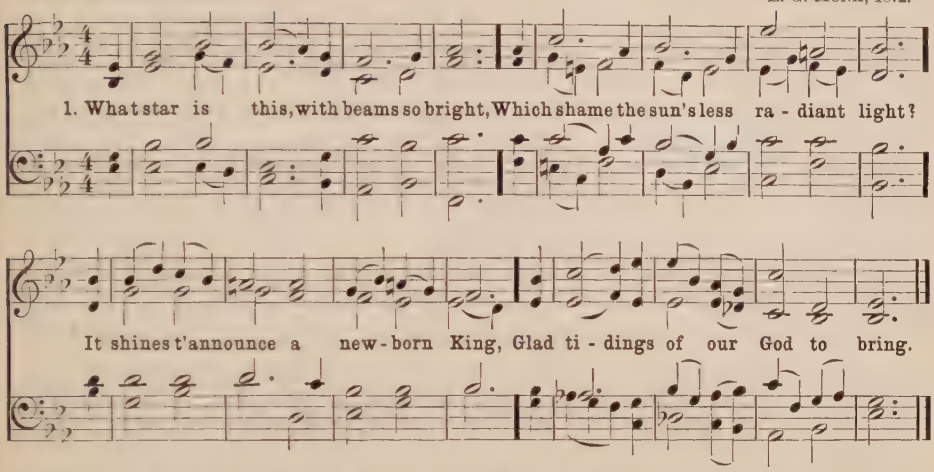
James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

GOSHEN. 11s. (*Second Tune.*) GERMAN.


1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green pastures, safe-
Re-stores me when wand'ring, re-
Fine.
D.S.
fold-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow.
deems when op-press'd.

153 MAGI. L. M.

E. G. Monk, 1872.


1. What star is this, with beams so bright, Which shame the sun's less ra - diant light?
It shines t'announce a new-born King, Glad ti - dings of our God to bring.

2 'Tis now fulfilled what God decreed,
"From Jacob shall a Star proceed;"
And lo, the Eastern sages stand,
To read in heaven the Lord's command.

3 While outward signs the star displays,
An inward light the Lord conveys,
And urges them, with force benign,
To seek the Giver of the sign.

4 O Jesus, while the Star of grace
Invites us now to seek thy face,
May we no more thy grace repel, [well.
Nor quench that Light which shines so

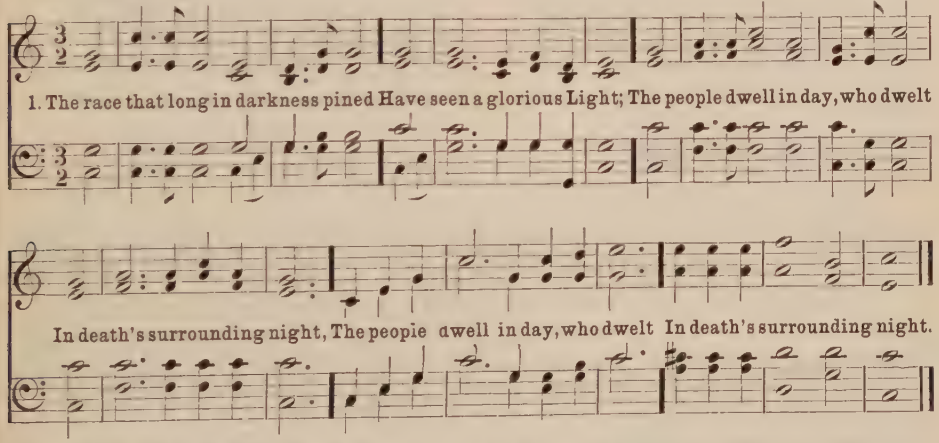
5 To God the Father, God the Son
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
May every tongue and nation raise
An endless song of thankful praise!

C. Coffin, 1736. Tr. J. Chandler, 1837.

(Also Park Street, No. 6.)

154 ZERAH. C. M.

Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.


1. The race that long in darkness pined Have seen a glorious Light; The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night, The people dwell in day, who dwelt In death's surrounding night.

2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest-treasures home.

3 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

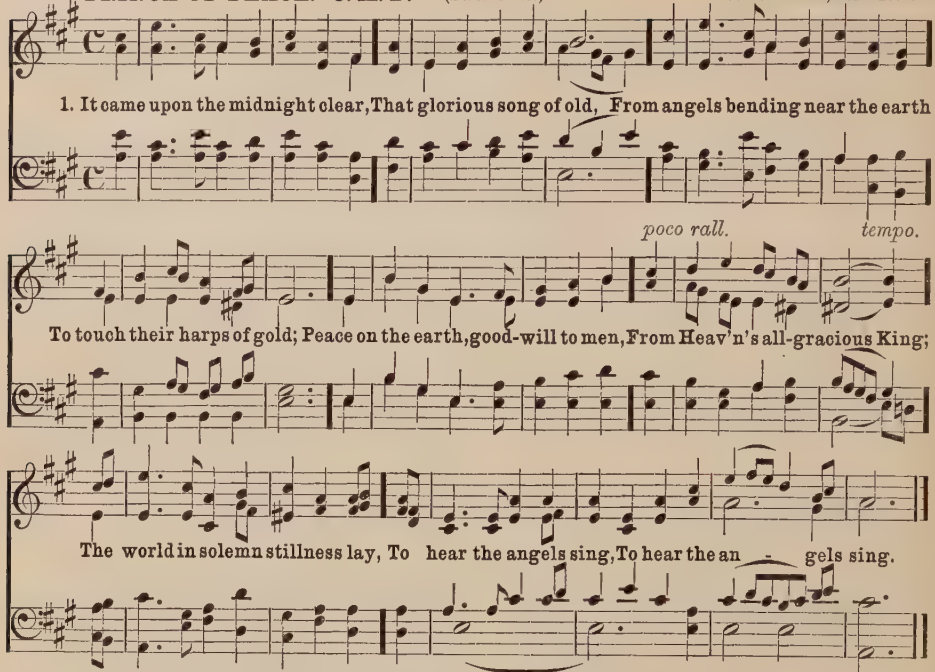
4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

5 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard his throne above
And peace abound below.

J. Morrison, 1770.

155 PRINCE OF PEACE. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876.


1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending near the earth
poco rall.
tempo.
To touch their harps of gold; Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From Heav'n's all-gracious King;
The world in solemn stillness lay, To hear the angels sing, To hear the an - gels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

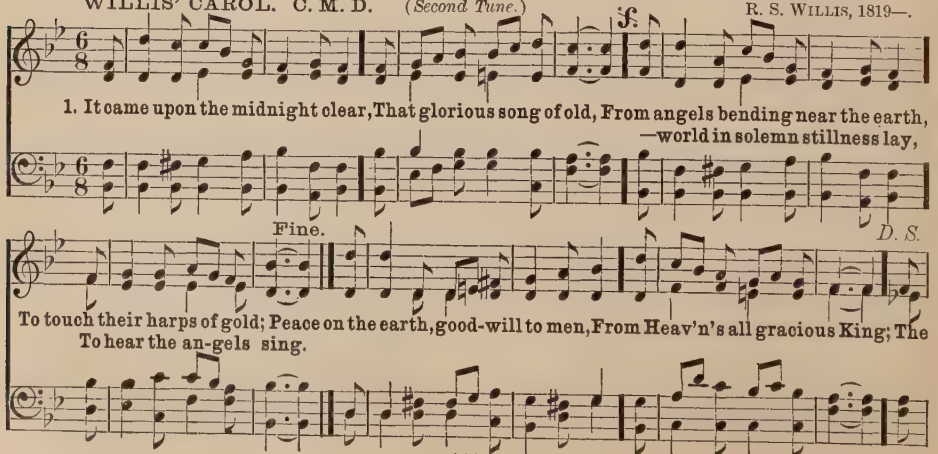
3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow,—
Look up; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

4 For, lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

E. H. Sears, 1851.

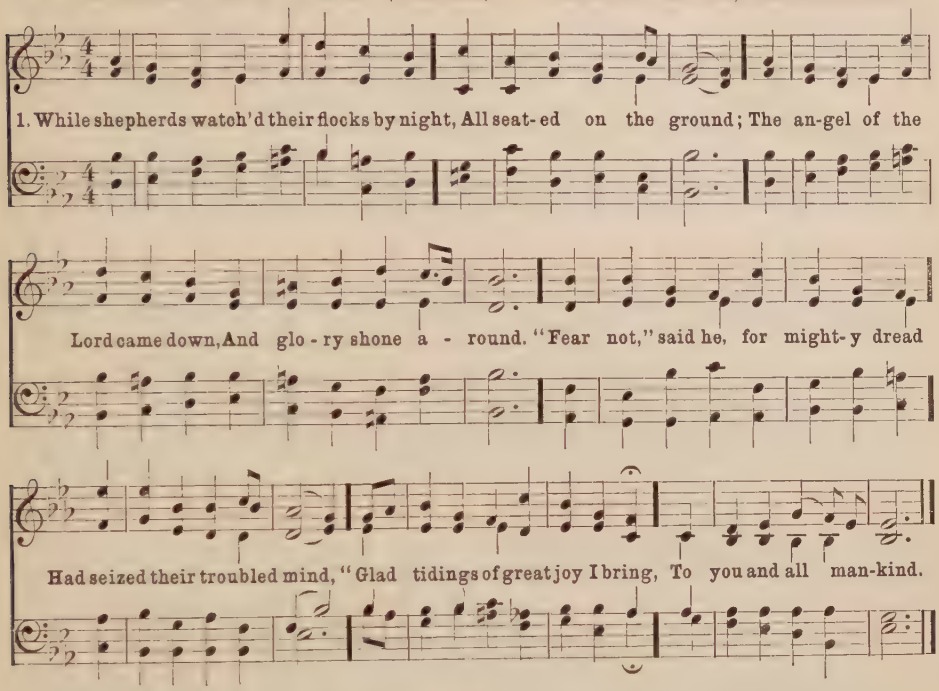
WILLIS' CAROL. C. M. D. (*Second Tune.*)

R. S. Willis, 1819—.


1. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending near the earth,
—world in solemn stillness lay,
Fine.
D. S.
To touch their harps of gold; Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From Heav'n's all gracious King; The
To hear the an-gels sing.

156 ANGELS' SONG. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. BY E. J. HOPKINS, FROM MENDELSSOHN.


1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat-ed on the ground; The an-gel of the
Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round. "Fear not," said he, for might-y dread
Had seized their troubled mind, "Glad tidings of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind.

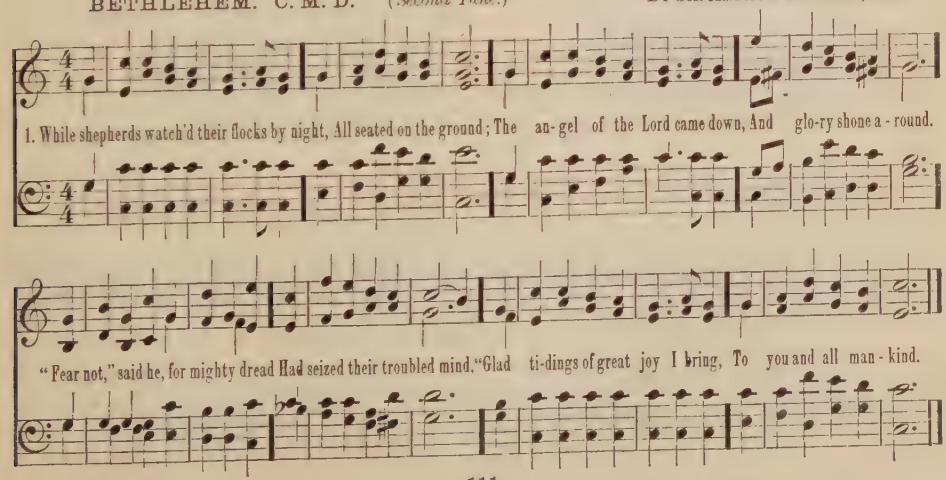
2 "To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line
The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
And this shall be the sign:—
The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

3 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—
"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to man
Begin, and never cease!"

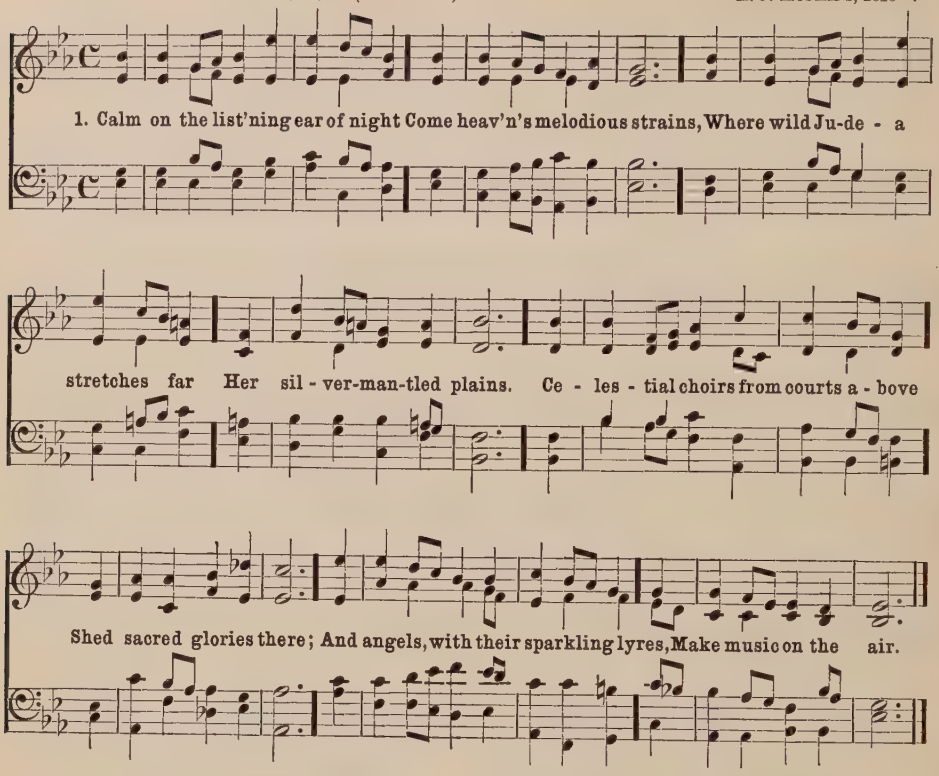
Nahum Tate, 1702.

BETHLEHEM. C. M. D. (*Second Tune.*)

ARR. FROM I. B. WOODBURY, 1819–1858.
BY SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.


1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seated on the ground; The an-gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a-round.
"Fear not," said he, for mighty dread Had seized their troubled mind. "Glad ti-dings of great joy I bring, To you and all man-kind.

157 EPIPHANY. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*) E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. Calm on the list'ning ear of night Come heav'n's melodious strains, Where wild Ju-de - a
stretches far Her sil - ver-man-tled plains. Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove
Shed sacred glories there; And angels, with their sparkling lyres, Make music on the air.

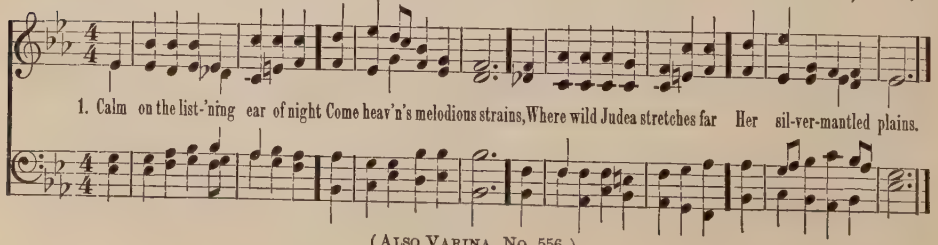
2 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet from all their holy heights
The Day-spring from on high:
O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm;
And Sharon waves in solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm.

3 "Glory to God!" the lofty strain
The realm of ether fills;
How sweeps the song of solemn joy
O'er Judah's sacred hills!
"Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring:
"Peace on the earth; good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King."

4 This day shall Christian tongues be mute,
And Christian hearts be cold?
O catch the anthem that from heaven
O'er Judah's mountains rolled;
When burst upon that listening night
The high and solemn lay,
"Glory to God; on earth be peace:"
Salvation comes to-day.

E. H. Sears, 1834, alt. 1875.

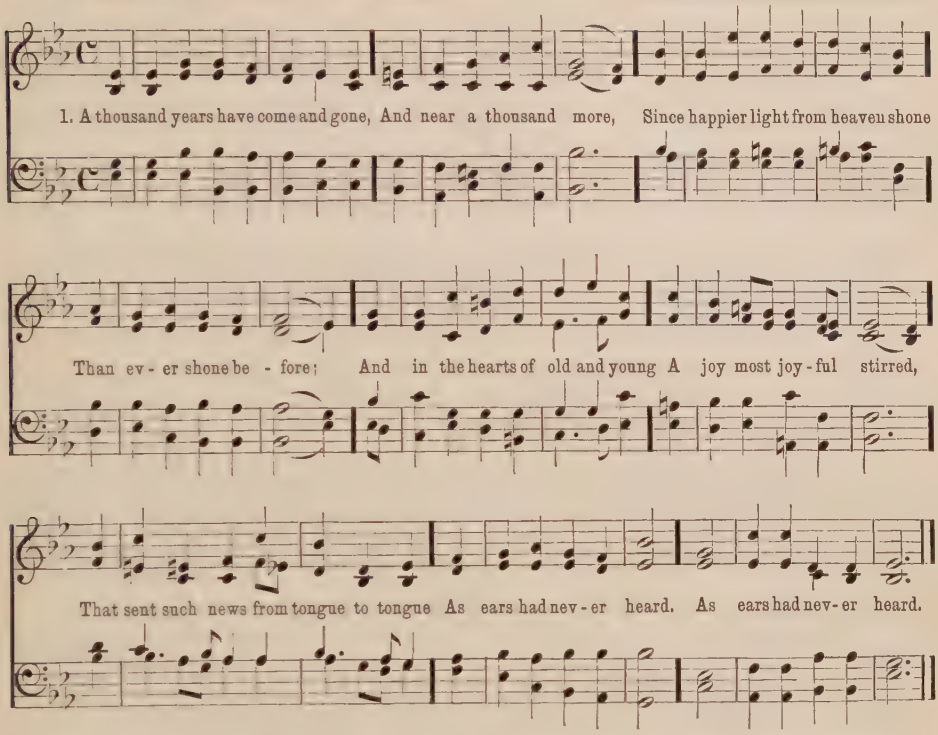
TIVERTON. C. M. (*Second Tune.*) W. SPARK, 1825—.


1. Calm on the list-'ning ear of night Come heav'n's melodious strains, Where wild Judea stretches far Her sil-ver-mantled plains.

(ALSO VARINA, No. 556.)

158 SOLYMA. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN, 1737–1806.


1. A thousand years have come and gone, And near a thousand more, Since happier light from heaven shone
Than ev - er shone be - fore; And in the hearts of old and young A joy most joy - ful stirred,
That sent such news from tongue to tongue As ears had nev - er heard. As ears had nev - er heard.

2 Then angels on their starry way
Felt bliss unfelt before,
For news that men should be as they
To darkened earth they bore;
So toiling men and spirits bright
A first communion had,
And in meek mercy's rising light
Were each exceeding glad.

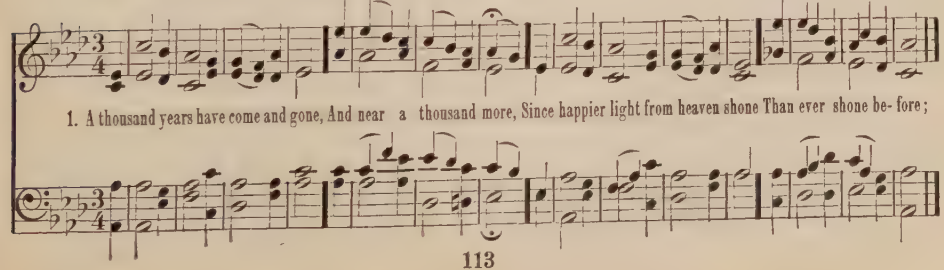
3 And we are glad, and we will sing,
As in the days of yore;
Come all, and hearts made ready bring
To welcome back once more
The day when first on wintry earth
A summer change began,
And, dawning in a lowly birth,
Uprose the Light of man.

4 For trouble such as men must bear
From childhood to fourscore,
He shared with us, that we might share
His joy for evermore;
And twice a thousand years of grief,
Of conflict and of sin,
May tell how large the harvest-sheaf
His patient love shall win.

T. T. Lynch, 1868.

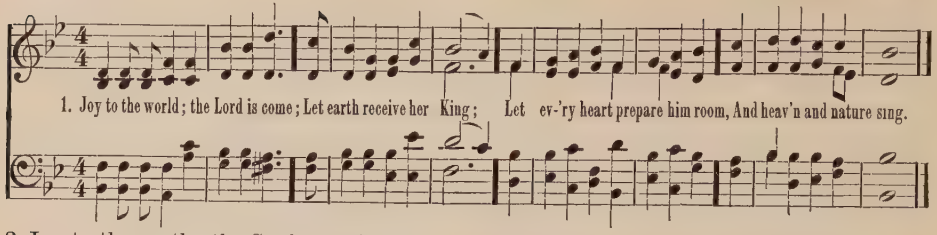
VIGILS. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

S. WEBBE, 1740–1816.


1. A thousand years have come and gone, And near a thousand more, Since happier light from heaven shone Than ever shone be- fore;

159 NATIVITY. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

HENRY LAHEE, 1826—.



2 Joy to the earth; the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ; [plains,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
Repeat the sounding joy.

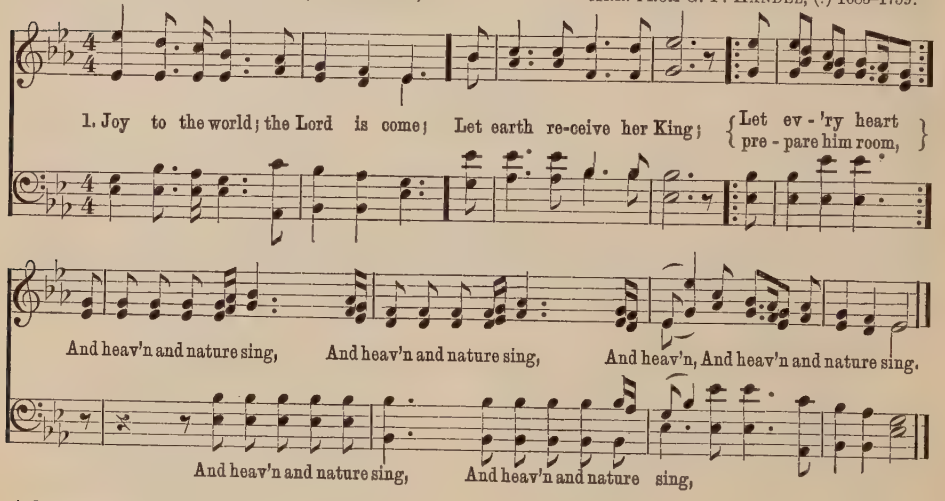
3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

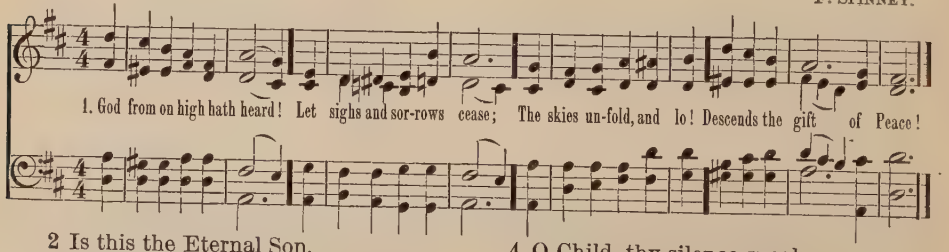
ANTIOCH. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

ARR. FROM G. F. HANDEL, (?) 1685–1759.


1. Joy to the world; the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev-'ry heart pre-pare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and nature sing.
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing,

160 ST. DENYS. 6s.

F. SPINNEY.



2 Is this the Eternal Son,
Who on the starry throne,
Before the world began,
Was with the Father one?

3 Yes, Faith can pierce the cloud
Which shrouds his glory now;
And hails him Lord and God,
To Whom all creatures bow.

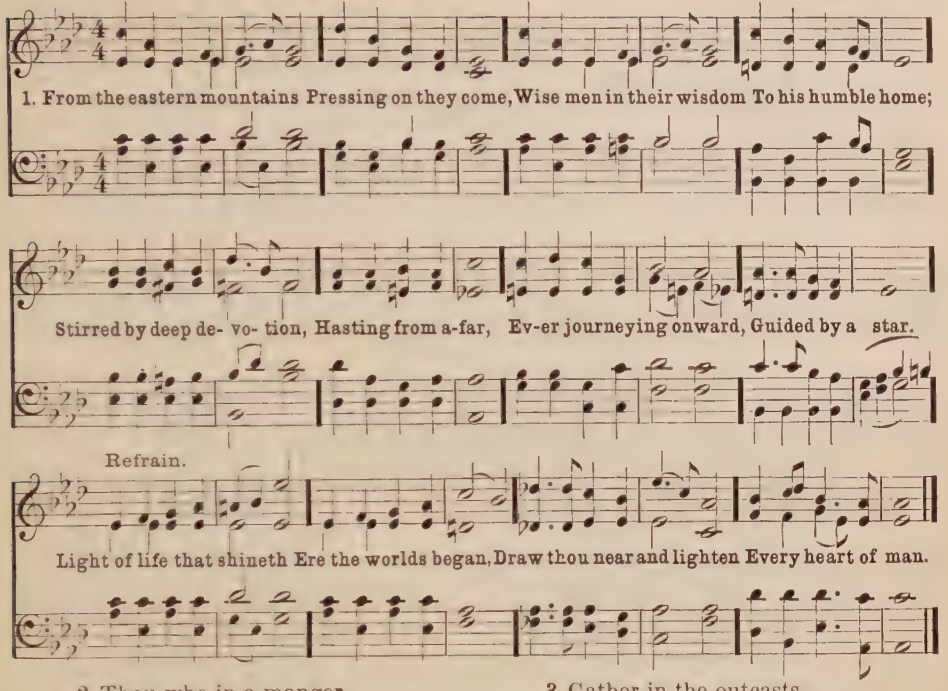
4 O Child, thy silence speaks,
And bids us not refuse
To bear what flesh would shun,
To spurn what flesh would choose.

5 Fill us with holy love,
Heal thou our earthly pride;
Be born within our hearts,
And ever there abide.

C. Coffin, 1676–1749. Tr. J. R. Woodford.

161 ROSMORE. 6s. 5s. D. *With Refrain.* (*First Tune.*)

G. TREMBATH, 1893.


1. From the eastern mountains Pressing on they come, Wise men in their wisdom To his humble home;
Stirred by deep de- vo- tion, Hasting from a-far, Ev-er journeying onward, Guided by a star.
Refrain.
Light of life that shineth Ere the worlds began, Draw thou near and lighten Every heart of man.

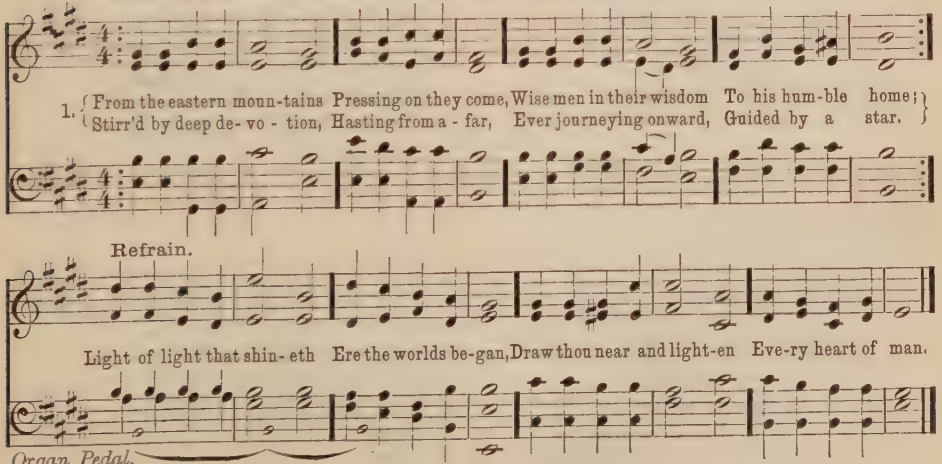
2 Thou who in a manger
Once hast lowly lain,
Who dost now in glory
O'er all kingdoms reign,
Gather in the heathen,
Who in lands afar
Ne'er have seen the brightness
Of thy guiding star.—*Ref.*

3 Gather in the outcasts,
All who've gone astray,
Throw thy radiance o'er them,
Guide them on their way:
Those who never knew thee,
Those who've wandered far,
Guide them by the brightness
Of thy guiding star.—*Ref.*

Godfrey Thring, 1873.

GUIDING STAR. 6s. 5s. D. *With Refrain.* (*Second Tune.*)

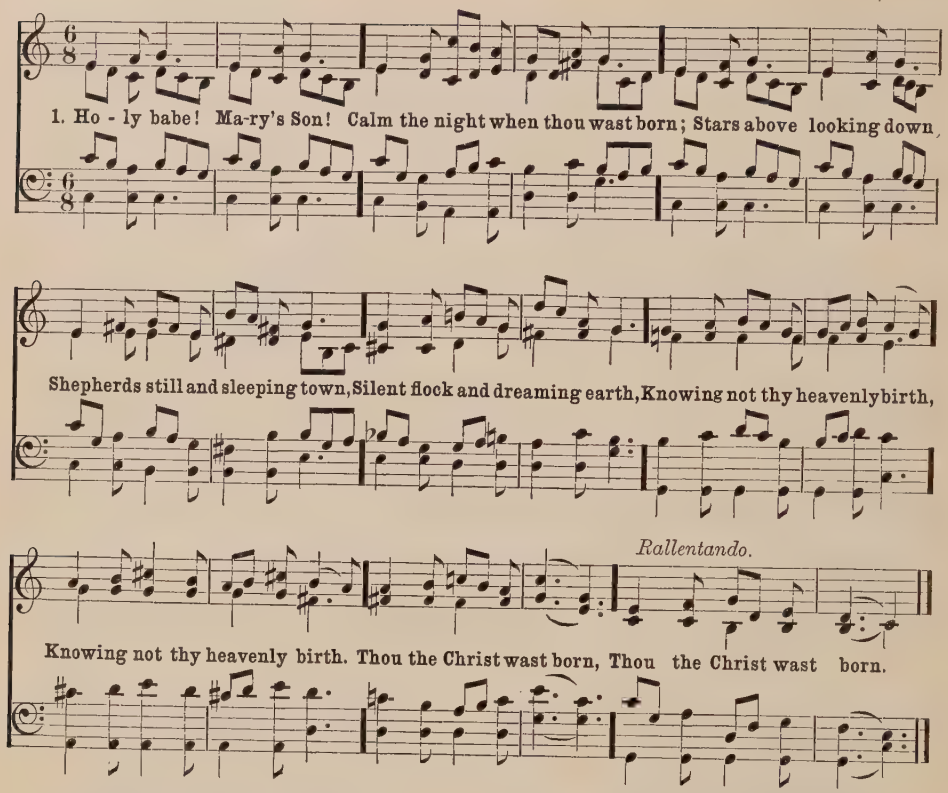
E. J. HOPKINS, 1860.


1. From the eastern moun-tains Pressing on they come, Wise men in their wisdom To his hum-ble home;
Stirr'd by deep de- vo - tion, Hasting from a - far, Ever journeying onward, Guided by a star.
Refrain.
Light of light that shin- eth Ere the worlds be-gan, Draw thou near and light-en Eve-ry heart of man.
Organ Pedal.

(ALSO ST. ALBANS, No. 565.)

162 HOLY NIGHT. P. M.

SIR J. BARNBY, 1868.


1. Ho - ly babe! Ma-ry's Son! Calm the night when thou wast born; Stars above looking down,
Shepherds still and sleeping town, Silent flock and dreaming earth, Knowing not thy heavenly birth,
Rallentando.
Knowing not thy heavenly birth. Thou the Christ wast born, Thou the Christ wast born.

2 Wondrous night! On the ear
Th' angels' song falls soft and clear;
Where the babe smiling lay,
Wondering shepherds wend their way;
Guiding star, divinely bright,
Magi see with glad delight;
Offerings rare they bring,

3 Wondrous birth! Son of God
In a world by sinners trod!
Light of life! Dawn began,
Thou wast born the Son of Man.
Darkest night and brightest morn,
Angels smiled when thou wast born.
Light of life art thou.

4 Child of heaven! Gift divine!
Come into this heart of mine,
Dark and lone without thee;
Light thy presence is to me.
Breathe thy peace and comfort bring;
Tune the song which now I sing.
Praise the new-born King.

H. M. King, 1886 and 1891.

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163 DIX. (*Opposite.*)

1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright;
So, most gracious God, may we
Evermore be led by thee.

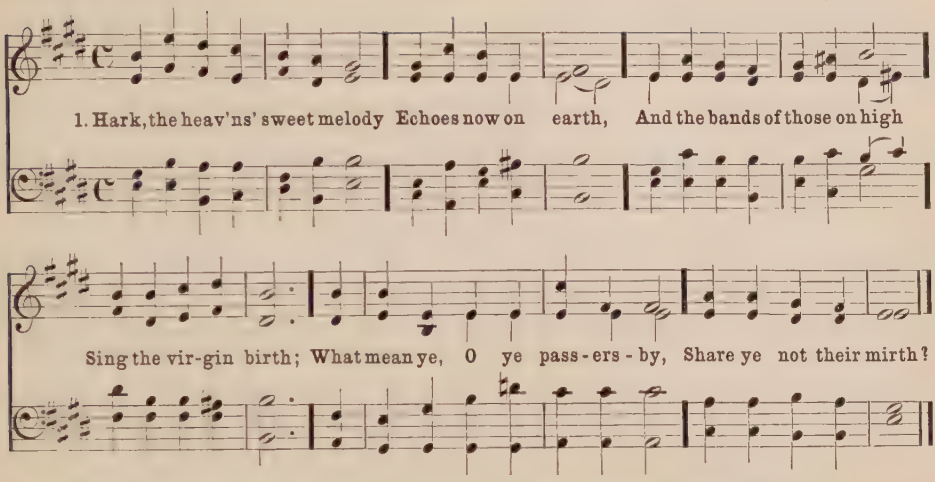
2 As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed,
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore:
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, to thee, our heavenly King.

W. C. Dix, 1859.

164 ALWYN. 7.5.7.5.8.5.

SIR JOHN GOSS, 1800–1880.


1. Hark, the heav'ns' sweet melody Echoes now on earth, And the bands of those on high
Sing the vir-gin birth; What mean ye, O ye pass-ers-by, Share ye not their mirth?

1 Hark, the heavens' sweet melody
Echoes now on earth,
And the bands of those on high
Sing the virgin-birth;
What mean ye, O ye passers-by,
Share ye not their mirth?

2 Shepherds watch their flocks by night;
Angel notes they hear;
Songs of glory in the height,
Peace and love brought near:
To us they sing, thro' love's dear might;
Praise to Christ they bear.

3 Earthly things with heaven are blent,
Twofold is the praise;
Yet each word divinely sent
Hidden depths displays;
On Christ, the Word made flesh, intent,
Men, your anthems raise.

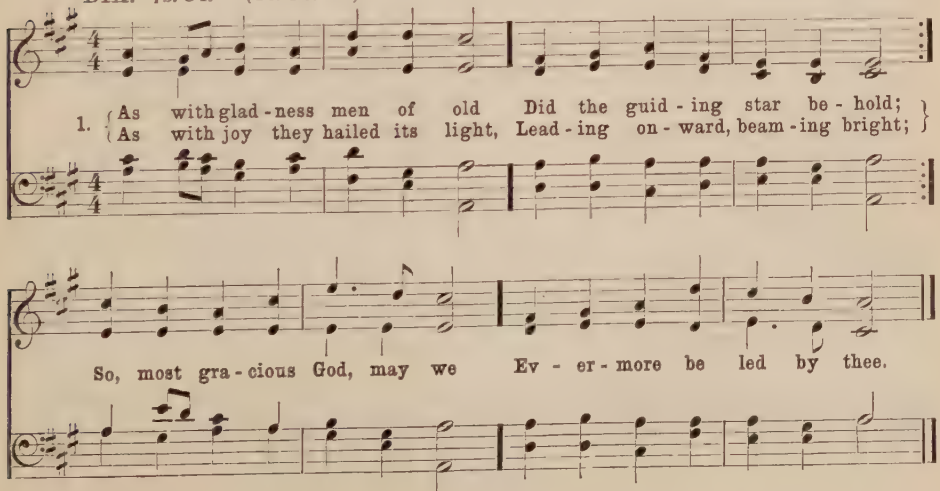
4 Of his birth the bright stars tell,
Pouring floods of light;
Shepherds seek out Bethlehem's cell,
All those stars in sight:
They find the King of heaven where dwell
Only beasts of right.

5 There, within the manger laid,
They their Lord descry:
We that child of mother-maid
Sing with praises high;
With homage, Lord, thus duly paid
We to thee draw nigh.

E. H. Plumptre, 1821–1891.

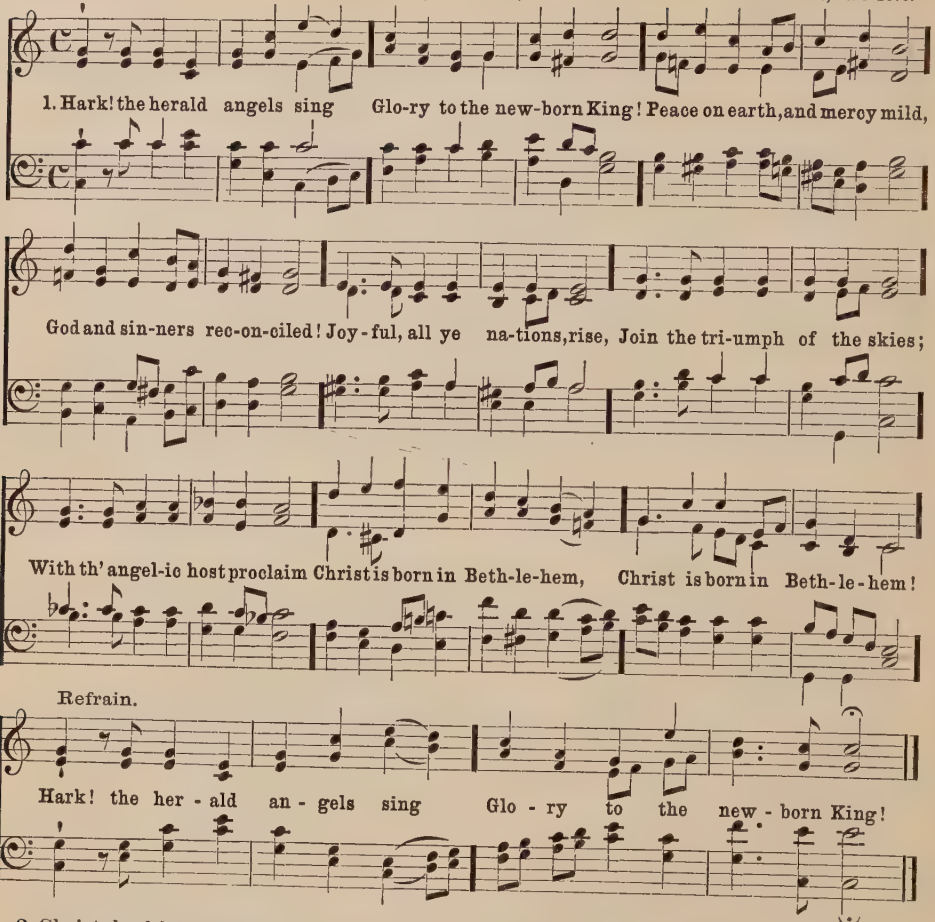
DIX. 7s. 61. (*For No.* 163.)

C. KOCHER, 1786–1838.


1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing star be-hold;
As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright;
So, most gra-cious God, may we Ev-er-more be led by thee.

165 HERALD. 7s. D. *With Refrain.* (*First Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. Hark! the herald angels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sin-ners rec-on-ciled! Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
With th' angel-ic host proclaim Christ is born in Beth-le-hem, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem!
Refrain.
Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing Glo-ry to the new-born King!

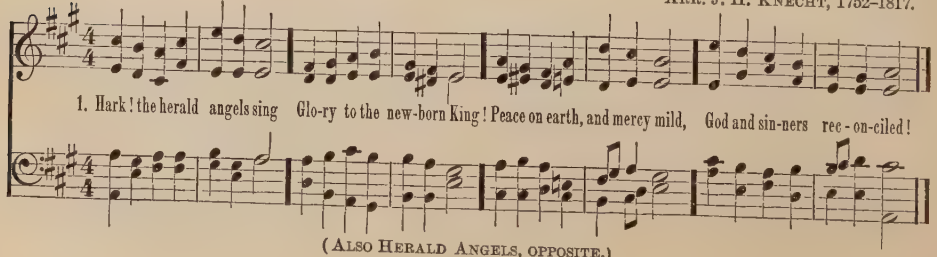
2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the virgin's womb:
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with men to dwell;
Jesus, our Immanuel!—*Ref.*

3 Hail the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteousness!
Risen with healing in his wings:
Light and life to all he brings;
Mild he lays his glory by,
Born that man no more may die:
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.—*Ref.*

C. Wesley, 1739. Alt. by M. Madan, 1760.

VIENNA. 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

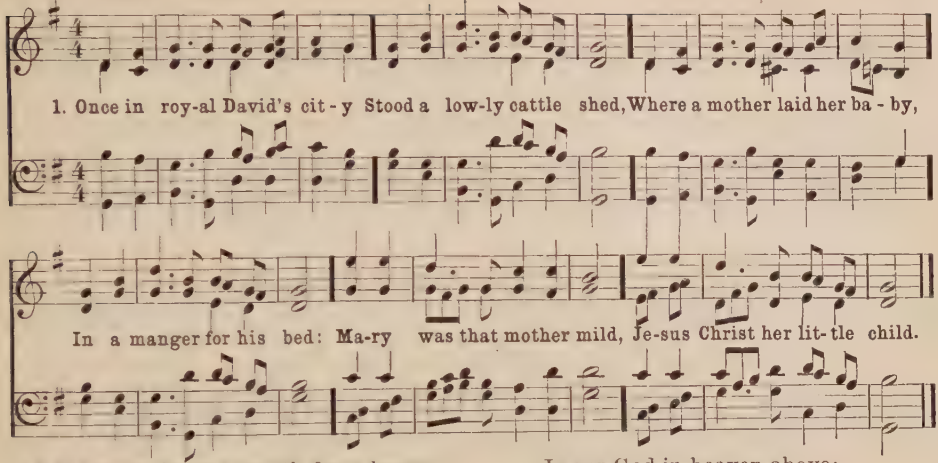
ARR. J. H. KNECHT, 1752–1817.



(ALSO HERALD ANGELS, OPPOSITE.)

166 IRBY. 8.7.8.7.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876.


1. Once in roy-al David's cit-y Stood a low-ly cattle shed, Where a mother laid her ba-by,
In a manger for his bed: Ma-ry was that mother mild, Je-sus Christ her lit-tle child.

2 He came down to earth from heaven
Who is God and Lord of all,
And his shelter was a stable,
And his cradle was a stall;
With the lowly, poor, and mean,
Lived on earth our Saviour then.

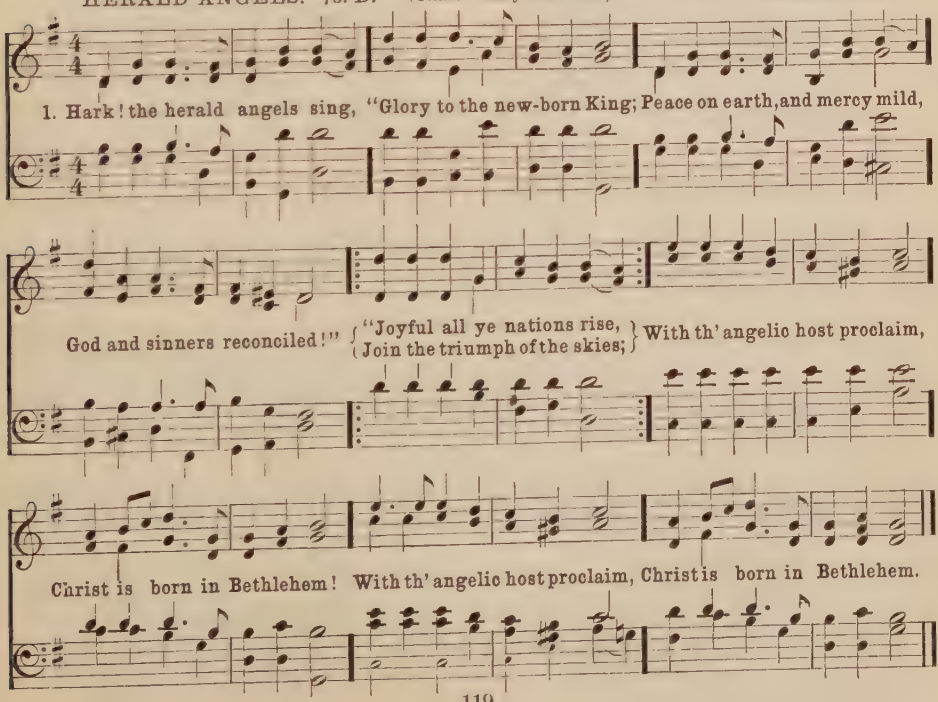
3 Oh, our eyes at last have seen him,
Through his own redeeming love;
For that child so dear and gentle
Is our God in heaven above;
And he leads his children on
To the place where he is gone.

4 Not in that poor lowly stable,
With the oxen standing by,
We shall see him; but in heaven,
Set at God's right hand on high;
When like stars his children crowned
All in white shall wait around.

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1848.

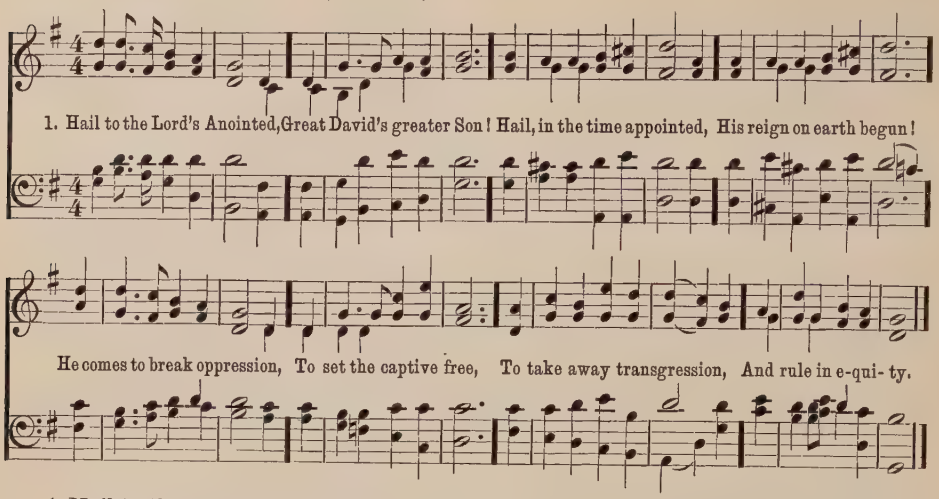
HERALD ANGELS. 7s. D. *(Third Tune for No. 165.)*

ARR. FROM MENDELSSOHN, 1840, BY W. H. CUMMINGS, 1885.


1. Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!" {"Joyful all ye nations rise, Join the triumph of the skies;} With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem! With th' angelic host proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem.

167 VALENS. 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM "CATHOLIC HYMNS."


1. Hail to the Lord's Anointed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time appointed, His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression, To set the captive free, To take away transgression, And rule in e-qui-ty.

1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

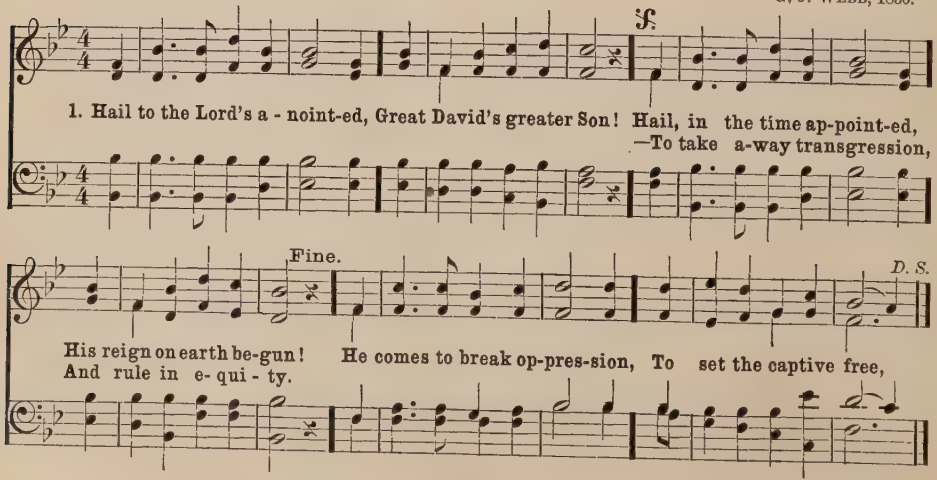
3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him on the mountains
Shall peace, the herald, go,
And righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

4 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing—
A kingdom without end;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever;
That name to us is Love.

James Montgomery, 1821.

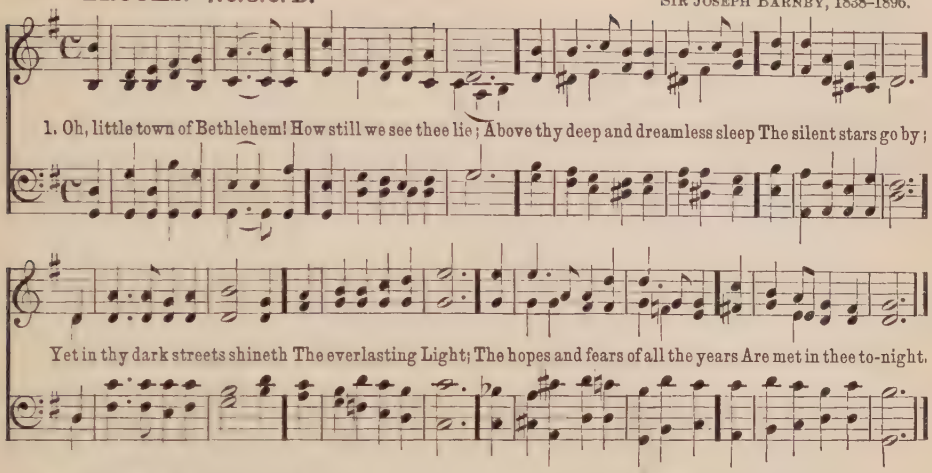
WEBB. 7s. 6s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

G. J. WEBB, 1830.


1. Hail to the Lord's a-noint-ed, Great David's greater Son! Hail, in the time ap-point-ed,
—To take a-way transgression,
Fine.
D. S.
His reign on earth be-gun! He comes to break op-pres-sion, To set the captive free,
And rule in e-qui-ty.

168 BROOKS. 7.6.8.6. D.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. Oh, little town of Bethlehem! How still we see thee lie; Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth The everlasting Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to-night.

2 For Christ is born of Mary,
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
Oh, morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King
And peace to men on earth.

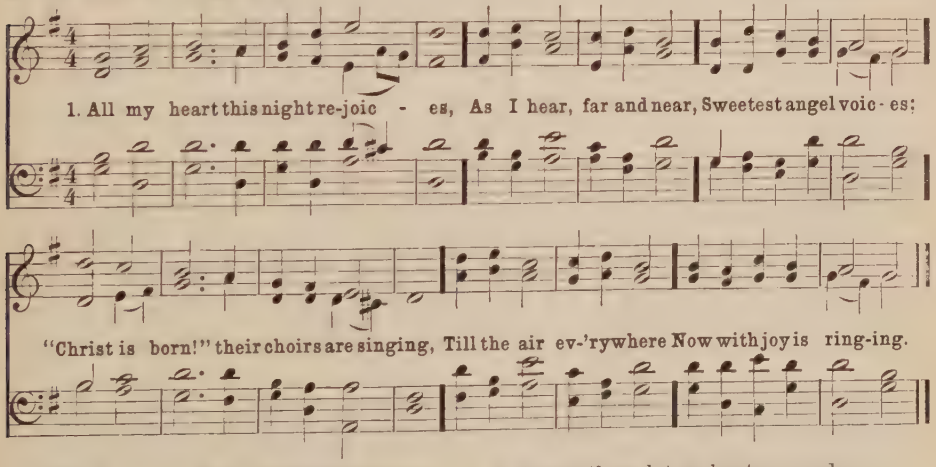
3 How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

4 O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel.

Phillips Brooks, 1868.

169 BONN. 8.3.3.6. D.

J. G. EBELING, 1666.


1. All my heart this night re-joic - es, As I hear, far and near, Sweetest angel voic - es;
"Christ is born!" their choirs are singing, Till the air ev-'rywhere Now with joy is ring-ing.

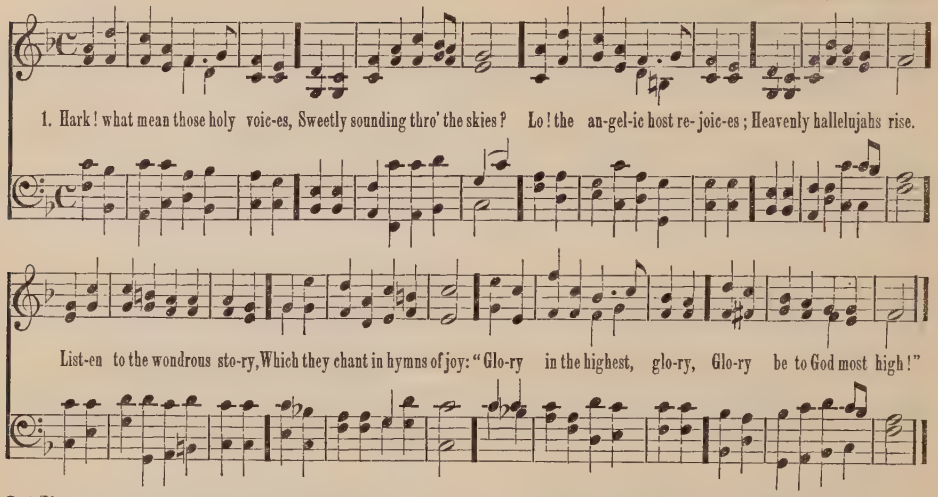
2 For it dawns, the promised morrow
Of his birth, who the earth
Rescues from her sorrow.
God to wear our form descendeth;
Of his grace to our race
Here his Son he lendeth.

3 Come, then, let us hasten yonder;
Here let all, great and small,
Kneel in awe and wonder.
Love him who with love is yearning;
Hail the Star, that from far
Bright with hope is burning.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656. Tr. C. Winkworth.

170 SMART. 8s. 7s. D.

HENRY SMART, 1813–1879.


1. Hark! what mean those holy voic-es, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies? Lo! the an-gel-ic host re-joic-es; Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
List-en to the wondrous sto-ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy: "Glo-ry in the highest, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God most high!"

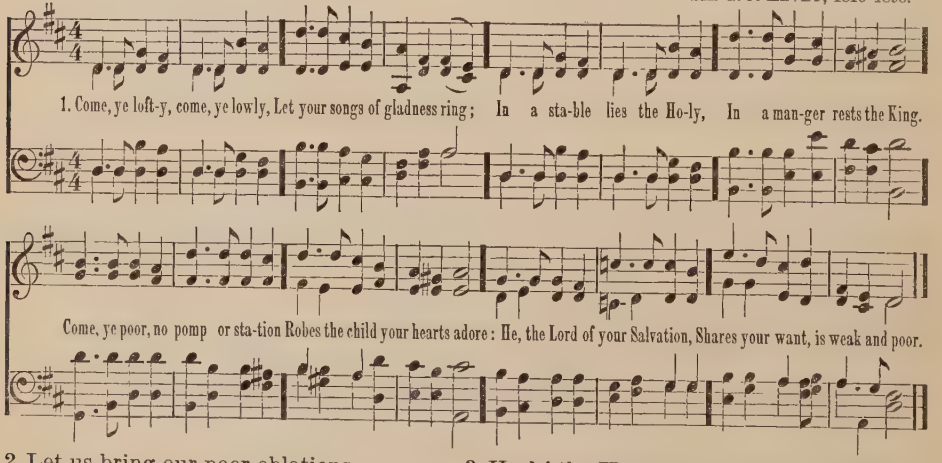
2 "Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Glad receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!

3 "Hasten, mortals to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy:
Till in heaven you sing before him,
'Glory be to God most high!'"
Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory
Till it cover all the earth.

John Cawood, 1819.

171 ALVAH. 8s. 7s. D.

SIR G. J. ELVEY, 1816–1893.


1. Come, ye loft-y, come, ye lowly, Let your songs of gladness ring; In a sta-ble lies the Ho-ly, In a man-ger rests the King.
Come, ye poor, no pomp or sta-tion Robes the child your hearts adore: He, the Lord of your Salvation, Shares your want, is weak and poor.

2 Let us bring our poor oblations,
Thanks and love and faith and praise;
Come, ye people, come, ye nations,
One and all on him to gaze.
Hark! the heaven of heavens is ringing,
Christ the Lord to man is born!
Are not all our hearts, too, singing,
Welcome, welcome, happy morn?

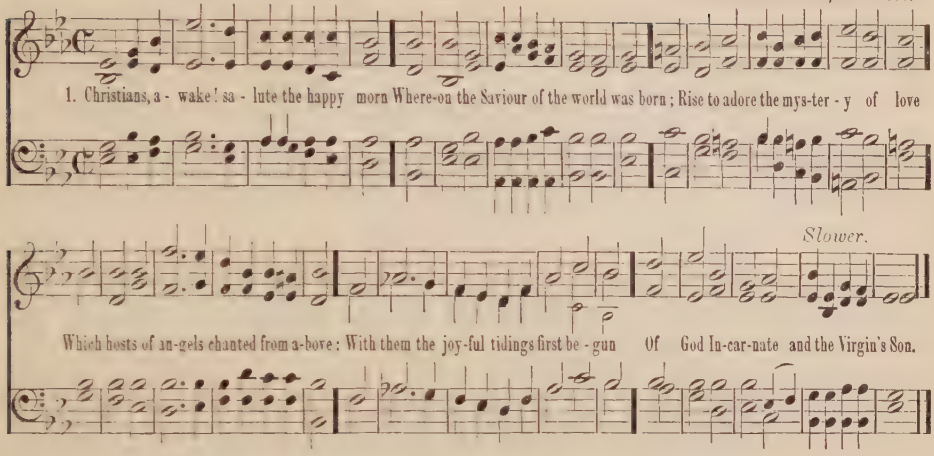
3 Hark! the Heaven of heavens is ringing,
Christ the Lord to man is born!
Are not all our hearts, too, singing—
Welcome, welcome, Christmas morn?
Still the Child, all power possessing,
Smiles as through the ages past;
And the song of Christmas blessing
Sweetly sinks to rest at last.

A. T. Gurney, 1860.

(ALSO AUSTRIAN HYMN, No. 271.)

172 WOLVERTON. 10s. 6l. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOHN GOSS, 1800–1880.


1. Christians, a - wake! sa - lute the happy morn Where-on the Saviour of the world was born; Rise to adore the mys-ter - y of love
Slower.
Which hosts of an-gels chanted from a-bove: With them the joy-ful tidings first be - gun Of God In-car-nate and the Virgin's Son.

2 Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,
Who heard the angelic herald's voice: "Behold,
I bring good tidings of a Saviour's birth
To you, and all the nations upon earth:
This day hath God fulfilled his promised word;
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."

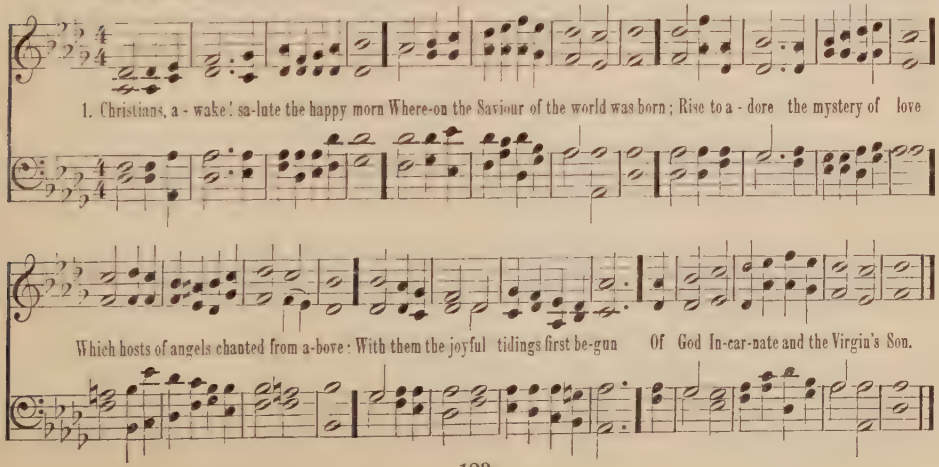
3 He spake: and straightway the celestial choir
In hymns of joy, unknown before, conspire;
The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang:
God's highest glory was their anthem still,
Peace upon earth, and mutual good will.

4 To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shepherds ran,
To see the wonder God had wrought for man;
And found, with Joseph and the blessèd maid,
Her Son, the Saviour, in a manger laid:
Amazed, the wondrous story they proclaim,
The first apostles of his infant fame.

J. Byrom, 1773.

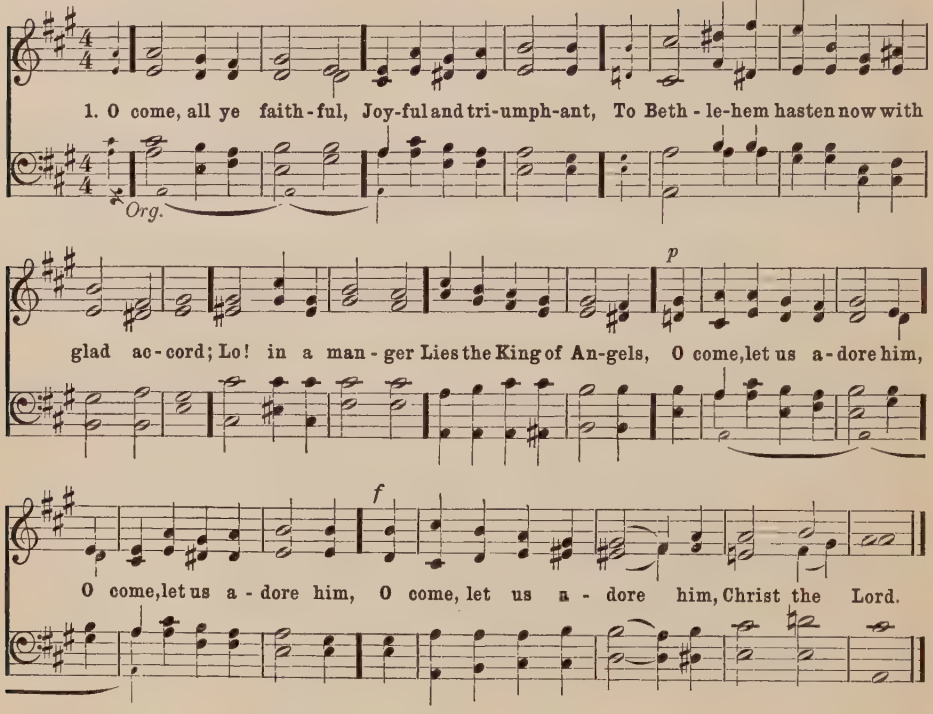
WAINWRIGHT. 10s. 6l. (*Second Tune.*)

JOHN WAINWRIGHT, 1760.


1. Christians, a - wake! sa-lute the happy morn Where-on the Saviour of the world was born; Rise to a - dore the mystery of love
Which hosts of angels chanted from a-bove: With them the joyful tidings first be-gun Of God In-car-nate and the Virgin's Son.

173 REX ANGELORUM. P. M. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.


1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful and tri-umph-ant, To Beth-le-hem hasten now with
Org.
p
glad ac-cord; Lo! in a man-ger Lies the King of An-gels, O come, let us a-dore him,
f
O come, let us a-dore him, O come, let us a-dore him, Christ the Lord.

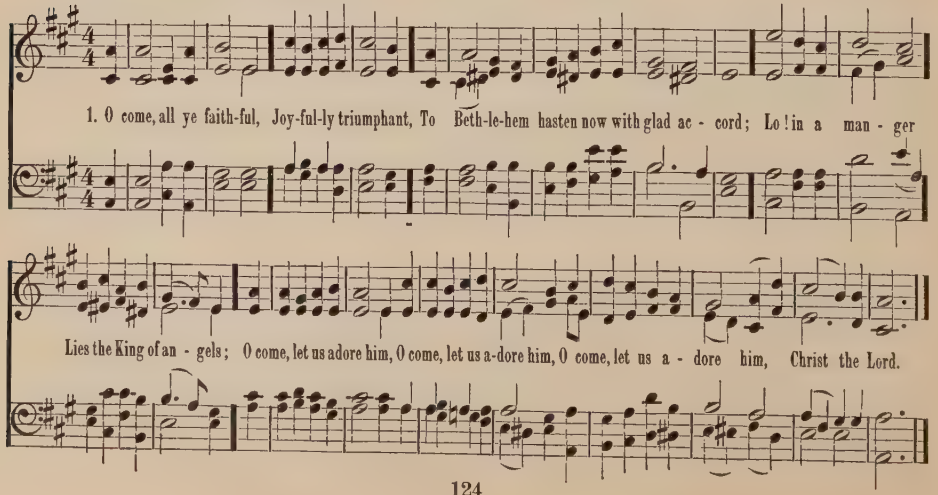
2 Sing, Choirs of Angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Now to our God be
Glory in the Highest!
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

3 Yea, Lord, we bless thee,
Born for our salvation;
O Jesus, forever be thy name adored;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore him, Christ the Lord.

Bonaventura, Tr. F. Oakeley, alt.

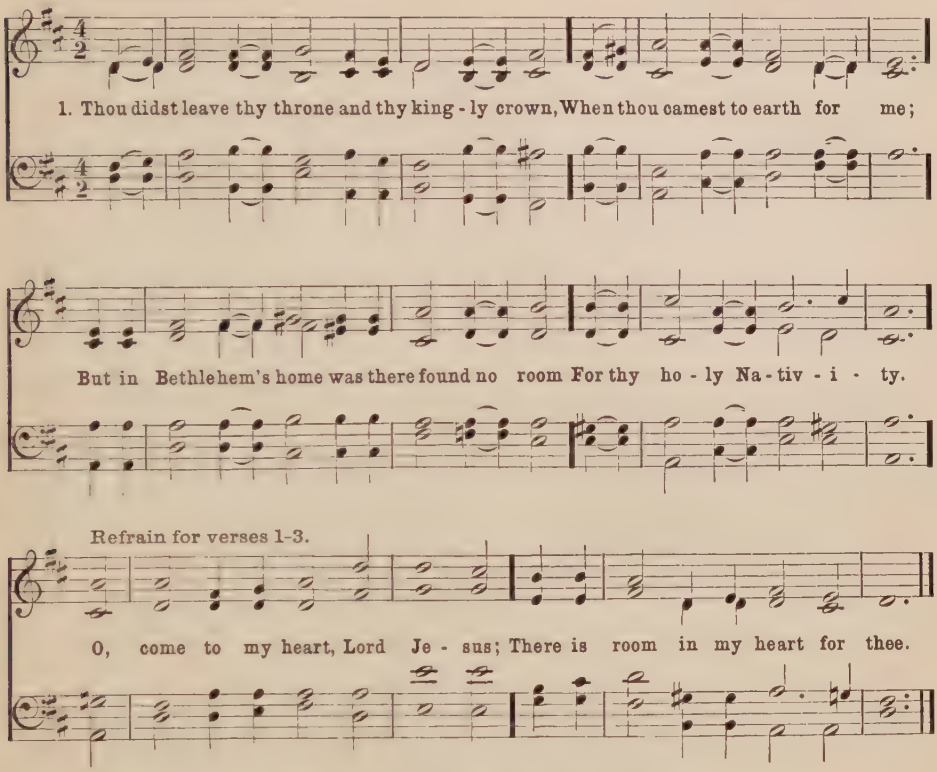
ADESTE FIDELES. (PORTUGUESE HYMN.) P. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. READING, 1677-1764.


1. O come, all ye faith-ful, Joy-ful-ly triumphant, To Beth-le-hem hasten now with glad ac-cord; Lo! in a man-ger
Lies the King of an-gels; O come, let us adore him, O come, let us a-dore him, O come, let us a-dore him, Christ the Lord.

174 MARGARET. P. M.

T. R. MATTHEWS, 1826—.


1. Thou didst leave thy throne and thy king - ly crown, When thou camest to earth for me;
But in Bethlehem's home was there found no room For thy ho - ly Na - tiv - i - ty.
Refrain for verses 1-3.
O, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus; There is room in my heart for thee.

2 Heaven's arches rang when the angels sang,
Proclaiming thy royal degree;
But in lowly birth didst thou come to earth,
And in great humility.—*Ref.*

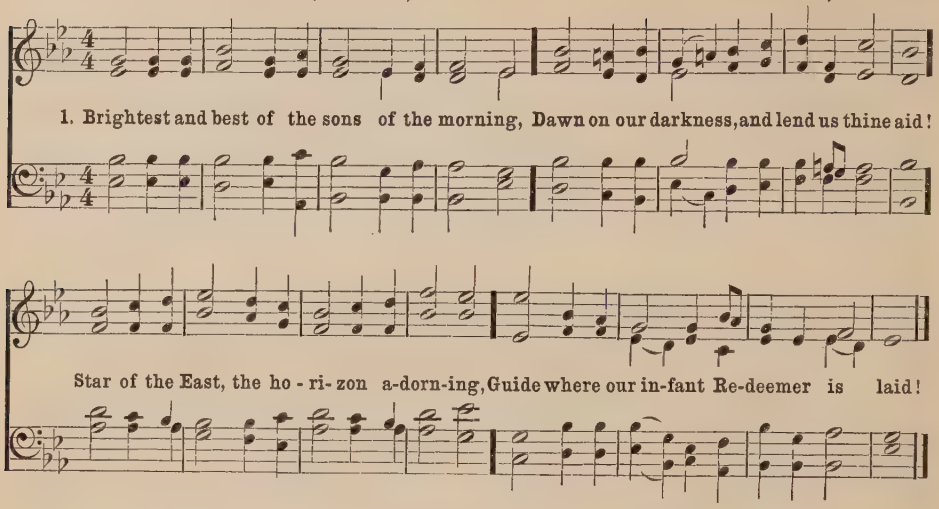
3 The foxes found rest, and the birds had their nest
In the shade of the forest tree;
But thy couch was the sod, O thou Son of God,
In the desert of Galilee.—*Ref.*

4 Thou camest, O Lord, with the living word,
That should set thy people free;
But with mocking scorn, and with crown of thorn,
They bore thee to Calvary.
O, come to my heart, Lord Jesus;
Thy cross is my only plea.

5 When the heavens shall ring, and the angels sing
At thy coming to victory,
Let thy voice call me home, saying, "Yet there is room,
There is room at my side for thee."
And my heart shall rejoice, Lord Jesus,
When thou comest and callest for me.

Emily E. S. Elliott, 1864.

175 ORIENT. 11s. 10s. (*First Tune.*) C. F. GOUNOD, 1818–1893.


1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the ho - ri- zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deemer is laid!

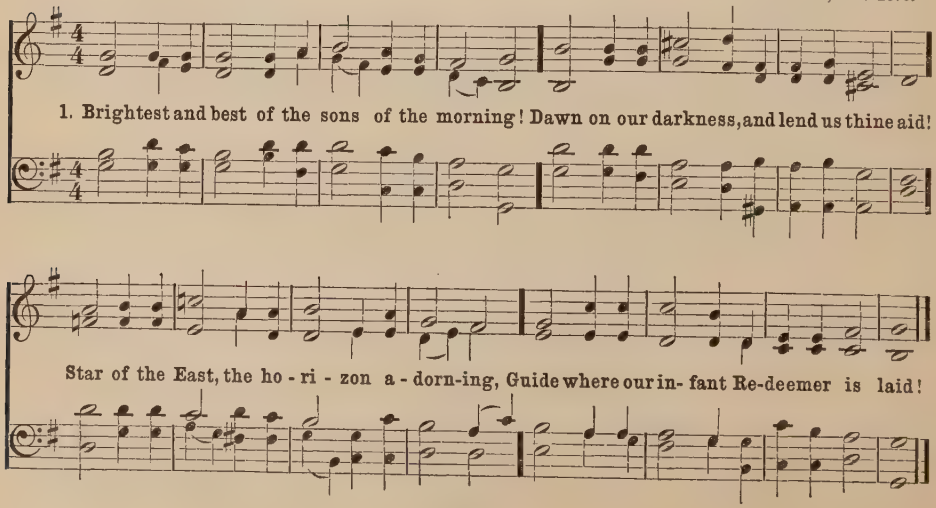
2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

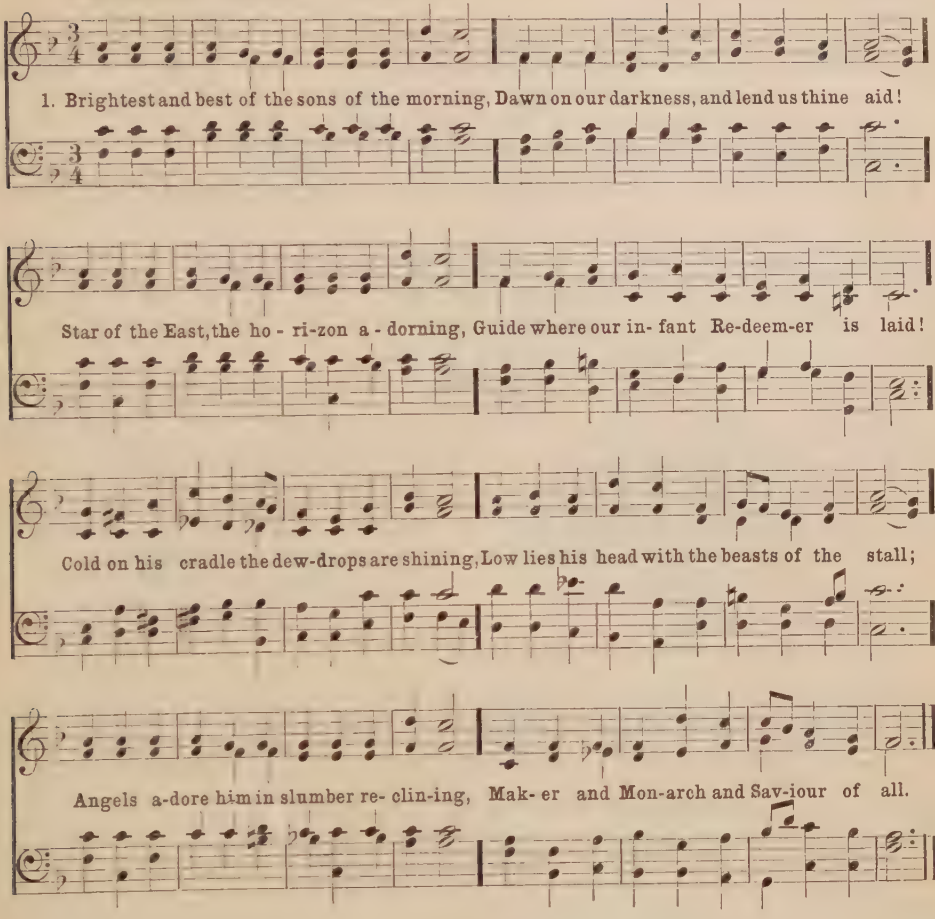
3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom and offerings divine,
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh, from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

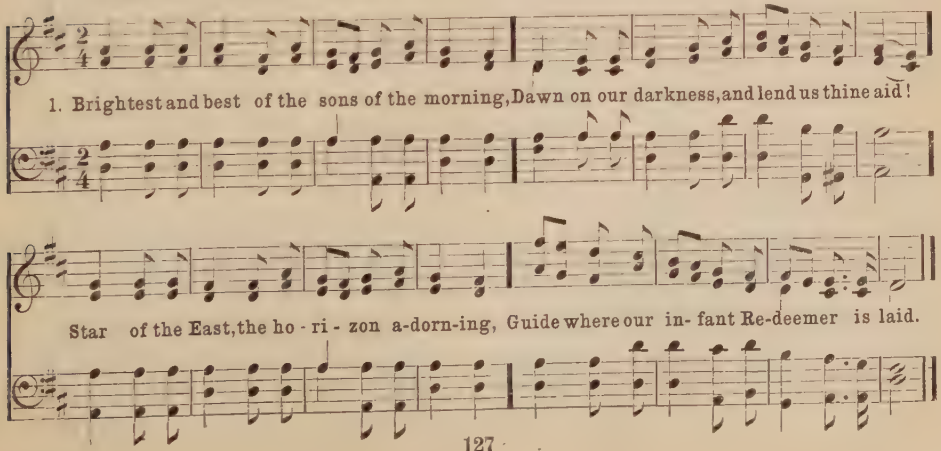
Reginald Heber, 1811.

ST. NINIAN. 11s. 10s. (*Second Tune.*) J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning! Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn-ing, Guide where our in- fant Re-deemer is laid!

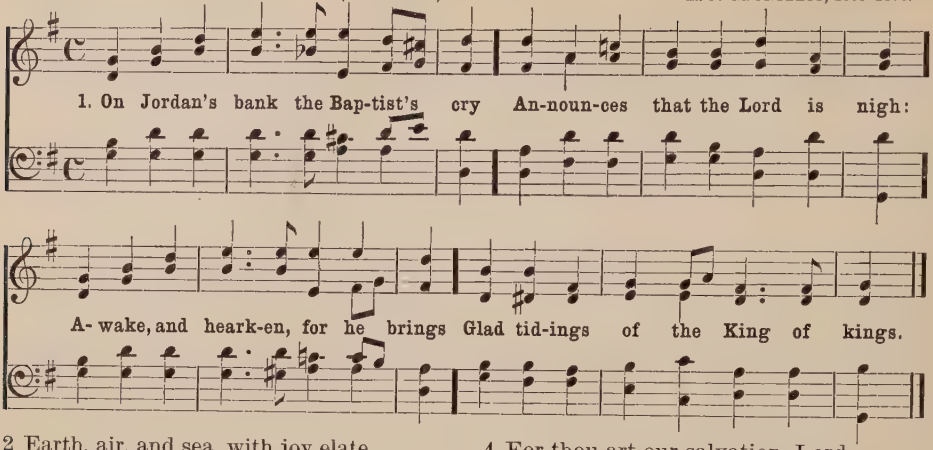
MOSELLE. 11s 10s. D. (*Third Tune.*) ARR. FROM MOZART, 1756–1791.

1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the ho - ri-zon a - dorning, Guide where our in- fant Re-deem-er is laid!
Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining, Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels a-dore him in slumber re- clin-ing, Mak- er and Mon-arch and Sav-iour of all.

FOLSOM. 11s. 10s. (*Fourth Tune.*) FROM MOZART, 1756–1791.


1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in- fant Re-deemer is laid.

176 GROSVENOR. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876.


1. On Jordan's bank the Bap-tist's cry An-noun-ces that the Lord is nigh:
A- wake, and heark-en, for he brings Glad tid-ings of the King of kings.

2 Earth, air, and sea, with joy elate,
For their Creator's Advent wait;
The very elements rejoice,
And welcome him with cheerful voice.

3 We, too, will greet our coming God;
And cleanse our hearts, and smooth the road;
And make within a place of rest,
Meet home for such a Royal Guest.

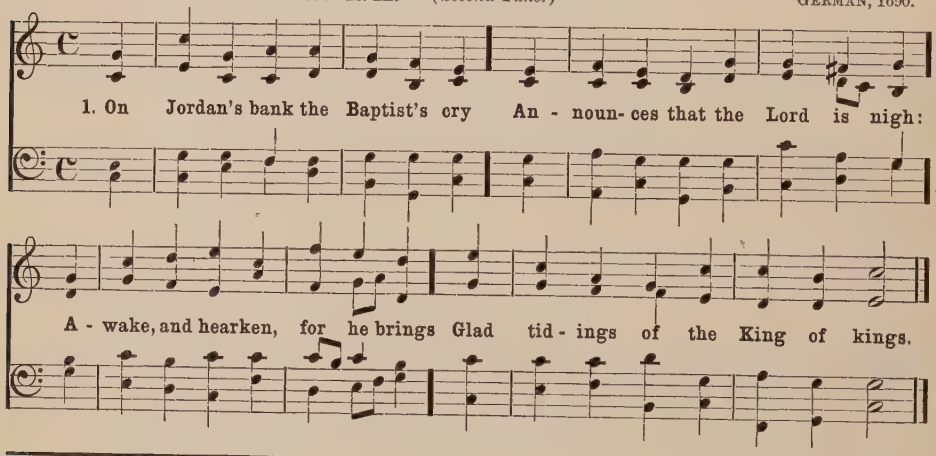
4 For thou art our salvation, Lord,
Our refuge, and our great reward:
Without thy aid, like withering grass,
Man into nothingness must pass.

5 To heal the sick stretch forth thine hand,
And bid the fallen sinner stand;
Reveal thy face, and joy restore,
And make earth paradise once more.

Charles Coffin, Tr. John Chandler, 1837.

WINCHESTER NEW. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

GERMAN, 1690.


1. On Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry An - noun- ces that the Lord is nigh:
A - wake, and hearken, for he brings Glad tid - ings of the King of kings.

177 EISENACH. (*Opposite.*)

1 My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

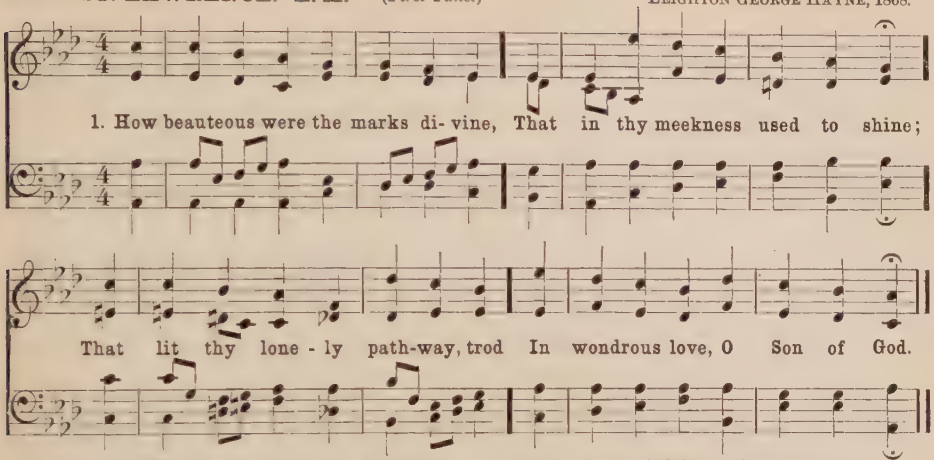
4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

(ALSO ROCKINGHAM, No. 50.)

178 ST. LAWRENCE. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

LEIGHTON GEORGE HAYNE, 1868.


1. How beauteous were the marks di- vine, That in thy meekness used to shine;
That lit thy lone - ly path-way, trod In wondrous love, O Son of God.

2 Oh, who like thee, so calm, so bright!
So pure, so made to live in light—
Oh, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

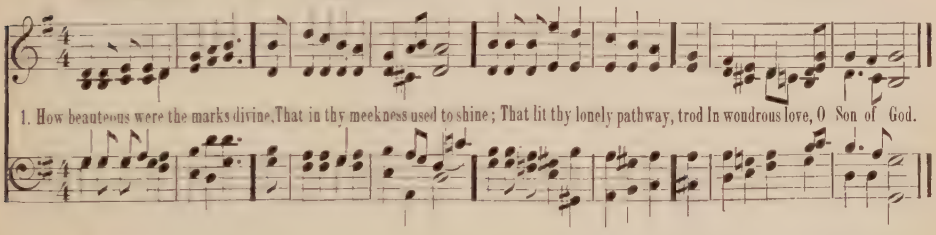
4 And all thy life's unchanging years,
A man of sorrows and of tears,
The cross, where all our sins were laid,
Upon thy bending shoulders weighed;

5 Oh, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe:
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God.

Arthur Cleveland Coxe, 1838.

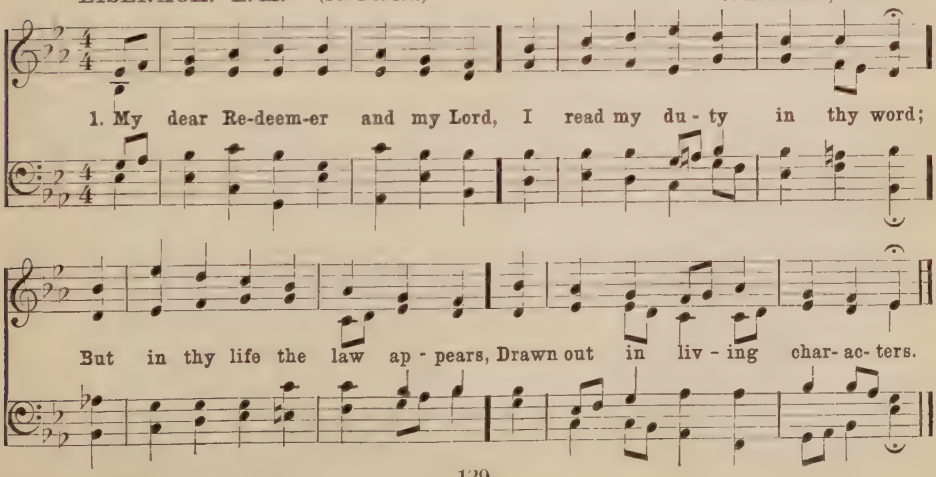
SHIRLEY. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

REV. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. How beauteous were the marks divine, That in thy meekness used to shine; That lit thy lonely pathway, trod In wondrous love, O Son of God.

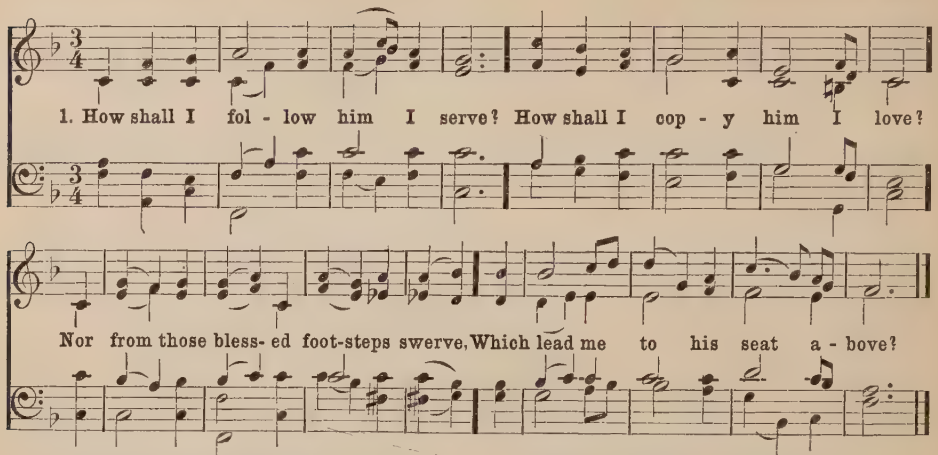
EISENACH. L. M. (*For No.* 177.)

J. H. SCHEIN, 1586–1630.



179 ETHELBERG. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM BEETHOVEN, 1770–1827.


1. How shall I fol - low him I serve? How shall I cop - y him I love?
Nor from those bless- ed foot-steps swerve, Which lead me to his seat a - bove?

2 Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering thine.

3 O let me think how thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night:—

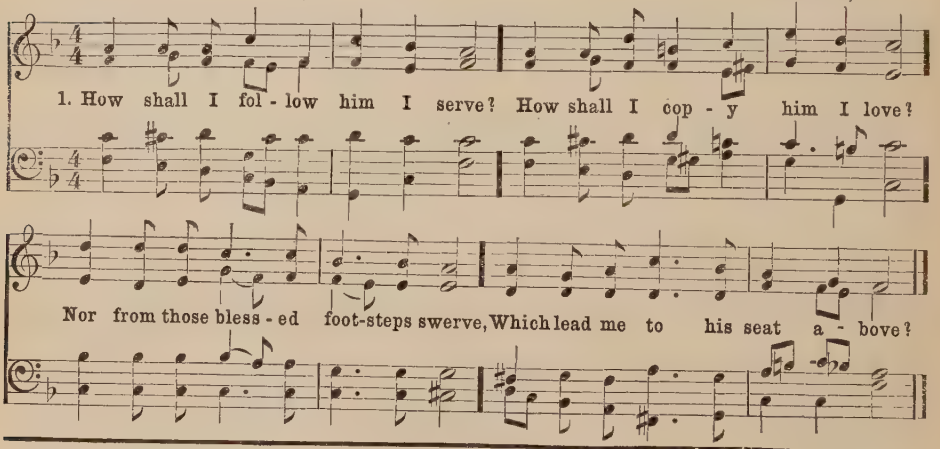
4 To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest, not thyself to please;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love thee more than these?

5 Yes, I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of thine eye:
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But thou canst give the victory.

Josiah Conder, 1824, 1836.

SWEDEN. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

H. HILES, 1826—.


1. How shall I fol - low him I serve? How shall I cop - y him I love?
Nor from those bless - ed foot-steps swerve, Which lead me to his seat a - bove?

180 ST. DROSTANE. (*Opposite*)

1 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Hark, all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road
With palms and scattered garments strow'd.

2 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die:
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
The winged squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see th' approaching Sacrifice.

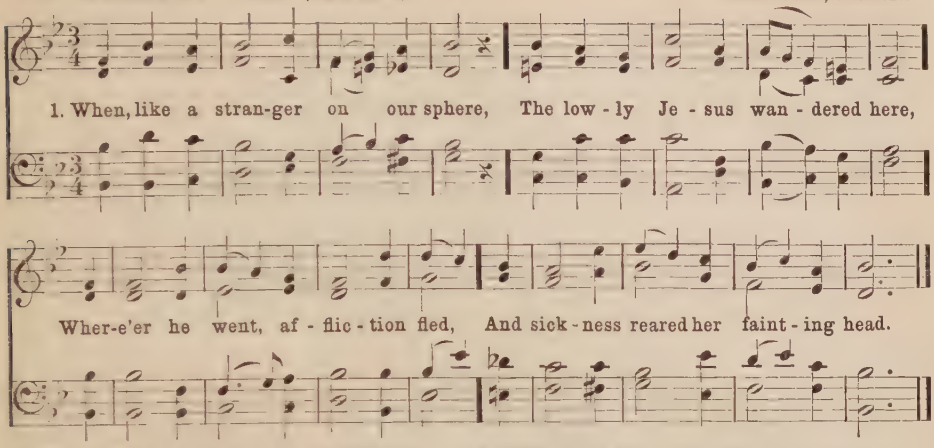
4 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own Anointed Son.

5 Ride on, ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die:
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power and reign.

Henry Hart Milman, 1827.

181 GERMANY. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

BEETHOVEN, 1770–1827.


1. When, like a stran-ger on our sphere, The low - ly Je - sus wan - dered here,
Wher-e'er he went, af - flic - tion fled, And sick - ness reared her faint - ing head.

1 When, like a stranger on our sphere,
The lowly Jesus wandered here,
Where'er he went, affliction fled,
And sickness reared her fainting head.

2 The eye that rolled in irksome night,
Beheld his face -for God is light:
The opening ear, the loosened tongue,
His precepts heard, his praises sung.

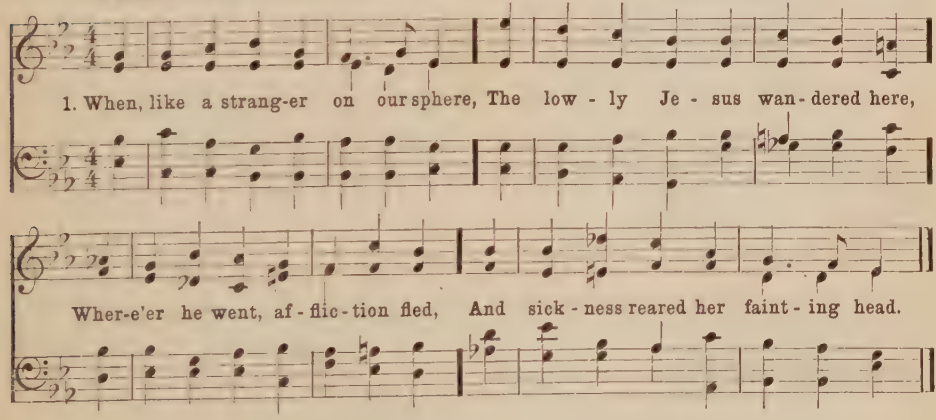
3 With bounding steps the halt and lame,
To hail their great Deliverer came;
O'er the cold grave he bowed his head,
He spake the word, and raised the dead.

4 Through paths of loving-kindness led,
Where Jesus triumphed we would tread;
To all, with willing hands dispense
The gifts of our benevolence.

James Montgomery, 1825.

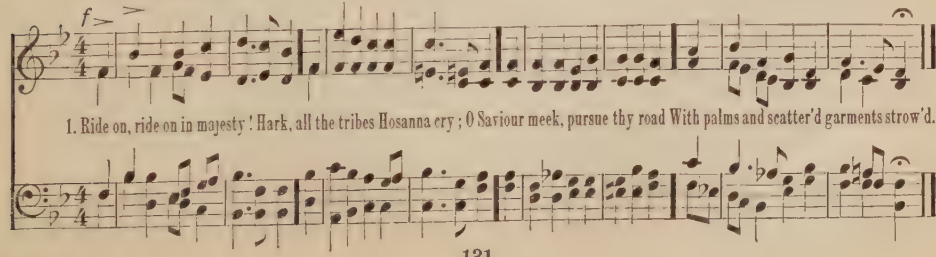
WRENTHAM. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. When, like a strang-er on our sphere, The low - ly Je - sus wan - dered here,
Wher-e'er he went, af - flic - tion fled, And sick - ness reared her faint - ing head.

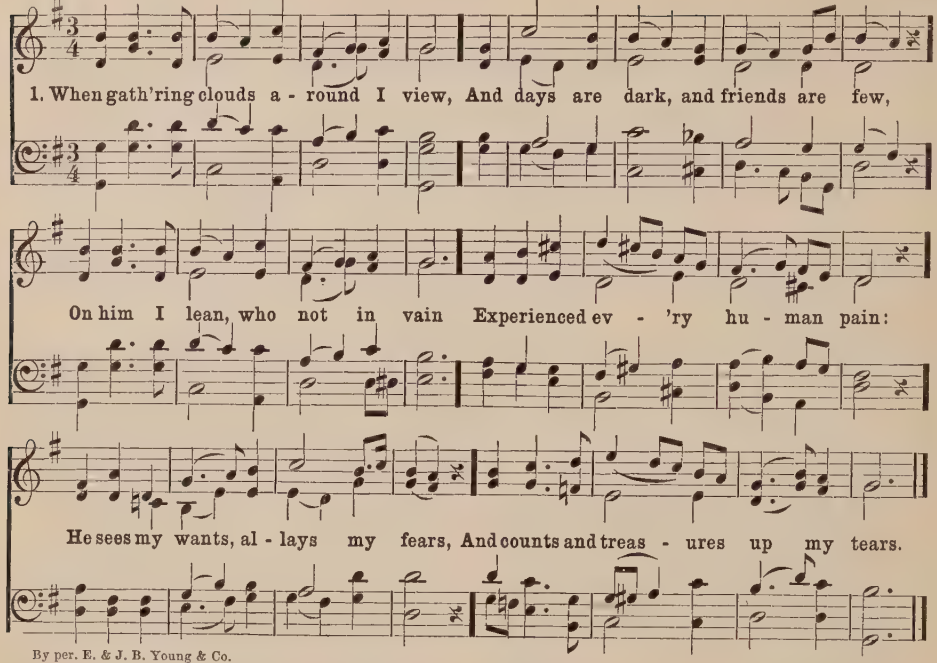
ST. DROSTANE. L. M. (*For No.* 180.)

J. BACCHUS DYKES, 1823–1876.


f
1. Ride on, ride on in majesty! Hark, all the tribes Hosanna cry; O Saviour meek, pursue thy road With palms and scatter'd garments strow'd.

182 CORNELL. L. M. 61. (*First Tune.*)

J. H. CORNELL, 1828–1894.


1. When gath'ring clouds a - round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain Experienced ev - 'ry hu - man pain:
He sees my wants, al - lays my fears, And counts and treas - ures up my tears.

By per. E. & J. B. Young & Co.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still, he who felt temptation's power
Will guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceived by those I prized too well,
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe—
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

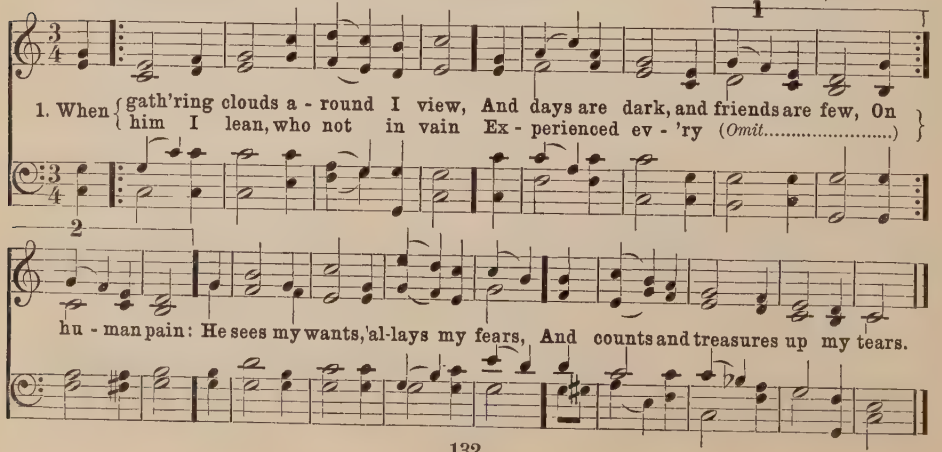
4 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And oh, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of pain, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day
And wipe the latest tear away.

Sir Robert Grant, 1812.

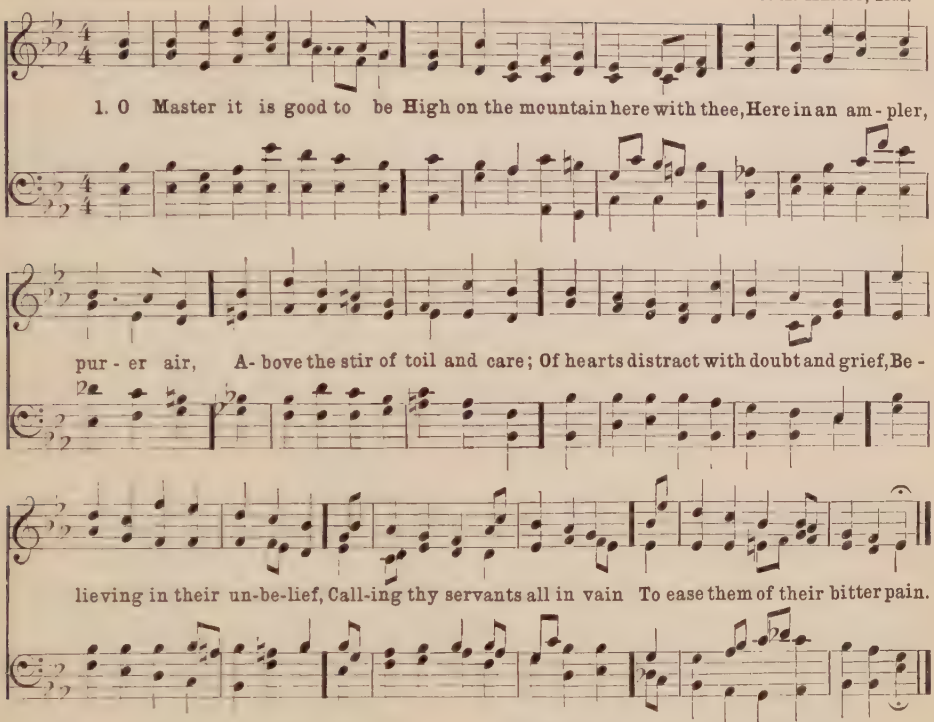
ST. PETERSBURG. L. M. 61. (*Second Tune.*)

D. BORTNIANSKY, 1752–1828.


1
1. When { gath'ring clouds a - round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few, On
him I lean, who not in vain Ex - perienced ev - 'ry (Omit.....) }
2
hu - man pain: He sees my wants, al-lays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

183 CLEMENT. L. M. D.

J. E. Henry, 1883.


1. O Master it is good to be High on the mountain here with thee, Here in an am - pler,
pur - er air, A- bove the stir of toil and care; Of hearts distract with doubt and grief, Be -
lieving in their un-be-lief, Call-ing thy servants all in vain To ease them of their bitter pain.

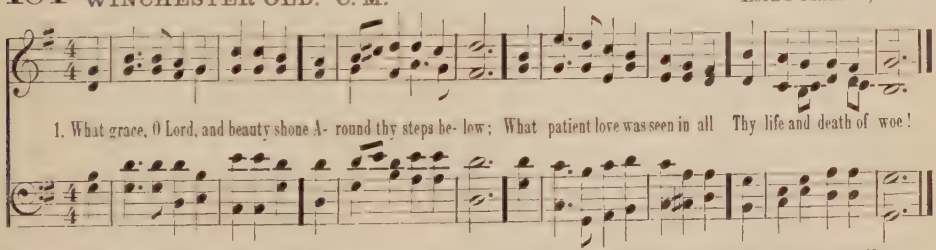
2 O Master, it is good to be
Entranced, enwrapt alone with thee;
And watch thy glistering raiment glow
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow;
The human lineaments that shine
Irradiant with a light divine,
Till we too change from grace to grace,
Gazing on that transfigured face.

3 O Master, it is good to be
Here on the holy mount with thee;
When darkling in the depths of night,
When dazzled with excess of light,
We bow before the heavenly voice
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,
Though love wax cold and faith be dim,
"This is my Son! O hear ye him.

A. P. Stanley, 1872.

184 WINCHESTER OLD. C. M.

Este's Psalter, 1592.



1 What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
Around thy steps below;
What patient love was seen in all
Thy life and death of woe!

2 For, ever on thy burdened heart
A weight of sorrow hung;
Yet no ungentle, murmuring word
Escaped thy silent tongue.

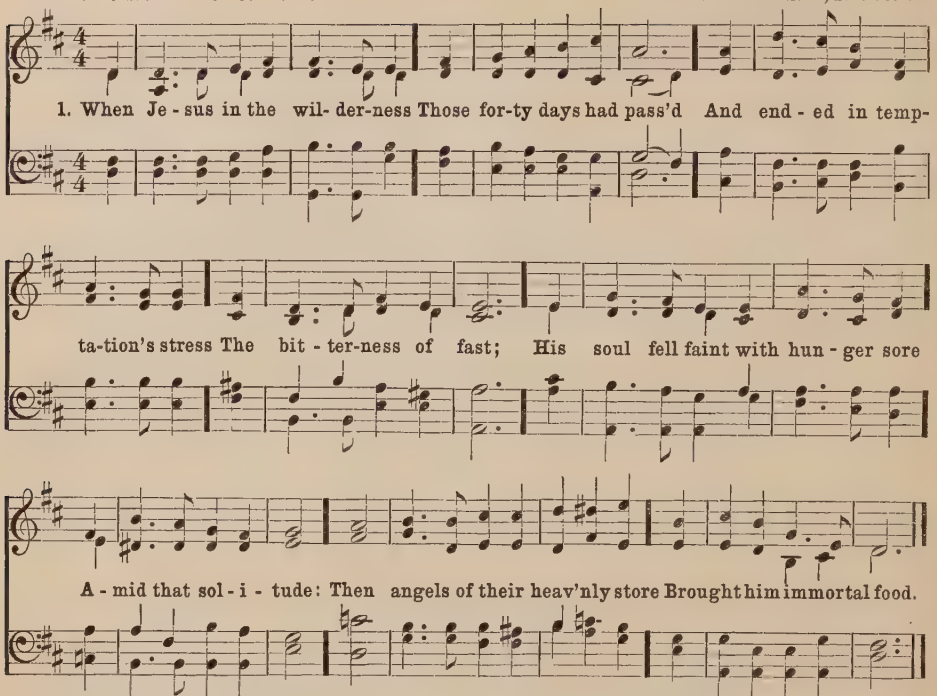
3 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

4 O give us hearts to love like thee,
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
Far more for others' sins than all
The wrongs that we receive.

Sir Edward Denny, 1839.

185 ST. LUKE'S. C. M. D.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. When Je - sus in the wil- der-ness Those for-ty days had pass'd And end - ed in temp-
ta-tion's stress The bit - ter-ness of fast; His soul fell faint with hun - ger sore
A - mid that sol - i - tude: Then angels of their heav'nly store Brought him immortal food.

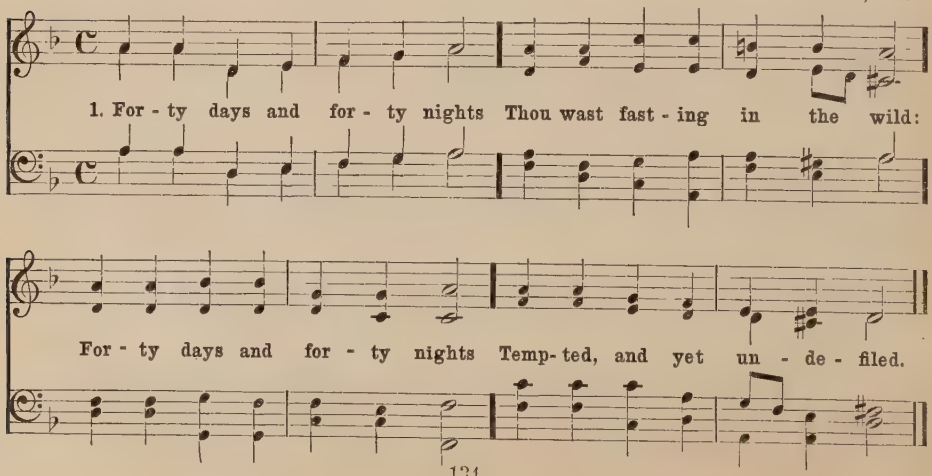
2 And when, before the last assay
Of agony and death,
He in his anguished need to pray
Poured out his holy breath;
An angel came and strengthened him
To meet the dreadful cup
His Father gave him—to the brim
With pain for us filled up.

3 O Elder Brother succored so,
Remember us, we pray,
When in temptation or in woe
We need a heavenly stay;
And charge the blessed angels how
They serve their Lord again
Each time they succor any now
As him they succored then.

W. C. Wilkinson, 1897.

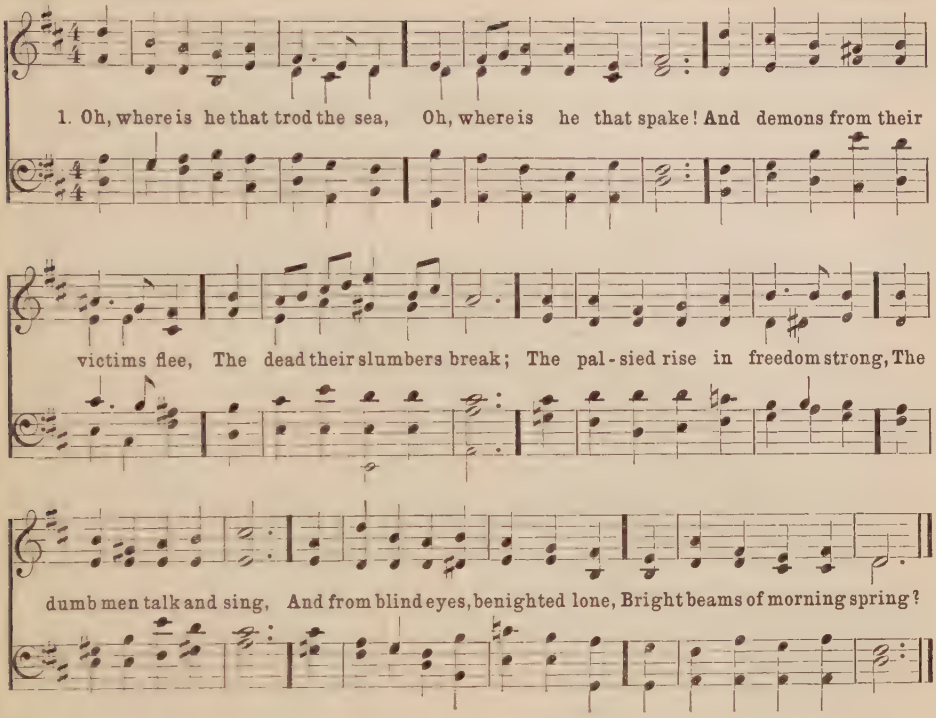
HEINLEIN. 7s. (*For No.* 187.)

NÜRNBERGER GEBETBUCH, 1677.



186 STAUNTON. C. M. D.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. Oh, where is he that trod the sea, Oh, where is he that spake! And demons from their
victims flee, The dead their slumbers break; The pal-sied rise in freedom strong, The
dumb men talk and sing, And from blind eyes, benighted lone, Bright beams of morning spring?

2 Oh, where is he that trod the sea,
Oh, where is he that spake!
And piercing words of liberty
The deaf ears open shake;
And mildest words arrest the haste
Of fever's deadly fire,
And strong ones heal the weak who waste
Their life in sad desire?

3 Oh, where is he that trod the sea,
Oh, where is he that spake!
And dark waves rolling heavily
A glassy smoothness take;
And lepers, whose own flesh has been
A solitary grave,
See with amaze that they are clean,
And cry, "'Tis he can save?"

4 Oh, where is he that trod the sea?
'Tis only he can save;
To thousands hungering wearily
A wondrous meal he gave;
Full soon, celestially fed,
Their rustic fare they take;
'Twas springtide when he blest the bread,
And harvest when he brake.

5 Oh, where is he that trod the sea?
My soul, the Lord is here:
Let all thy fears be hushed in thee;
To leap, to look, to hear
Be thine: thy needs he'll satisfy.
Art thou diseased or dumb,
Or dost thou in thine hunger cry?
"I come," saith Christ, "I come."

T. T. Lynch, 1855.

(ALSO VARINA, No. 556.)

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187 HEINLEIN. *(Opposite.)*

1 Forty days and forty nights
Thou wast fasting in the wild;
Forty days and forty nights
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

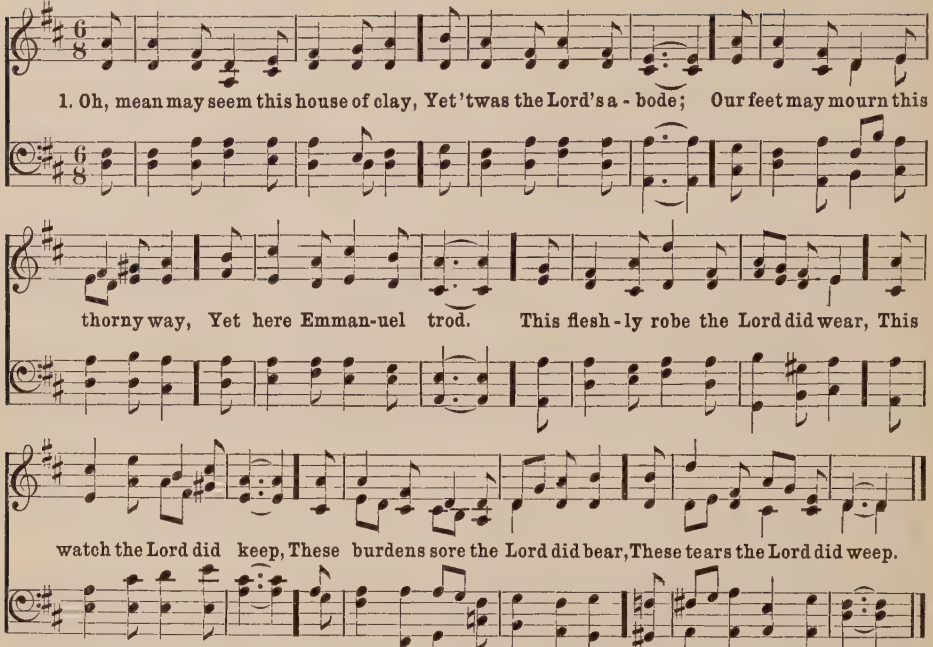
2 Shall not we thy sorrow share,
And from earthly joys abstain,
With thee watching unto prayer,
With thee strong to suffer pain?

3 Then, if Satan shall assail,
Flesh or spirit vexing sore,
May we in thy strength prevail,
Who didst vanquish him before.

4 So shall we have peace divine,
Chastened gladness ours shall be;
Round us too shall angels shine,
Such as ministered to thee.

G. H. Smyttan, 1856.

188 **SHELBURNE. C. M. D.** (*First Tune.*) B. SMITH, 1866.


1. Oh, mean may seem this house of clay, Yet 'twas the Lord's a - bode; Our feet may mourn this
thorny way, Yet here Emman-uel trod. This flesh - ly robe the Lord did wear, This
watch the Lord did keep, These burdens sore the Lord did bear, These tears the Lord did weep.

1 Oh, mean may seem this house of clay,
Yet 'twas the Lord's abode;
Our feet may mourn this thorny way,
Yet here Emmanuel trod.

2 This fleshly robe the Lord did wear,
This watch the Lord did keep,
These burdens sore the Lord did bear,
These tears the Lord did weep.

3 Our very frailty brings us near
Unto the Lord of heaven;
To every grief, to every tear,
Such glory strange is given.

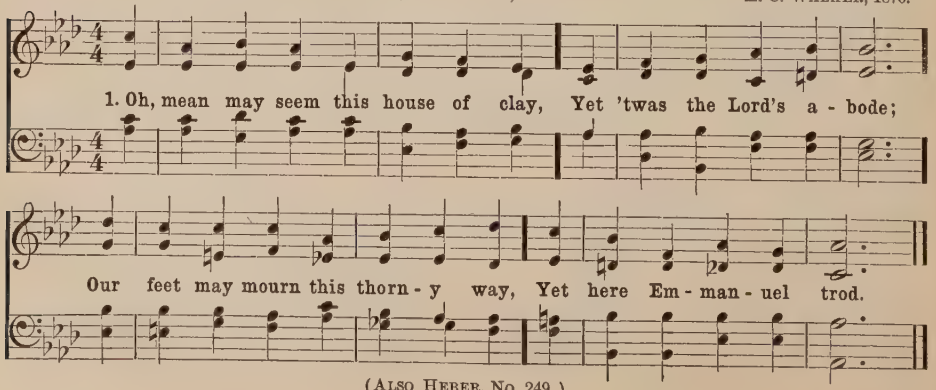
4 But not this fleshly robe alone
Shall link us, Lord, to thee;
Not only in the tear and groan
Shall the dear kindred be.

5 We shall be reckoned for thine own
Because thy heaven we share,
Because we sing around thy throne,
And thy bright raiment wear.

6 Oh, mighty grace, our life to live!
To make our earth Divine:
Oh, mighty grace, thy heaven to give!
And lift our life to thine.

T. H. Gill, 1850.

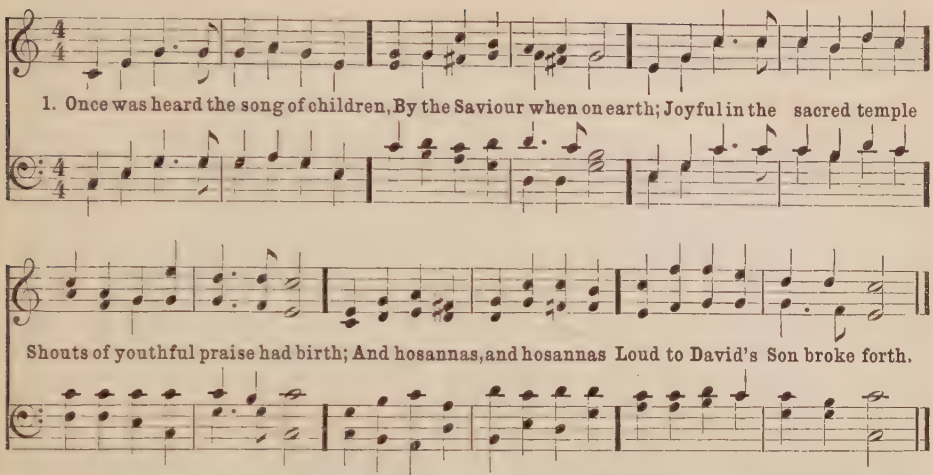
ST. MARGUERITE. C. M. (*Second Tune.*) E. C. WALKER, 1876.



(ALSO HEBER, No. 249.)

189 ST. KILDA. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876.


1. Once was heard the song of children, By the Saviour when on earth; Joyful in the sacred temple
Shouts of youthful praise had birth; And hosannas, and hosannas Loud to David's Son broke forth.

2 Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him,
In fair Salem's crowded street;
While hosannas, while hosannas,
From the lips of children greet.

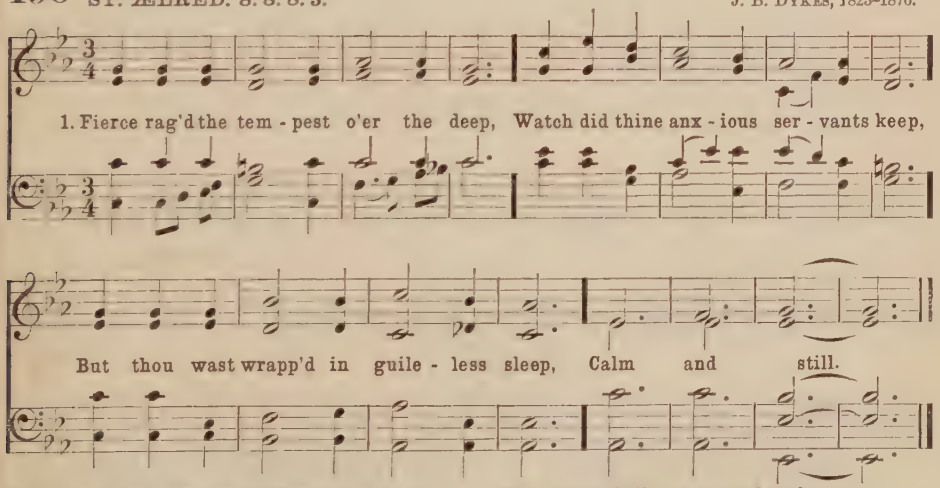
3 Blessed Saviour, now triumphant,
Glorified and throned on high,
Mortal lays, from man or infant,
Vain to tell thy praise essay;
But hosannas, but hosannas
Swell the chorus of the sky.

4 God, o'er all in heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing;
Not with palms thy pathway strewing,
We would loftier tribute bring:
Glad hosannas, glad hosannas,
To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

Anon, 1850.

190 ST. ÆLRED. 8. 8. 8. 3.

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. Fierce rag'd the tem - pest o'er the deep, Watch did thine anx - ious ser - vants keep,
But thou wast wrapp'd in guile - less sleep, Calm and still.

2 "Save, Lord, we perish," was their cry,
"Oh, save us in our agony!"
Thy word above the storm rose high,
"Peace, be still."

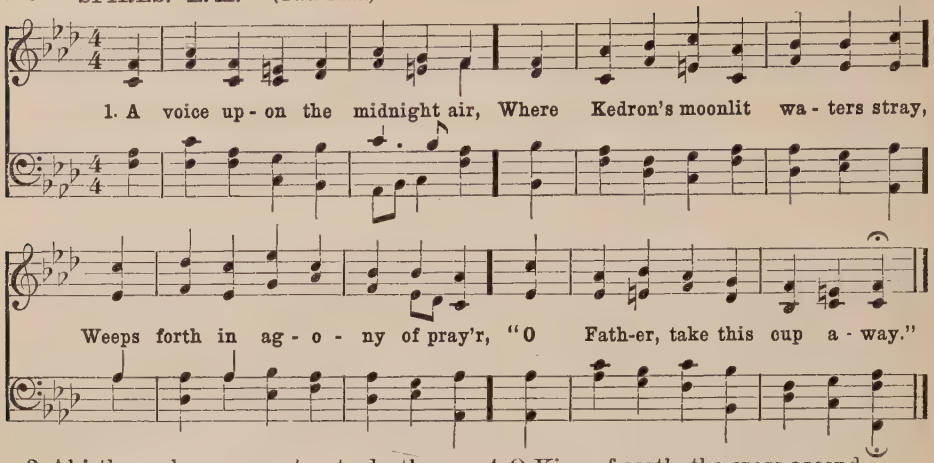
3 The wild winds hushed; the angry deep,
Sank, like a little child, to sleep;
The sullen billows ceased to leap,
At thy will.

4 So, when our life is clouded o'er,
And storm-winds drift us from the shore,
Say, lest we sink to rise no more,
"Peace, be still."

G. Thring, 1861.

191 SPIRES. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

DAYE'S PSALTER, 1562.


1. A voice up - on the midnight air, Where Kedron's moonlit wa - ters stray,
Weeps forth in ag - o - ny of pray'r, "O Fath-er, take this cup a - way."

2 Ah! thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And earth for all her children saith,
"O God, take not this cup away."

3 O Lord of sorrow, meekly die:
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh,
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

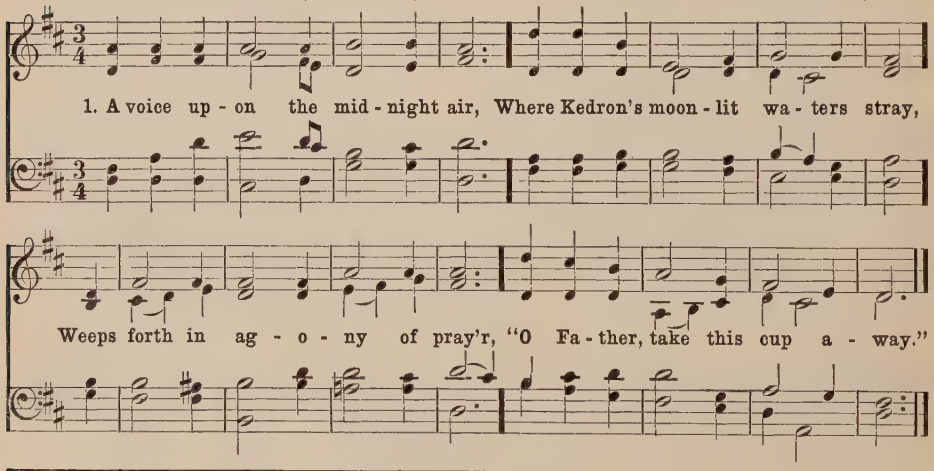
4 O King of earth, the cross ascend;
O'er climes and ages 'tis thy throne:
Where'er thy fading eye may bend,
The desert blooms, and is thine own.

5 Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray:
Make but one fold below, above;
And when we go the last lone way,
O give the welcome of thy love.

James Martineau, 1840.

RIVAULX. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1875.


1. A voice up - on the mid - night air, Where Kedron's moon - lit wa - ters stray,
Weeps forth in ag - o - ny of pray'r, "O Fa - ther, take this cup a - way."

192 OLIVE'S BROW. (*Opposite.*)

1 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
The star is dimmed that lately shone:
'Tis midnight; in the garden, now
The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

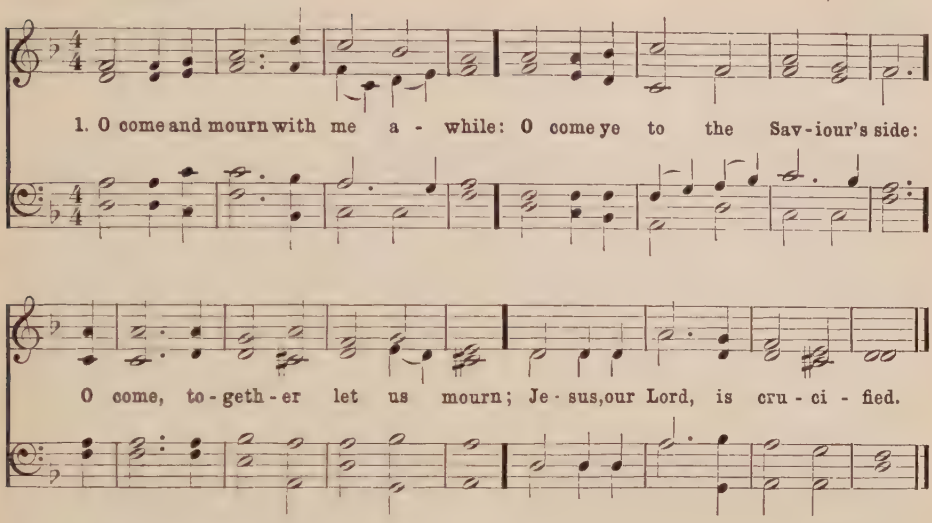
3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; from the heavenly plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

W. B. Tappan, 1822.

193 ST. CROSS. L. M.

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



1 O come and mourn with me awhile:
O come ye to the Saviour's side:
O come, together let us mourn;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

2 Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently he hangs;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

3 Seven times he spoke, seven words of love;
And all three hours his silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

4 Oh break, oh break, hard heart of mine!
Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
Betrayed, condemned and sourged thy [Lord;
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

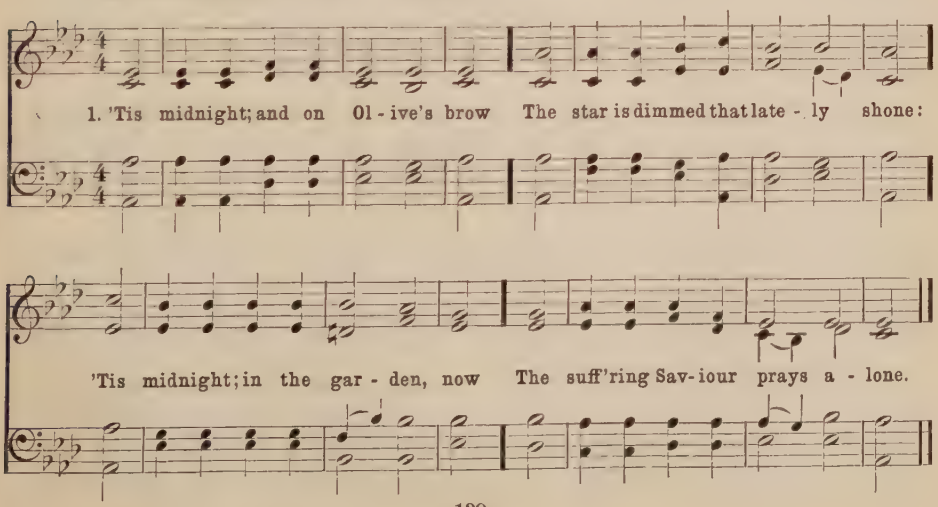
5 A broken heart, a fount of tears,—
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's offering is:
Jesus, our Lord, is crucified.

6 Oh, love of God! Oh, sin of man!
In this dread act your strength is tried;
And victory remains with love;
For he, our Lord, is crucified.

F. W. Faber, 1862, alt.

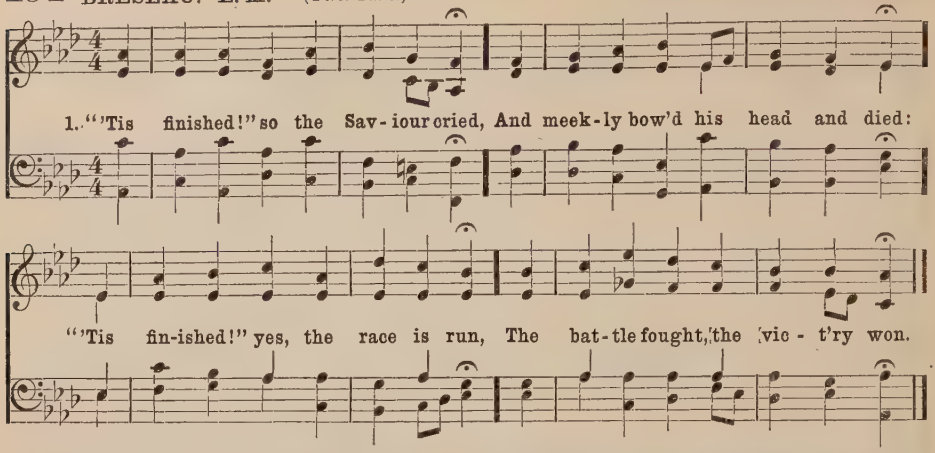
OLIVE'S BROW. C. M. (*For No.* 192.)

W. B. BRADBURY, 1816–1868.


1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol - ive's brow The star is dimmed that late - ly shone:
'Tis midnight; in the gar - den, now The suff'ring Sav-iour prays a - lone.

194 BRESLAU. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

I. Clauder's Psalmodia Nova, 1630.


1. "'Tis finished!" so the Sav-iour cried, And meek-ly bow'd his head and died:
"'Tis fin-ished!" yes, the race is run, The bat-tle fought, the vic-t'ry won.

1 "'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 "'Tis finished!"—this his dying groan
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millons be redeemed from death
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

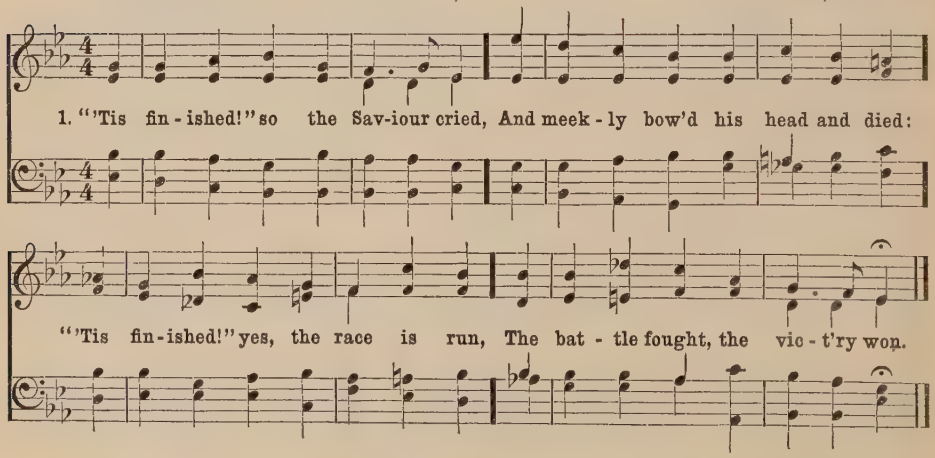
3 "'Tis finished!"—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

4 "'Tis finished!"—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
"'Tis finished!"—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

Samuel Stennett, 1778.

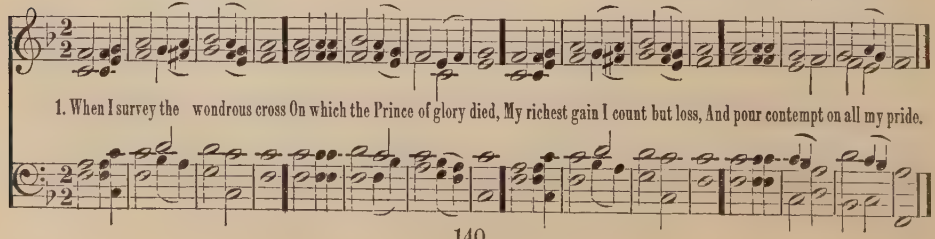
WRENTHAM. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

Sir J. Barnby, 1838–1896.


1. "'Tis fin-ished!" so the Sav-iour cried, And meek-ly bow'd his head and died:
"'Tis fin-ished!" yes, the race is run, The bat-tle fought, the vic-t'ry won.

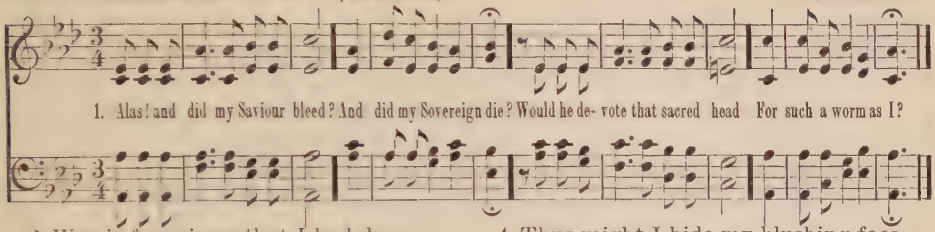
HAMBURG. L. M. (*Second Tune for No.* 196.)

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1824.
From Gregorian, Tone viii.


1. When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.

195 OBEDIENCE. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. GIBSON.



2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

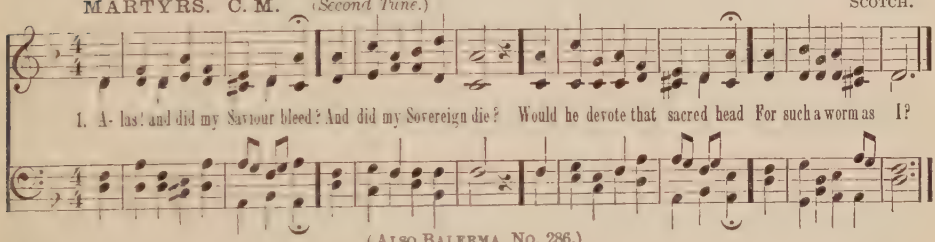
4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

Isaac Watts, 1707, Alt.

MARTYRS. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

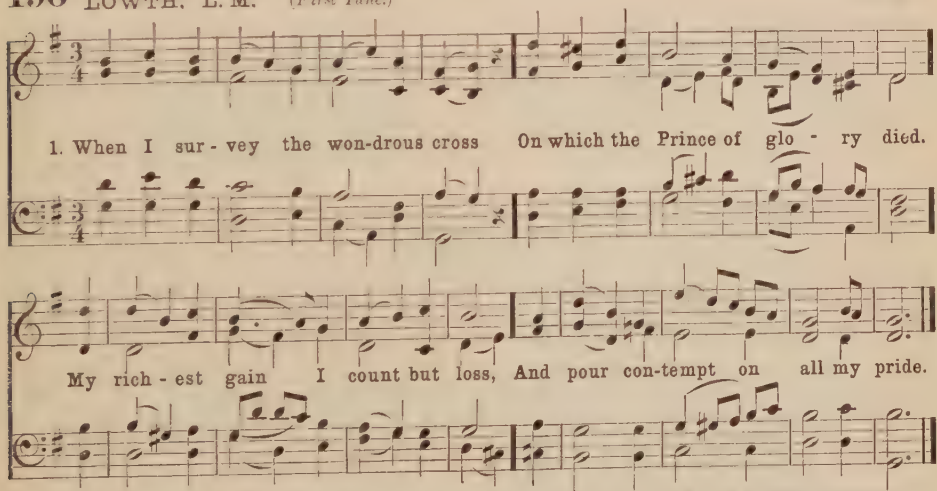
SCOTCH.



(ALSO BALERMA, No. 286.)

196 LOWTH. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

NOYES.


1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died.
My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

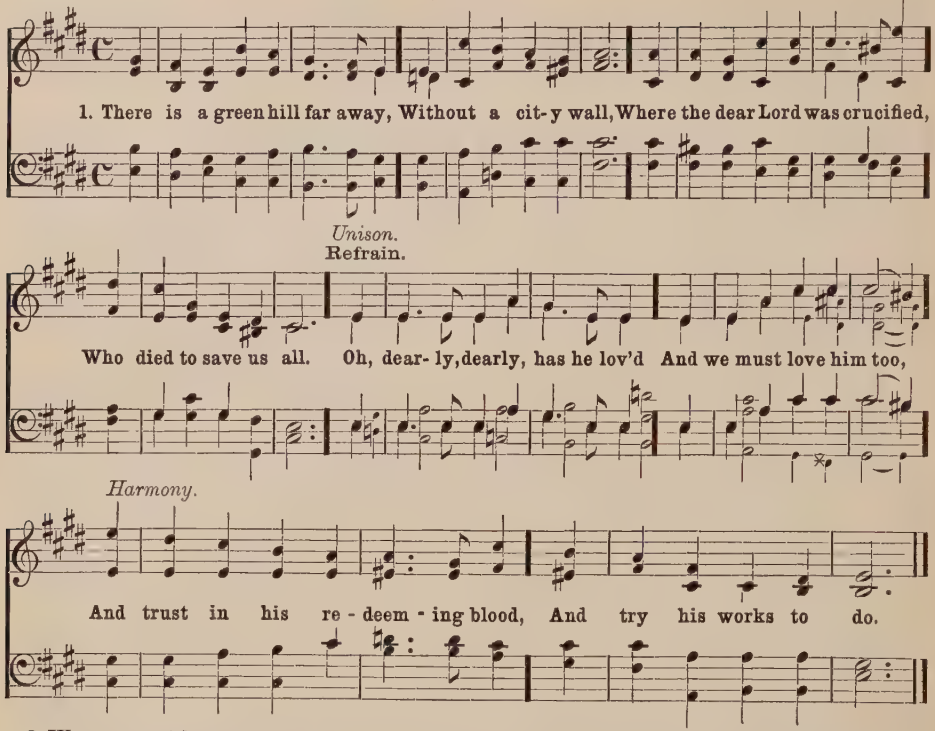
3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

(ALSO HAMBURG, OPPOSITE.)

197 **PENRITH. C. M.** *With Refrain.* (*First Tune.*) SIR J. STAINER, 1840.


1. There is a green hill far away, Without a cit-y wall, Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Unison.
Refrain.
Who died to save us all. Oh, dear-ly, dearly, has he lov'd And we must love him too,
Harmony.
And trust in his re-deem-ing blood, And try his works to do.

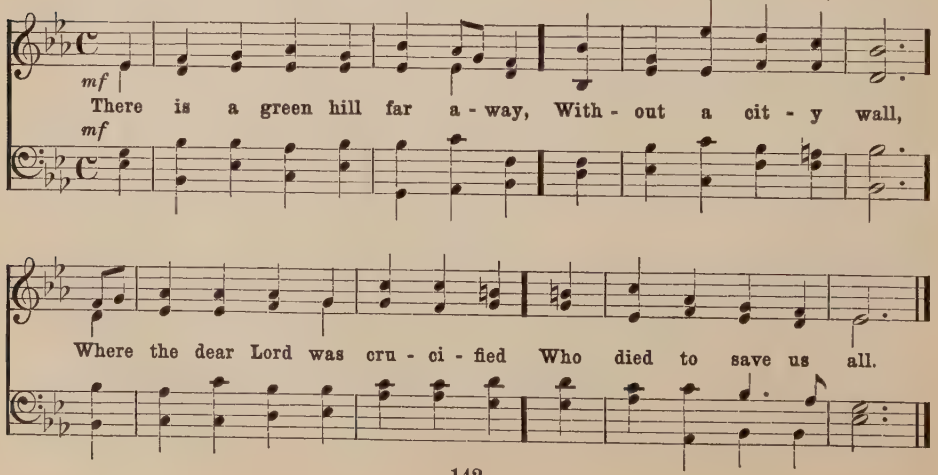
2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains he had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.—*Ref.*

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.—*Ref.*

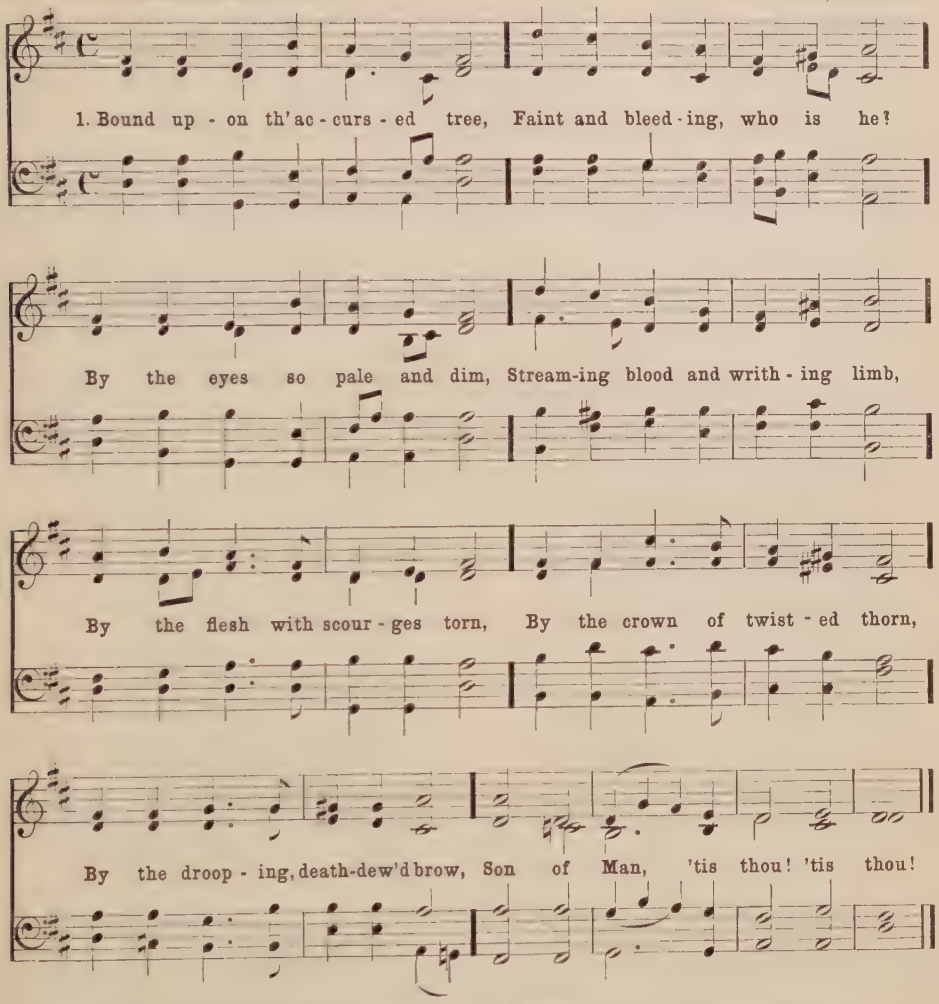
4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.—*Ref.*

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1848.

HORSLEY. C. M. (*Second Tune.*) W. HORSLEY, 1774–1858.



198 ST. BERNARD. 7s. D. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. Bound up - on th'ac - curs - ed tree, Faint and bleed - ing, who is he?
By the eyes so pale and dim, Stream-ing blood and writh - ing limb,
By the flesh with scour - ges torn, By the crown of twist - ed thorn,
By the droop - ing, death-dew'd brow, Son of Man, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

1 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,
By drooping, death-dewed brow,
Son of Man, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

2 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord, they know not what they do!"
By the promise, ere he died,
To the felon at his side,
Lord, our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God, 'tis thou! tis thou!

3 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is he?
By the last and bitter cry
In the final agony;
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the side so deeply pierced,
Crucified! we know thee now;
Son of Man, 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

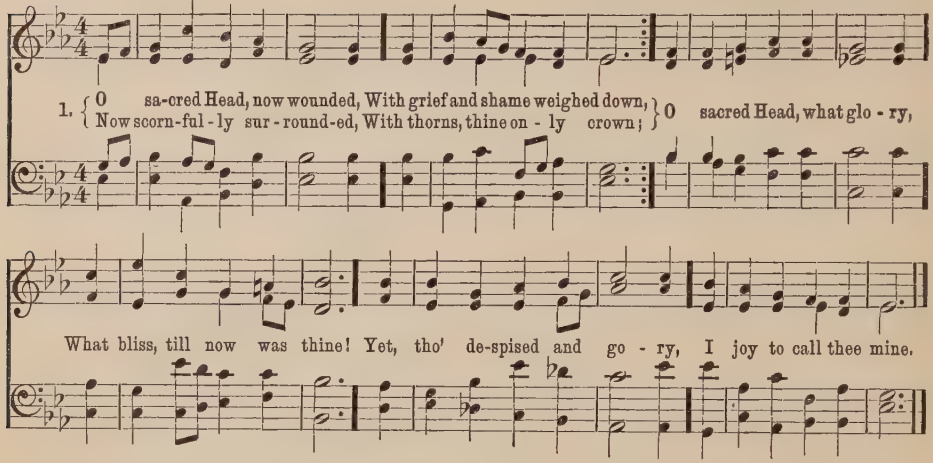
4 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the conquest he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow;
Son of God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!

H. H. Milman, 1827.

(ALSO SPANISH HYMN, No. 241.)

199 MUNICH. 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. HERMANN, 1620, ARR. BY MENDELSSOHN.


1. { O sa-cred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scorn-ful-ly sur-round-ed, With thorns, thine on-ly crown; } O sacred Head, what glo-ry,
What bliss, till now was thine! Yet, tho' de-spised and go-ry, I joy to call thee mine.

1 O sacred Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns, thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory,
What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.

2 What thou, my Lord, hast suffered
Was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain:
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour!
'Tis I deserve thy place;
Look on me with thy favor,
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

3 What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
O make me thine forever;
And, should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee!

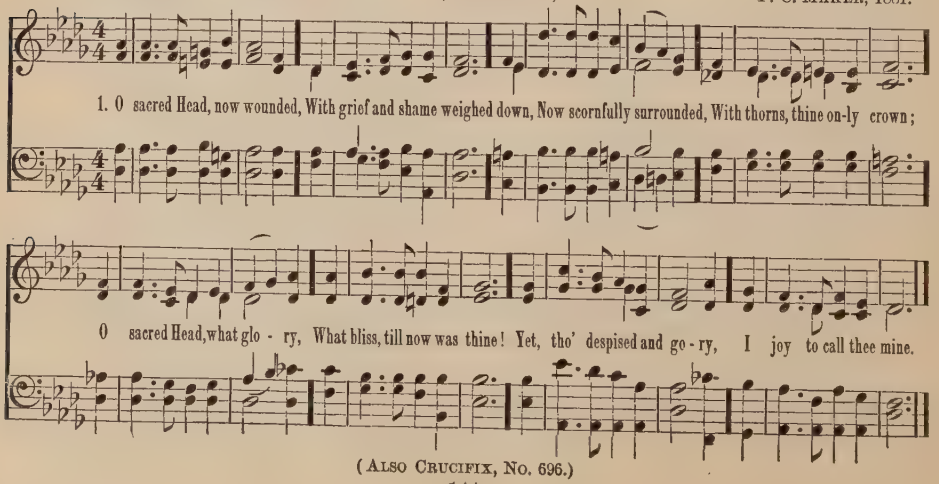
4 Be near me when I'm dying,
O show thy cross to me;
And for some succor flying,
Come, Lord, and set me free!
These eyes, new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through thy love.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1153; Tr. by J. W. Alexander, 1849.

(ALSO PASSION CHORAL, OPPOSITE.)

ST. CHRISTOPHER. 7s. 6s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

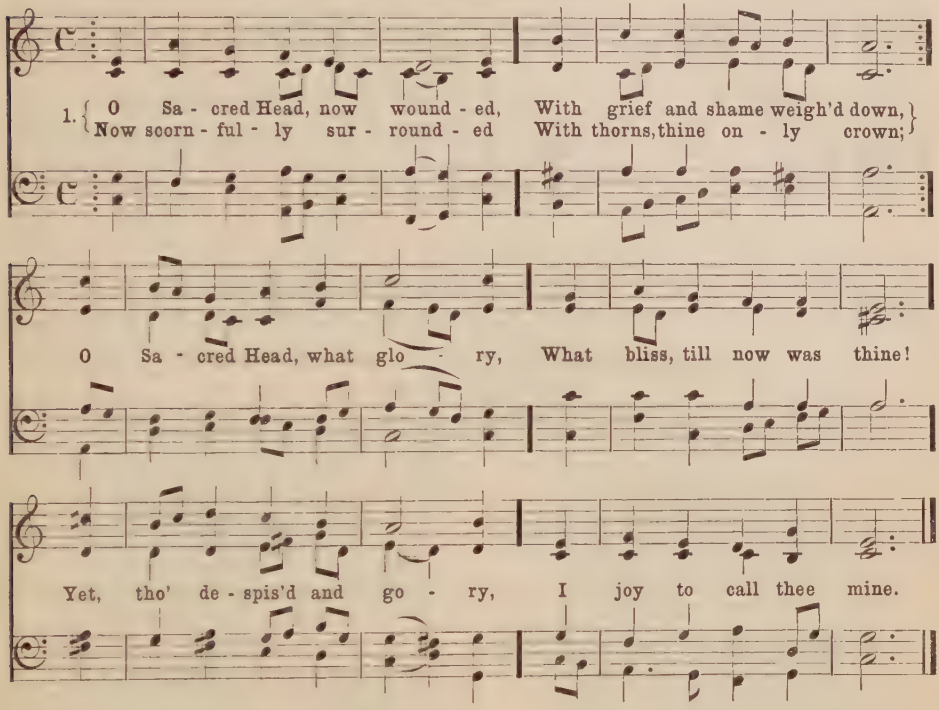
F. C. MAKER, 1881.


1. O sacred Head, now wounded, With grief and shame weighed down, Now scornfully surrounded, With thorns, thine on-ly crown;
O sacred Head, what glo-ry, What bliss, till now was thine! Yet, tho' despised and go-ry, I joy to call thee mine.

(ALSO CRUCIFIX, No. 696.)

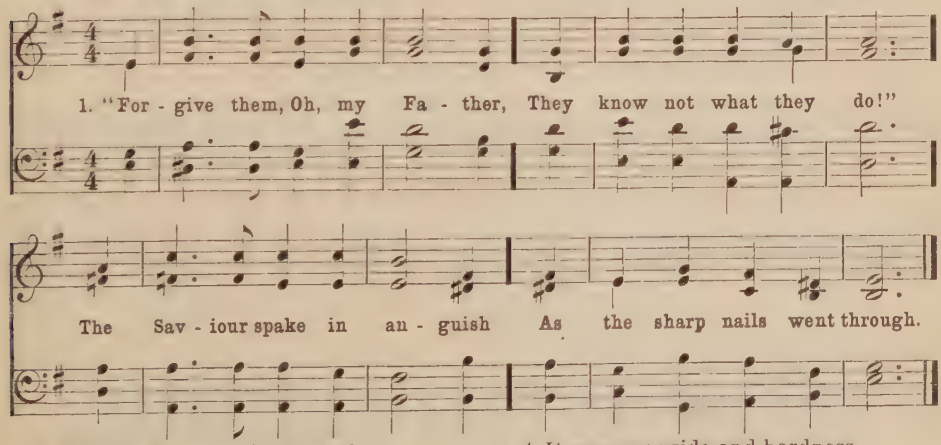
PASSION CHORAL. 7s. 6s. (*Third Tune for No. 199.*)

ARR. FROM H. L. HASSLER, 1601.
BY J. S. BACH, 1685–1750.


1. O Sa - cred Head, now wound - ed, With grief and shame weigh'd down,
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns, thine on - ly crown;
O Sa - cred Head, what glo - ry, What bliss, till now was thine!
Yet, tho' de - spis'd and go - ry, I joy to call thee mine.

200 ST. MARGARET. 7.6.7.6.

W. STATHAM.



2 No pained reproaches gave he
To them that shed his blood,
But prayer and tenderest pity,
Large as the love of God,

3 For me was that compassion,
For me that tender care;
I need his wide forgiveness
As much as any there.

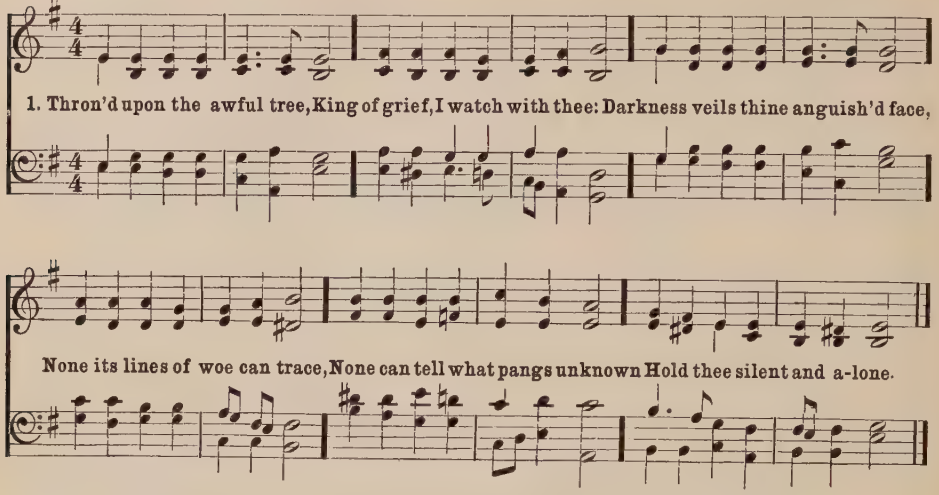
4 It was my pride and hardness
That hung him on the tree;
Those cruel nails, O Saviour,
Were driven in by me.

5 Oh, depth of sweet compassion!
Oh, love divine and true!
Save thou the souls that slight thee
And know not what they do!

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1823–1874.

201 ABBEY. 7s. 61. (*First Tune.*)

SIR F. A. GORE OUSELEY, 1869.


1. Thron'd upon the awful tree, King of grief, I watch with thee: Darkness veils thine anguish'd face,
None its lines of woe can trace, None can tell what pangs unknown Hold thee silent and a-lone.

1 Throned upon the awful tree,
King of grief, I watch with thee:
Darkness veils thine anguished face,
None its lines of woe can trace,
None can tell what pangs unknown
Hold thee silent and alone.

2 Silent through those three dread hours,
Wrestling with the evil powers,
Left alone with human sin,
Gloom around thee and within,
Till the appointed time is nigh,
Till the Lamb of God may die.

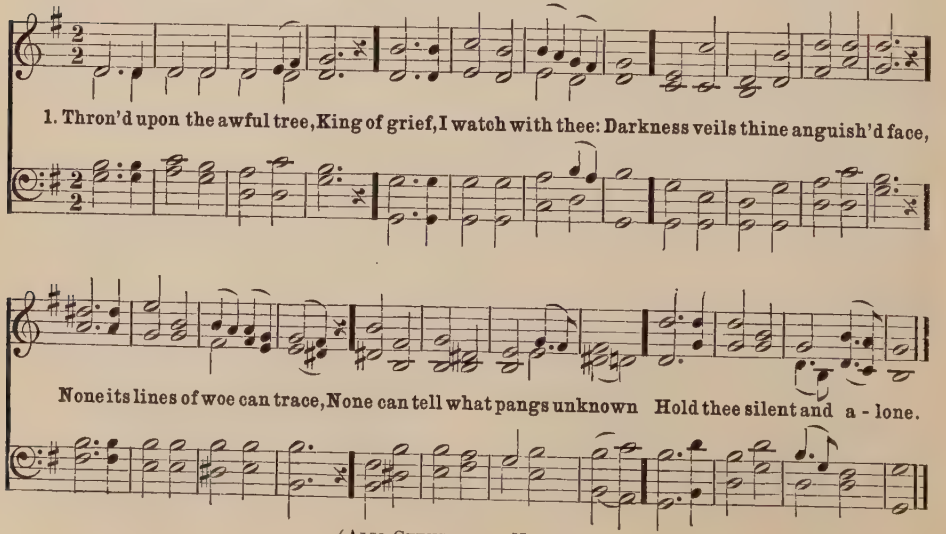
3 Hark that cry that peals aloud
Upward through the whelming cloud!
Thou, the Father's only Son,
Thou, his own Anointed One,
Thou dost ask him—can it be?
"Why hast thou forsaken me?

4 Lord, should fear and anguish roll
Darkly o'er my sinful soul,
Thou, who once wast thus bereft
That thine own might ne'er be left—
Teach me by that bitter cry
In the gloom to know thee nigh.

John Ellerton, 1875.

CRUCIFIXION. 7s. 6. 7. (*Second Tune.*)

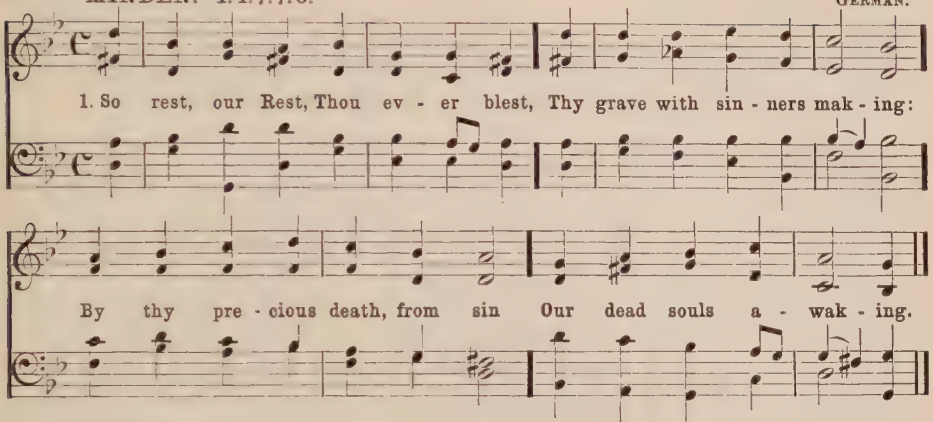
R. B. TAYLOR.


1. Thron'd upon the awful tree, King of grief, I watch with thee: Darkness veils thine anguish'd face,
None its lines of woe can trace, None can tell what pangs unknown Hold thee silent and a - lone.

(ALSO GETHSEMANE, No. 205.)

202 MINDEN. 4.4.7.7.6.

GERMAN.



2 Here hast thou lain
After much pain,
Life of our life, reposing:
Round thee now a rock-hewn grave,
Rock of Ages, closing.

3 Breath of all breath!
We know from death
Thou wilt our dust awaken:
Wherefore should we dread the grave,
Or our faith be shaken?

4 To us the tomb
Is but a room
Where we lie down on roses:
He, who dying conquered death,
Sweetly there reposes.

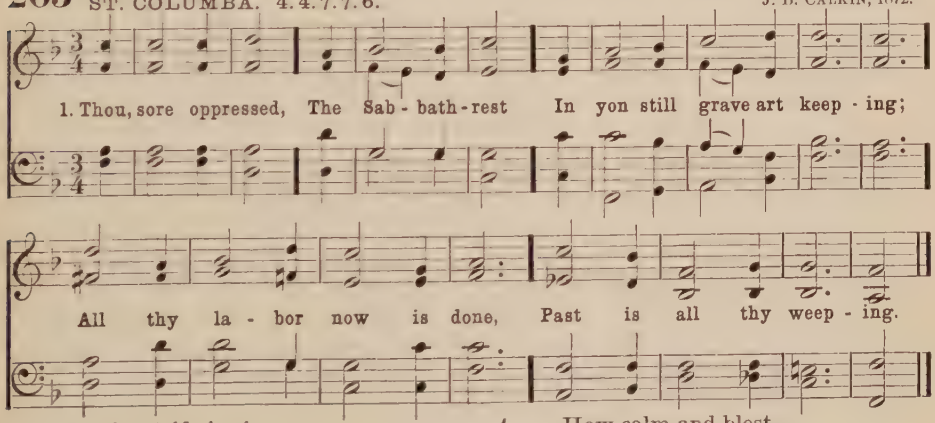
5 The body dies,—
Naught else,—and lies
In dust until victorious
From the grave it shall arise
Beautiful and glorious.

6 Meantime we will
O Jesus, still
Deep in remembrance lay thee,
Musing on thy death; in death
Be with us, we pray thee.

S. Franck, 1716; Tr. W. Mercer.

203 ST. COLUMBA. 4.4.7.7.6.

J. B. CALKIN, 1872.



2 The strife is o'er.
Naught hurts thee more;
The heart at last has slumbered,
That in conflict sore for us
Bore our sins unnumbered.

3 Thou awful tomb,
Once filled with gloom,
How blessed and how holy
Art thou now, since in the grave
Slept the Saviour lowly!

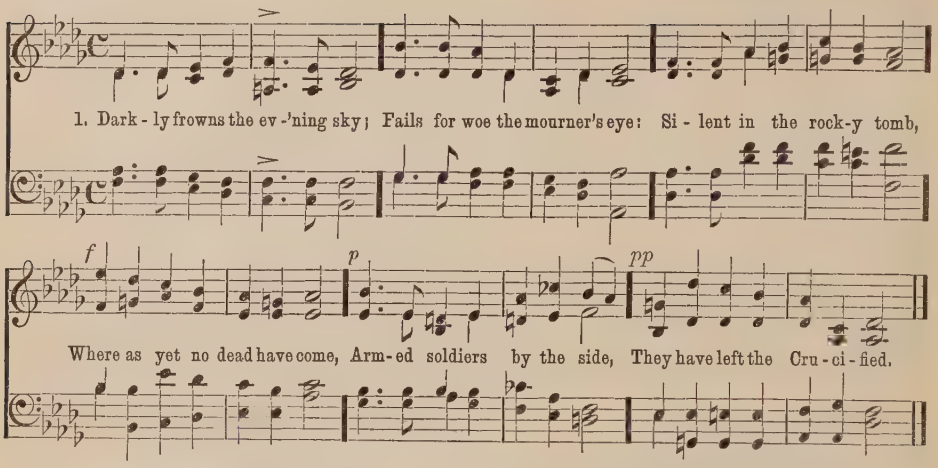
4 How calm and blest
The dead now rest
Who in the Lord departed;
All their works do follow them,
Yea, they sleep glad-hearted!

5 O lead us thou
To rest e'en now,
With all who, sorely anguished
'Neath the burden of their sins,
Long in woe have languished.

Victor Strauss. Tr. Miss Catherine Winkworth, 1863.

204 MILMAN. 7s. 6l.

SIR JOHN STAINER, 1840—.


1. Dark - ly frowns the ev - 'ning sky; Fails for woe the mourner's eye: Si - lent in the rock-y tomb,
Where as yet no dead have come, Arm-ed soldiers by the side, They have left the Cru - ci - fied.

2 God! my God! and dost thou show
Wonders midst the dead below?
They who slumber 'neath the earth,
Shall they wake to second birth?
Who shall those dread gates unfold,
Barred through all the days of old?

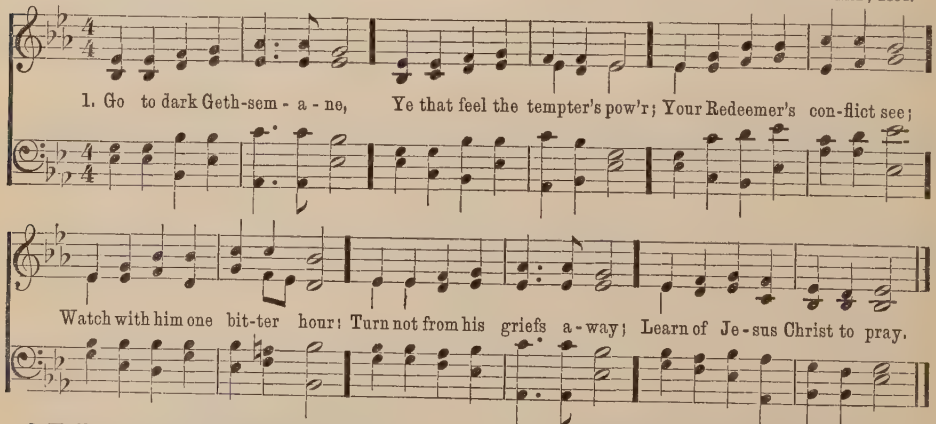
3 Lo! the doors are opening,
And the dead behold their King:
See! the awful fathers know
Him, Who lays death's terrors low:
Hark! he bids the ancients rise
Ransomed by his sacrifice.

4 When we sink into the dust,
May we fix on thee our trust!
Saviour of the sons of men,
May we die to live again!
Dying, may our faith recall
Thy dear death and burial.

G. Phillimore, 1821–1884.

205 GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6l.

RICHARD REDHEAD, 1853.


1. Go to dark Geth-sem - a - ne, Ye that feel the tempter's pow'r; Your Redeemer's con-flict see;
Watch with him one bit-ter hour: Turn not from his griefs a-way; Learn of Je-sus Christ to pray.

2 Follow to the judgment-hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned.
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!
Oh, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

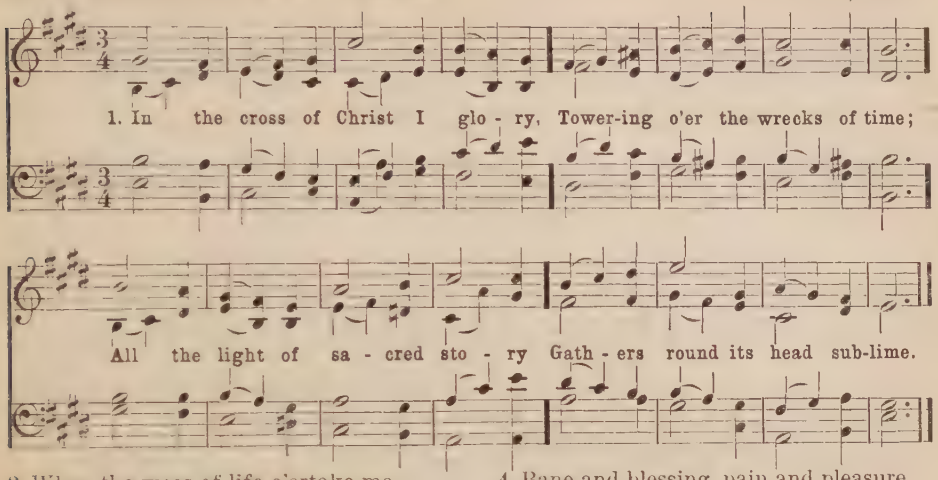
3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!"—hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

4 Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen! he meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

James Montgomery, 1820 and 1853.

206 KNOWSLEY. 8s. 7s. (*First Tune.*)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new luster to the day.

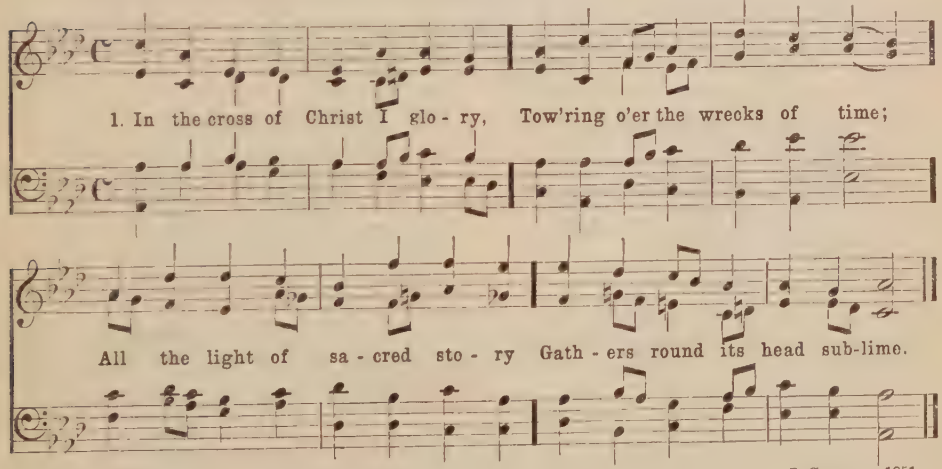
4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

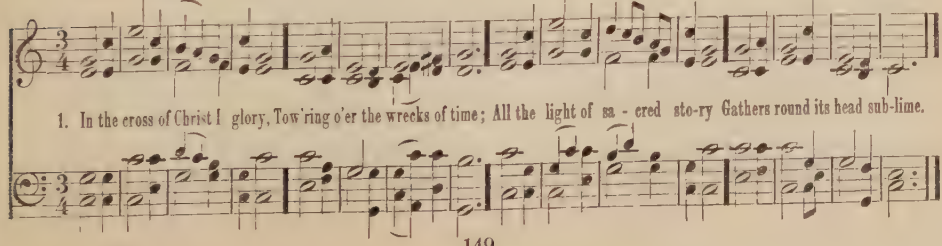
CROSS OF JESUS. 8s. 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

SIR J. STAINER, 1840—.


1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub-lime.

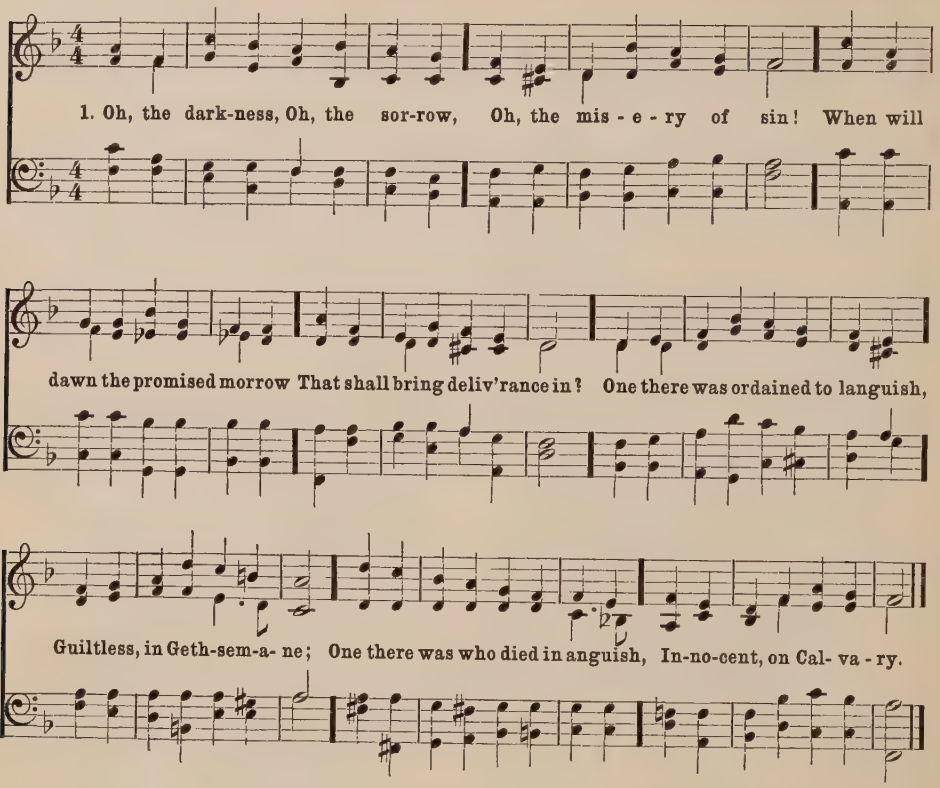
RATHBUN. 8s. 7s. (*Third Tune.*)

I. CONKEY, 1851.


1. In the cross of Christ I glory, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.

207 SALVATOR. 8s. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOHN GOSS, 1800–1880.


1. Oh, the dark-ness, Oh, the sor-row, Oh, the mis - e - ry of sin! When will
dawn the promised morrow That shall bring deliv'rance in? One there was ordained to languish,
Guiltless, in Geth-sem-a- ne; One there was who died in anguish, In-no-cent, on Cal- va - ry.

1 Oh, the darkness, Oh, the sorrow,
Oh, the misery of sin!
When will dawn the promised morrow
That shall bring deliverance in?

2 One there was ordained to languish,
Guiltless, in Gethsemane;
One there was who died in anguish,
Innocent, on Calvary.

3 Jesus, was the Burden-bearer,
God's own Son the Sacrifice;
Of the griefs of man the sharer,
Of his soul the ransom-price.

4 Can the love so freely given,
Can the blood so freely shed,
Fail to draw the earth to heaven,
Fail to bring alive its dead?

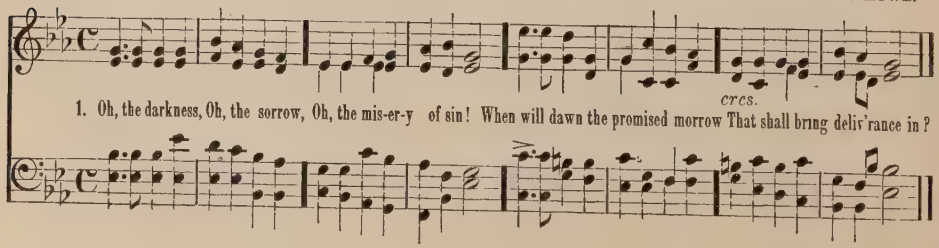
5 Rise, O children of the Father,
Stand, ye brothers of the Son,
In unyielding ranks together
Till the crown of Christ be won;

6 Till the lands of sin and sorrow,
Darker than the ancient night,
Shall behold the promised morrow
Beam on them with saving light.

Thomas MacKellar, 1886.

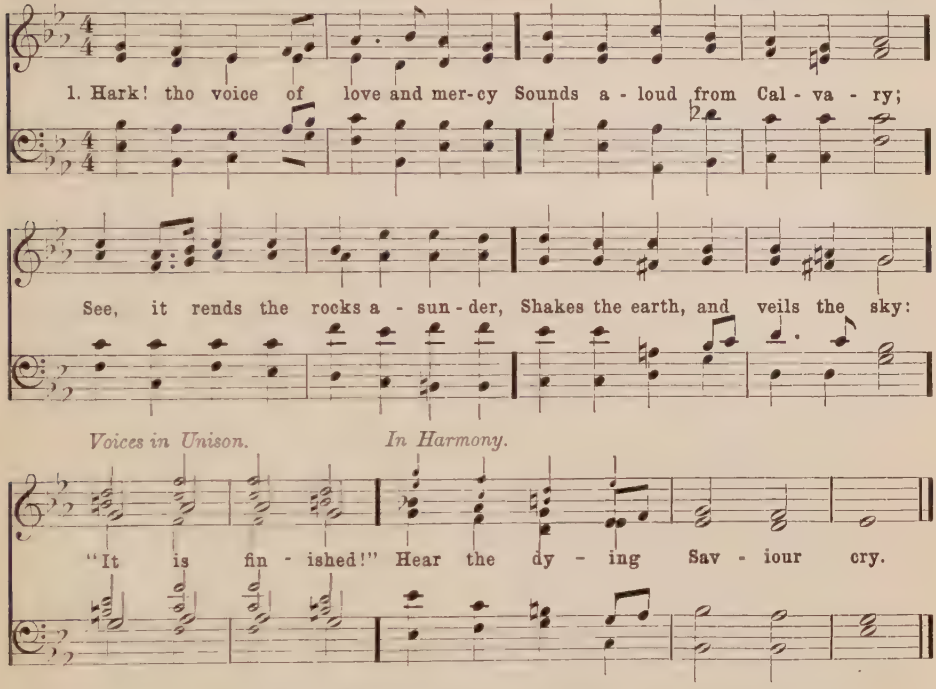
LOWTON. 8s. 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

ALBERT LOWE.


cres.
1. Oh, the darkness, Oh, the sorrow, Oh, the mis-er-y of sin! When will dawn the promised morrow That shall bring deliv'rance in?

208 VOX SALUTIS. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1886.


1. Hark! tho voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry;
See, it rends the rocks a-sun-der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky:
Voices in Unison.
In Harmony.
"It is fin-ished!" Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry.

2 "It is finished!"—Oh, what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord:
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

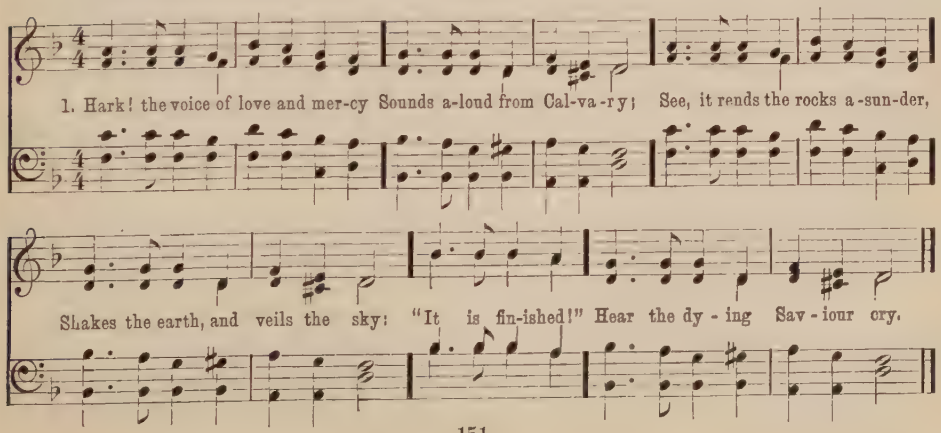
3 Finished all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finished all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
"It is finished!"
Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All in earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Emmanuel's name:
Alleluia!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb.

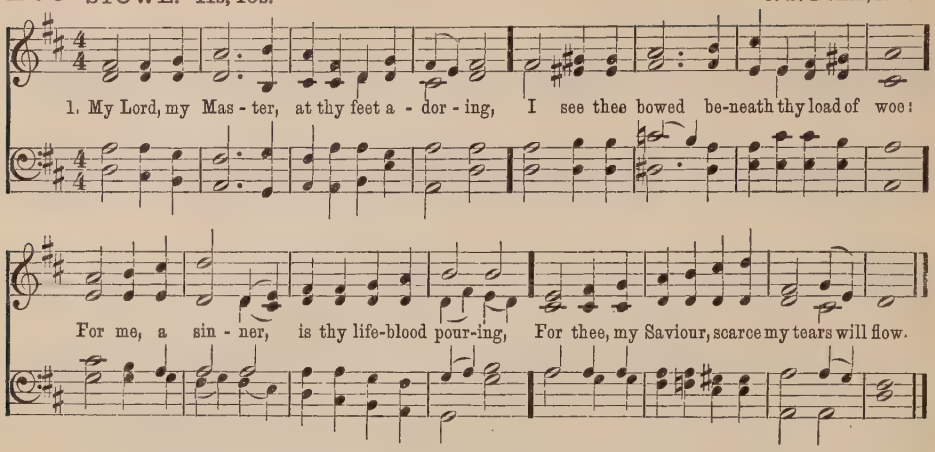
Jonathan Evans, 1784.

SACER. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. (*Second Tune.*)

FROM GREGORIAN.


1. Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy Sounds a-loud from Cal-va-ry; See, it rends the rocks a-sun-der,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky: "It is fin-ished!" Hear the dy-ing Sav-iour cry.

209 STOWE. 11s, 10s. J. B. DYKES, 1875.


1. My Lord, my Mas - ter, at thy feet a - dor - ing, I see thee bowed be-neath thy load of woe:
For me, a sin - ner, is thy life-blood pour-ing, For thee, my Saviour, scarce my tears will flow.

2 Thine own disciple to the Jews has sold thee;
With friendship's kiss and loyal word he came;
How oft of faithful love my lips have told thee,
While thou hast seen my falsehood and my shame.

3 With taunts and scoffs they mock what seems thy weakness,
With blows and outrage adding pain to pain:
Thou art unmoved and steadfast in thy meekness;
When I am wronged how quickly I complain.

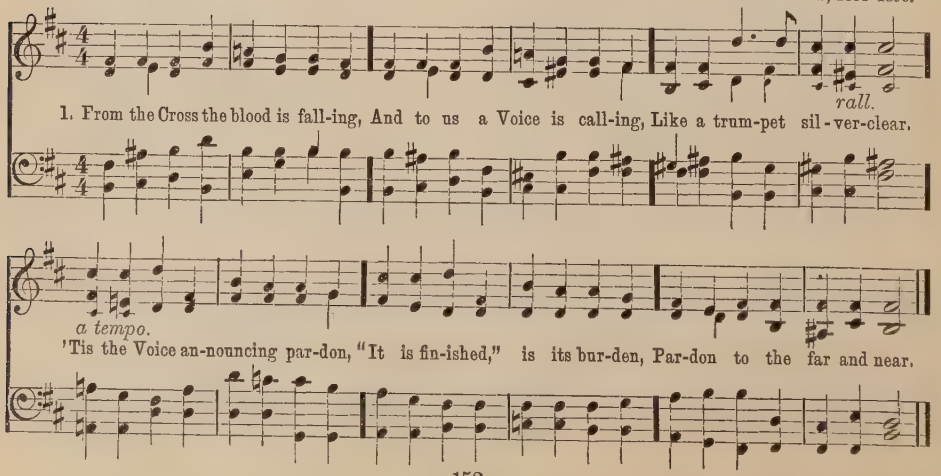
4 My Lord, my Saviour, when I see thee wearing
Upon thy bleeding brow the crown of thorn,
Shall I for pleasure live, or shrink from bearing
Whate'er my lot may be of pain or scorn?

5 O Victim of thy love, O pangs most healing,
O saving death, O wounds that I adore,
O shame most glorious: Christ, before thee kneeling,
I pray thee keep me thine forevermore.

Jacques Bridaine, 1701–1767. Tr. T. B. Pollock, 1887.

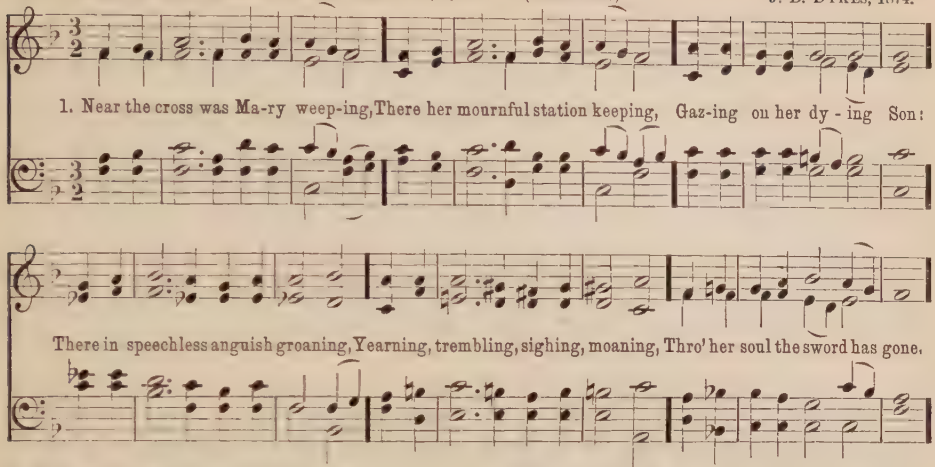
(ALSO HENLEY, No. 784.)

GENOA. 8. 8. 7. (*For No.* 211.) SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. From the Cross the blood is fall-ing, And to us a Voice is call-ing, Like a trum-pet sil-ver-clear.
rall.
a tempo.
'Tis the Voice an-nouncing par-don, "It is fin-ished," is its bur-den, Par-don to the far and near.

210 DYKES' STABAT MATER. 8.7.7. D. (*First Tune*)

J. B. Dykes, 1874.


1. Near the cross was Ma-ry weep-ing, There her mournful station keeping, Gaz-ing on her dy - ing Son:
There in speechless anguish groaning, Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning, Thro' her soul the sword has gone.

2 But we have no need to borrow
Motives from the mother's sorrow,
At our Saviour's cross to mourn.
'Twas our sins brought him from heaven,
These the cruel nails had driven:
All his griefs for us were borne.

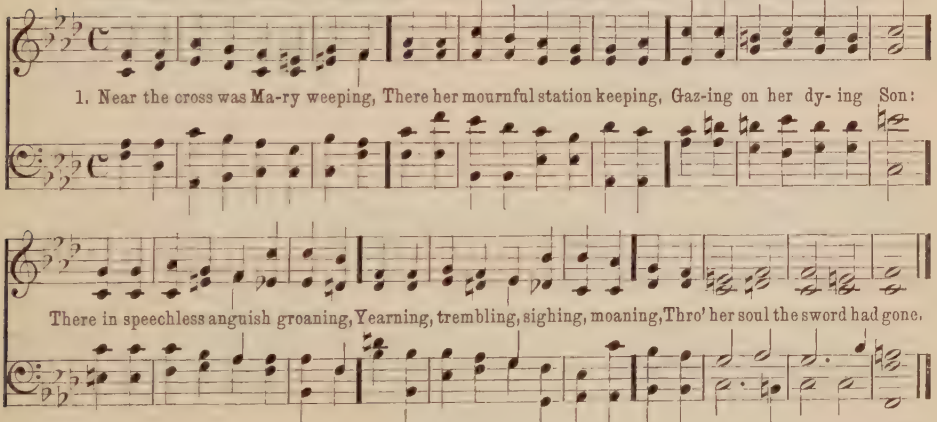
3 When no eye its pity gave us,
When there was no arm to save us,
He his love and power displayed:
By his stripes he wrought our healing,
By his death, our life revealiug,
He for us the ransom paid.

4 Jesus, may thy love constrain us,
That from sin we may refrain us,
In thy griefs may deeply grieve;
Thee our best affections giving,
To thy glory ever living,
May we in thy glory live.

Jacobus (or Jacopone) da Todi, (—1306). Tr. J. W. Alexander, D. D., 1842.

BARNBY'S STABAT MATER. 8.8.7. D. (*Second Tune.*)

Sir J. Barnby, 1838–1896.


1. Near the cross was Ma-ry weeping, There her mournful station keeping, Gaz-ing on her dy- ing Son:
There in speechless anguish groaning, Yearning, trembling, sighing, moaning, Thro' her soul the sword had gone.

211 GENOA. (*Opposite.*)

2 Peace that precious blood is sealing,
All our wounds forever healing,
And removing every load;
Words of peace that voice has spoken
Peace that shall no more be broken,
Peace between the soul and God.

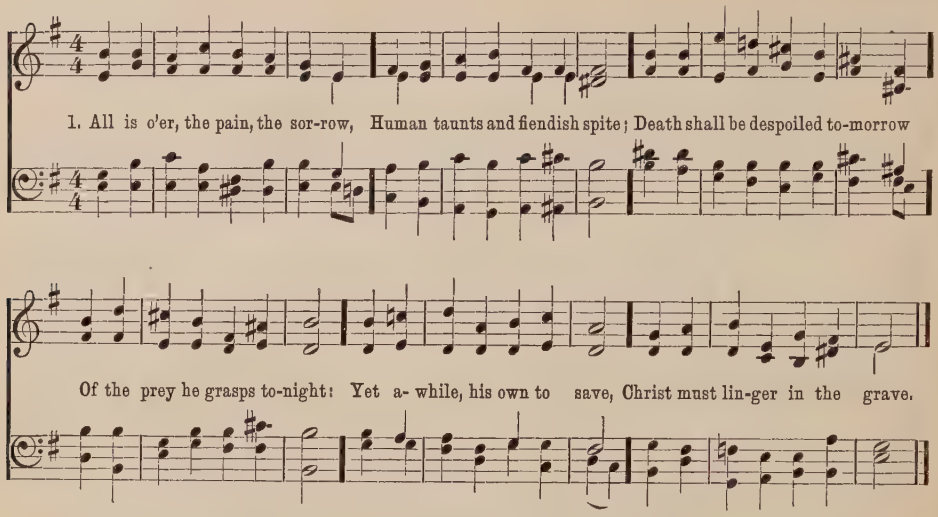
3 God is love;—we read the writing
Traced so deeply in the smiting
Of the glorious surety there.
God is Light;—we see it beaming,
Like a heavenly dayspring gleaming,
So divinely sweet and fair.

4 Cross of shame, yet tree of glory,
Round thee winds the one great story
Of this ever-changing earth;
Centre of the true and holy,
Grave of human sin and folly,
Womb of nature's second birth.

Horatius Bonar, 1866.

212 AYLMER. 8.7.8.7.7.7. (*First Tune.*)

HENRY SMART, 1813–1879.


1. All is o'er, the pain, the sor-row, Human taunts and fiendish spite; Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night: Yet a- while, his own to save, Christ must lin-ger in the grave.

1 All is o'er, the pain, the sorrow,
Human taunts and fiendish spite;
Death shall be despoiled to-morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night:
Yet awhile, his own to save,
Christ must linger in the grave.

2 Dark and still the cell that holds him,
While in brief repose he lies;
Deep the slumber that enfolds him,
Veiled awhile from mortal eyes;
Slumber such as needs must be
After hard-won victory.

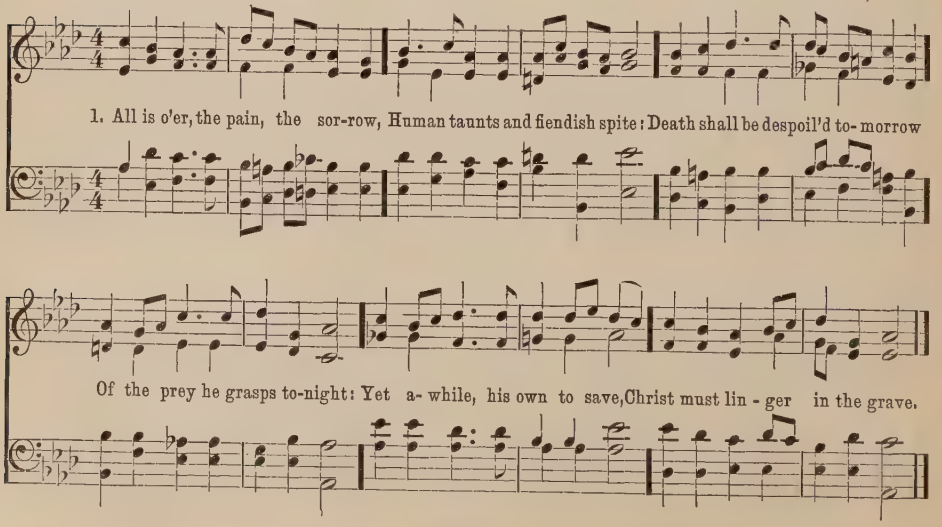
3 Fierce and deadly was the anguish
Which on yonder cross he bore;
How did soul and body languish
Till the toil of death was o'er:
But that toil, so fierce and dread,
Bruised and crushed the serpent's head.

4 All night long, with plaintive voicing,
Chant his requiem soft and low:
Loftier strains of loud rejoicing
From to-morrow's harps shall flow:
"Death and hell at length are slain!
Christ has triumphed! Christ doth reign!"

John Moultrie, 1836; altered by John Ellerton.

DULWICH. 8.7.8.7.7.7. (*Second Tune.*)

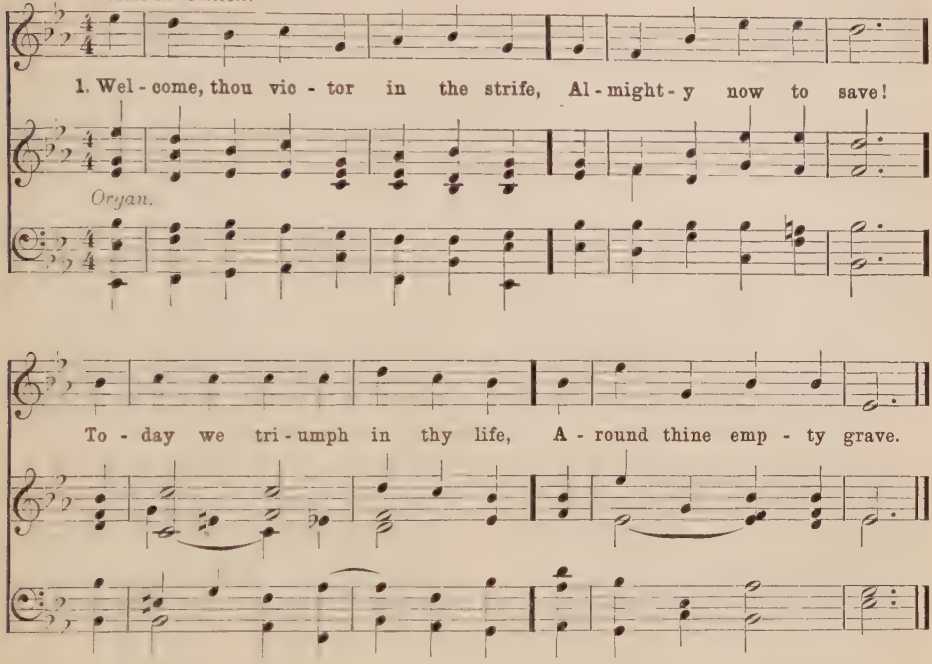
W. A. F. SCHULTHES, 1868.


1. All is o'er, the pain, the sor-row, Human taunts and fiendish spite: Death shall be despoil'd to- morrow
Of the prey he grasps to-night: Yet a- while, his own to save, Christ must lin - ger in the grave.

213 SUTHER. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

WALTER LEIGH.

Voices in Unison.



2 Our enemy is put to shame,
His short-lived triumph o'er;
Our God is with us, we exclaim,
We fear our foe no more.

3 The dwellings of the just resound
With songs of victory;
For in the midst thou, Lord, art found,
And bringest peace with thee.

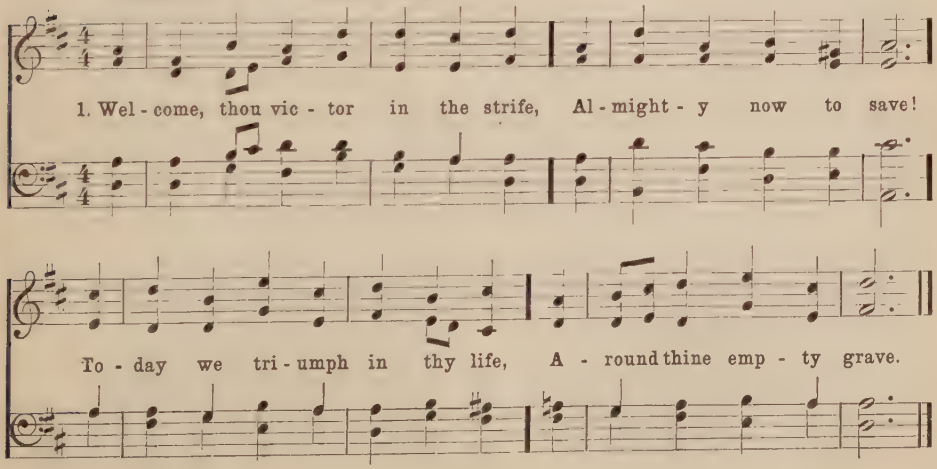
4 We die with thee: O let us live
Henceforth to thee aright;
The blessings thou hast died to give
Be daily in our sight.

5 And let thy conquering banner wave
O'er hearts thou makest free,
And point the path that from the grave,
Leads heavenward up to thee.

B. Schmolke, 1712; Tr. by C. Winkworth.

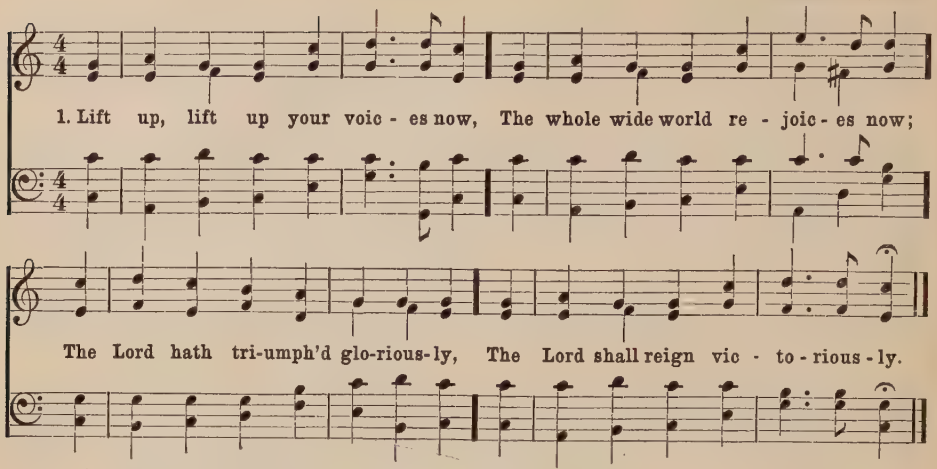
ST. ANN'S. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

W. CROFT, 1677–1727.



214 WHITBY. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

OLD LATIN MELODY, ARR. BY R. REDHEAD, 1850.


1. Lift up, lift up your voic - es now, The whole wide world re - joic - es now;
The Lord hath tri-umph'd glo-rious-ly, The Lord shall reign vic - to - rious - ly.

2 In vain with stone the cave they barred,
In vain the watch kept ward and guard;
Majestic from the spoiled tomb,
In pomp of triumph Christ is come.

3 He binds in chains the ancient foe;
A countless host he frees from woe;
And heaven's high portal open flies,
For Christ has risen, and man shall rise.

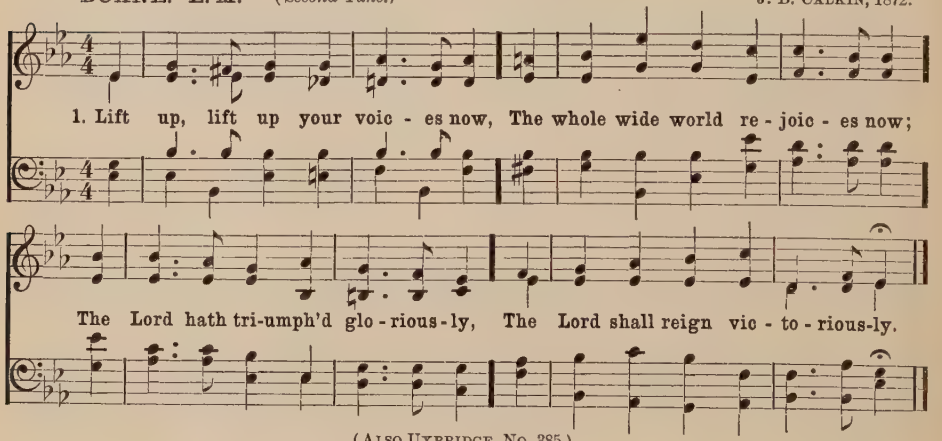
4 And all he did, and all he bare,
He gives us as our own to share;
And hope and joy and peace begin,
For Christ has won, and man shall win.

5 O Victor, aid us in the fight,
And lead through death to realms of light;
We safely pass where thou hast trod;
In thee we die to rise to God.

Anon.

DOANE. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. B. CALKIN, 1872.


1. Lift up, lift up your voic - es now, The whole wide world re - joic - es now;
The Lord hath tri-umph'd glo - rious - ly, The Lord shall reign vic - to - rious - ly.

(ALSO UXBRIDGE, NO. 385.)

215 INDIANAPOLIS. (*Opposite*)

1 Angels, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,—
Rises with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour; angels, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

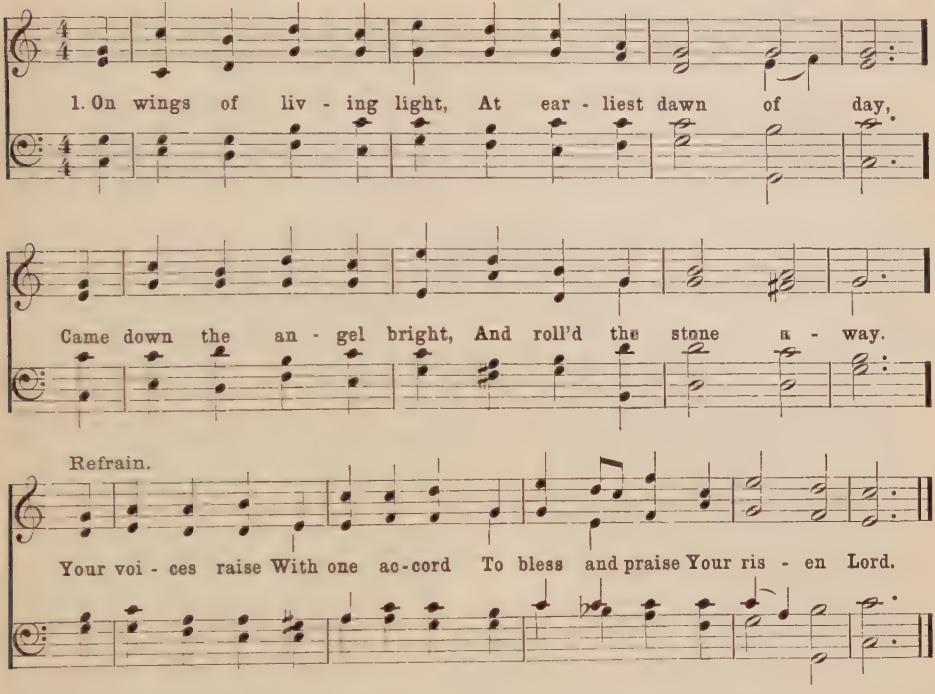
3 Lift, ye saints, lift up your eyes;
Now to glory see him rise;
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate God.

4 Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise him with your golden lyres;
Praise him in your noblest songs;
Praise him from ten thousand tongues.

Thomas Scott, 1769, alt.

216 MANSFIELD. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1893.


1. On wings of liv - ing light, At ear - liest dawn of day,
Came down the an - gel bright, And roll'd the stone a - way.
Refrain.
Your voi - ces raise With one ac-cord To bless and praise Your ris - en Lord.

2 Then rose from death's dark gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Triumphant o'er the tomb,
The Lord of earth and sky.—*Ref.*

3 Ye children of the light,
Arise with him, arise:
See, how the Day-star bright
Is burning in the skies.—*Ref.*

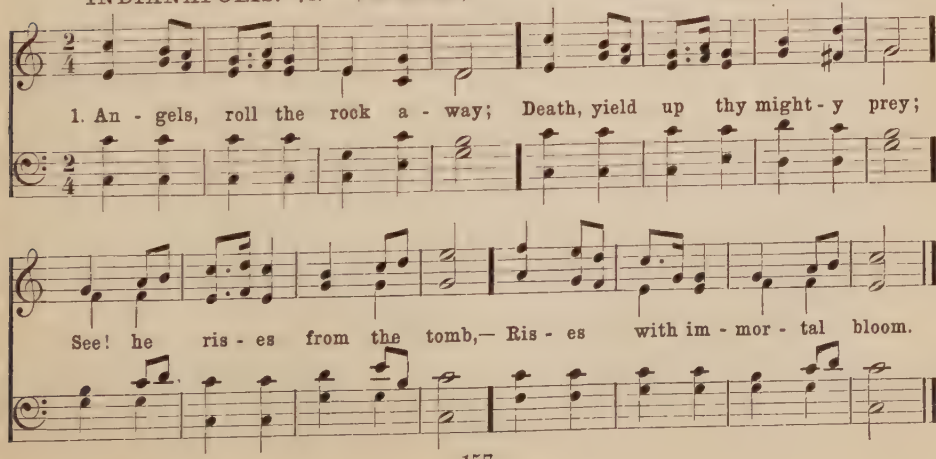
4 Leave in the grave beneath
The old things passed away,
Buried with him in death,
O live with him to-day.—*Ref.*

5 We sing thee, Lord Divine,
With all our hearts and powers;
For we are ever thine,
And thou art ever ours.—*Ref.*

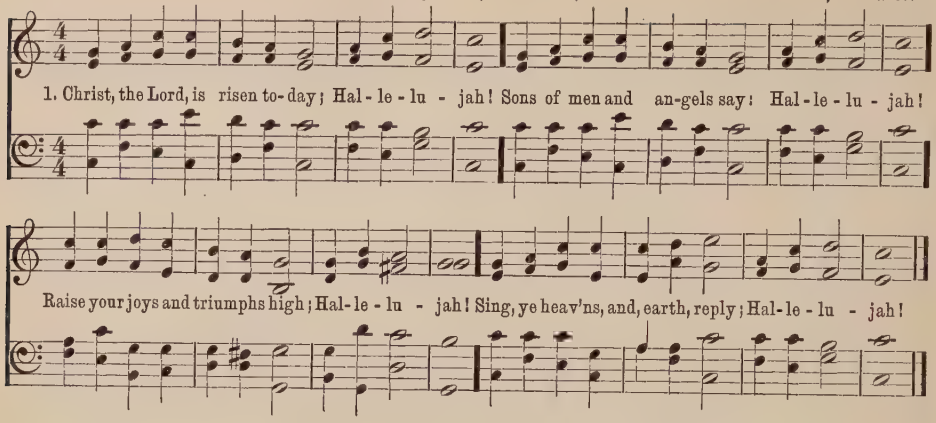
W. W. How, 1872.

INDIANAPOLIS. 7s. (*For No.* 215.)

H. C. ZEUNER 1795–1857.



217 **EASTER HYMN.** 7s. *With Hallelujahs.* (*First Tune.*) W. H. MONK, 1823-1889.


1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day; Hal-le-lu-jah! Sons of men and an-gels say: Hal-le-lu-jah!
Raise your joys and triumphs high; Hal-le-lu-jah! Sing, ye heav'ns, and, earth, reply; Hal-le-lu-jah!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

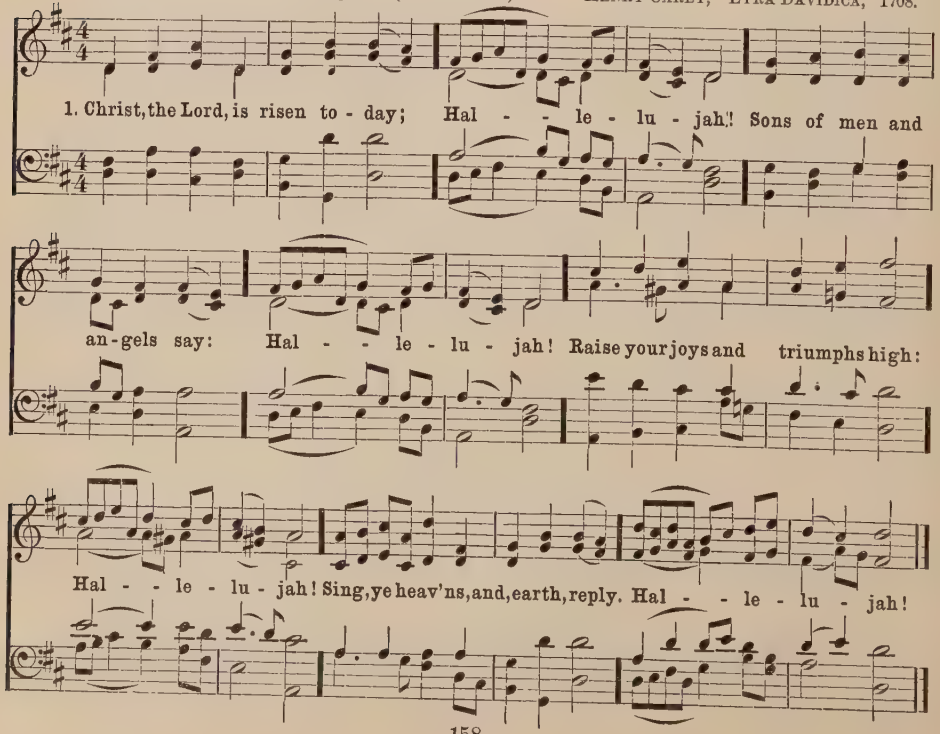
3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died, our souls to save:
Where thy victory, O grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted head:
Made like him, like him we rise:
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

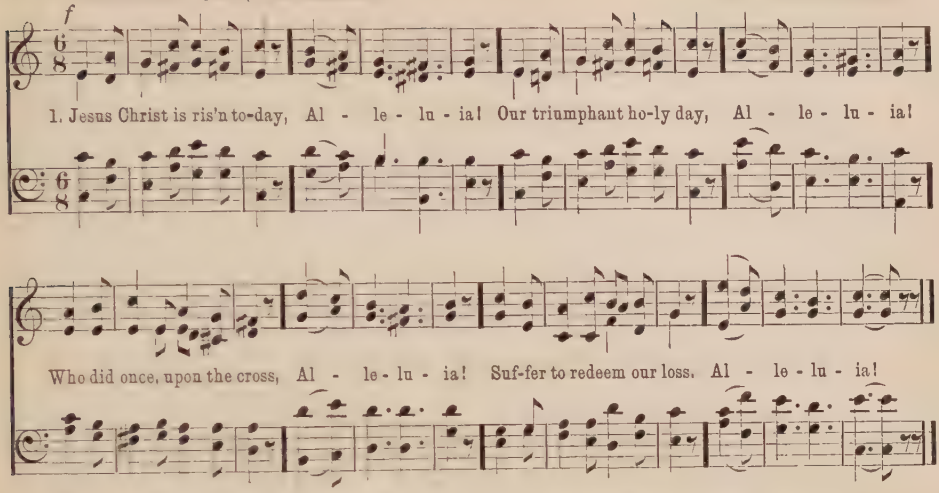
Charles Wesley, 1739.

ANGLIA. 7s. *With Hallelujahs.* (*Second Tune.*) HENRY CAREY, "LYRA DAVIDICA," 1708.


1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day; Hal - - le - lu - jah! Sons of men and
an-gels say: Hal - - le - lu - jah! Raise your joys and triumphs high:
Hal - - le - lu - jah! Sing, ye heav'ns, and, earth, reply. Hal - - le - lu - jah!

218 GALLIA. 7s. (*With Alleluias.*)

C. F. Gounod, 1818–1893.


1. Jesus Christ is ris'n to-day, Al - le - lu - ia! Our triumphant ho-ly day, Al - le - lu - ia!
Who did once, upon the cross, Al - le - lu - ia! Suf-fer to redeem our loss. Al - le - lu - ia!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing
Unto Christ our heavenly King,
Who endured the cross and grave,
Sinners to redeem and save.

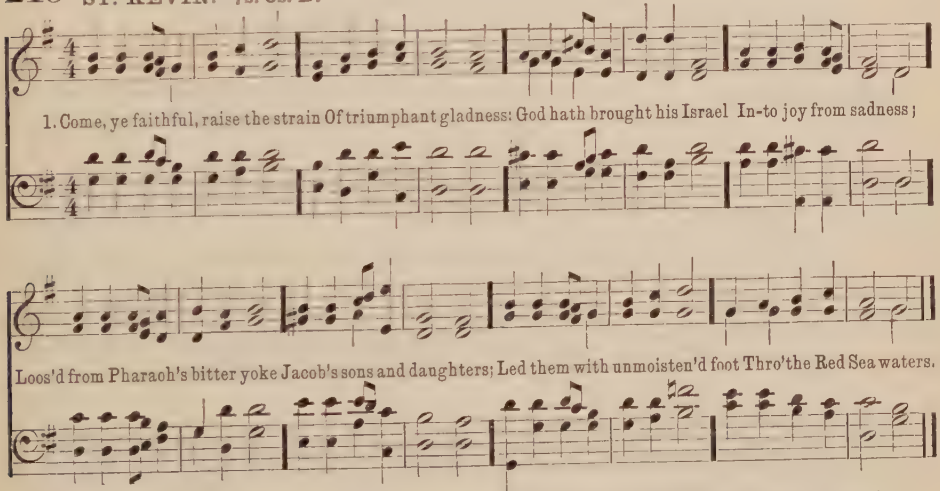
3 But the pains which he endured
Our salvation have procured;
Now above the sky he's King,
Where the angels ever sing.

4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Charles Wesley, 1740, et al.

219 ST. KEVIN. 7s. 6s. D.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1872.


1. Come, ye faithful, raise the strain Of triumphant gladness: God hath brought his Israel In-to joy from sadness;
Loos'd from Pharaoh's bitter yoke Jacob's sons and daughters; Led them with unmoisten'd foot Thro'the Red Sea waters.

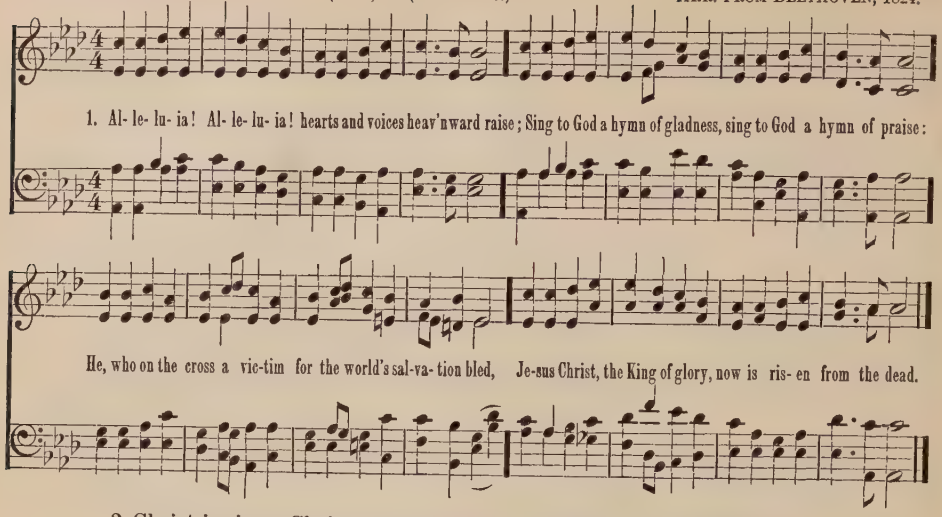
2 'Tis the spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst his prison,
And from three days' sleep in death
As a sun hath risen;
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying
From his light, to whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

3 Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst the Twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
This thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

John of Damascus (8th cent). Tr. J. M. Neale, 1850.

220 LÆTITIA. 8s. 7s. D. (15s.) (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM BEETHOVEN, 1824.


1. Al- le- lu- ia! Al- le- lu- ia! hearts and voices heav'nward raise; Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to God a hymn of praise:
He, who on the cross a vic-tim for the world's sal-va- tion bled, Je-sus Christ, the King of glory, now is ris- en from the dead.

2 Christ is risen, Christ, the firstfruits of the holy harvest-field,
Which shall all its full abundance at his second coming yield:
Then the golden ears of harvest shall their heads before him wave,
Ripened by his glorious sunshine from the furrows of the grave.

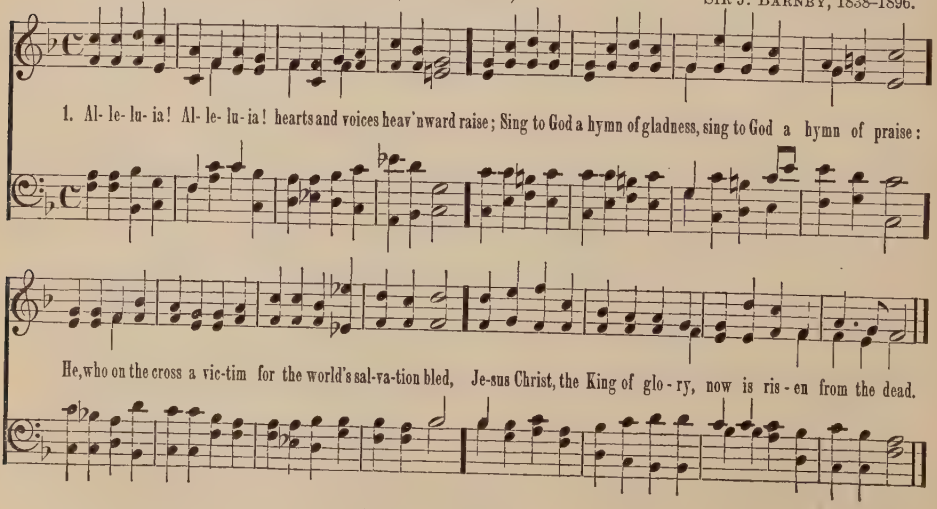
3 Jesus, we in thee are risen! shed on us thy quickening grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory from the brightness of thy face
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling, we on earth may fruitful be,
And by angel-hands be gathered safe for evermore with thee.

4 Alleluia! Alleluia! glory be to God on high,
To the Father, and the Saviour who has won the victory;
Glory to the Holy Spirit, fount of love and sanctity;
Alleluia! Alleluia! to the Triune Majesty.

C. Wordsworth, 1862.

ALLYNE. 8s. 7s. D. (15s.) (*Second Tune.*)

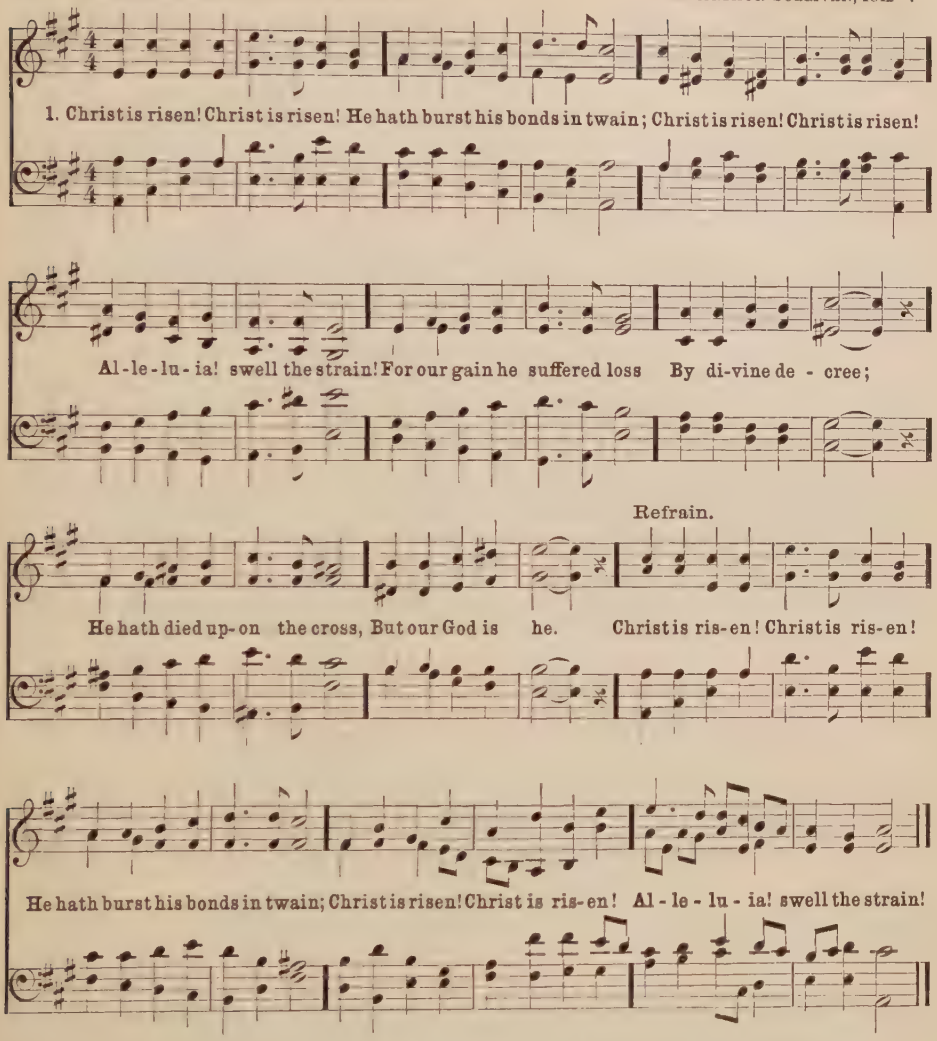
SIR J. BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. Al- le- lu- ia! Al- le- lu- ia! hearts and voices heav'nward raise; Sing to God a hymn of gladness, sing to God a hymn of praise:
He, who on the cross a vic-tim for the world's sal-va-tion bled, Je-sus Christ, the King of glo- ry, now is ris- en from the dead.

(ALSO AUTUMN, No. 106.)

221 RESURREXIT. 8.7.8.7.7.5.7.5.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.


1. Christ is risen! Christ is risen! He hath burst his bonds in twain; Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Al-le-lu-ia! swell the strain! For our gain he suffered loss By di-vine de - cree;
Refrain.
He hath died up-on the cross, But our God is he. Christ is ris-en! Christ is ris-en!
He hath burst his bonds in twain; Christ is risen! Christ is ris-en! Al - le - lu - ia! swell the strain!

1 Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
He hath burst his bonds in twain;
Christ is risen! Christ is risen!
Alleluia! swell the strain!
For our gain he suffered loss
By divine decree;
He hath died upon the cross,
But our God is he.—*Ref.*

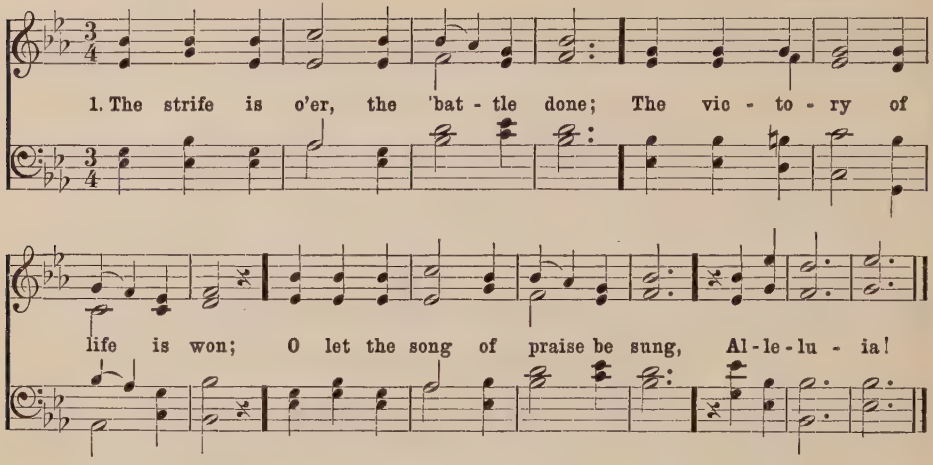
2 See the chains of death are broken;
Earth below and heaven above,
Joy in each amazing token
Of his rising, Lord of love;
He for evermore shall reign
By the Father's side,
Till he comes to earth again,
Comes to claim his bride.—*Ref.*

3 Glorious angels downward thronging
Hail the Lord of all the skies;
Heaven, with joy and holy longing
For the Word incarnate, cries,
"Christ is risen! Earth rejoice!
Gleam, ye starry train!
All creation find a voice:
He o'er all shall reign."—*Ref.*

A. T. Gurney, 1862; alt.

222 CONQUEROR. 8. 8. 8. 4.

ARR. FROM G. P. DA PALESTRINA, 1588.



2 The powers of death have done their worst,
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shout of holy joy outburst,
Alleluia!

3 The three sad days are quickly sped,
He rises glorious from the dead;
All glory to our risen Head!
Alleluia!

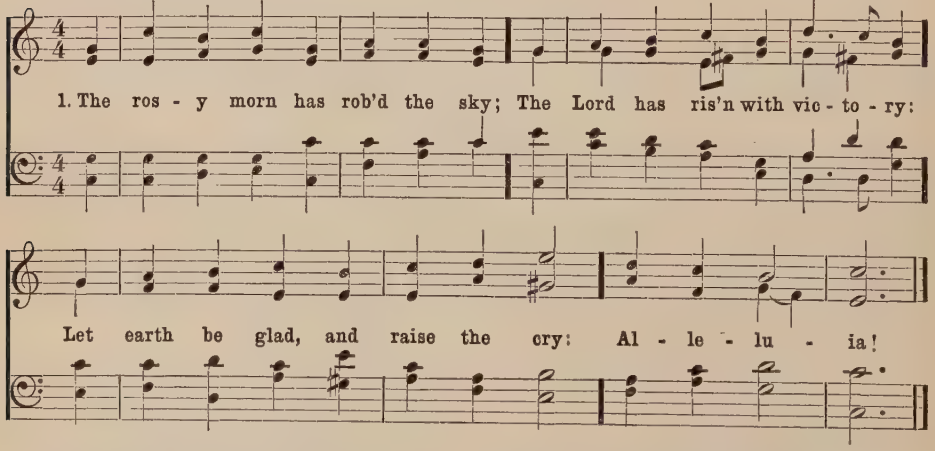
4 He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let hymns of praise his triumphs tell.
Alleluia!

5 Lord, by the stripes which wounded thee,
From death's dread sting thy servants free,
That we may live and sing to thee.
Alleluia!

Latin; tr. Francis Pott, 1861.

223 REDCLIFFE. 8. 8. 8. 4.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.



1 The rosy morn has robed the sky;
The Lord has risen with victory:
Let earth be glad, and raise the cry:
Alleluia!

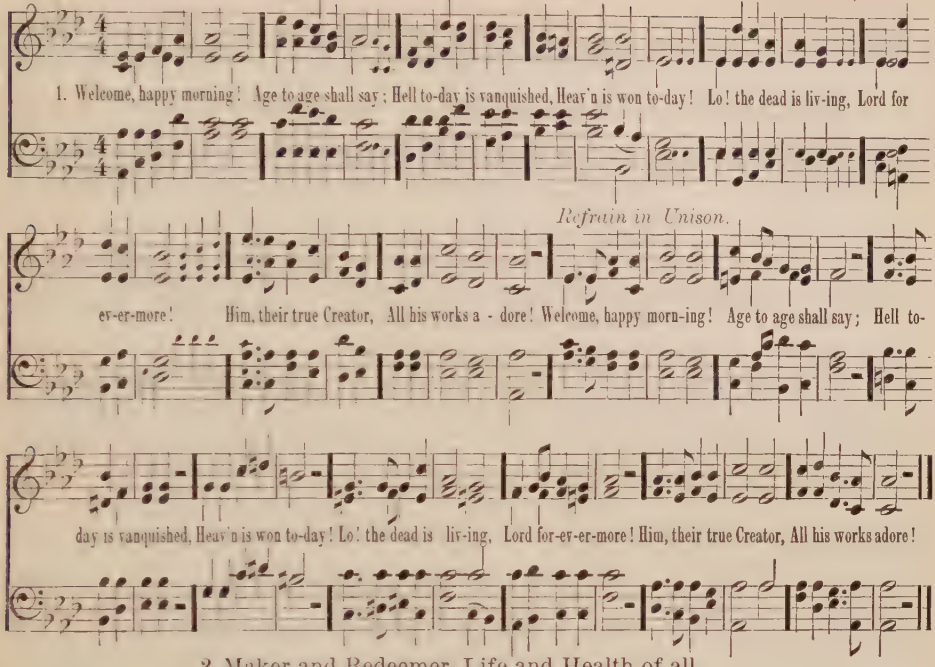
2 The Prince of Life with death has striven,
To cleanse the earth his blood has given;
Has rent the vail, and opened heaven:
Alleluia!

3 And he, dear Lord, that with thee dies,
And fleshly passions crucifies,
In body, like to thine, shall rise:
Alleluia!

4 O grant us, then, with thee to die,
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,
And love the things above the sky:
Alleluia!

Latin; tr. William Cooke, 1872.

224 FORTUNATUS. 11s. *With Refrain.* (*First Tune.*)

J. B. CALKIN, 1827—.

1. Welcome, happy morning! Age to age shall say; Hell to-day is vanquished, Heav'n is won to-day! Lo! the dead is liv-ing, Lord for
Refrain in Unison.
er-er-more! Him, their true Creator, All his works a - dore! Welcome, happy morn-ing! Age to age shall say; Hell to-
day is vanquished, Heav'n is won to-day! Lo! the dead is liv-ing, Lord for-er-er-more! Him, their true Creator, All his works adore!

2 Maker and Redeemer, Life and Health of all,
Thou, from heaven beholding human nature's fall,
Of the Father's Godhead true and only Son,
Manhood to deliver, manhood didst put on:—*Ref.*

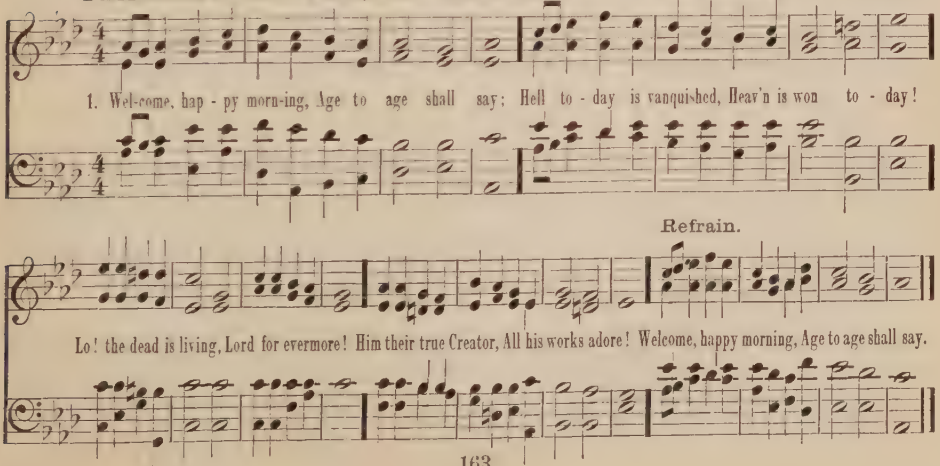
3 Thou, of life the Author, death did undergo,
Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show:
Come then, true and faithful, now fulfill thy word;
'Tis thine own third morning, rise, O buried Lord.—*Ref.*

4 Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen raise to life again;
Show thy face in brightness, bid the nations see,
Bring again our daylight; day returns with thee!—*Ref.*

Venantius Fortunatus. A. D. 530–609. Tr. by J. Ellerton. 1826.—

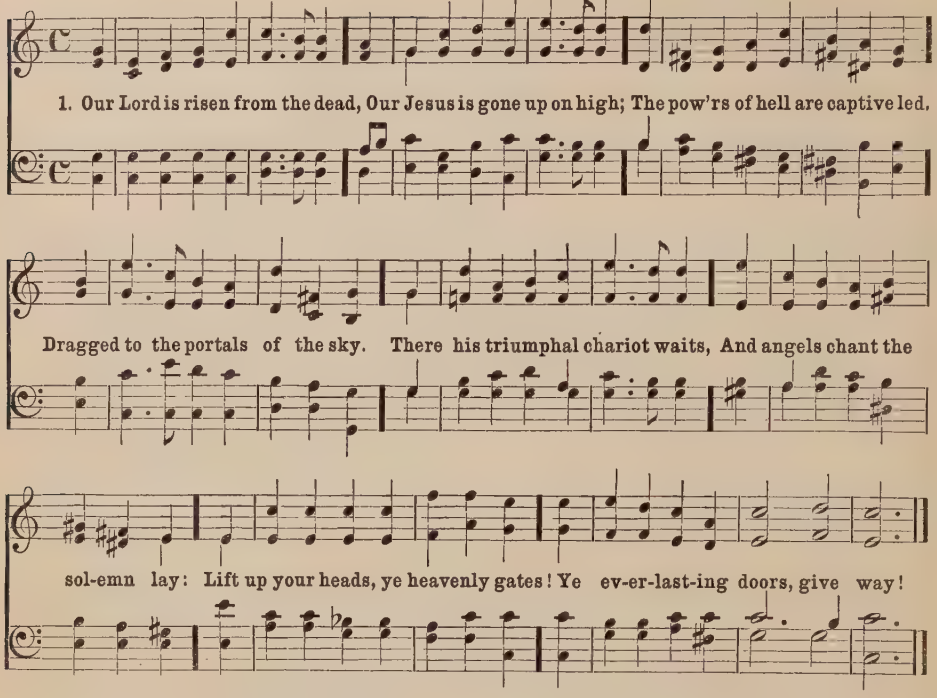
PEMBROKE. 11s. *With Refrain.* (*Second Tune.*)

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842.—


1. Wel-come, hap - py morn-ing, Age to age shall say; Hell to - day is vanquished, Heav'n is won to - day!
Refrain.
Lo! the dead is living, Lord for evermore! Him their true Creator, All his works adore! Welcome, happy morning, Age to age shall say.

225 BOYNTON. L. M. D.

SIR JOHN GOSS, 1800–1880.


1. Our Lord is risen from the dead, Our Jesus is gone up on high; The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky. There his triumphal chariot waits, And angels chant the
sol-emn lay: Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates! Ye ev-er-last-ing doors, give way!

2 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.
Who is the King of glory,—who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame;
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

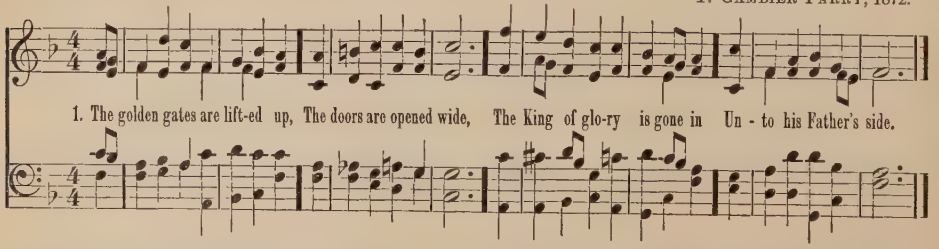
3 Lo, his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!
Who is the King of glory,—who?
The Lord of glorious power possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blest.

Charles Wesley, 1739.

(ALSO DUKE STREET, No. 87.)

226 PARRY. C. M.

T. GAMBIER PARRY, 1872.



2 Thou art gone up before us, Lord,
To make for us a place,
That we may be where now thou art,
And look upon God's face.

3 And ever on thine earthly path
A gleam of glory lies;
A light still breaks behind the cloud
That vailed thee from our eyes.

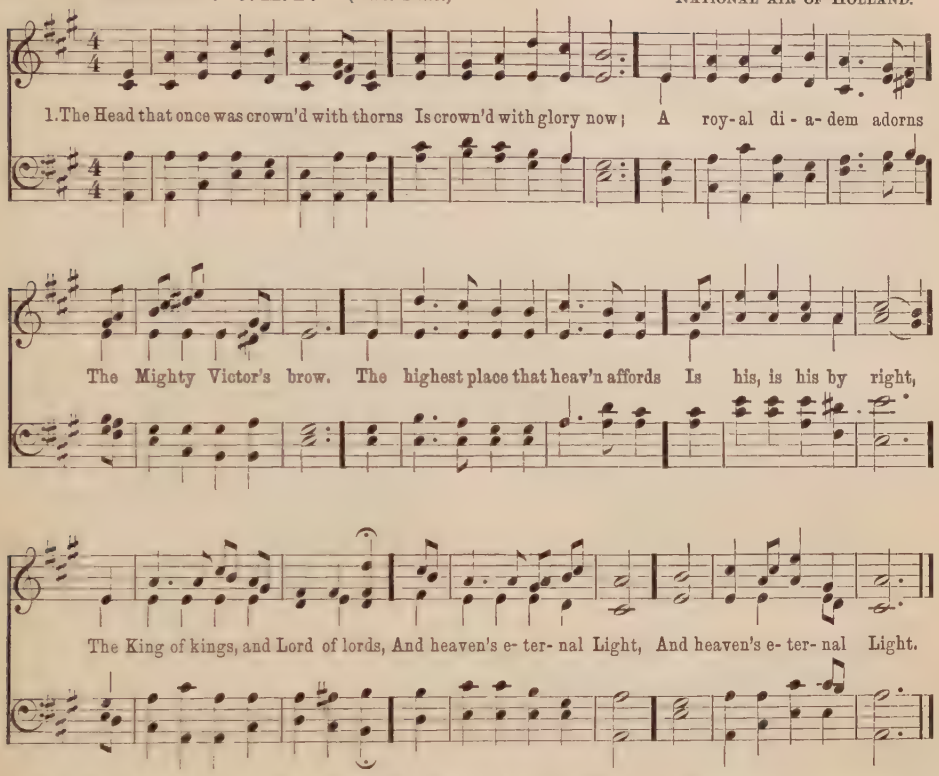
4 Lift up our hearts, lift up our minds,
Let thy dear grace be given,
That while we tarry here below,
Our treasure be in heaven!

5 That where thou art, at God's right hand,
Our hope, our love may be;
Dwell thou in us, that we may dwell
For evermore in thee!

Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1852 and 1858.

227 HOLLAND. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

NATIONAL AIR OF HOLLAND.


1. The Head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glory now; A roy-al di-a-dem adorns
The Mighty Victor's brow. The highest place that heav'n affords Is his, is his by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And heaven's e-ter-nal Light, And heaven's e-ter-nal Light.

1 The Head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The Mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his, is his by right,
The King of kings, and Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The Joy of all who dwell above,
The Joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given:
Their name an everlasting name,
Their joy the joy of heaven.

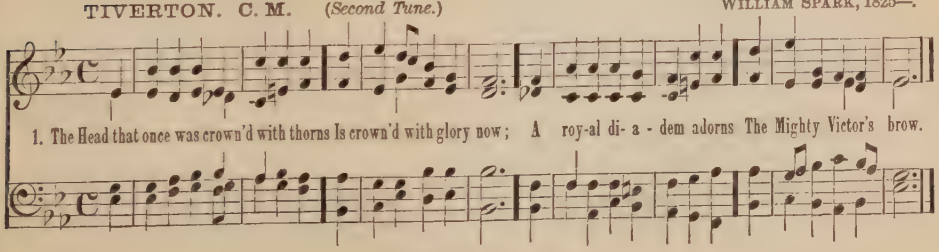
5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above,
Their profit and their joy to know
The mystery of his love.

6 The cross he bore is life and health,
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

Thomas Kelly, 1820.

TIVERTON. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

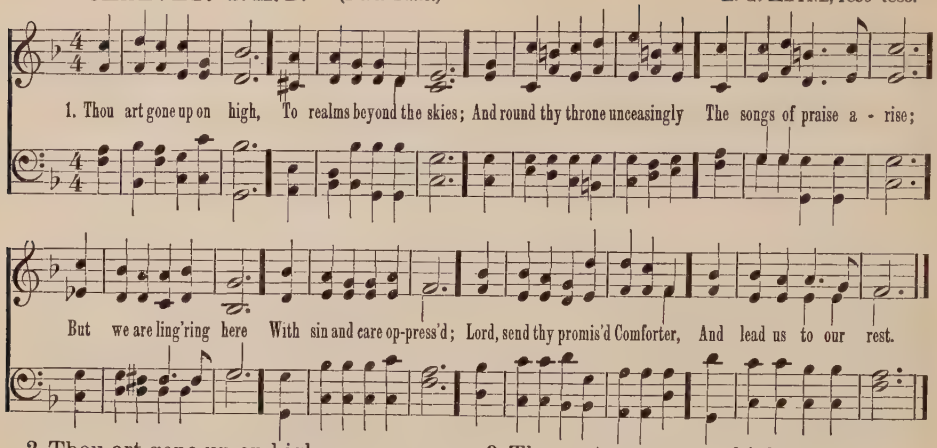
WILLIAM SPARK, 1825—.



(ALSO MANOAH, No. 398.)

228 CHALVEY. S. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

L. G. HAYNE, 1836–1883.


1. Thou art gone up on high, To realms beyond the skies; And round thy throne unceasingly The songs of praise a - rise;
But we are ling'ring here With sin and care op-press'd; Lord, send thy promis'd Comforter, And lead us to our rest.

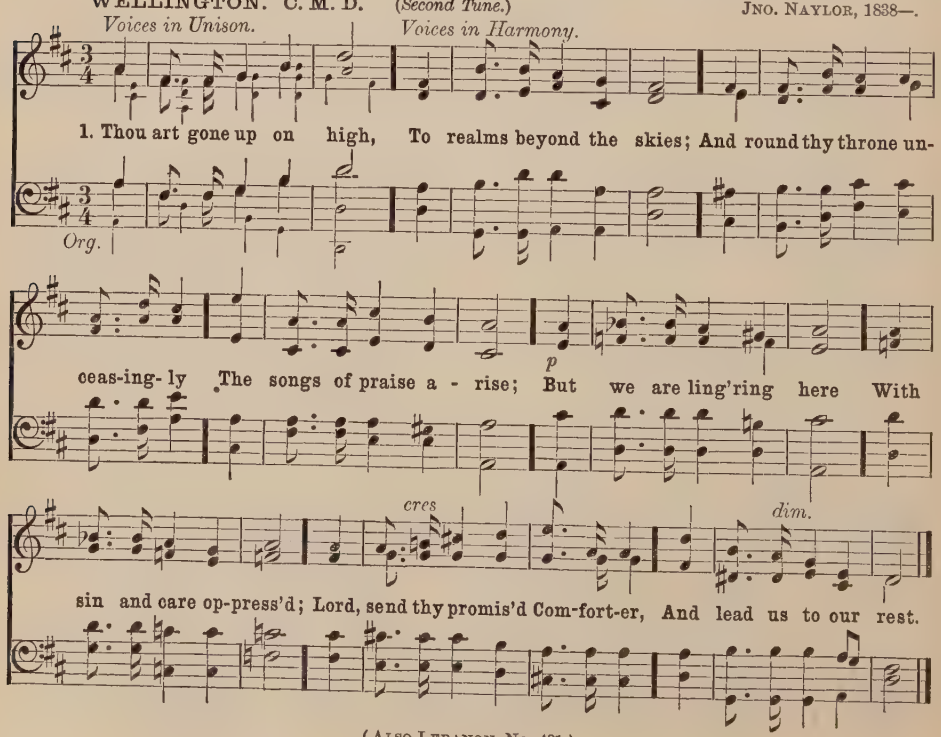
2 Thou art gone up on high;
But thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery,
To pass unto thy crown;
And girt with griefs and fears,
Our onward course must be;
But only let that path of tears
Lead us at last to thee.

3 Thou art gone up on high;
But thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
Attendant in thy train.
O by thy saving power,
So make us live and die,
That we may stand, in that dread hour,
At thy right hand on high.

Emma Leslie Toke, 1851.

WELLINGTON. C. M. D. (*Second Tune.*)

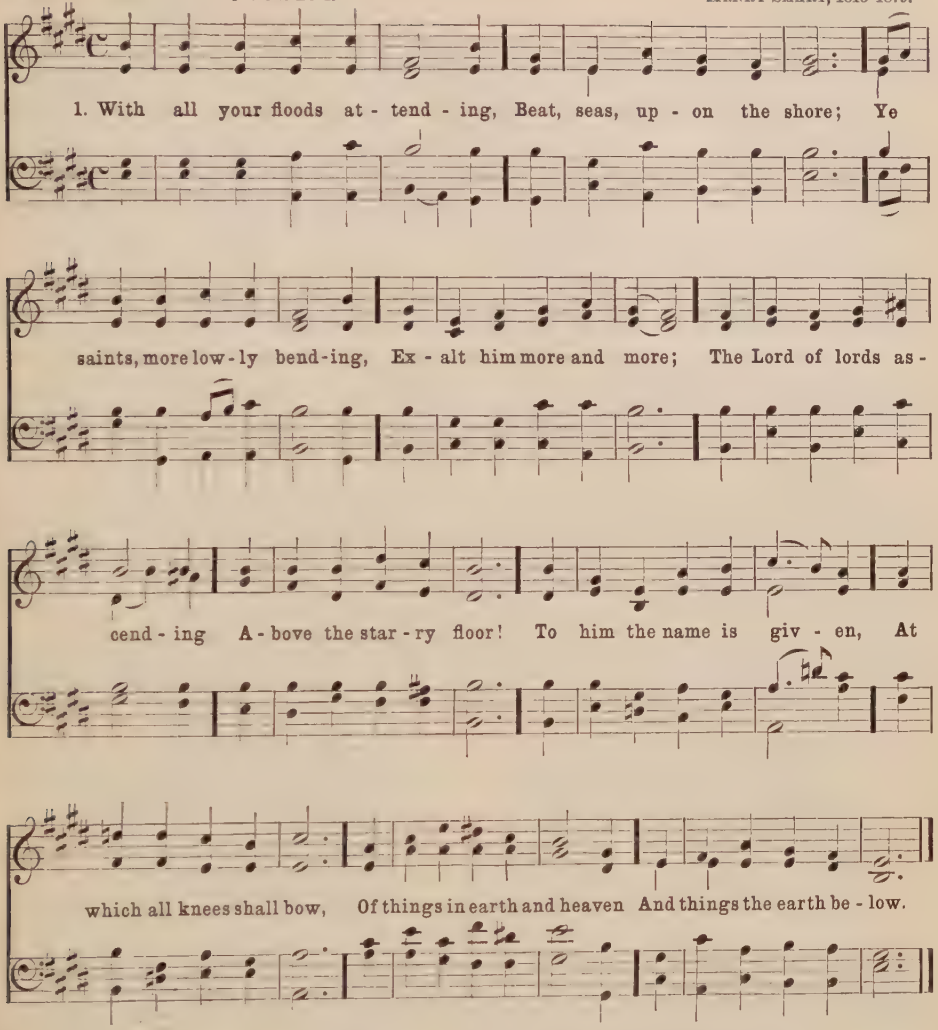
JNO. NAYLOR, 1838—.


Voices in Unison.
Voices in Harmony.
1. Thou art gone up on high, To realms beyond the skies; And round thy throne un-
Org.
ceas-ing-ly The songs of praise a - rise; But we are ling'ring here With
p
cres
dim.
sin and care op-press'd; Lord, send thy promis'd Com-fort-er, And lead us to our rest.

(ALSO LEBANON, No. 431.)

229 TRENTON. 7s. 6s. 10 l.

HENRY SMART, 1813–1879.


1. With all your floods at - tend - ing, Beat, seas, up - on the shore; Ye
saints, more low - ly bend - ing, Ex - alt him more and more; The Lord of lords as -
cend - ing A - bove the star - ry floor! To him the name is giv - en, At
which all knees shall bow, Of things in earth and heaven And things the earth be - low.

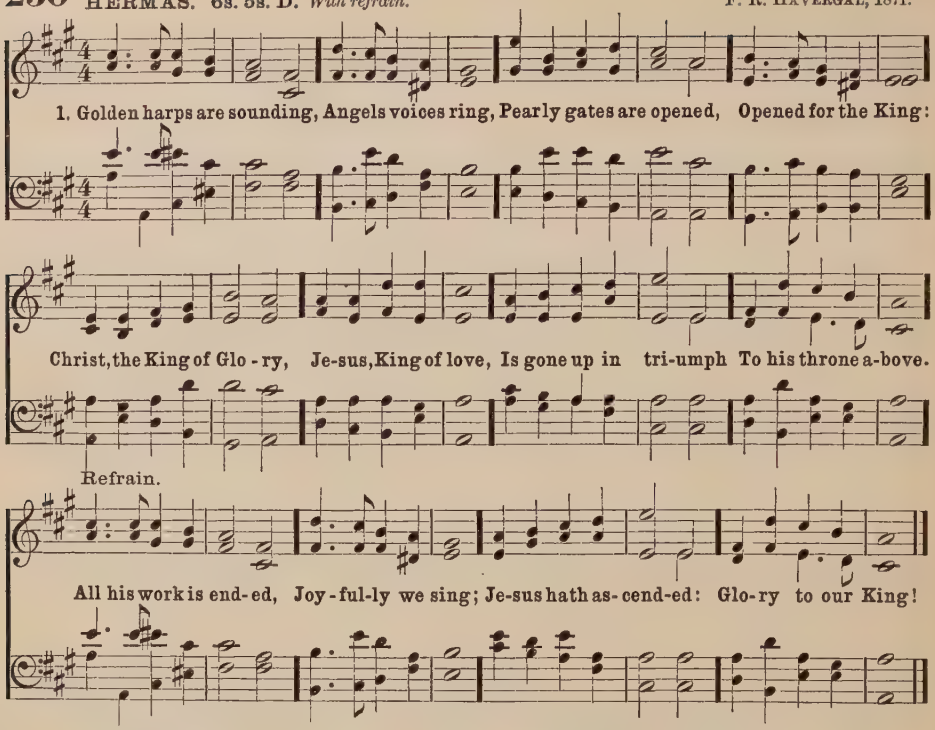
2 Ho! heavenly warders, glorious,
Your portals lift on high;
The King of kings victorious
Let in on all the sky!
His triumph meritorious
With praises magnify.
To him the Name is given,
At which all knees shall bow,
Of things in earth and heaven,
And things the earth below.

3 Who is the King of glory,
Who comes with garments dyed
From Bozrah's wine-press gory,
And Edom's purple tide?
The strong man's deathful foray
The Stronger has defied.
To him the Name is given,
At which all knees shall bow,
Of things in earth and heaven,
And things the earth below.

4 The Father's right hand gracing,
Thy throne, O Lord, prepare;
The goal of all our racing,
The mark of every prayer;
No pity's touch effacing
With thee ascending there.
To thee the Name is given,
At which all knees shall bow,
Of things in earth and heaven
And things in earth below.

H. Kynaston.

230 HERMAS. 6s. 5s. D. *With refrain.* F. R. HAVERGAL, 1871.


1. Golden harps are sounding, Angels voices ring, Pearly gates are opened, Opened for the King:
Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je-sus, King of love, Is gone up in tri-umph To his throne a-bove.
Refrain.
All his work is end-ed, Joy-ful-ly we sing; Je-sus hath as-cend-ed: Glo-ry to our King!

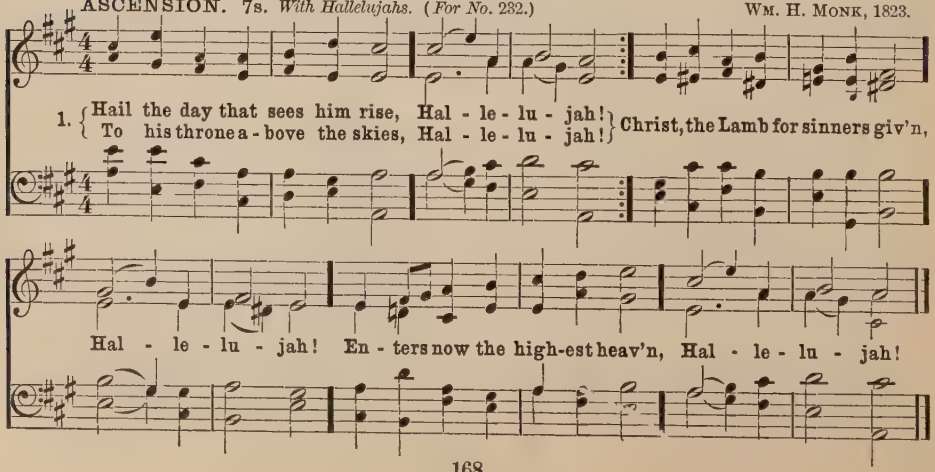
2 He who came to save us,
He who bled and died,
Now is crowned with glory
At his Father's side.
Never more to suffer,
Never more to die,
Jesus, King of Glory,
Is gone up on high.—*Ref.*

3 Praying for his children
In that blessed place,
Calling them to glory,
Sending them his grace;
His bright home preparing,
Faithful ones, for you;
Jesus ever liveth,
Ever loveth too.—*Ref.*

F. R. Havergal, 1871.

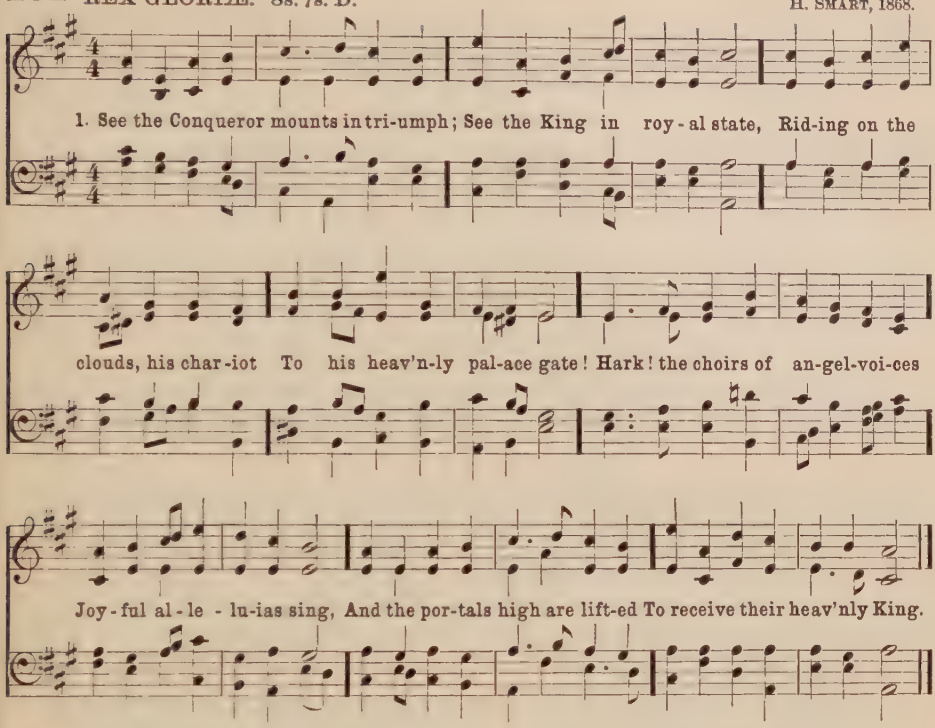
(ALSO ST. ALBANS, No. 565.)

ASCENSION. 7s. *With Hallelujahs.* (*For No.* 232.) WM. H. MONK, 1823.


1. Hail the day that sees him rise, Hal - le - lu - jah! To his throne a - bove the skies, Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ, the Lamb for sinners giv'n,
Hal - le - lu - jah! En - ters now the high-est heav'n, Hal - le - lu - jah!

231 REX GLORIÆ. 8s. 7s. D.

H. Smart, 1868.


1. See the Conqueror mounts in tri-umph; See the King in roy-al state, Rid-ing on the
clouds, his char-iot To his heav'n-ly pal-ace gate! Hark! the choirs of an-gel-voi-ces
Joy-ful al-le-lu-ias sing, And the por-tals high are lift-ed To receive their heav'nly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He hath gained the victory.
He who on the cross did suffer,
He who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan;
He by death has spoiled his foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature,
On the clouds to God's right hand;
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord! in thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

4 Lift us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspirations,
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where he sits enthroned in glory,
In the heavenly citadel.

C. Wordsworth, 1862.

(Also Austrian Hymn, No. 271.)

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232 ASCENSION. *(Opposite.)*

1 Hail the day that sees him rise,
To his throne above the skies;
Christ, the Lamb for sinners given,
Enters now the highest heaven.

2 There for him high triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Wide unfold the radiant scene;
Take the King of Glory in.

3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Yet he loves the earth he leaves;
Though returning to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

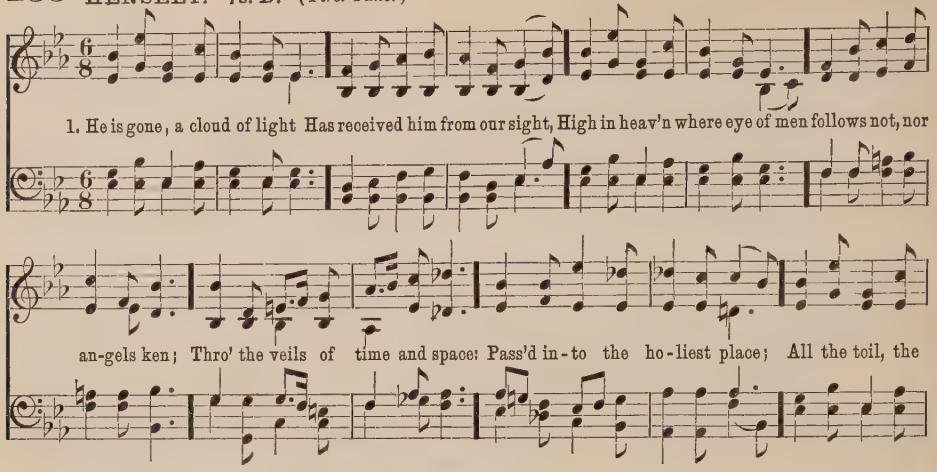
4 Still for us he intercedes,
His prevailing death he pleads;
Near himself prepares a place,
Great Forerunner of our race.

5 Lord, though parted from our sight
Far above the starry height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Following thee above the skies.

Charles Wesley, 1739, alt.

233 HENSELT. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM ADOLPH HENSELT, 1814—.


1. He is gone, a cloud of light Has received him from our sight, High in heav'n where eye of men follows not, nor
an-gels ken; Thro' the veils of time and space: Pass'd in-to the ho-liest place; All the toil, the
sor-row done, All the bat-tle fought and won.

2 He is gone! and we remain
In this world of sin and pain:
In the void which he has left,
On this earth of him bereft,
We have still his work to do,
We can still his path pursue;
Seek him both in friend and foe,
In ourselves his image show.

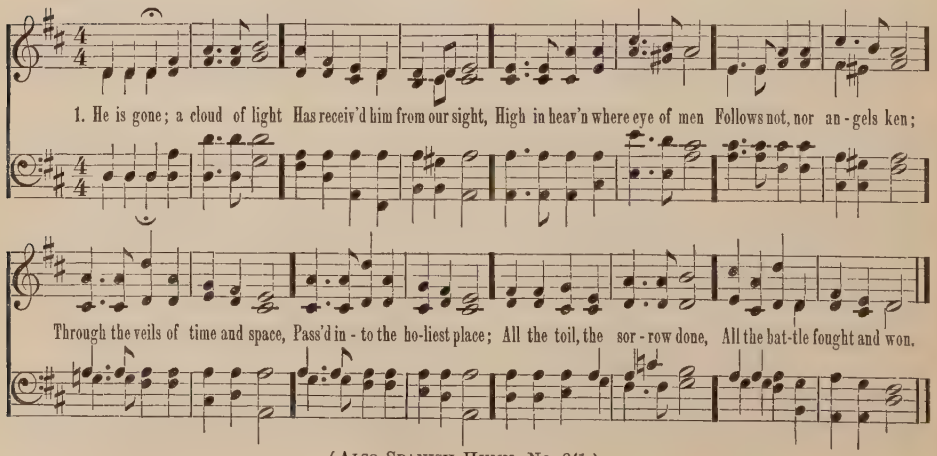
3 He is gone! we heard him say,
"Good that I should go away;"
Gone is that dear form and face,
But not gone his present grace;
Though himself no more we see,
Comfortless we cannot be;
No, his Spirit still is ours,
Quickening, freshening all our powers.

4 He is gone; but not in vain;
Wait until he comes again;
He is risen, he is not here;
Far above this earthly sphere,
Evermore in heart and mind,
There our peace in him we find;
To our own Eternal Friend
Thitherward let us ascend.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, 1862.

ST. PATRICK. 7s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

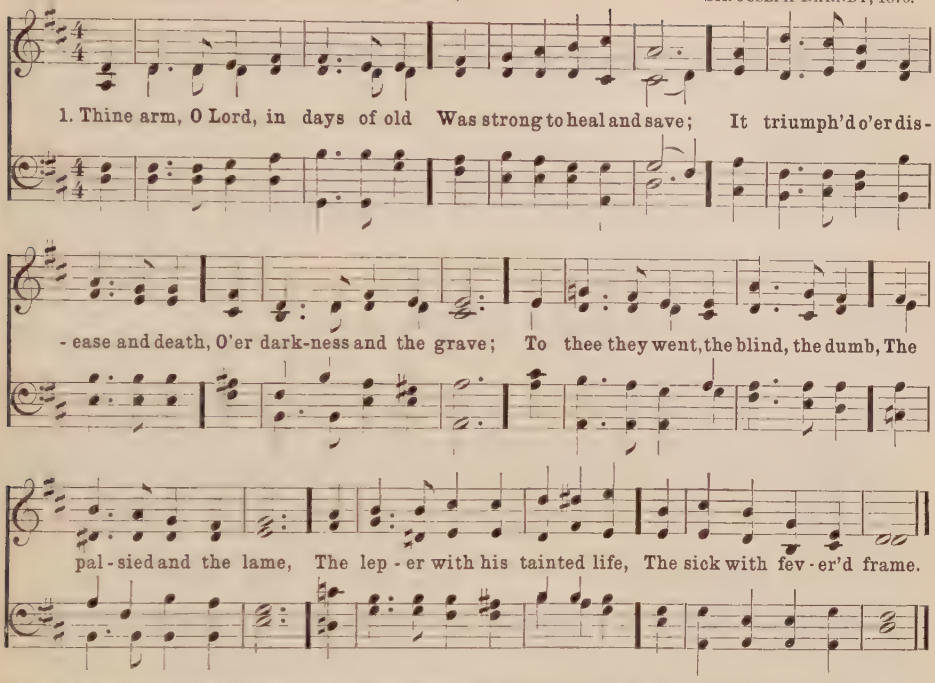
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842.—


1. He is gone; a cloud of light Has receiv'd him from our sight, High in heav'n where eye of men Follows not, nor an-gels ken;
Through the veils of time and space, Pass'd in-to the ho-liest place; All the toil, the sor-row done, All the bat-tle fought and won.

(ALSO SPANISH HYMN, No. 241.)

234 ST. LUKE'S. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1876.


1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save; It triumph'd o'er dis-
-ease and death, O'er dark-ness and the grave; To thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The
pal-sied and the lame, The lep-er with his tainted life, The sick with fev-er'd frame.

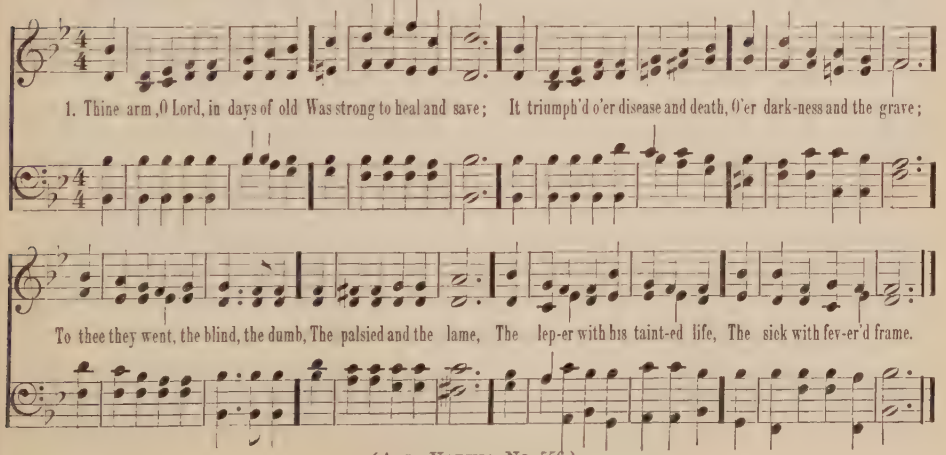
2 And lo! thy touch brought life and health,
Gave speech and strength and sight;
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed
Owned thee, the Lord of light;
And now, O Lord, be near to bless,
Almighty as of yore,
In crowded street, by restless couch,
As by Gennesareth's shore.

3 Be thou our great Deliverer still,
Thou Lord of life and death;
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless
With thine almighty breath.
To hands that work and eyes that see
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,
That whole and sick, and weak and strong,
May praise thee evermore.

Edward Hayes Plumptre, 1865.

FILIUS DEI. C. M. D. (*Second Tune.*)

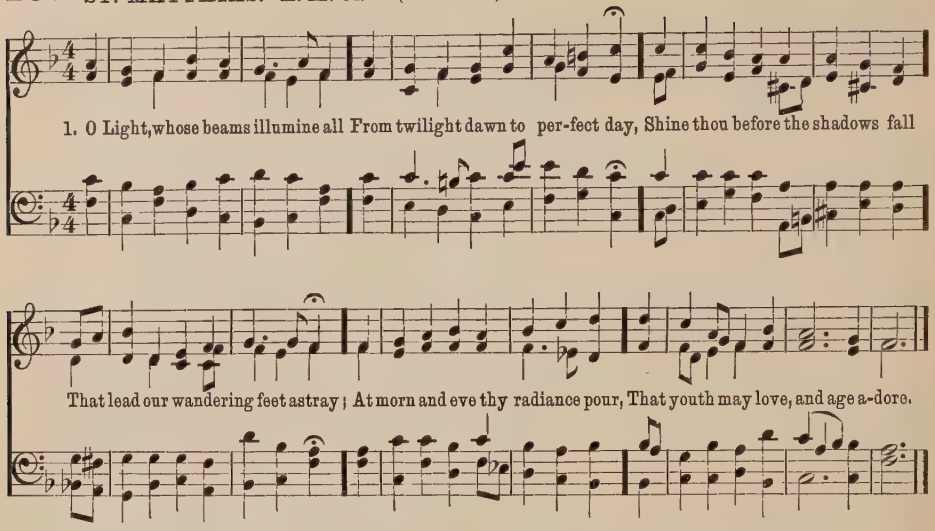
A. R. GAUL, 1837—.


1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old Was strong to heal and save; It triumph'd o'er disease and death, O'er dark-ness and the grave;
To thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The palsied and the lame, The lep-er with his taint-ed life, The sick with fev-er'd frame.

(ALSO VARINA, No. 556.)

235 ST. MATTHIAS. L. M. 61. (*First Tune.*)

W. H. MONK, 1861.


1. O Light, whose beams illumine all From twilight dawn to per-fect day, Shine thou before the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray; At morn and eve thy radiance pour, That youth may love, and age a-dore.

2 O Way, through whom our souls draw near
To yon eternal home of peace,
Where perfect love shall cast out fear,
And earth's vain toil and wandering cease,
In strength or weakness may we see
Our heavenward path, O Lord, thro' thee.

3 O Truth, before whose shrine we bow,
Thou priceless Pearl for all who seek,
To thee our earliest strength we vow,
Thy love will bless the pure and meek;
When dreams or mists beguile our sight,
Turn thou our darkness into light.

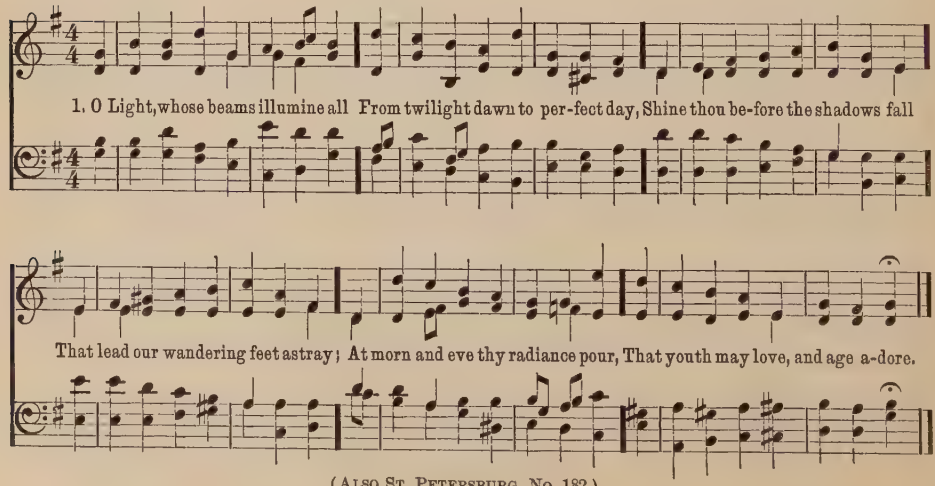
4 O Life, the Well that ever flows
To slake the thirst of those that faint,
Thy power to bless what seraph knows?
Thy joy supreme what words can paint?
In earth's last hour of fleeting breath
Be thou our Conqueror over death.

5 O Light, O Way, O Truth, O Life,
O Jesus, born mankind to save,
Give thou thy peace in deadliest strife,
Shed thou thy calm on stormiest wave;
Be thou our Hope, our Joy, our Dread,
Lord of the living and the dead.

E. H. Plumptre, 1864.

BICKLEY. L. M. 61. (*Second Tune.*)

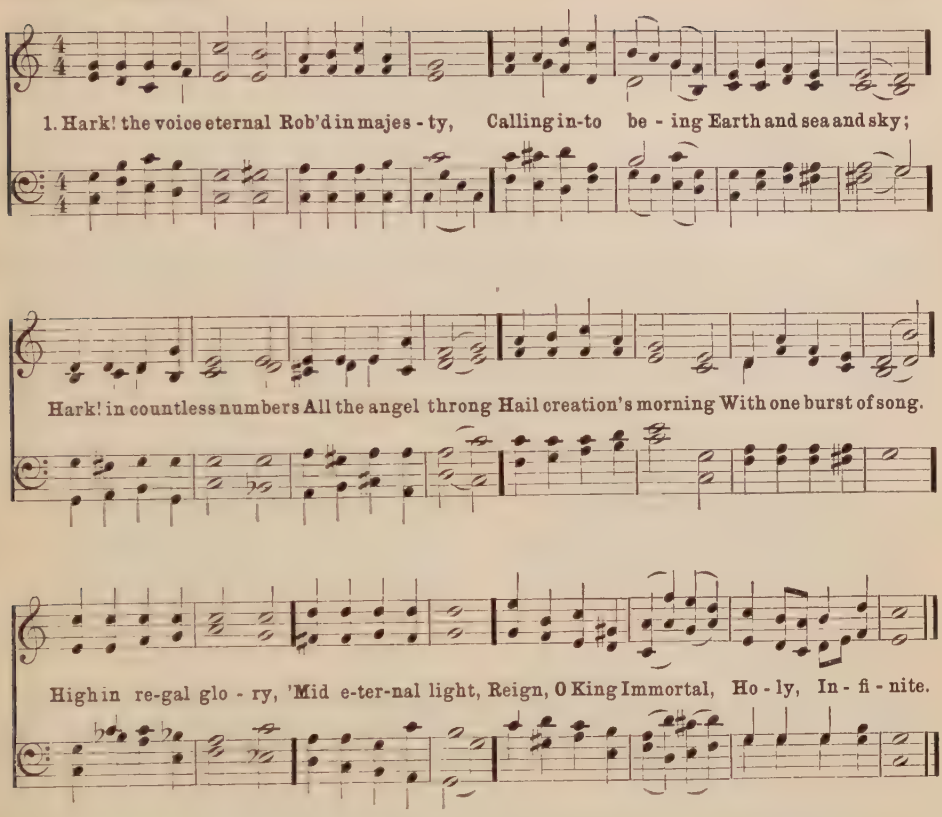
W. H. MONK, 1823–1889.


1. O Light, whose beams illumine all From twilight dawn to per-fect day, Shine thou be-fore the shadows fall
That lead our wandering feet astray; At morn and eve thy radiance pour, That youth may love, and age a-dore.

(ALSO ST. PETERSBURG, No. 182.)

236 OSWESTRY. 6s. 5s. 12l.

H. D. Leslie, 1822–1896.


1. Hark! the voice eternal Rob'd in majes - ty, Calling in-to be - ing Earth and sea and sky;
Hark! in countless numbers All the angel throng Hail creation's morning With one burst of song.
High in re-gal glo - ry, 'Mid e-ter-nal light, Reign, O King Immortal, Ho - ly, In - fi - nite.

2 Bright the world and glorious,
Calm both earth and sea,
Noble in its grandeur
Stood man's purity:
Came the great transgression,
Came the saddening fall,
Death and desolation
Breathing over all.
Still in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

3 Long the nations waited,
Through the troubled night,
Looking, longing, yearning
For the promised light.
Prophets saw the morning
Breaking far away,
Minstrels sang the splendor
Of that opening day,
Whilst in regal glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigned the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

4 Brightly dawned the Advent
Of the new-born King,
Joyously the watchers
Heard the angels sing.
Sadly closed the evening
Of his hallowed life,
As the noontide darkness
Veiled the last dread strife.
Lo! again in glory,
'Mid eternal light,
Reigns the King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

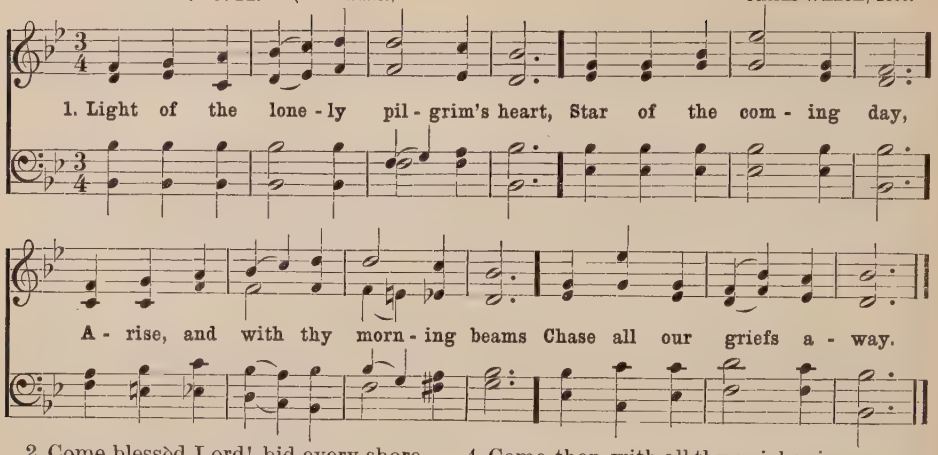
5 Lo! again he cometh,
Robed in clouds of light,
As the Judge Eternal,
Armed with power and might.
Nations to his footstool
Gathered then shall be;
Earth shall yield her treasures,
And her dead, the sea.
Till the trumpet soundeth,
'Mid eternal light,
Reign, thou King Immortal,
Holy, Infinite.

J. Julien, 1839—.

(Also St. Gertrude, No. 565.)

237 EAGLEY. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

JAMES WALCH, 1860.



2 Come blessèd Lord! bid every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

3 Lord, Lord, thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

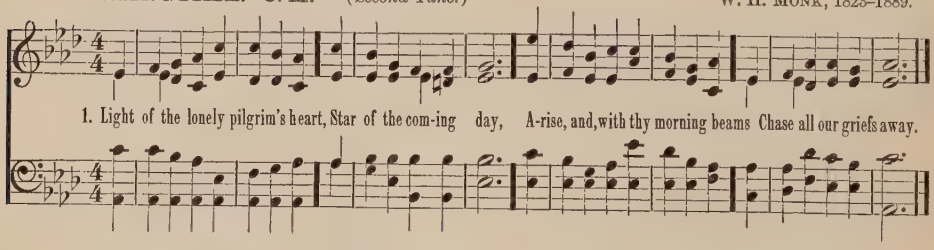
4 Come, then, with all thy quickening power,
With one awakening smile,
And bid the serpent's trail no more
Thy beauteous realms defile.

5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine;
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine.

Sir E. H. Denny, 1796–1889.

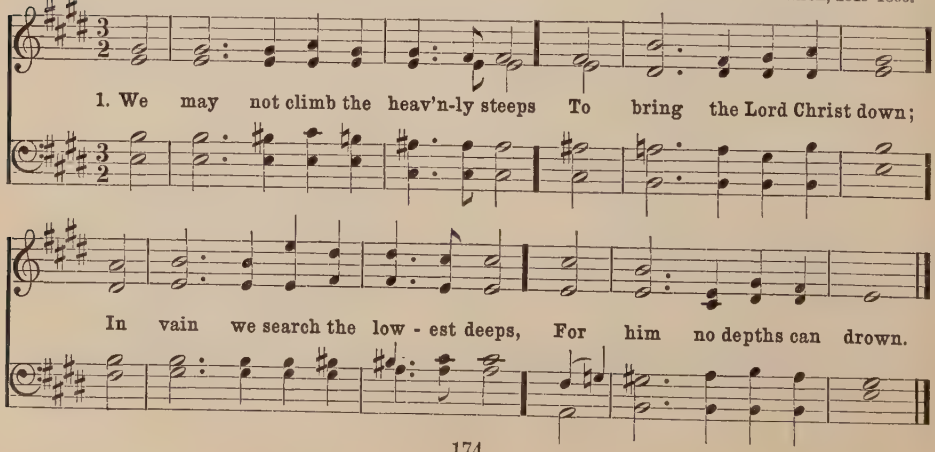
SPRINGTIME. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

W. H. MONK, 1823–1889.



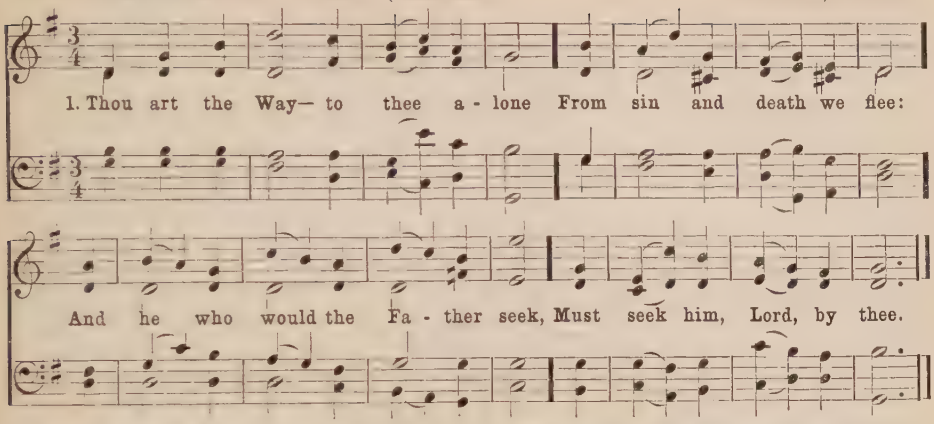
SERENITY. C. M. (*Second Tune for No.* 239.)

W. V. WALLACE, 1815–1866.


1. We may not climb the heav'n-ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the low - est deeps, For him no depths can drown.

238 CHESTERFIELD. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

T. Haweis, 1732–1820.



1 Thou art the Way,— to thee alone
From sin and death we flee:
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth,—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst instruct the mind,
And purify the heart.

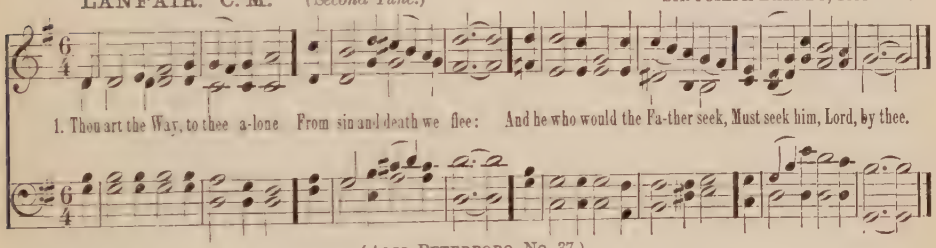
3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

G. W. Doane, 1824.

LANFAIR. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

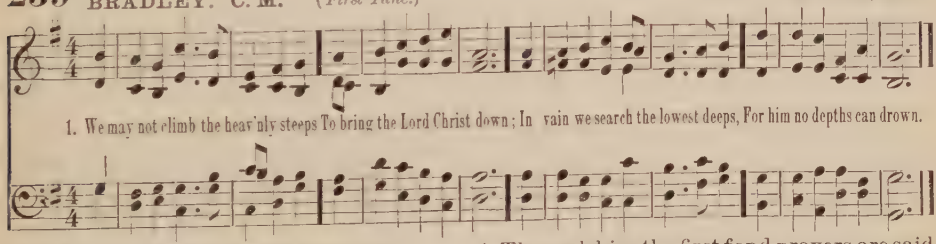
Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896.



(Also Peterboro, No. 37.)

239 BRADLEY. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. Dykes, 1867.


1. We may not climb the heav'nly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down; In vain we search the lowest deeps, For him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

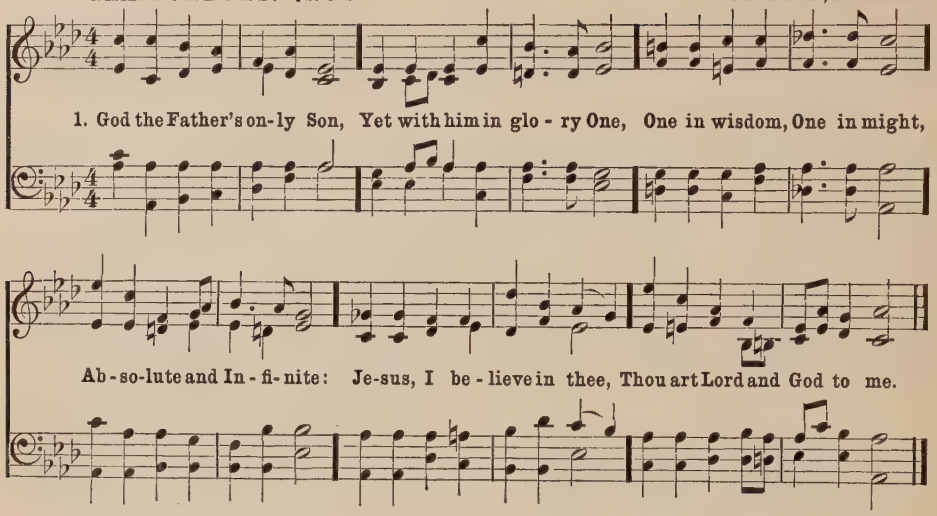
5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine.

J. G. Whittier, 1807–1892.

(Also Serenity, opposite.)

240 GLASTONBURY. 7s. 6l.

J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.


1. God the Father's on-ly Son, Yet with him in glo - ry One, One in wisdom, One in might,
Ab-so-lute and In-fi-nite: Je-sus, I be-lieve in thee, Thou art Lord and God to me.

2 Preacher of eternal peace,
Christ, anointed to release,
Setting wide the dungeon door,
Unto sinners chained before,
Jesus, I believe in thee,
Prophet sent from God to me.

3 Low in sad Gethsemane,
High on dreadful Calvary,
In the garden, on the cross,
Making good our utter loss,
Jesus, I believe in thee,
Priest and Sacrifice for me.

4 Ruler of thy ransomed race,
And Protector by thy grace,
Leader in the way we wend,
And Rewarder at the end,
Jesus, I believe in thee,
Christ, the King of kings to me.

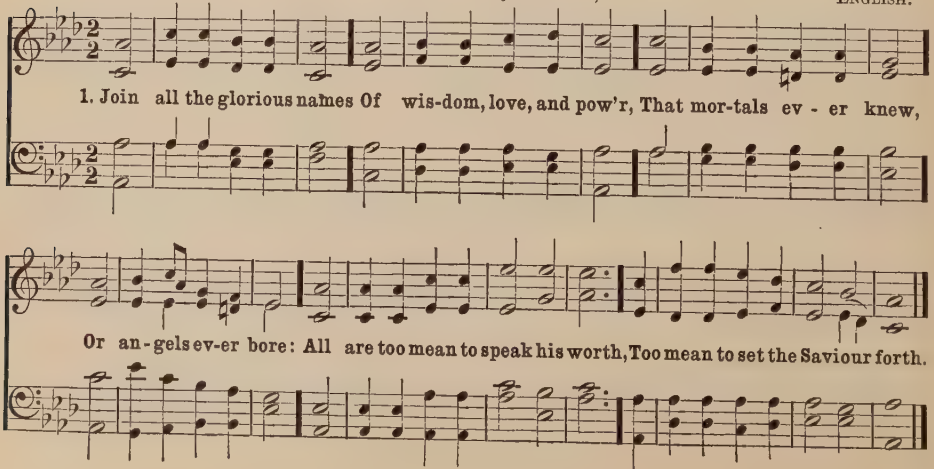
5 Light revealed through clouds of pain
That the blind may see again;
Love, content in death to lie,
That the dead might never die,
Jesus, I believe in thee,
Light, and Love, and Life to me.

6 All that I am fain to know,
While I watch and wait below;
All that I would find above,
All of everlasting love;
Jesus, I believe in thee,
Thou art all in all to me.

S. J. Stone, 1839—.

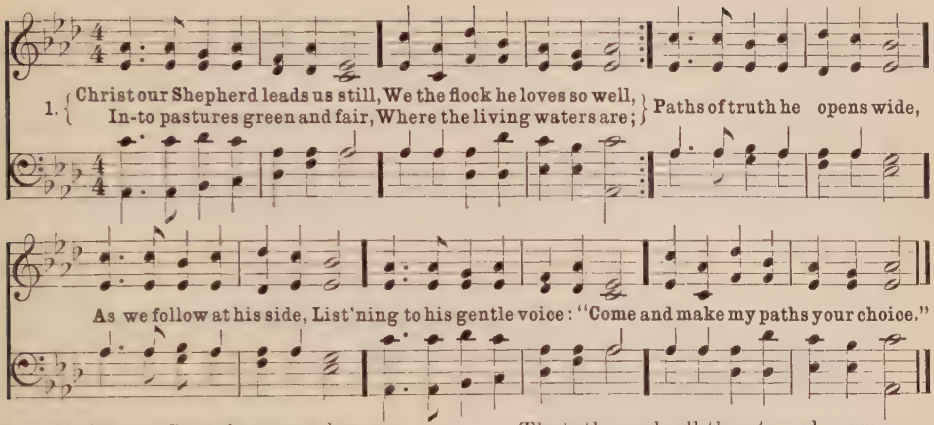
CULLODEN. 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*Second Tune for No.* 242.)

English.


1. Join all the glorious names Of wis-dom, love, and pow'r, That mor-tals ev - er knew,
Or an-gels ev-er bore: All are too mean to speak his worth, Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

241 SPANISH HYMN. 7s. D.

SPANISH MELODY.


1. { Christ our Shepherd leads us still, We the flock he loves so well,
In-to pastures green and fair, Where the living waters are; } Paths of truth he opens wide,
As we follow at his side, List'ning to his gentle voice: "Come and make my paths your choice."

2 Christ our Captain onward goes,
Marching 'gainst our dreaded foes;
We enlisted for the right,
Shrink not, fail not in the fight.
Lifting high his glorious cross,
We shall win, nor suffer loss.
Win they will, and win they must,
Who in Christ the Conqueror trust.

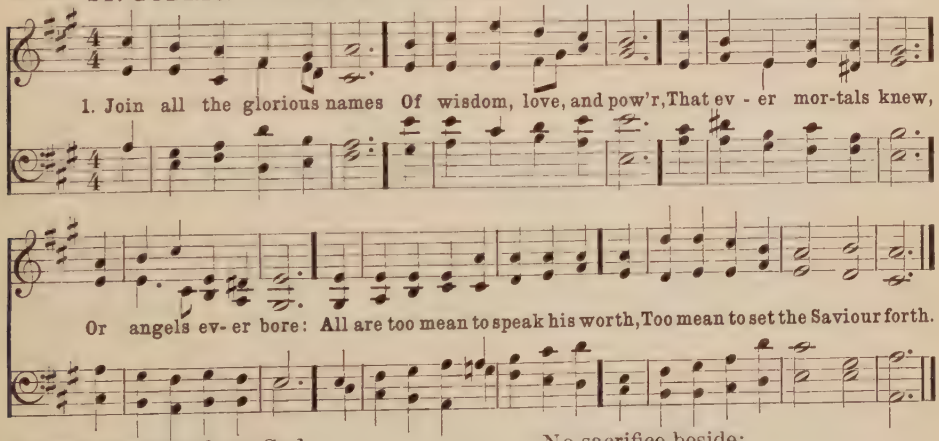
3 Christ our Brother loves his own;
He, the Father's eldest Son,
Stooped to wear our mortal frame,
Bear our sins and grief and shame.
That, through all the eternal years,
We, exempt from guilt and tears,
Might his sinless nature bear,
And in all his glory share.

4 Christ our King now reigns on high,
Throned above the starry sky;
Angels worship at his feet;
Saints redeemed his praise repeat.
Onward still his servants go,
Through this world of sin and woe,
Bearing peace and joy and light
To the dwellers in the night.

H. M. King, 1886.

242 ST. GODRIC. 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1861.


1. Join all the glorious names Of wisdom, love, and pow'r, That ev - er mor-tals knew,
Or angels ev- er bore: All are too mean to speak his worth, Too mean to set the Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of our God,
Our tongues shall bless thy name;
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came,
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heaven.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has shed his blood and died;
Our guilty conscience needs
No sacrifice beside:
His precious blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

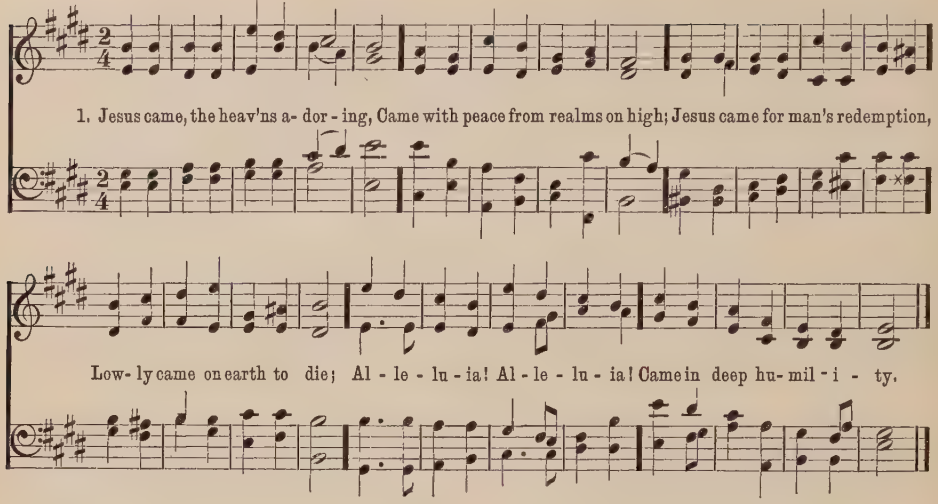
4 O thou almighty Lord,
Our Conqueror and our King,
Thy sceptre and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace we sing.
Thine is the power, O make us sit
In willing bonds beneath thy feet.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

(ALSO CULLODEN, OPPOSITE.)

243 GOSS. 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOHN GOSS, 1867.


1. Jesus came, the heav'ns a- dor - ing, Came with peace from realms on high; Jesus came for man's redemption,
Low- ly came on earth to die; Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Came in deep hu- mil - i - ty.

2 Jesus comes again in mercy,
When our hearts are bowed with care;
Jesus comes again in answer
To an earnest, heartfelt prayer;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Comes to save us from despair.

3 Jesus comes to hearts rejoicing,
Bringing news of sins forgiven;
Jesus comes in sounds of gladness,
Leading souls redeemed to heaven;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Now the gate of death is riven.

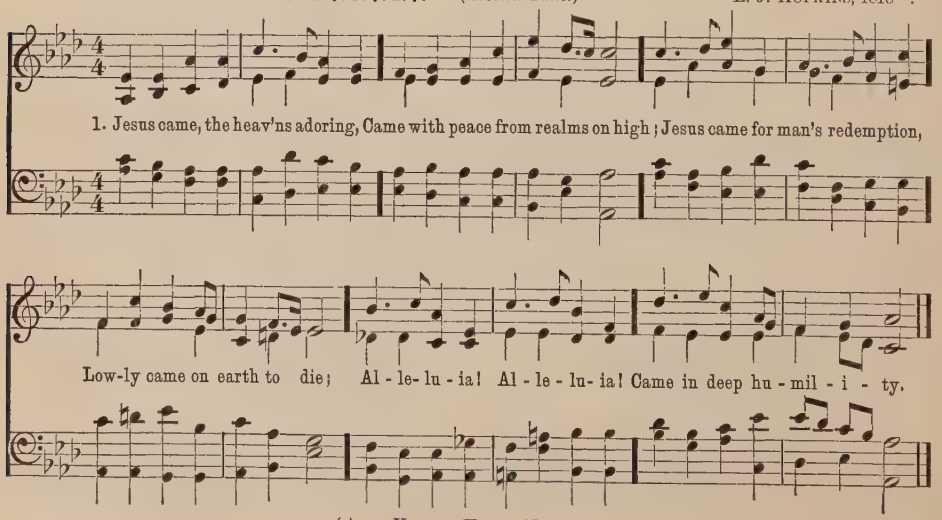
4 Jesus comes in joy and sorrow,
Shares alike our hopes and fears;
Jesus comes, whate'er befalls us,
Glads our hearts, and dries our tears;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Cheering e'en our failing years.

5 Jesus comes on clouds triumphant,
When the heavens shall pass away;
Jesus comes again in glory;
Let us then our homage pay,
Alleluia! ever singing
'Till the dawn of endless day.

Godfrey Thring, 1864.

FENITON COURT. 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*Second Tune.*)

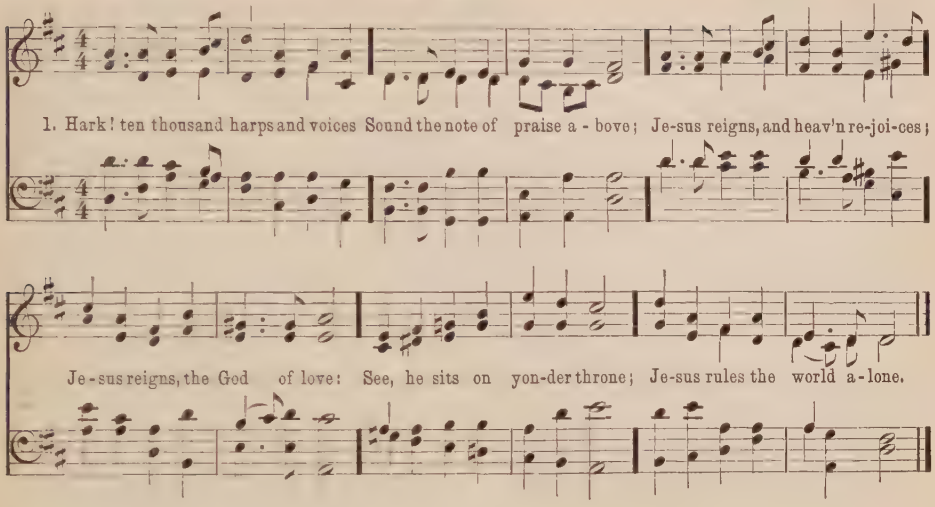
E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. Jesus came, the heav'ns adoring, Came with peace from realms on high; Jesus came for man's redemption,
Low-ly came on earth to die; Al - le- lu - ia! Al - le - lu- ia! Came in deep hu - mil - i - ty.

(ALSO VESPER HYMN, No. 844.)

244 PENRHYN. 8.7.8.7.7. (*First Tune*)

SIR R. P. STEWART, 1868.


1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise a - bove; Je-sus reigns, and heav'n re-joi-ces;
Je-sus reigns, the God of love: See, he sits on yon-der throne; Je-sus rules the world a-lone.

1 Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices;
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth:
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth:
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.

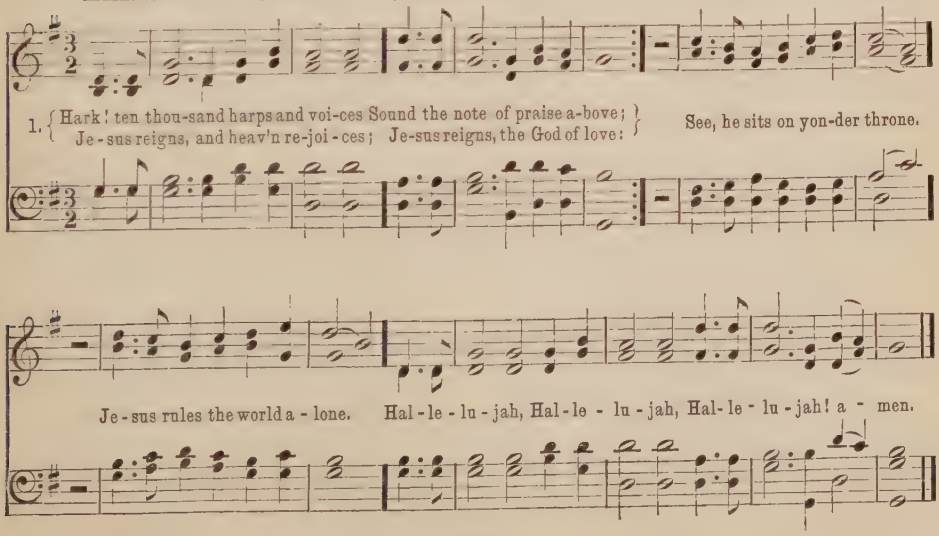
3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown:
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine
Happy objects of thy grace [own;
Destined to behold thy face.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away:
Then, with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."

Thomas Kelly, 1836.

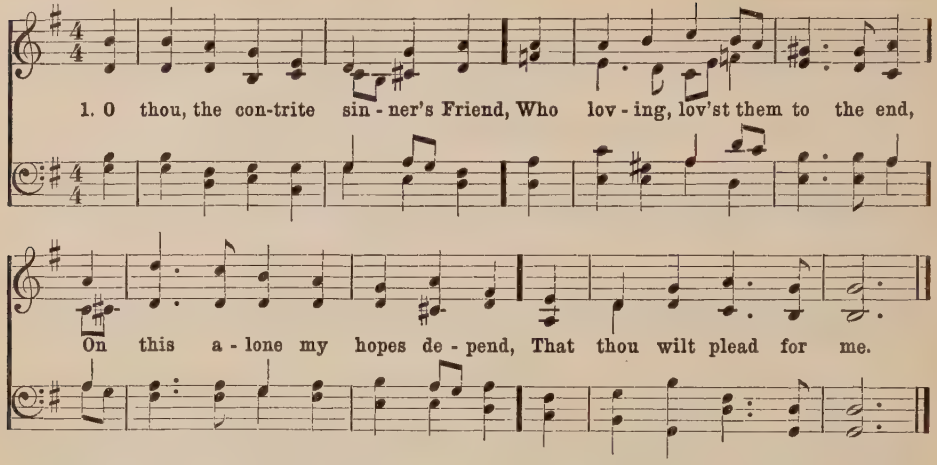
HARWELL. 8.7.8.7.7.7. (*Second Tune.*)

LOWELL MASON, 1840, arr.


1. { Hark! ten thou-sand harps and voi-ces Sound the note of praise a-bove; Je-sus reigns, and heav'n re-joi-ces; Je-sus reigns, the God of love: } See, he sits on yon-der throne.
Je-sus rules the world a-lone. Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! a-men.

245 ST. BARNABAS. 8.8.8.6. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. O thou, the con-trite sin-ner's Friend, Who lov-ing, lov'st them to the end,
On this a-lone my hopes de-pend, That thou wilt plead for me.

2 When I have erred and gone astray
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me!

3 When Satan, by my side made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, O plead for me.

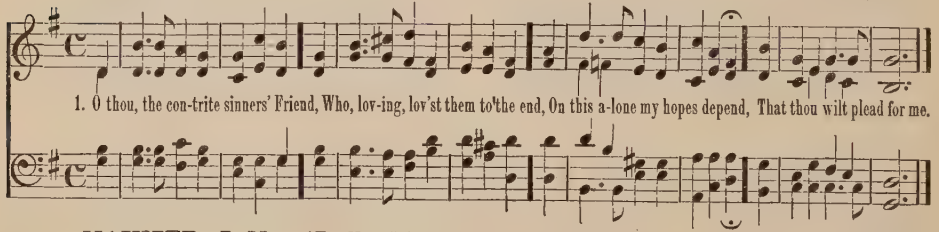
4 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me!

5 When the full light of heavenly day
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say thou hast washed them all away:
O say, thou plead'st for me.

Charlotte Elliott, 1789–1871.

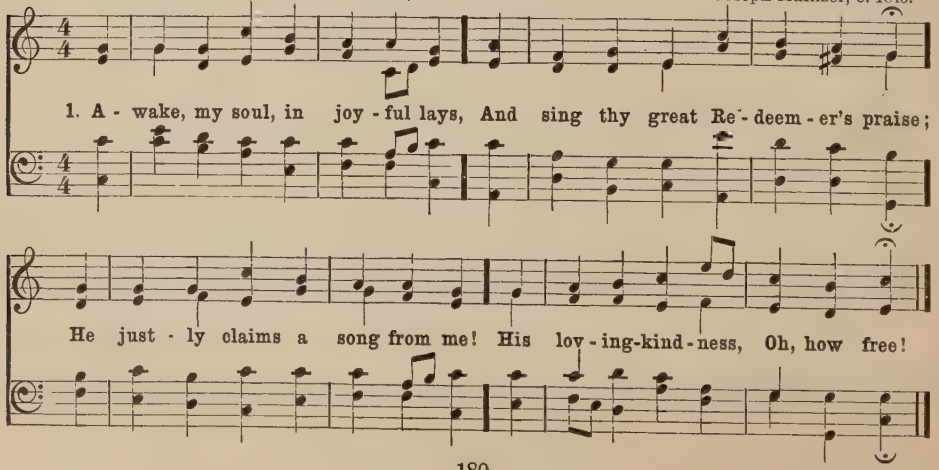
TIDESWELL. 8.8.8.6. (*Second Tune.*)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. O thou, the con-trite sinners' Friend, Who, lov-ing, lov'st them to the end, On this a-lone my hopes depend, That thou wilt plead for me.

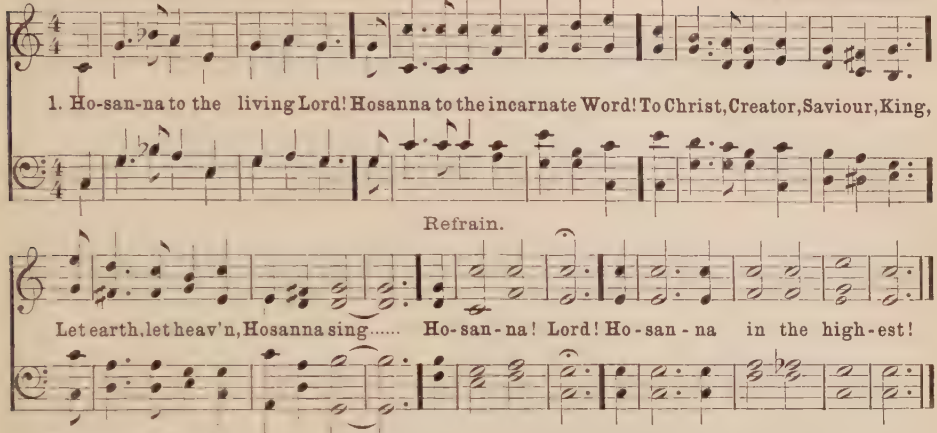
MAINZER. L. M. (*For No.* 247.)

Joseph Mainzer, c. 1845.


1. A-wake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Re-deem-er's praise;
He just-ly claims a song from me! His lov-ing-kind-ness, Oh, how free!

246 TURLE. L. M. *With Refrain.* (*First Tune.*)

J. TURLE, 1802–1882.


1. Ho-san-na to the living Lord! Hosanna to the incarnate Word! To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Refrain.
Let earth, let heav'n, Hosanna sing..... Ho-san-na! Lord! Ho-san-na in the high-est!

2 "Hosanna," Lord, thine angels cry;
"Hosanna," Lord, thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound. *Ref.*

3 O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this thy house of prayer,
Assembled in thy Sacred Name,
Where we thy parting promise claim. *Ref.*

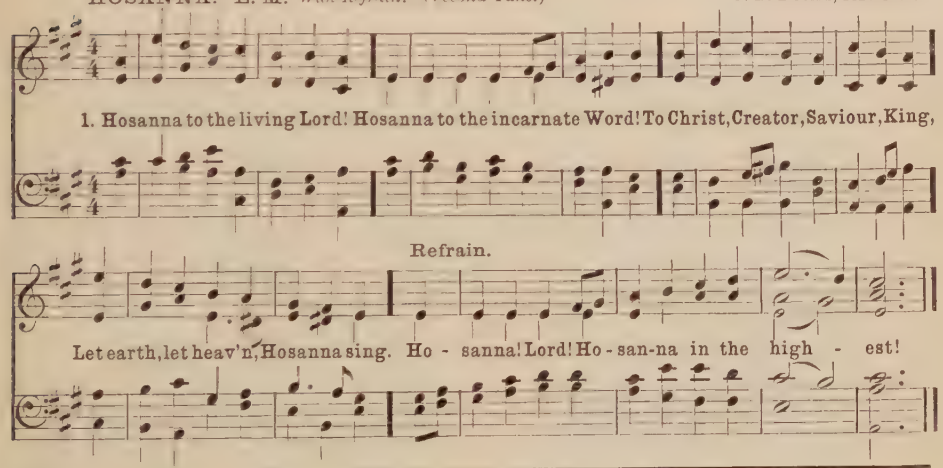
4 But, chiefest, in our cleansèd breast,
Eternal, bid thy Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy thee.—*Ref.*

5 So, in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again. *Ref.*

R. Heber, 1783–1826.

HOSANNA. L. M. *With Refrain.* (*Second Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. Hosanna to the living Lord! Hosanna to the incarnate Word! To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Refrain.
Let earth, let heav'n, Hosanna sing. Ho-sanna! Lord! Ho-san-na in the high-est!

247 MAINZER. (*Opposite.*)

2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate;
His loving-kindness, Oh, how great!

3 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.

4 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh, may my last, expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!

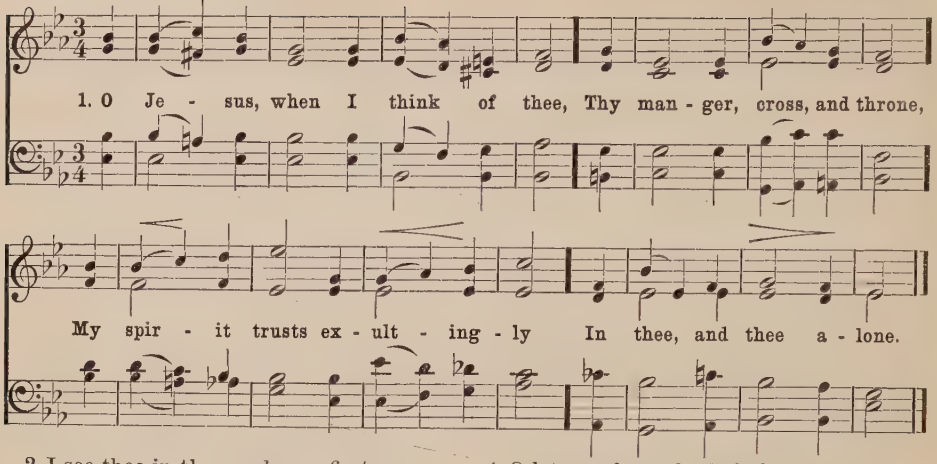
5 Then shall I mount, and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
There shall I sing, with sweet surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Samuel Medley, 1787.

(ALSO BEBA, NO. 473.)

248 MAKER. C. M.

F. C. MAKER, 1844—.



2 I see thee in thy weakness first;
Then, glorious from thy shame,
I see thee death's strong fetters burst,
And reach heaven's mightiest name.

3 For me thou didst become a man,
For me didst weep and die;
For me achieve thy wondrous plan,
For me ascend on high.

4 O let me share thy holy birth,
Thy faith, thy death to sin;
And, strong amidst the toils of earth,
My heavenly life begin.

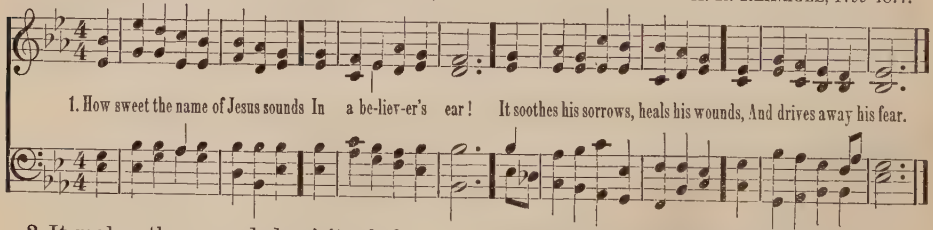
5 Then shall I know what means the strain!
Of thy good servant, Paul
"To live is Christ, to die is gain;"
"Christ is my all in all."

G. W. Bethune, 1847, alt.

(ALSO NOTTINGHAM, No. 100.)

249 ST. PETER'S. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

A. R. REINAGLE, 1799–1877.



2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

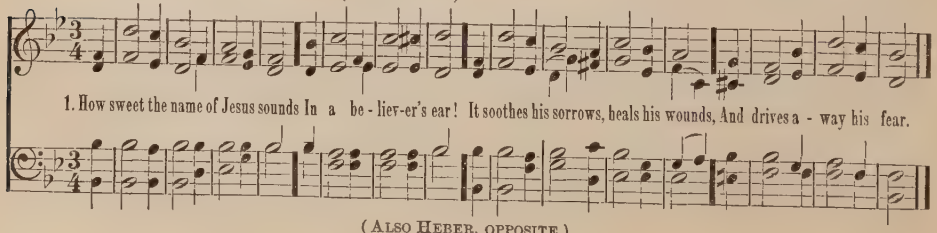
3 Dear Name! the Rock on which I build,
My Shield and Hiding-place,
My never-failing Treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

John Newton, 1779.

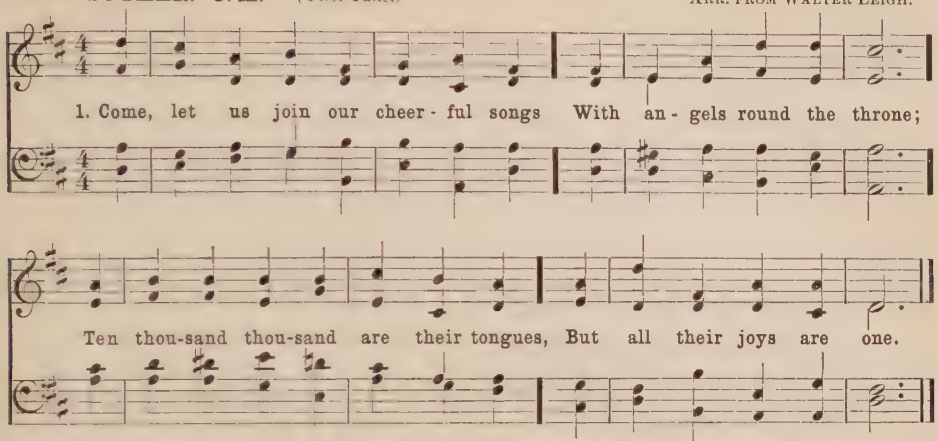
HOLY CROSS. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)



(ALSO HEBER, OPPOSITE.)

250 SUTHER. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM WALTER LEIGH.


1. Come, let us join our cheer - ful songs With an - gels round the throne;
Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb" our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

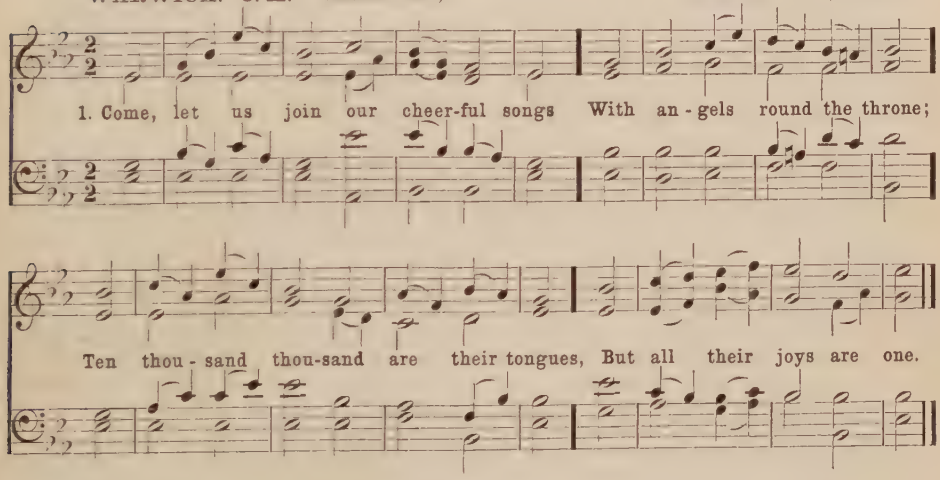
3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

4 The whole creation join in one
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

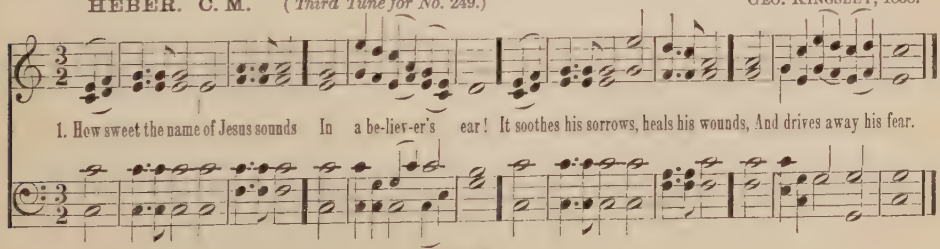
WARWICK. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1767–1822.


1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an - gels round the throne;
Ten thou - sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one.

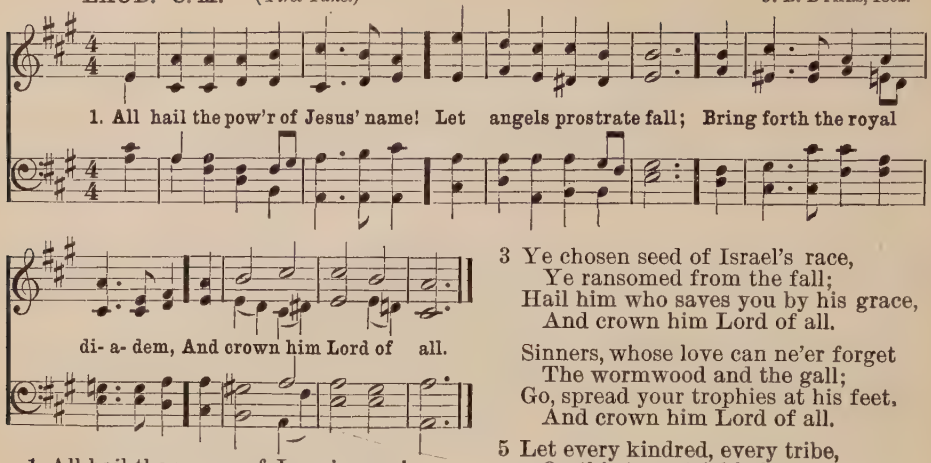
HEBER. C. M. (*Third Tune for No. 249.*)

GEO. KINGSLEY, 1838.



251 LAUD. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. Dykes, 1862.



1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

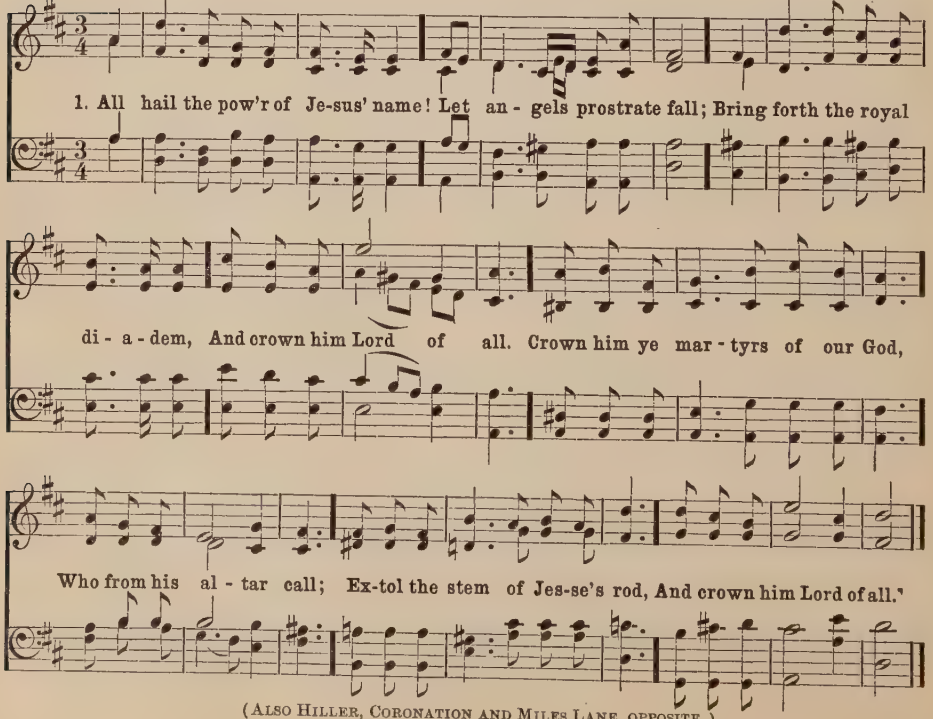
5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all,

Edward Perronet, 1779.
Alt. by J. Rippon, 1787.

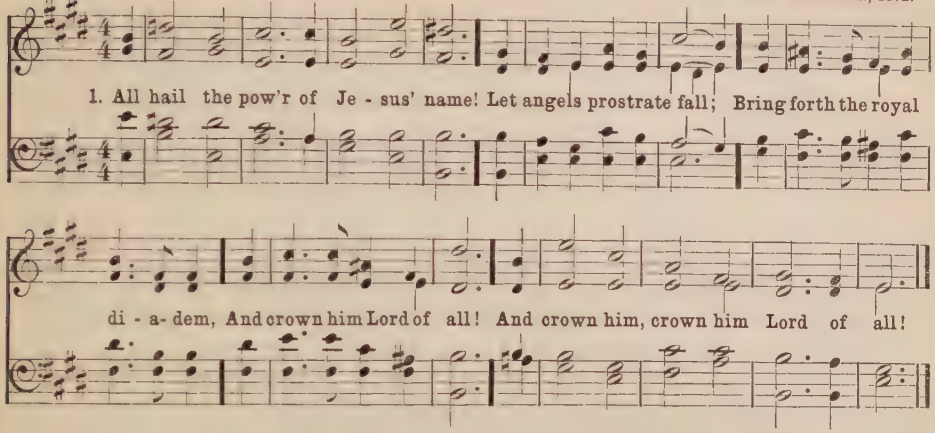
PERRONET. C. M. D. (*Second Tune.*)

E. E. Ayres, 1896.

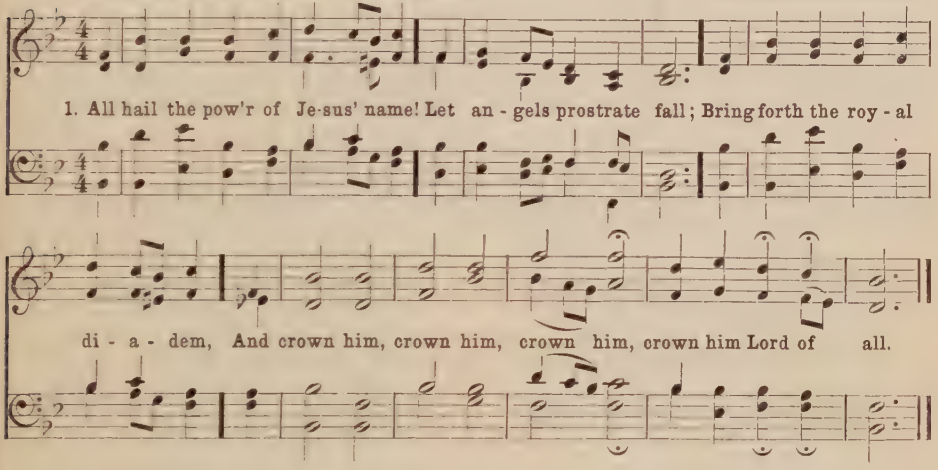

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an- gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal
di- a- dem, And crown him Lord of all. Crown him ye mar- tyrs of our God,
Who from his al- tar call; Ex-tol the stem of Jes-se's rod, And crown him Lord of all.

(Also Hiller, Coronation and Miles Lane, opposite.)

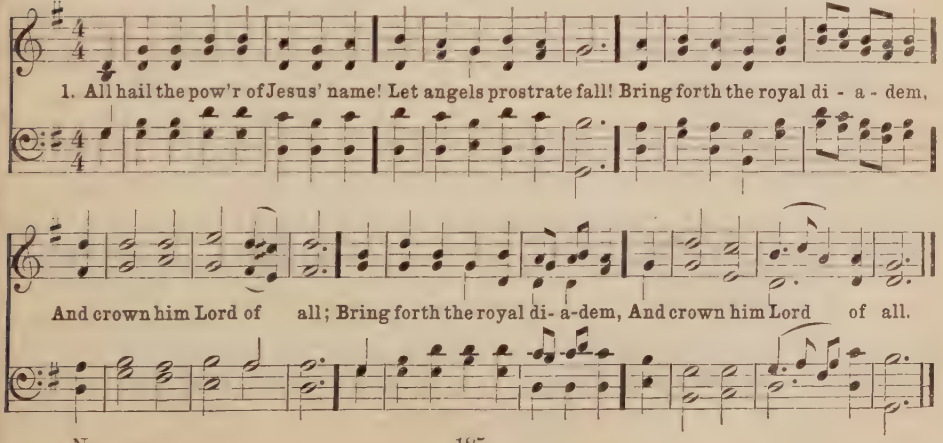
HILLER. C. M. (*Third Tune.*) FERDINAND VON HILLER, 1872.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal
di - a- dem, And crown him Lord of all! And crown him, crown him Lord of all!

MILES LANE. C. M. (*Fourth Tune.*) W. SHRUBSOLE, 1758-1805.

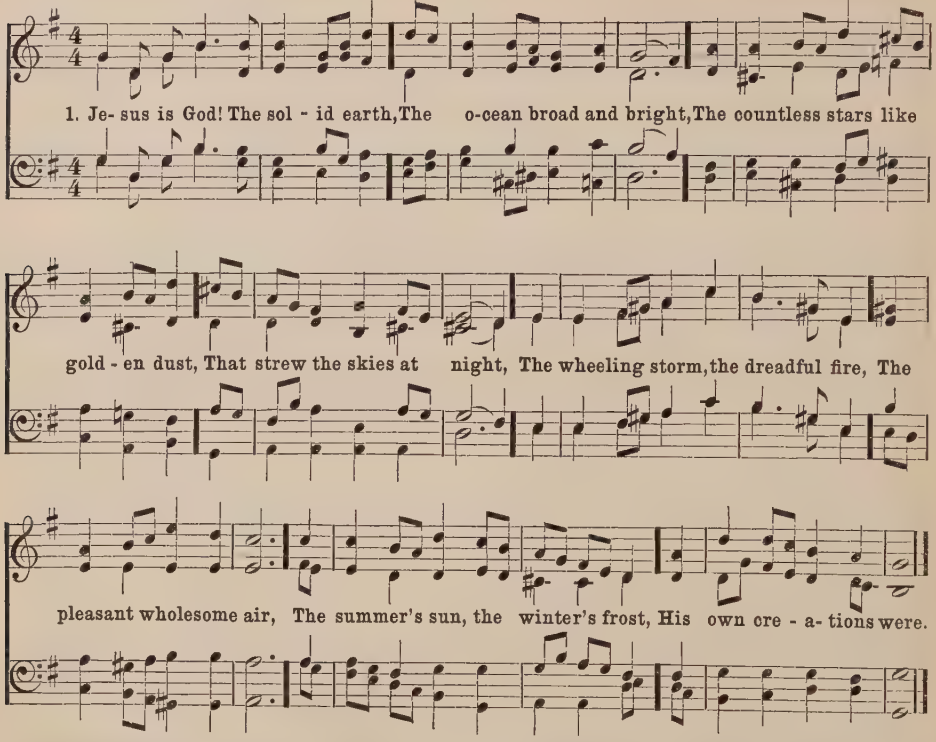

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al
di - a - dem, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all.

CORONATION. C. M. (*Fifth Tune.*) OLIVER HOLDEN, 1765-1844.


1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall! Bring forth the royal di - a - dem,
And crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal di- a-dem, And crown him Lord of all.

252 SNARESBROOK. C. M. D.

J. KINROSS, 1848—.


1. Je- sus is God! The sol - id earth, The o-cean broad and bright, The countless stars like
gold - en dust, That strew the skies at night, The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire, The
pleasant wholesome air, The summer's sun, the winter's frost, His own cre - a- tions were.

2 Jesus is God! The glorious bands
Of holy angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to him,
Their Maker and their King.
He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's cross true God,
He who in heaven eternal reigned,
In time on earth abode.

3 Jesus is God! Oh, could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!
Oh, had I but an angel's voice
I would proclaim so loud!
Jesus, the good, the beautiful,
Is everlasting God!

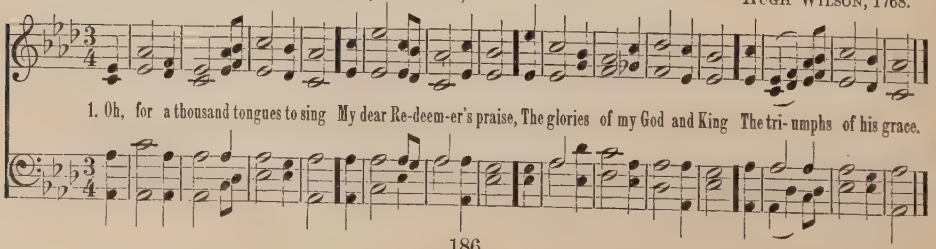
4 Jesus is God! If on the earth
This blessèd faith decays,
More tender must our love become,
More plentiful our praise.
We are not angels, but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel.

5 Jesus is God! Let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill;
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfill;
Worth while a thousand years of life,
To speak one little word,
If only by our faith we own
The Godhead of our Lord!

F. W. Faber, 1814-1863.

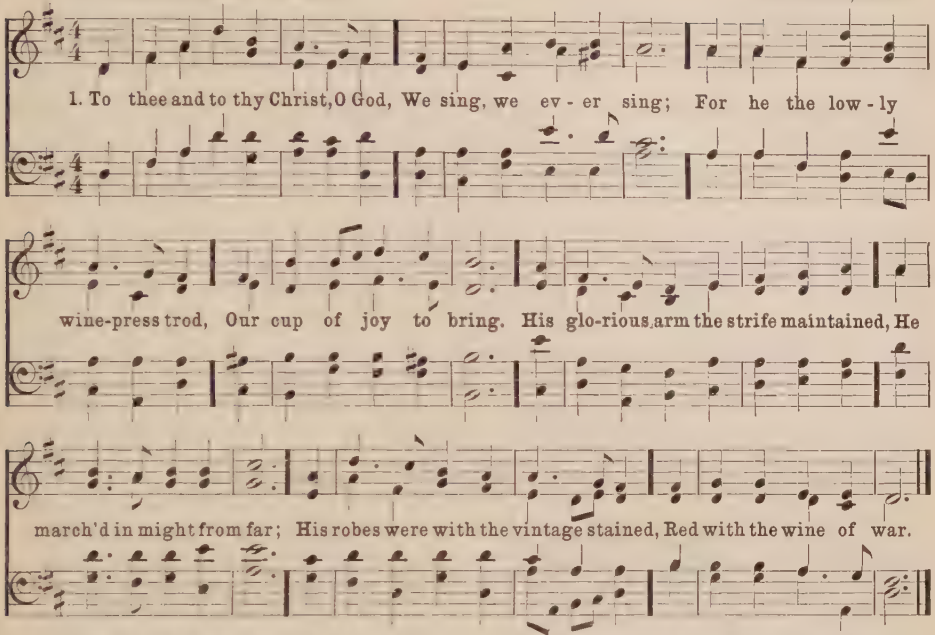
AVON. C. M. (*Second Tune for No.* 254.)

HUGH WILSON, 1768.



253 PETERSHAM. C. M. D.

C. W. Poole, 1828—.


1. To thee and to thy Christ, O God, We sing, we ev - er sing; For he the low - ly
wine-press trod, Our cup of joy to bring. His glo-rious arm the strife maintained, He
march'd in might from far; His robes were with the vintage stained, Red with the wine of war.

2 To thee and to thy Christ, O God,
We sing, we ever sing;
For he invaded death's abode,
And robbed him of his sting.
The house of dust enthralls no more,
For he, the Strong to save,
Himself doth guard that silent door,
Great Keeper of the grave.

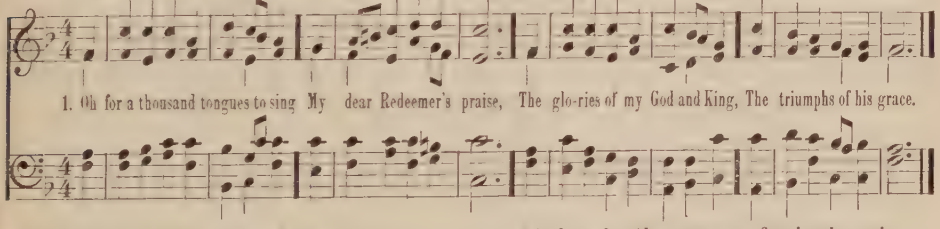
3 To thee and to thy Christ, O God,
We sing, we ever sing;
For he hath crushed beneath his rod
The world's proud rebel king.
He plunged in his imperial strength
To gulfs of darkness down;
He brought his trophy up at length,
The foiled usurper's crown.

4 To thee and to thy Christ, O God,
We sing, we ever sing;
For he redeemed us with his blood
From every evil thing.
Thy saving strength his arm upbore,
The arm that set us free:
Glory, O God, for evermore
Be to thy Christ and thee.

Anne Ross Cousin, 1876.

254 HERMANN. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

Nicholas Hermann, 1495-1561.



2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy Name.

3 Jesus, the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

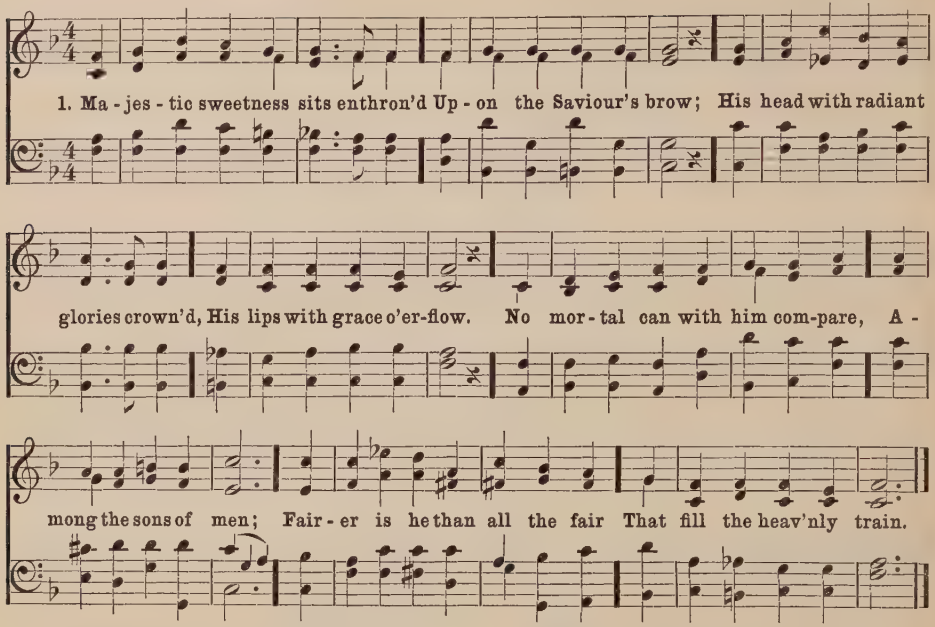
5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

Charles Wesley, 1739, alt.

(Also Avon, opposite.)

255 ST. LEONARD. C. M. D. *(First Tune.)*

HENRY HILES, 1826—.


1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthron'd Up - on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'er-flow. No mor - tal can with him com-pare, A -
mong the sons of men; Fair - er is he than all the fair That fill the heav'nly train.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

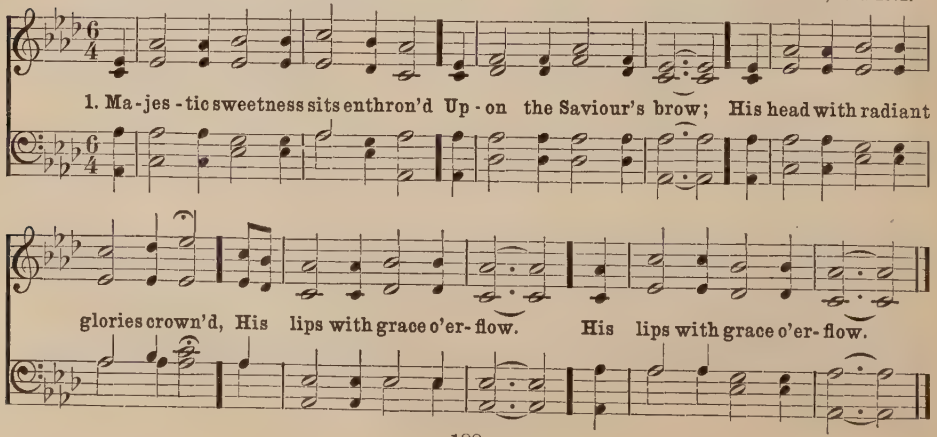
5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

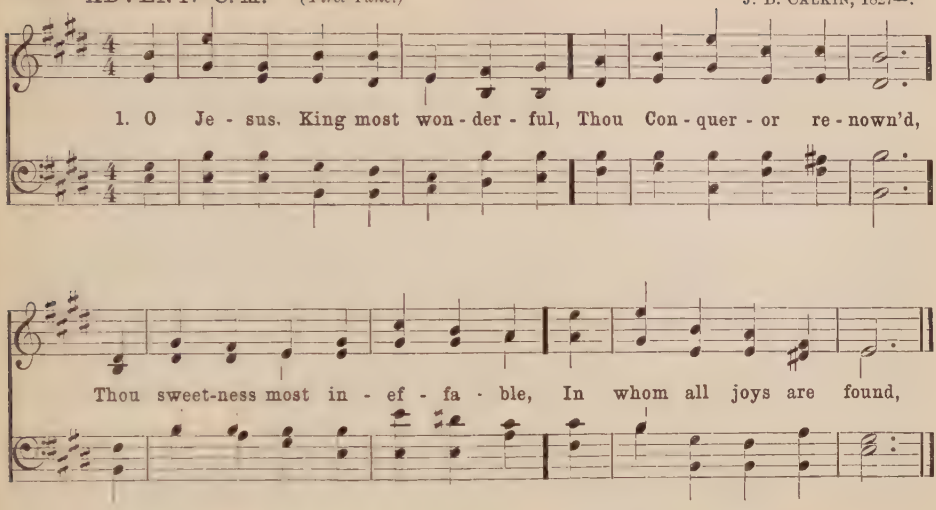
Samuel Stennett, 1787.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. *(Second Tune.)*

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1784–1872.


1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthron'd Up - on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant
glories crown'd, His lips with grace o'er - flow. His lips with grace o'er - flow.

256 ADVENT. C. M. (*First Tune.*) J. B. CALKIN, 1827—.



1 O Jesus, King most wonderful,
Thou Conqueror renowned,
Thou sweetness most ineffable,
In whom all joys are found,

2 When once thou visitest the heart,
Then truth begins to shine,
Then earthly vanities depart,
Then kindles love divine.

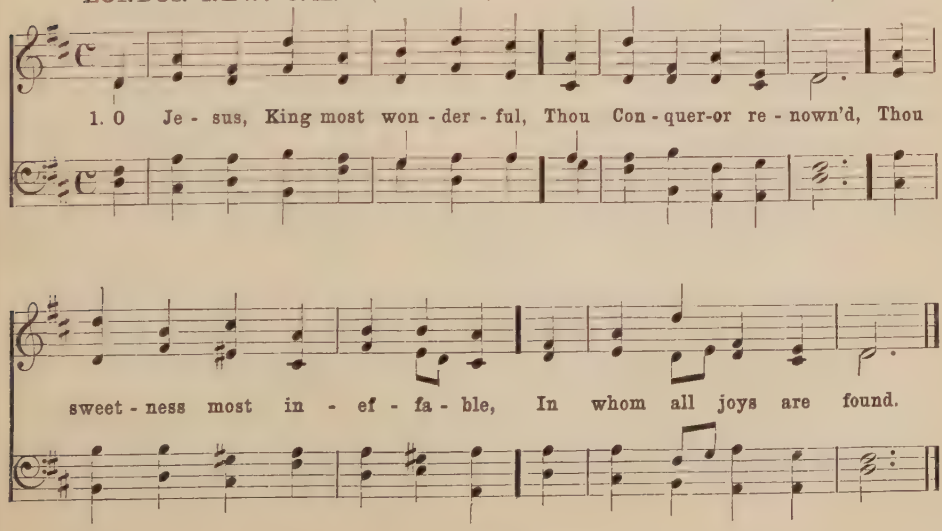
3 O Jesus, Light of all below,
Thou Fount of living fire,
Surpassing all the joys we know,
And all we can desire.

4 May every heart confess thy name,
And ever thee adore;
And, seeking thee, themselves inflame
To seek thee more and more.

5 Thee may our tongues for ever bless,
Thee may we love alone;
And ever in our life express
The image of thine own.

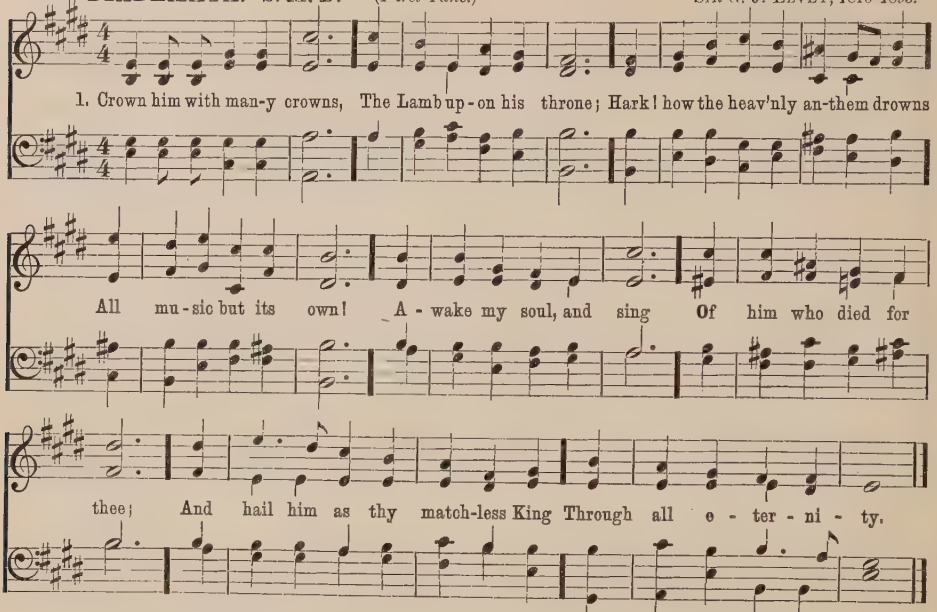
Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153. Tr. by E. Caswall, 1849.

LONDON NEW. C. M. (*Second Tune.*) JOHN PLAYFORD, 1613–1693.



257 DIADEMATA. S. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

SIR G. J. ELVEY, 1816–1893.


1. Crown him with man-y crowns, The Lamb up-on his throne; Hark! how the heav'nly an-them drowns
All mu-sic but its own! A-wake my soul, and sing Of him who died for
thee; And hail him as thy match-less King Through all e-ter-ni-ty.

2 Crown him, the Lord of Love:
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above
In beauty glorified:
No angel in the sky
Can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye
At mysteries so bright.

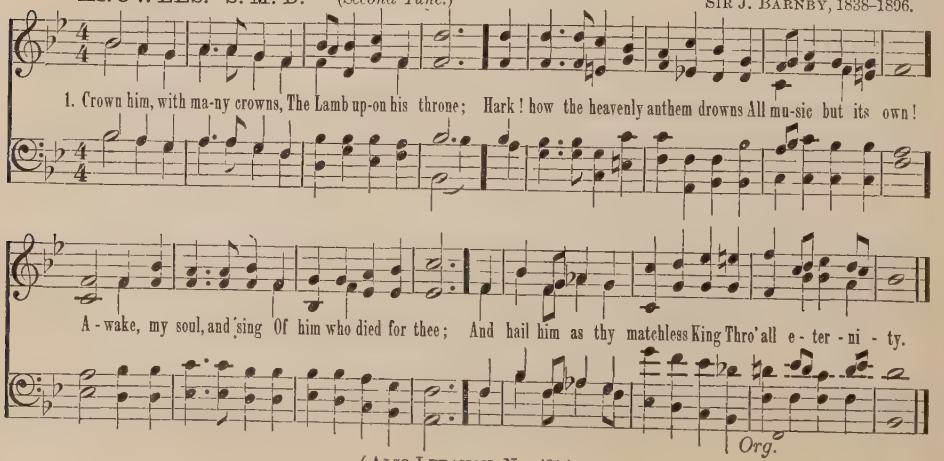
3 Crown him the Lord of Peace:
Whose power a sceptre sways
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
And all be prayer and praise:
His reign shall know no end,
And round his pierced feet
Fair flowers of Paradise extend
Their fragrance ever sweet.

4 Crown him, the Lord of years,
The Potentate of time.
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime:
Glassed in a sea of light,
Whose everlasting waves
Reflect his form—the Infinite—
Who lives and loves and saves.

Matthew Bridges, 1847.

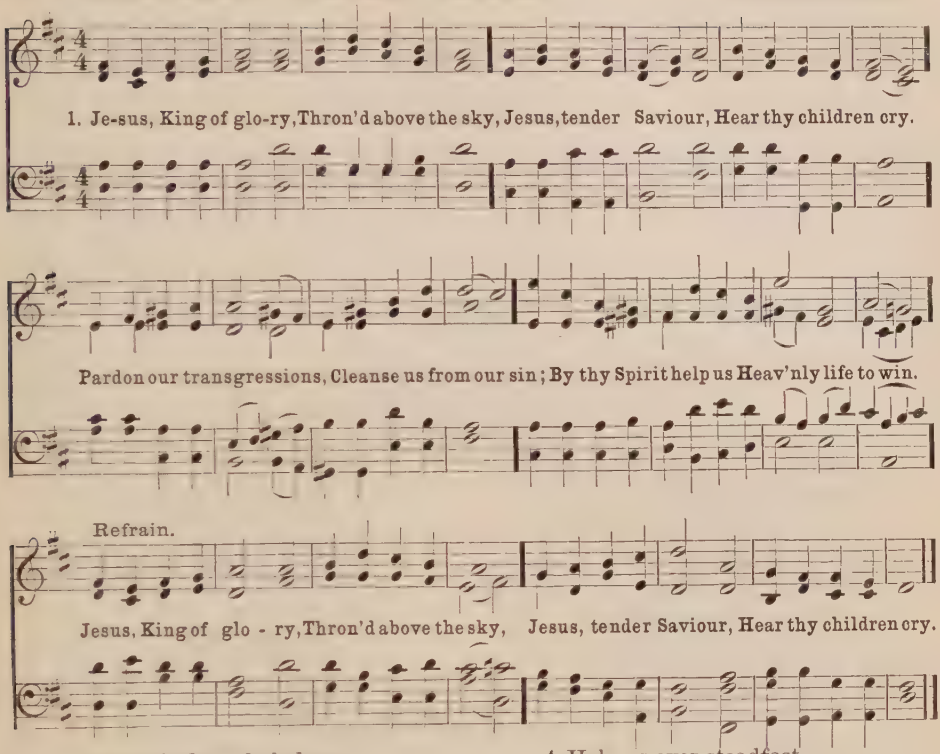
KNOWLES. S. M. D. (*Second Tune.*)

SIR J. BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. Crown him, with ma-ny crowns, The Lamb up-on his throne; Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns All mu-sic but its own!
A-wake, my soul, and sing Of him who died for thee; And hail him as thy matchless King Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.
Org.

(ALSO LEBANON, No. 431.)

258 DEVA. 6s. 5s. D. (*First Tune.*) *With Refrain.* E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. Je-sus, King of glo-ry, Thron'd above the sky, Jesus, tender Saviour, Hear thy children cry.
Pardon our transgressions, Cleanse us from our sin; By thy Spirit help us Heav'nly life to win.
Refrain.
Jesus, King of glo - ry, Thron'd above the sky, Jesus, tender Saviour, Hear thy children cry.

2 On this day of gladness,
Bending low the knee
In thine earthly temple,
Lord, we worship thee;—
Celebrate thy goodness,
Mercy, grace, and truth:
All thy loving guidance
From our heedless youth.—*Ref.*

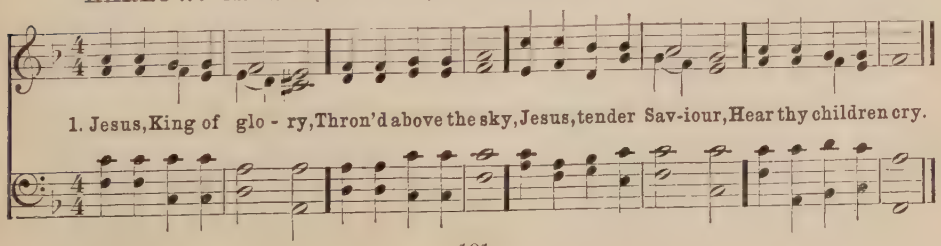
3 For thy faithful servants
Who have entered in:
For thy fearless soldiers
Who have conquered sin;
For the countless legions
Who have followed thee,
Heedless of the dangers,
On to victory.—*Ref.*

4 Help us ever steadfast
In the faith to be:
In thy Church's conflicts
Fighting valiantly.
Loving Saviour, strengthen
These weak hearts of ours,
Through thy cross to conquer
Crafty evil powers.—*Ref.*

5 When the shadows lengthen,
Show us, Lord, thy way;
Through the darkness lead us
To the heavenly day:
When our course is finished,
Ended all the strife,
Grant us with the faithful
Palms and crowns of life,—*Ref.*

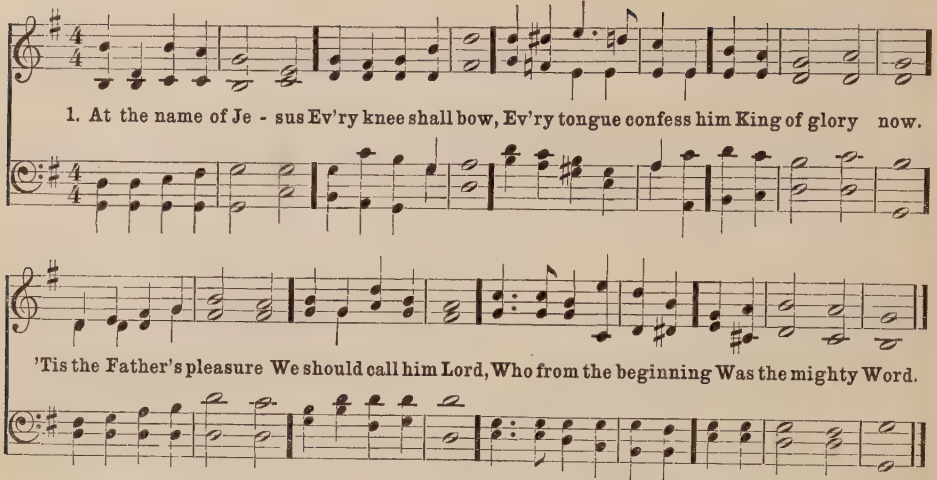
W. H. Davison, 1877.

HARLOW. 6s. 5s. (*Second Tune.*) *Without Refrain.* F. FILITZ, 1804–1876.



259 MORLEY. 6s. 5s. D. (*First Tune.*)

H. L. MORLEY.


1. At the name of Je - sus Ev'ry knee shall bow, Ev'ry tongue confess him King of glory now.
'Tis the Father's pleasure We should call him Lord, Who from the beginning Was the mighty Word.

2 At his voice creation
Sprang at once to sight,
All the angel faces,
All the hosts of light,
Thrones and dominations,
Stars upon their way,
All the heavenly orders
In their great array.

3 Humbled for a season,
To receive a Name
From the lips of sinners
Unto whom he came,
Faithfully he bore it
Spotless to the last,
Brought it back victorious,
When from death he passed.

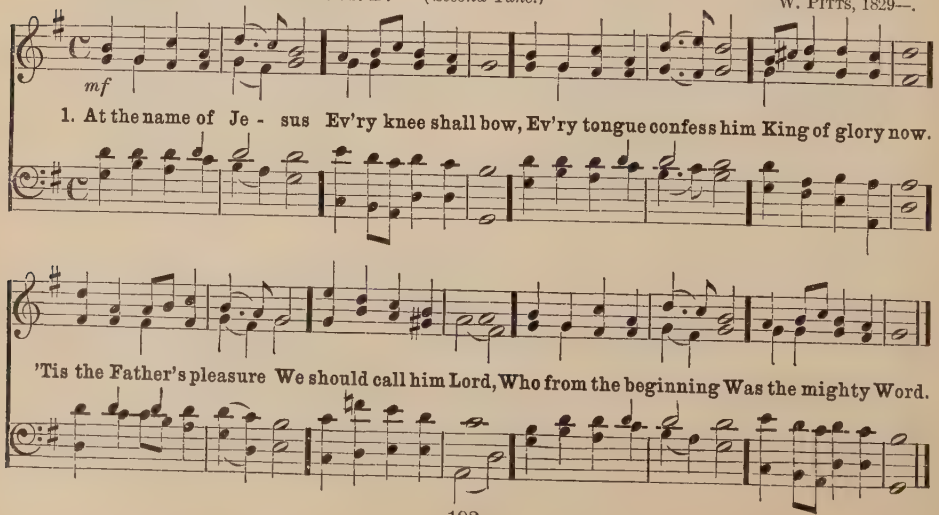
4 In your hearts enthrone him;
There let him subdue
All that is not holy,
All that is not true:
Crown him as your Captain
In temptation's hour:
Let his will enfold you
In its light and power.

5 Brothers, this Lord Jesus
Shall return again,
With his Father's glory,
With his angel train;
For all wreaths of empire
Meet upon his brow,
And our hearts confess him
King of glory now,

Caroline M. Noel, 1870: alt.

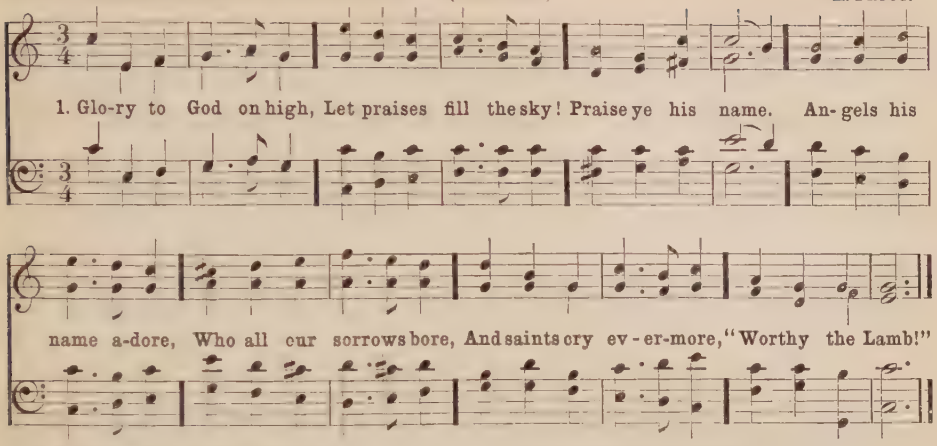
PRINCETHORPE. 6s. 5s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

W. PITTS, 1829—.


mf
1. At the name of Je - sus Ev'ry knee shall bow, Ev'ry tongue confess him King of glory now.
'Tis the Father's pleasure We should call him Lord, Who from the beginning Was the mighty Word.

260 ADDINGTON. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*First Tune.*)

E. PROUT.


1. Glo-ry to God on high, Let praises fill the sky! Praise ye his name. An-gels his
name a-dore, Who all our sorrows bore, And saints cry ev-er-more, "Worthy the Lamb!"

2 All they around the throne
Cheerfully join in one,
Praising his name.
We who have felt his blood
Sealing our peace with God,
Spread his dear fame abroad:
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Join all the human race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
And say with heart and voice,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

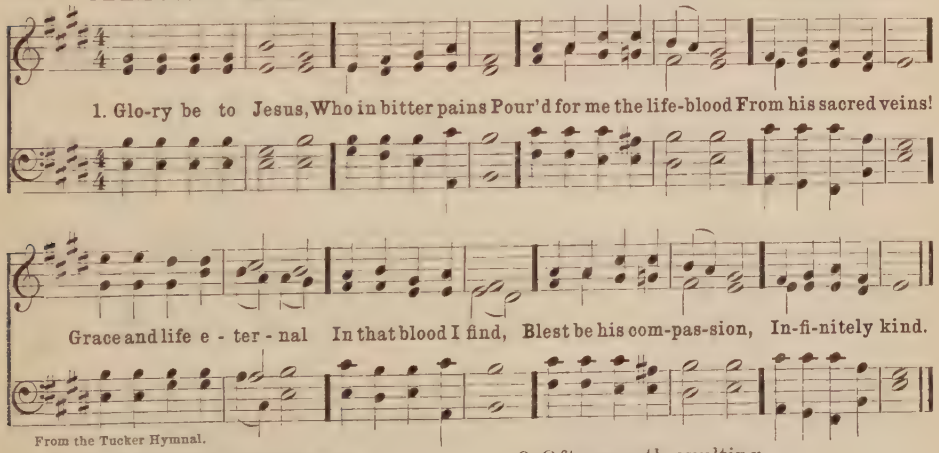
4 Though we must change our place,
Our souls shall never cease
Praising his name;
To him we'll tribute bring,
Laud him our gracious King,
And through all ages sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

James Allen, 1761.

(ALSO ITALIAN HYMN, No. 306.)

261 OBLATION. 6s. 5s. D.

H. S. CUTLER, 1821—.


1. Glo-ry be to Jesus, Who in bitter pains Pour'd for me the life-blood From his sacred veins!
Grace and life e-ter-nal In that blood I find, Blest be his com-pas-sion, In-fi-nitely kind.

From the Tucker Hymnal.

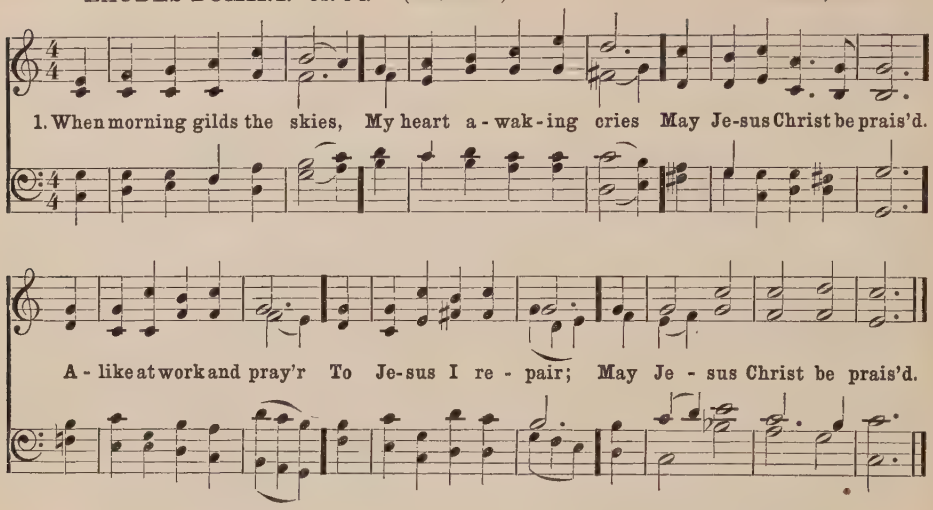
2 Blest through endless ages
Be the precious stream
Which from endless torments
Did the world redeem!
Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

3 Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high,
Angel-hosts, rejoicing,
Make their glad reply.
Lift ye then your voices;
Swell the mighty flood
Louder still and louder
Praise the precious blood.

Italian, tr. by E. Caswall.

262 LAUDES DOMINI. 6s. 6 l. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries May Je-sus Christ be prais'd.
A - like at work and pray'r To Je-sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be prais'd.

2 Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
May Jesus Christ be praised.
O, hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

3 The night becomes as day,
When from the heart we say
May Jesus Christ be praised:
The powers of darkness fear,
When this sweet chant they hear,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

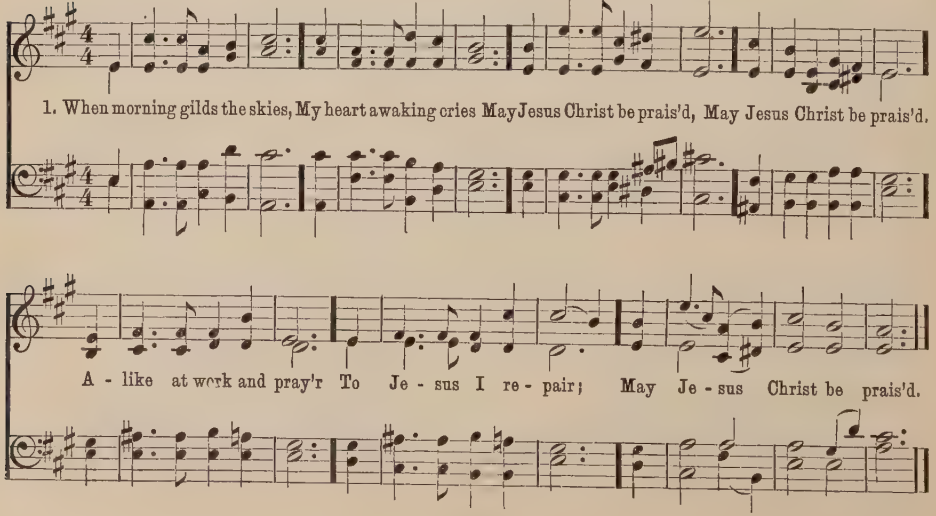
4 In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Let earth, and sea, and sky
From depth to height reply,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

5 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised:
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages on,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

Edward Caswall, 1849.

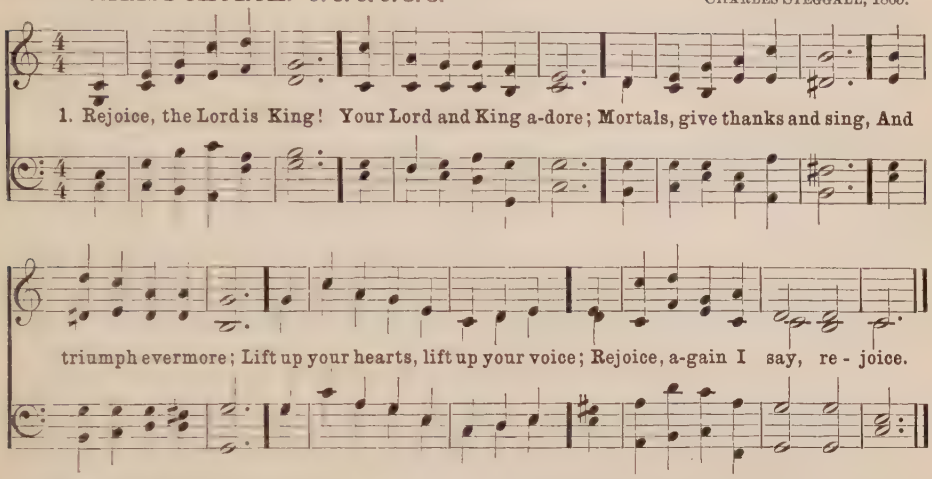
BERTHOLD. 6s. 6 l. (*Second Tune.*)

BERTHOLD TOURS, SLIGHTLY ALT., 1838–1897.


1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart awaking cries May Jesus Christ be prais'd, May Jesus Christ be prais'd.
A - like at work and pray'r To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be prais'd.

263 CHRIST CHURCH. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

CHARLES STEGGALL, 1865.


1. Rejoice, the Lord is King! Your Lord and King a-dore; Mortals, give thanks and sing, And
triumph evermore; Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice; Rejoice, a-gain I say, re - joice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When he had purged our stains,
He took his seat above.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice; again I say, rejoice.

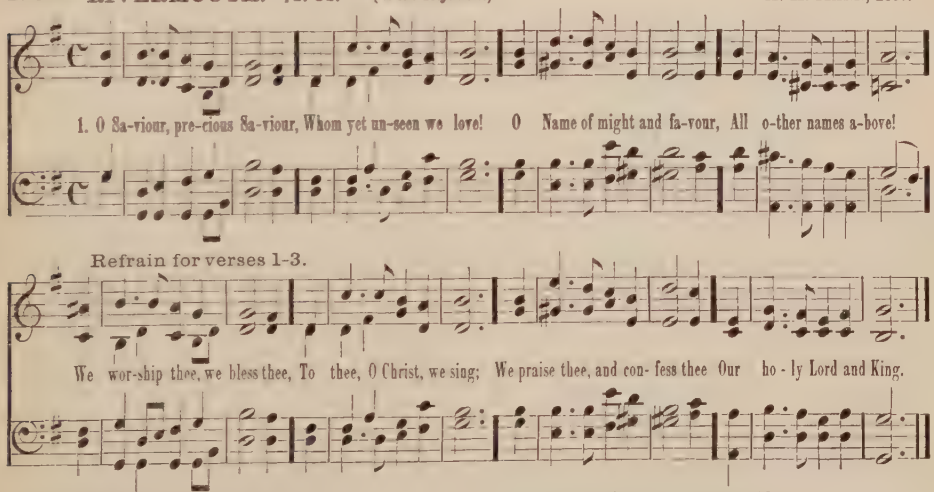
3 He sits at God's right hand
Till all his foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet.
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice:
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 Rejoice in glorious hope:
Jesus, the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home.
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice;
The trump of God shall sound,—Rejoice.

Charles Wesley, 1744.

264 RIVERMOUTH. 7s. 6s. (*With Refrain.*)

A. H. MANN, 1889.


1. O Sa-viour, pre-cious Sa-viour, Whom yet un-seen we love! O Name of might and fa-vour, All o-ther names a-bove!
Refrain for verses 1-3.
We wor-ship thee, we bless thee, To thee, O Christ, we sing; We praise thee, and con- fess thee Our ho - ly Lord and King.

2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hast wrought,
Thyself the revelation
Of love beyond our thought.—*Ref.*

3 In thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God is thine.—*Ref.*

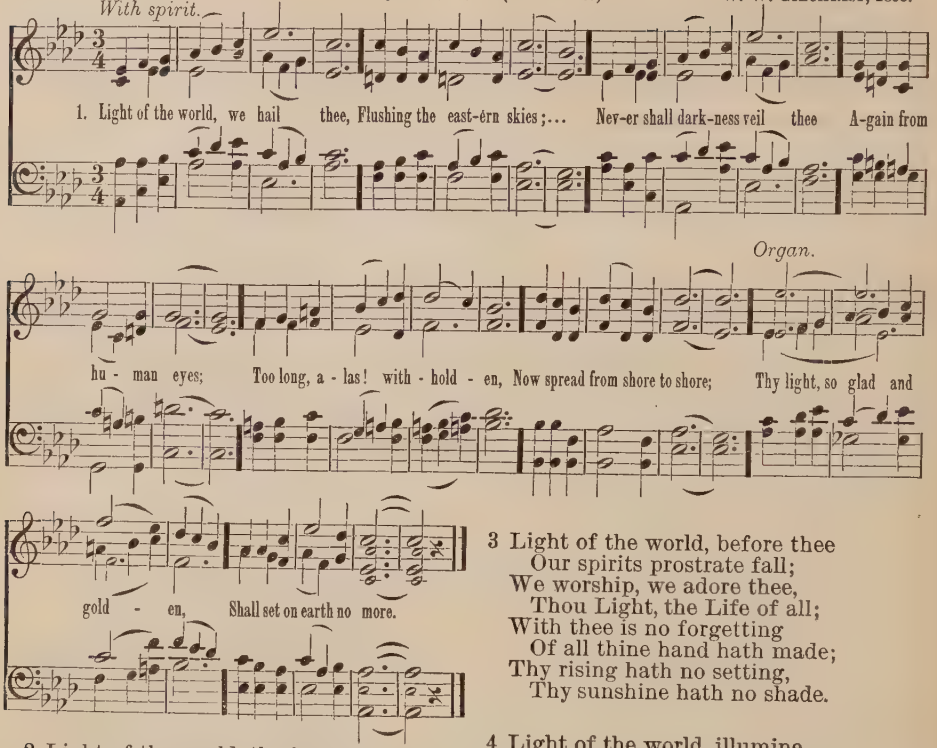
4 O grant the consummation
Of this our song above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love!

5 Then shall we praise and bless thee
Where perfect praises ring,
And evermore confess thee
Our Saviour and our King.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836–1879.

265 LIGHT OF THE WORLD. 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

W. W. GILCHRIST, 1895.


With spirit.
1. Light of the world, we hail thee, Flushing the east-ern skies;... Nev-er shall dark-ness veil thee A-gain from
Organ.
hu - man eyes; Too long, a - las! with - hold - en, Now spread from shore to shore; Thy light, so glad and
gold - en, Shall set on earth no more.

2 Light of the world, thy beauty
Steals into every heart,
And glorifies with duty
Life's poorest, humblest part;
Thou robest in thy splendor
The simple ways of men,
And helpest them to render
Light back to thee again.

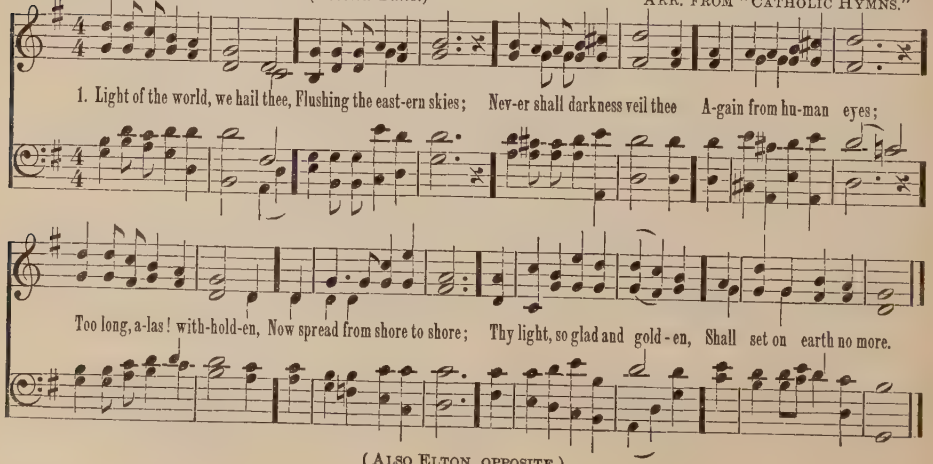
3 Light of the world, before thee
Our spirits prostrate fall;
We worship, we adore thee,
Thou Light, the Life of all;
With thee is no forgetting
Of all thine hand hath made;
Thy rising hath no setting,
Thy sunshine hath no shade.

4 Light of the world, illumine
This darkened land of thine,
Till everything that's human
Be filled with what's Divine;
Till every tongue and nation,
From sin's dominion free,
Rise in the new creation
Which springs from love and thee.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863.

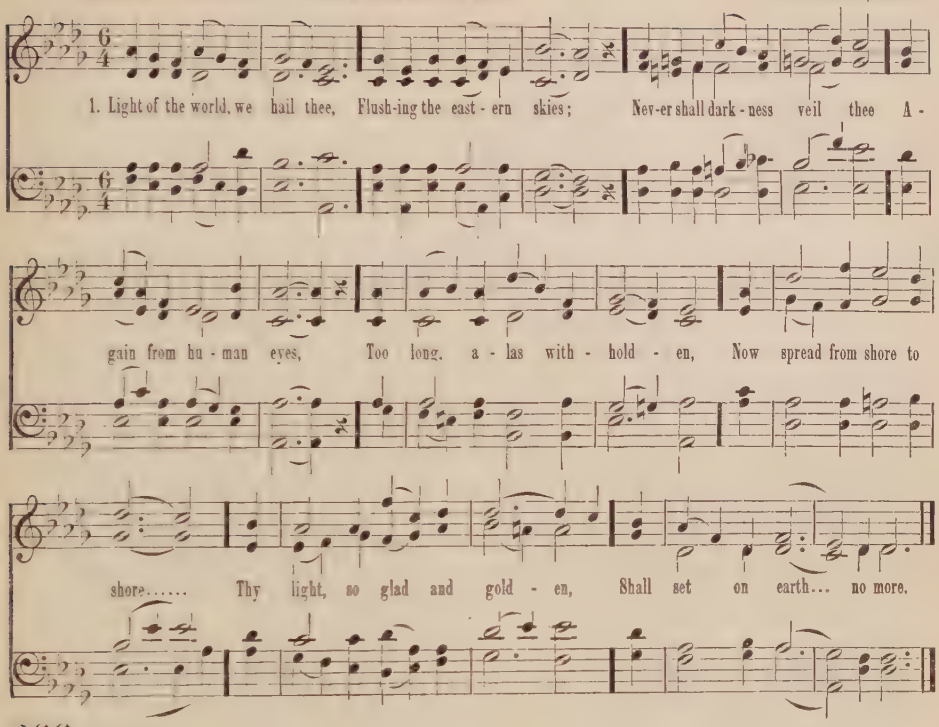
VALENS. 7s. 6s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

ARR. FROM "CATHOLIC HYMNS."

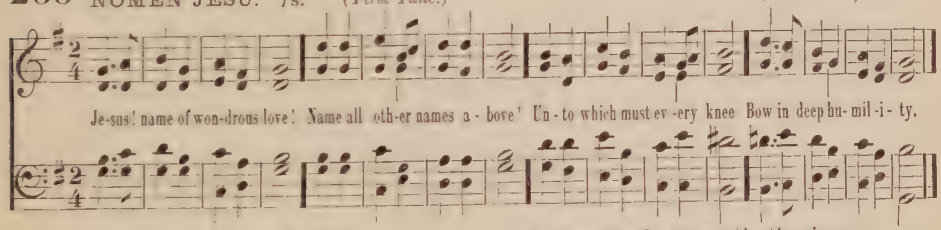

1. Light of the world, we hail thee, Flushing the east-ern skies; Nev-er shall darkness veil thee A-gain from hu-man eyes;
Too long, a-las! with-hold-en, Now spread from shore to shore; Thy light, so glad and gold-en, Shall set on earth no more.

(ALSO ELTON, OPPOSITE.)

ELTON. 7s. 6s. D. (*Third Tune for No. 265.*) J. E. HENRY, 1896.


1. Light of the world, we hail thee, Flush-ing the east - ern skies; Nev-er shall dark - ness veil thee A -
gain from hu - man eyes, Too long, a - las with - hold - en, Now spread from shore to
shore..... Thy light, so glad and gold - en, Shall set on earth... no more.

266 NOMEN JESU. 7s. (*First Tune.*) R. REDHEAD, 1820—.



2 Jesus! name decreed of old:
To the maiden mother told,
Kneeling in her lowly cell,
By the angel Gabriel.

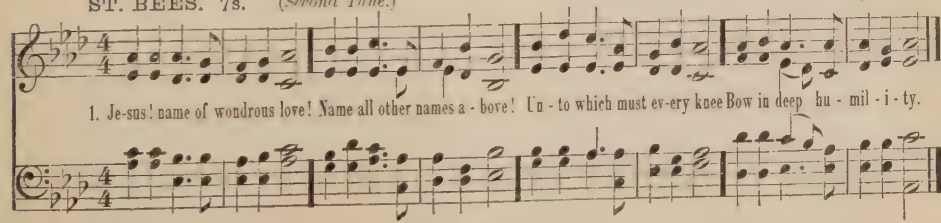
3 Jesus! name of priceless worth
To the fallen sons of earth,
For the promise that it gave—
"Jesus shall his people save."

4 Jesus! only name that's given
Under all the mighty heaven,
Whereby man, to sin enslaved,
Bursts his fetters, and is saved.

5 Jesus! name of wondrous love!
Human name of God above;
Pleading only this we flee,
Helpless, O our God, to thee.

W. W. How, 1823–1897.

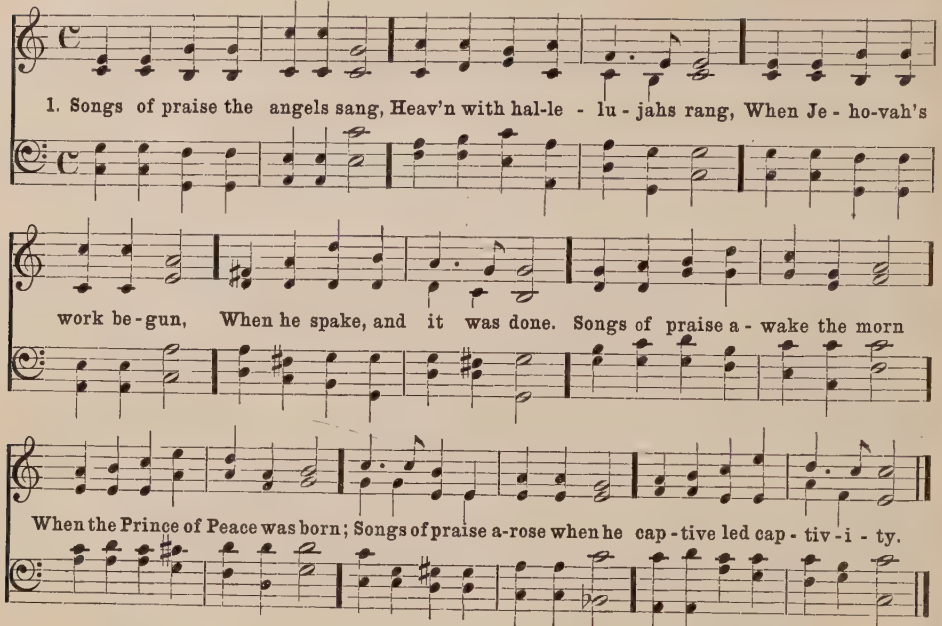
ST. BEES. 7s. (*Second Tune.*) J. B. DYKES, 1862—.



(ALSO SEYMOUR, No. 372.)

267 CULFORD. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. Songs of praise the angels sang, Heav'n with hal-le - lu - jahs rang, When Je - ho-vah's
work be-gun, When he spake, and it was done. Songs of praise a - wake the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born; Songs of praise a-rose when he cap-tive led cap - tiv - i - ty.

1 Songs of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

2 Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away—
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

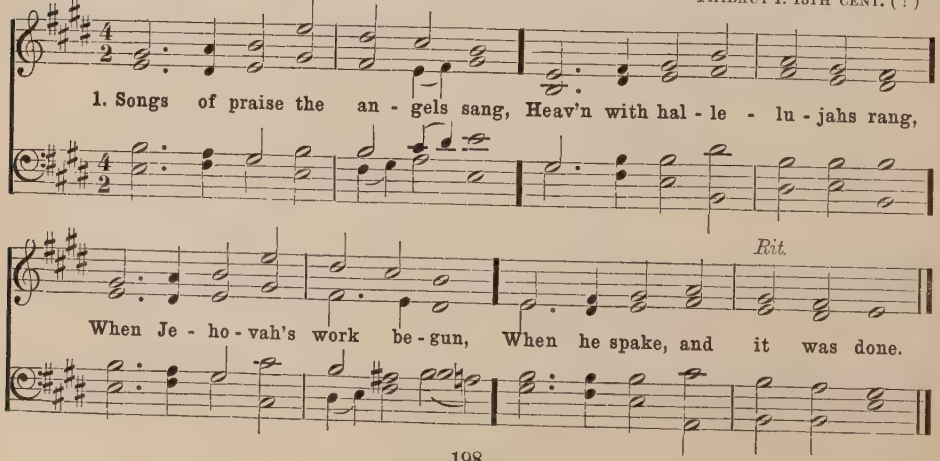
5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery, 1825.

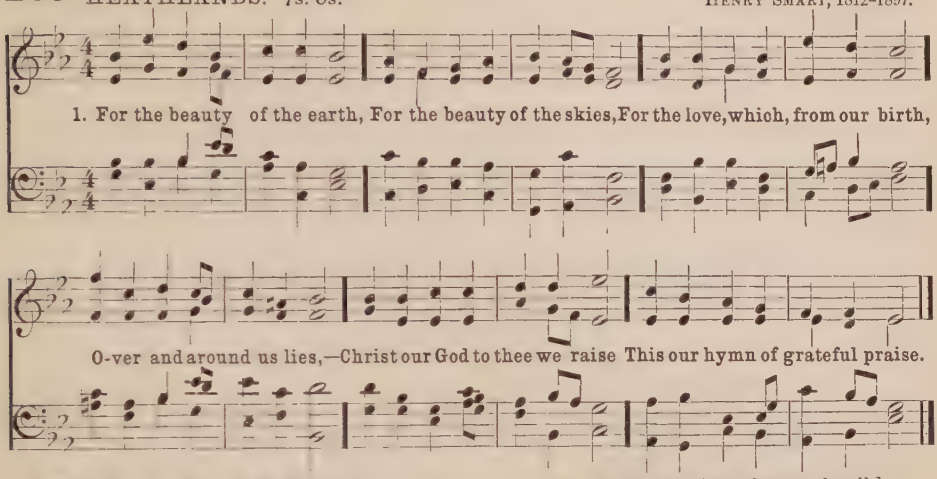
INNOCENTS. 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

THIBAUT I. 13TH CENT. (?)



268 HEATHLANDS. 7s. 6s.

HENRY SMART, 1812–1897.


1. For the beauty of the earth, For the beauty of the skies, For the love, which, from our birth,
O-ver and around us lies,—Christ our God to thee we raise This our hymn of grateful praise.

2 For the wonder of each hour
Of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,
Sun and moon, and stars of light,—
Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

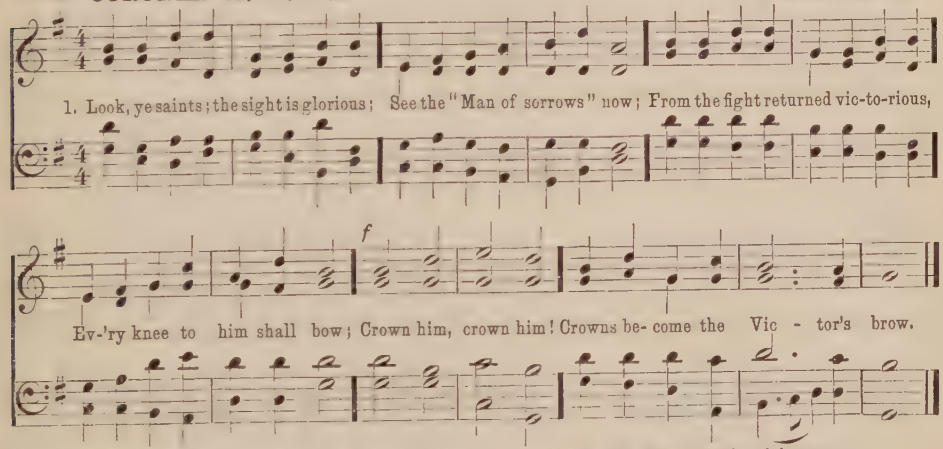
3 For the joy of human love,
Brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above,
For all gentle thoughts and mild,—
Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

4 For thyself, best gift divine!
To our race so freely given,
For that great, great love of thine,
Peace on earth and joy in heaven,—
Christ our God, to thee we raise
This our hymn of grateful praise.

F. S. Pierpoint, 1864.

269 CORONÆ. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

W. H. MONK, 1823–1889.


1. Look, ye saints; the sight is glorious; See the "Man of sorrows" now; From the fight returned vic-to-rious,
f
Ev-'ry knee to him shall bow; Crown him, crown him! Crowns be- come the Vic - tor's brow.

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone him,
While the heavenly concave rings:
Crown him, crown him;
Crown the Saviour King of kings.

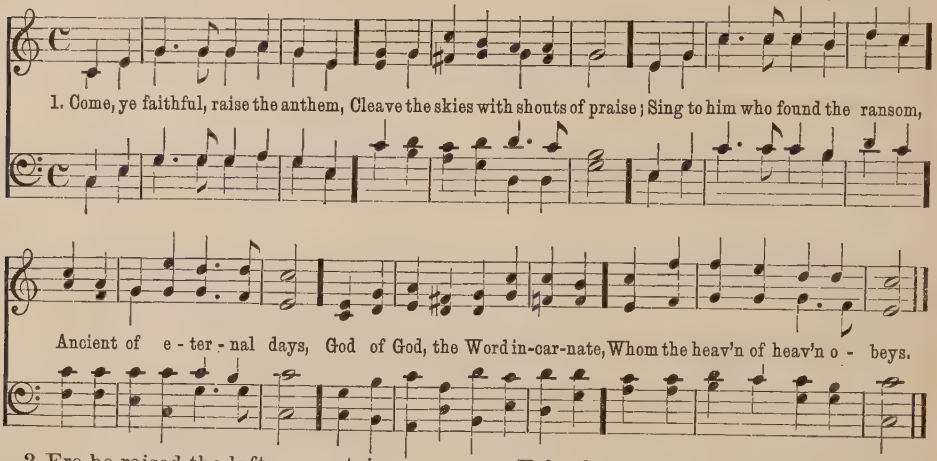
3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name:
Crown him, crown him;
Spread abroad the Victor's fame.

4 Hark! those bursts of acclamation!
Hark! those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station;
Oh, what joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
King of kings and Lord of lords.

Thomas Kelly, 1806

270 ST. KILDA. 8s. 7s. 6l.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876.


1. Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem, Cleave the skies with shouts of praise; Sing to him who found the ransom,
Ancient of e - ter - nal days, God of God, the Word in-car-nate, Whom the heav'n of heav'n o - beys.

2 Ere he raised the lofty mountains,
Formed the seas or built the sky
Love eternal, free and boundless,
Moved the Lord of Life to die,
Fore-ordained the Prince of princes
For the throne of Calvary.

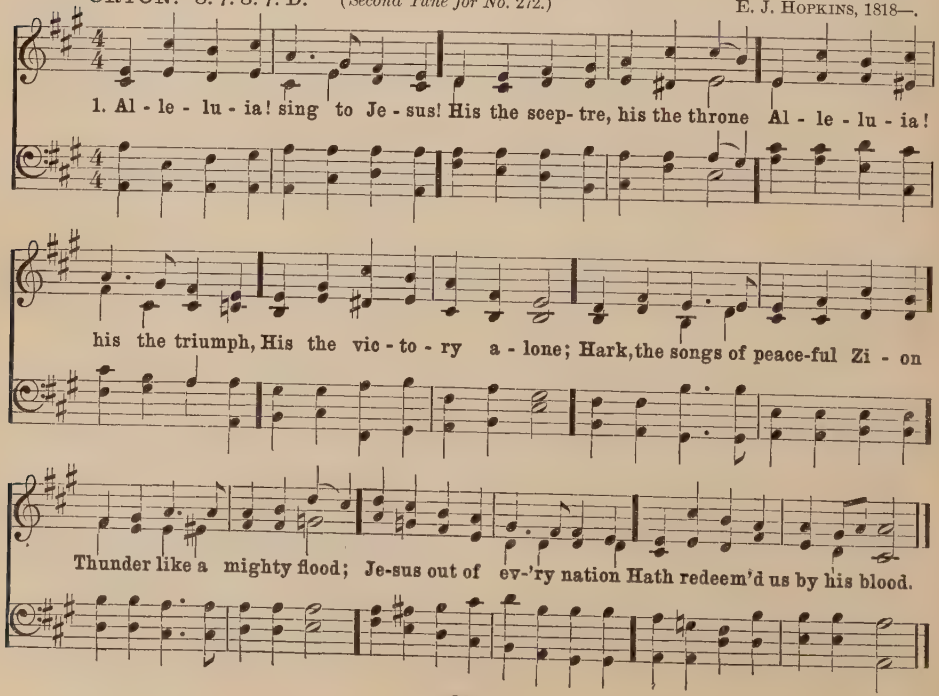
3 Now on yon eternal mountains
Stands his gem-built throne, all bright,
Where unending alleluias
Echo from the sons of light:
Sion's people tell his praises,
Victor after hard-won fight.

4 Bring your harps, and bring your incense;
Sweep the string and pour the lay;
Let the earth proclaim his wonders,
King of that celestial day;
He the Lamb once slain is worthy,
Who was dead and lives for aye.

J. Hupton.

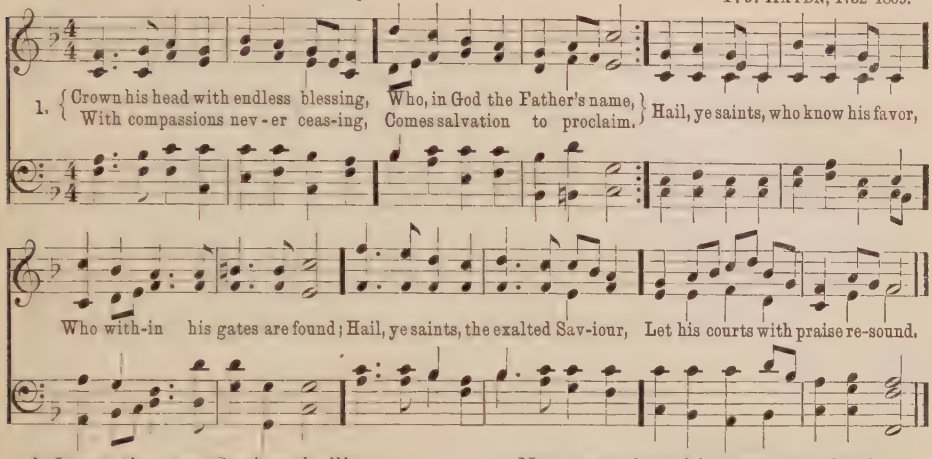
ORTON. 8. 7. 8. 7. D. (*Second Tune for No.* 272.)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. Al - le - lu - ia! sing to Je - sus! His the scep- tre, his the throne Al - le - lu - ia!
his the triumph, His the vic - to - ry a - lone; Hark, the songs of peace-ful Zi - on
Thunder like a mighty flood; Je-sus out of ev-'ry nation Hath redeem'd us by his blood.

271 AUSTRIAN HYMN. 8s. 7s. D.

F. J. HAYDN, 1732–1809.

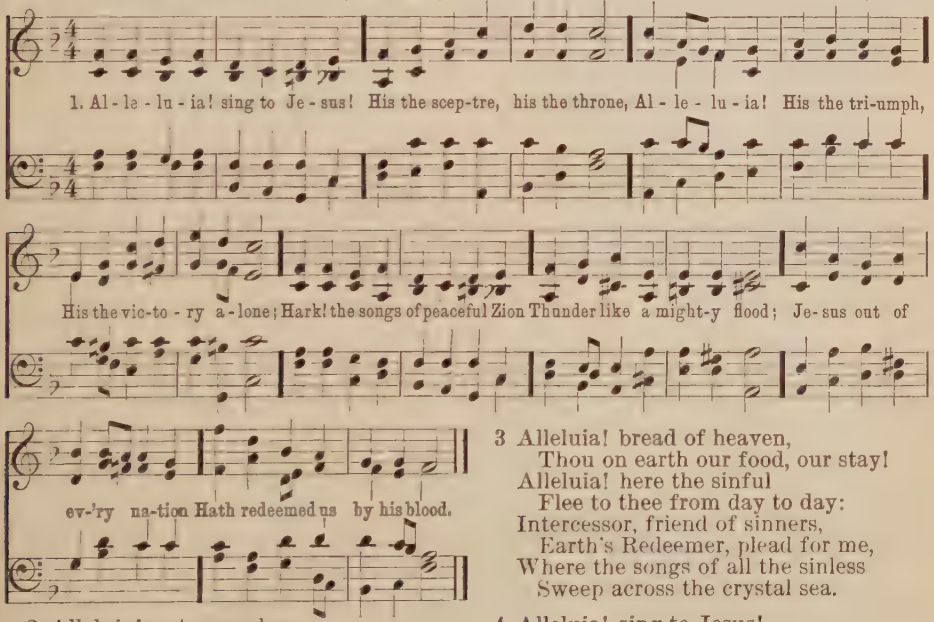

1. Crown his head with endless blessing, With compassions nev-er ceas-ing,
Who, in God the Father's name, Comes salvation to proclaim.
Hail, ye saints, who know his favor,
Who with-in his gates are found; Hail, ye saints, the exalted Sav-iour, Let his courts with praise re-sound.

2 Jesus, thee our Saviour hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne;
Now, ye saints, his power confessing
In your grateful strains adore:
For his mercy, never ceasing,
Freely flows for evermore.

William Goode, 1811.

272 BENHAM. 8s. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*)

S. S. WESLEY, 1868.


1. Al-le-lu-ia! sing to Je-sus! His the scep-tre, his the throne, Al-le-lu-ia! His the tri-umph,
His the vic-to-ry a-lone; Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion Thunder like a might-y flood; Je-sus out of
ev-'ry na-tion Hath redeemed us by his blood.

2 Alleluia! not as orphans,
Are we left in sorrow now;
Alleluia! he is near us,
Faith believes, nor questions how:
Though the cloud from sight received
When the forty days were o'er, [him,
Shall our heart forget his promise,
"I am with you evermore?"

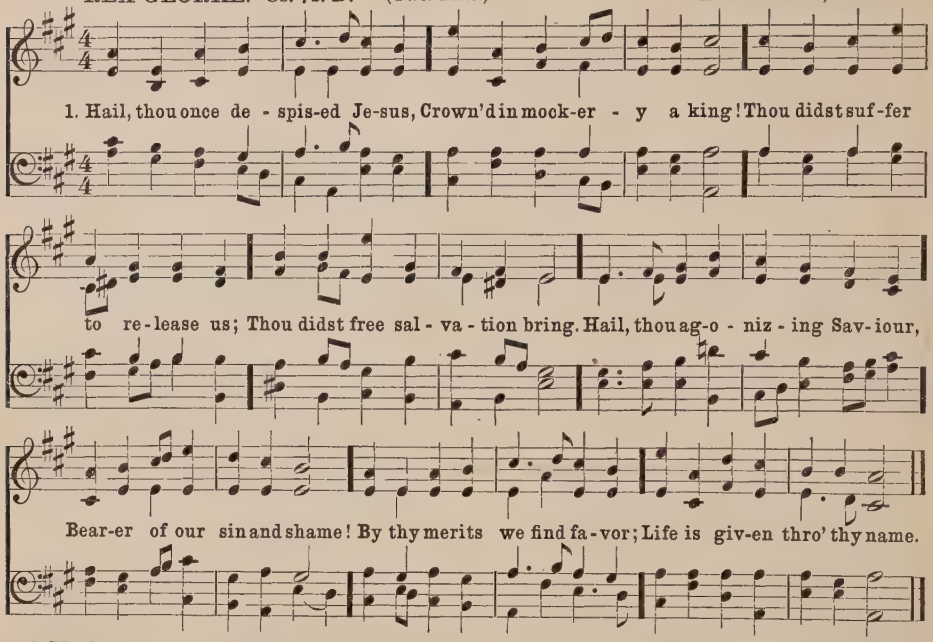
3 Alleluia! bread of heaven,
Thou on earth our food, our stay!
Alleluia! here the sinful
Flee to thee from day to day:
Intercessor, friend of sinners,
Earth's Redeemer, plead for me,
Where the songs of all the sinless
Sweep across the crystal sea.

4 Alleluia! sing to Jesus!
His the sceptre, his the throne;
Alleluia! his the triumph,
His the victory alone:
Hark! the songs of peaceful Zion
Thunder like a mighty flood;
Jesus, out of every nation,
Hath redeemed us by his blood.

W. C. Dix, 1866.

(ALSO ORTON, OPPOSITE.)

273 REX GLORIÆ. 8s. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*) HENRY SMART, 1812–1879.


1. Hail, thou once de - spis-ed Je-sus, Crown'd in mock-er - y a king! Thou didst suf-fer
to re-lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring. Hail, thou ag-o - niz - ing Sav-iour,
Bear-er of our sin and shame! By thy merits we find fa-vor; Life is giv-en thro' thy name.

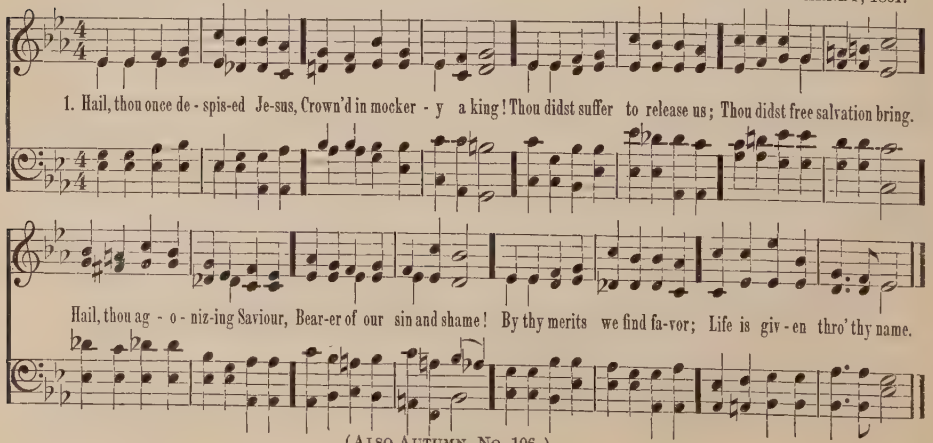
1 Hail, thou once despised Jesus,
Crowned in mockery a king!
Thou didst suffer to release us;
Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame!
By thy merits we find favor;
Life is given through thy name.

2 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide,
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side;
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!
Help, ye bright angelic spirits,
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

John Bakewell, 1760.

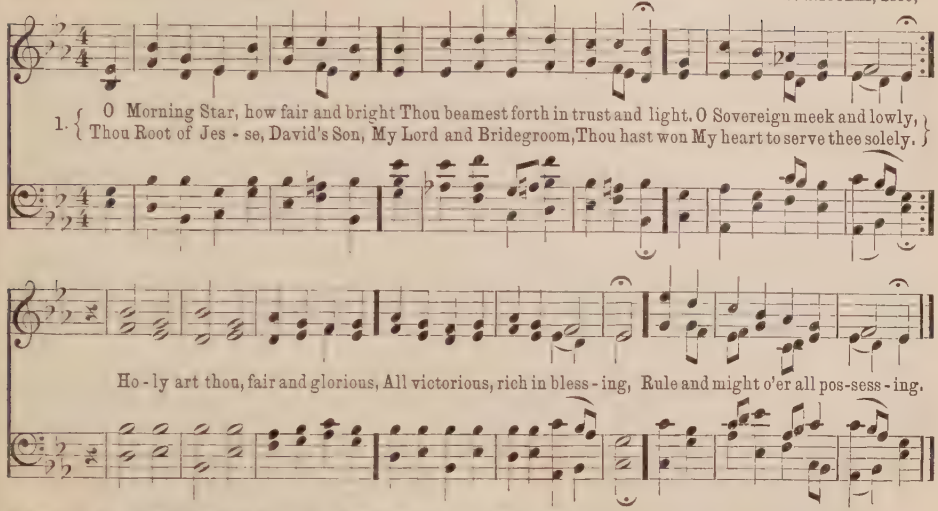
LYNDHURST. 8s. 7s. D. (*Second Tune.*) SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1861.


1. Hail, thou once de - spis-ed Je-sus, Crown'd in mocker - y a king! Thou didst suffer to release us; Thou didst free salvation bring.
Hail, thou ag - o - niz-ing Saviour, Bear-er of our sin and shame! By thy merits we find fa-vor; Life is giv - en thro' thy name.

(ALSO AUTUMN, No. 106.)

274 MORGENSTERN. 8.8.7. D.

P. NICOLAI, 1599.


1. { O Morning Star, how fair and bright Thou beamest forth in trust and light. O Sovereign meek and lowly,
{ Thou Root of Jes - se, David's Son, My Lord and Bridegroom, Thou hast won My heart to serve thee solely.
Ho - ly art thou, fair and glorious, All victorious, rich in bless - ing, Rule and might o'er all pos-sess - ing.

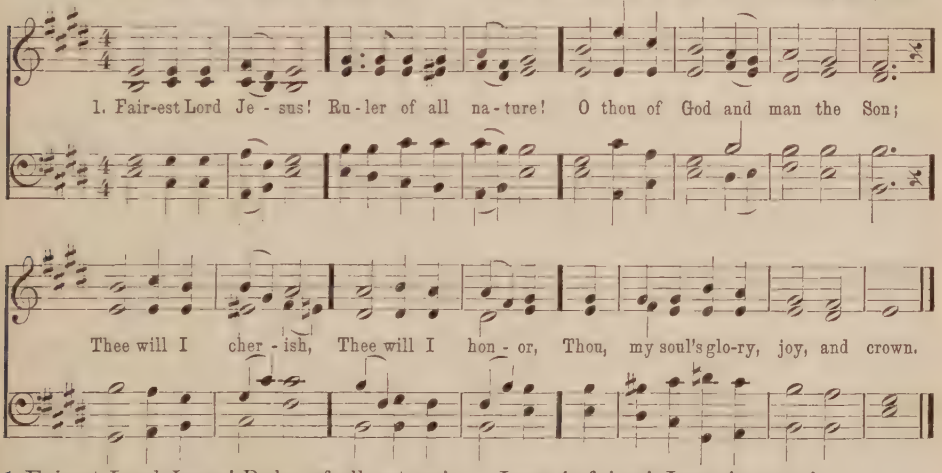
2 Thou Heav'nly Brightness! Light Divine!
O deep within my heart now shine,
And make thee there an altar.
Fill me with joy and strength to be
Thy member, ever joined to thee
In love that cannot falter;
Tow'rd thee longing doth possess me,
Turn and bless me; for thy gladness
Eye and heart here pine in sadness.

3 But if thou look on me in love,
There straightways falls from God above
A ray of purest pleasure;
Thy Word and Spirit, Flesh and Blood,
Refresh my soul with heavenly food,
Thou art my hidden Treasure;
Let thy grace, Lord warm and cheer me,
O draw near me; thou hast taught us
Thee to seek since thou hast sought us.

P. Nicolai, 1599. Tr. Cath. Winkworth.

275 CRUSADER'S HYMN. P. M.

OLD GERMAN AIR, ARR. BY R. S. WILLIS, 1847, ALT.


1. Fair-est Lord Je - sus! Ru-ler of all na-ture! O thou of God and man the Son;
Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo-ry, joy, and crown.

1 Fairest Lord Jesus! Ruler of all nature!
O thou of God and man the Son!
Thee will I cherish, thee will I honor,
Thou, my soul's glory, joy, and crown.

2 Fair are the meadows, fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of spring;
Jesus is fairer! Jesus is purer!
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

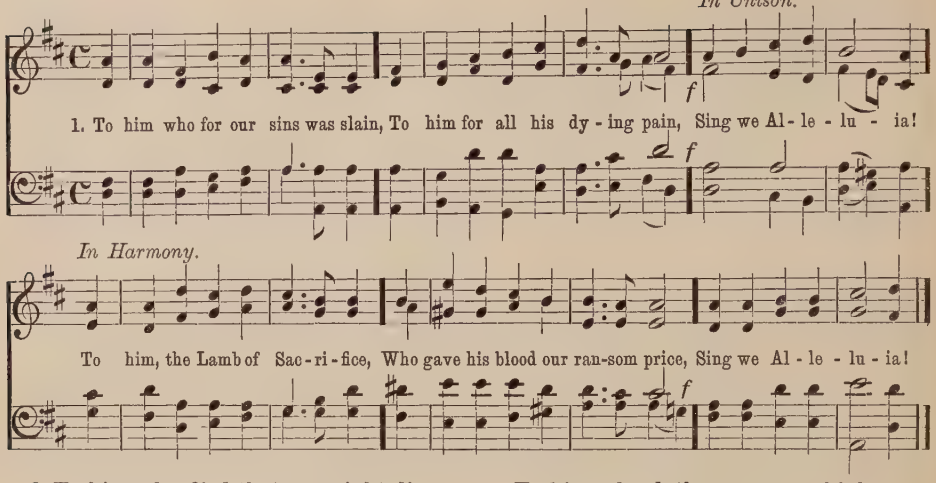
3 Fair is the sunshine, fairer still the moonlight,
And all the twinkling starry host;
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines purer,
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

Richard S. Willis, tr., 1819—.

276 RANSOM. 8.8.6.D. (*First Tune.*)

E. BUNNETT, 1884—.

In Unison.


1. To him who for our sins was slain, To him for all his dy - ing pain, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia!
In Harmony.
To him, the Lamb of Sac - ri - fice, Who gave his blood our ran-som price, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia!

2 To him who died that we might die
To sin, and live to him on high,
Sing we Alleluia!
To him who rose that we might rise,
And reign with him beyond the skies,
Sing we Alleluia!

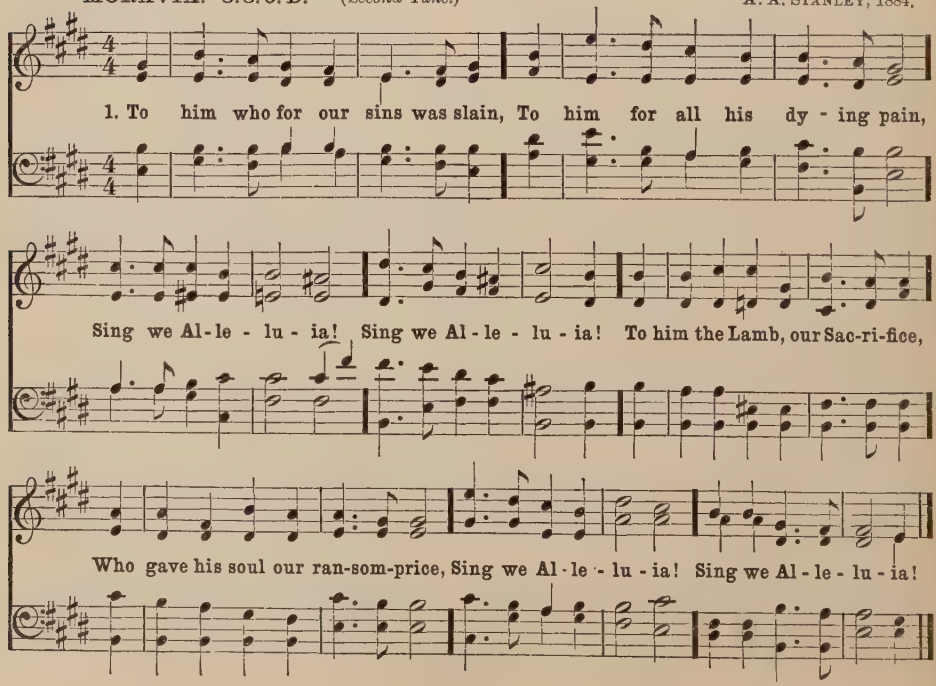
4 To him who now for us doth plead,
And helpeth us in all our need,
Sing we Alleluia!
To him who doth prepare on high
Our home in immortality,
Sing we Alleluia!

4 To him be glory evermore;
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;
Sing ye Alleluia!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our God most great, our joy and boast,
Sing we Alleluia!

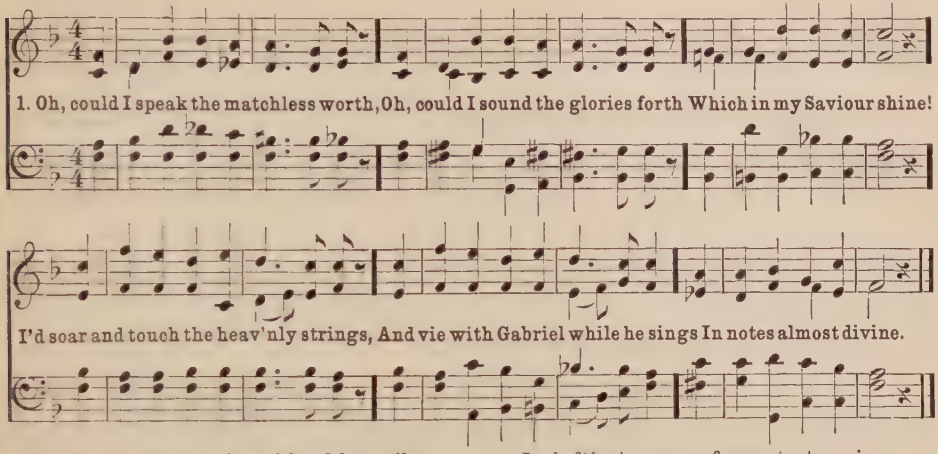
A. T. Russell, 1851.

MORAVIA. 8.8.6.D. (*Second Tune.*)

A. A. STANLEY, 1884.


1. To him who for our sins was slain, To him for all his dy - ing pain,
Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! To him the Lamb, our Sac-ri-fice,
Who gave his soul our ran-som-price, Sing we Al - le - lu - ia! Sing we Al - le - lu - ia!

277 HOLYROOD. 8.8.6.D. (*First Tune.*) HENRY HILES, 1826—.


1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth Which in my Saviour shine!
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel while he sings In notes almost divine.

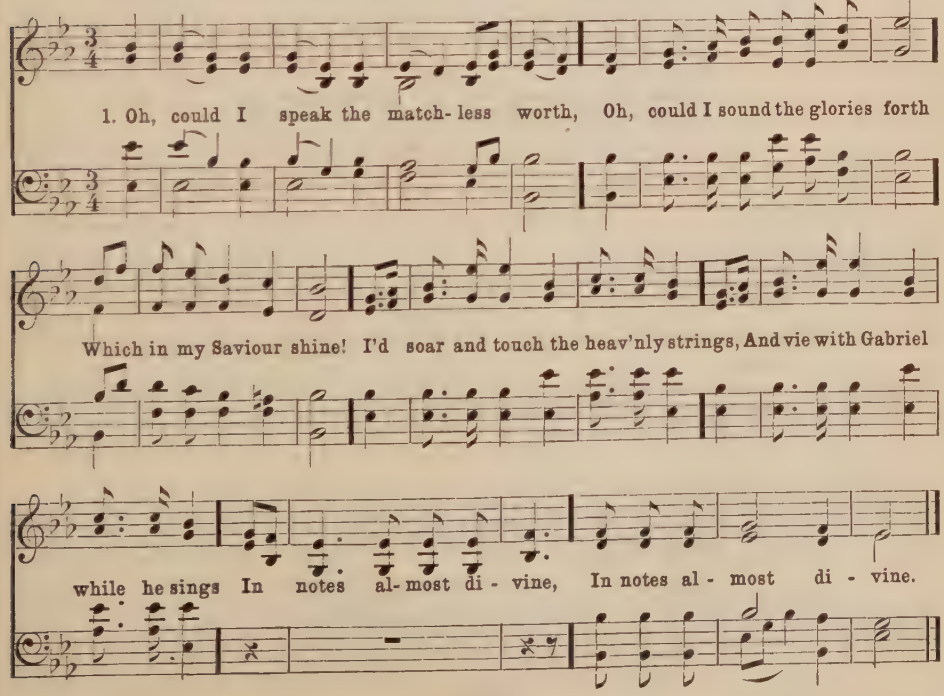
2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, brother, friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

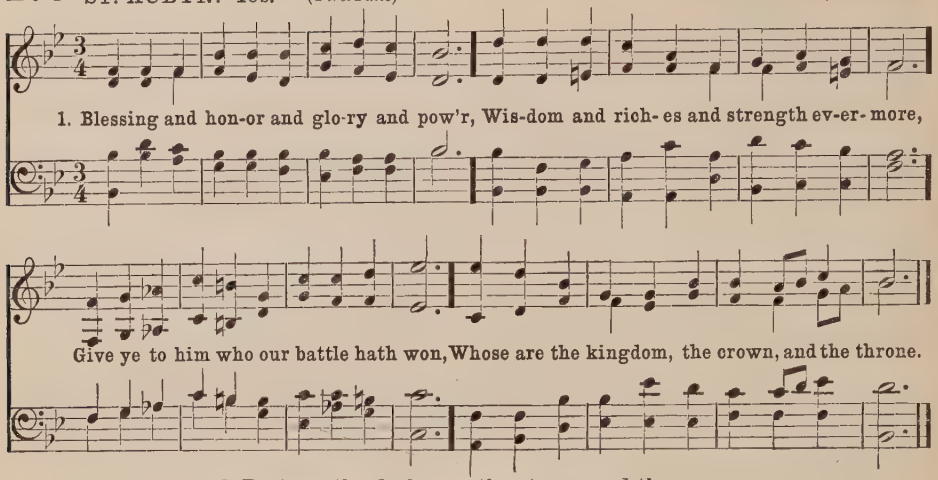
S. Medley, 1789.

ARIEL. 8.8.6.D. (*Second Tune.*) MOZART; ARR. BY LOWELL MASON, 1836.


1. Oh, could I speak the match- less worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth
Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel
while he sings In notes al- most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

278 ST. AUBYN. 10s. (*First Tune*)

SIR J. BARNBY, 1838-1896.


1. Blessing and hon-or and glo-ry and pow'r, Wis-dom and rich- es and strength ev-er- more,
Give ye to him who our battle hath won, Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and the throne.

2 Past are the darkness, the storm, and the war;
Come is the radiance that sparkled afar;
Breaketh the gleam of the day without end;
Riseth the sun that shall never descend.

3 Ever ascendeth the song and the joy,
Ever descendeth the love from on high,
Blessing and honor and glory and praise,
This is the theme of the hymns that we raise.

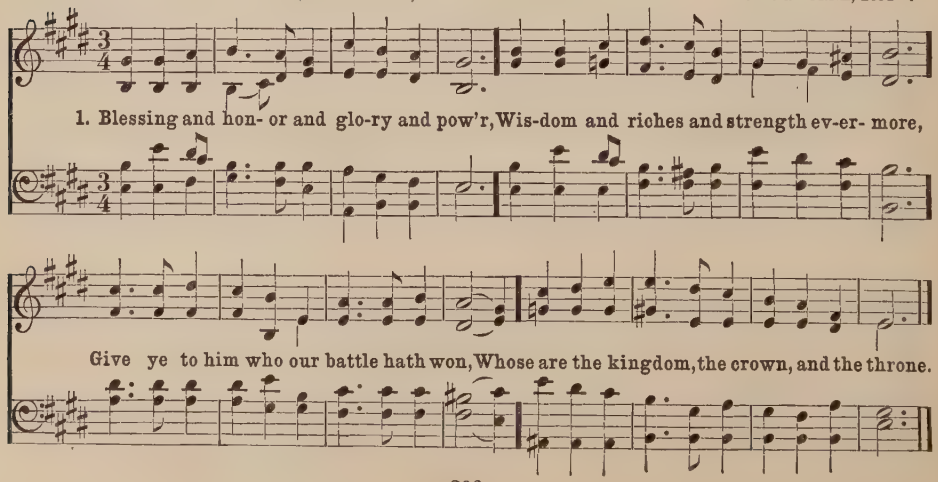
4 Life of all life, and true Light of all light,
Star of the dawning, unchangingly bright,
Sun of the Salem, whose light is the Lamb,
Theme of the ever-new, ever-glad psalm!

5 Give we the glory and praise to the Lamb,
Take we the robe and the harp and the palm,
Sing we the song of the Lamb that was slain,
Dying in weakness, but rising to reign.

H. Bonar, 1867. Ab.

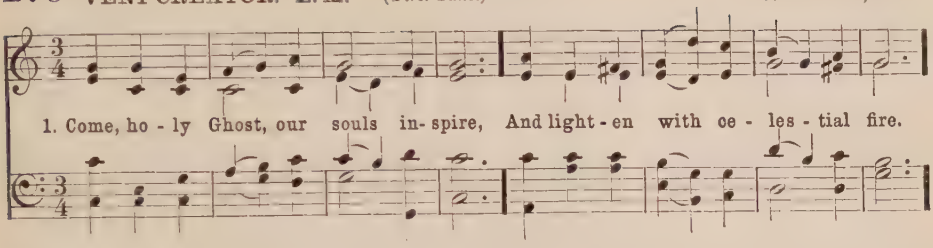
MORPETH. 10s. (*Second Tune.*)

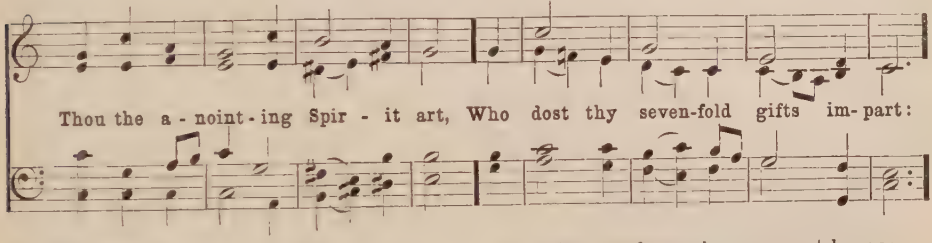
E. H. THORNE, 1834—.


1. Blessing and hon- or and glo-ry and pow'r, Wis-dom and riches and strength ev-er- more,
Give ye to him who our battle hath won, Whose are the kingdom, the crown, and the throne.

279 VENI CREATOR. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1875.

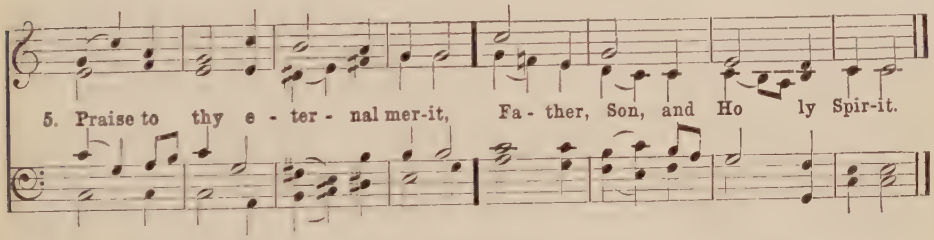




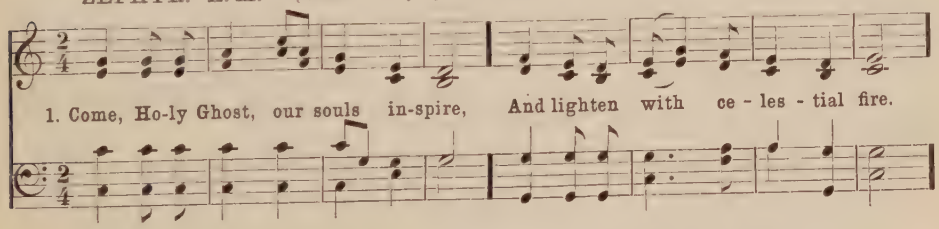
2 Thy blessèd unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Enable with perpetual light
The dullness of our blinded sight:

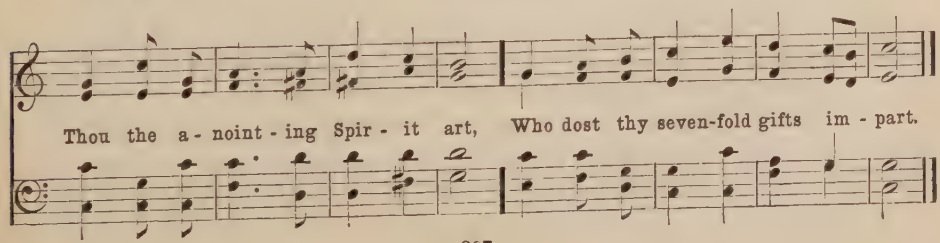
3 Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of thy grace,
Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where thou art Guide, no ill can come.

4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but One:
That through the ages all along
This may be our eternal song;

Anon. (Latin, 10th cent.) Tr. John Cosin, 1627.

ZEPHYR. L. M. (*Second Tune for first 4 stanzes.*

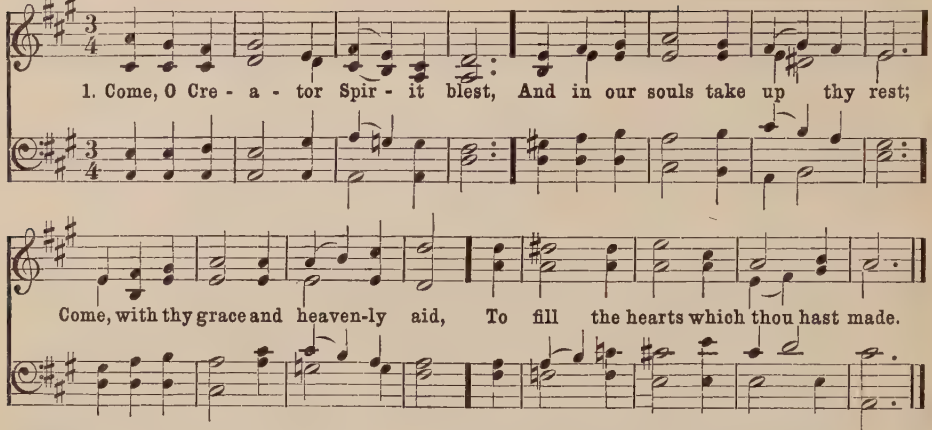
W. B. BRADBURY, 1844.





280 WESTCOTT. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1883.


1. Come, O Cre - a - tor Spir - it blest, And in our souls take up thy rest;
Come, with thy grace and heaven-ly aid, To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

2 Great Paraclete, to thee we cry;
O highest gift of God Most High;
O Fount of life; O Fire of love;
And sweet Anointing from above!

3 The sacred sevenfold grace is thine,
Dread Finger of the hand Divine;
The promise of the Father thou,
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

4 Our senses touch with light and fire;
Our hearts with charity inspire;
And with endurance from on high
The weakness of our flesh supply.

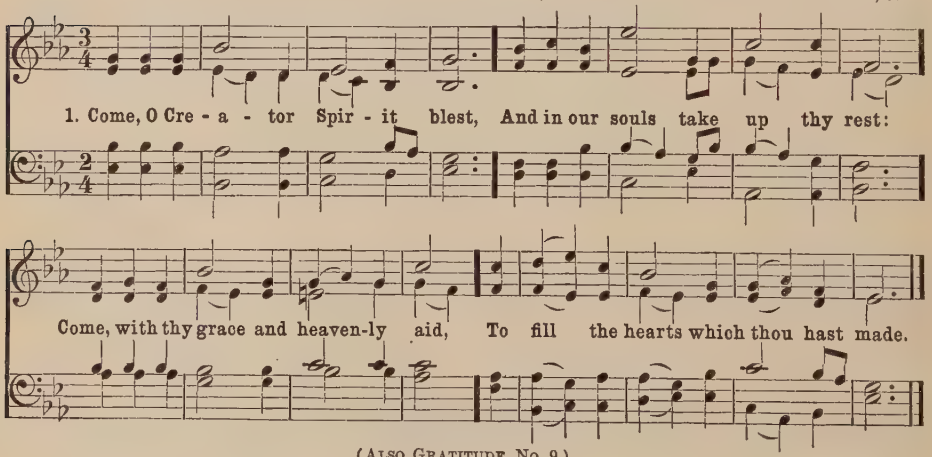
5 Far back our enemy repel,
And let thy peace within us dwell;
So may we, having thee for Guide,
Turn from each hurtful thing aside.

6 Oh, may thy grace on us bestow
The Father and the Son to know!
And evermore to hold confessed
Thyself of each the Spirit blest.

Anon. (Latin, 10th cent.) Tr. Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849—: alt.

HOPE. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

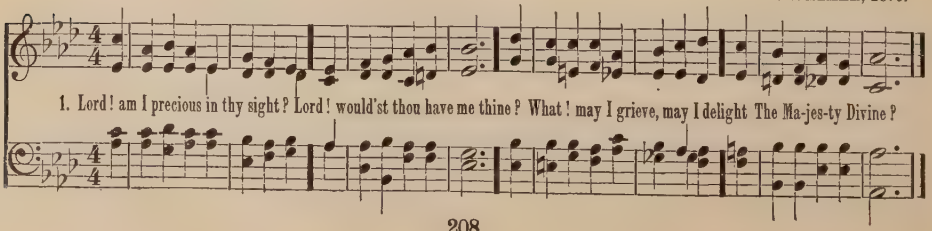
H. S. IRONS, 1834.


1. Come, O Cre - a - tor Spir - it blest, And in our souls take up thy rest:
Come, with thy grace and heaven-ly aid, To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

(ALSO GRATITUDE, No. 9.)

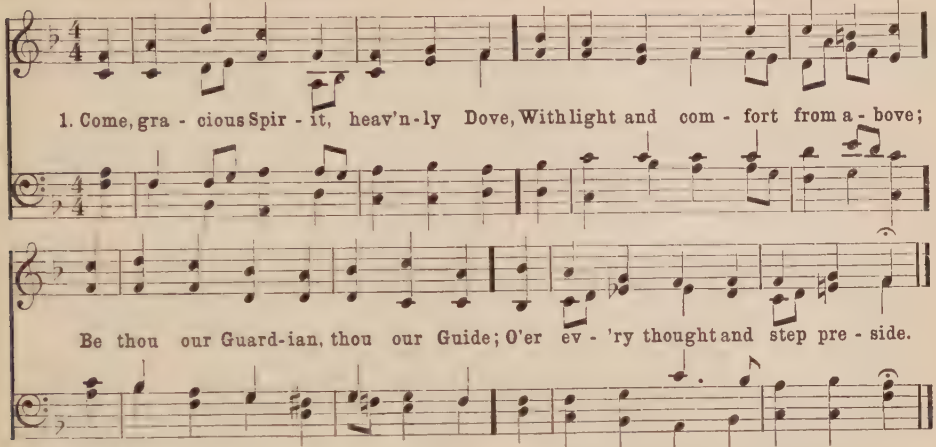
ST. MARGUERITE. C. M (*For No.* 282.)

E. C. WALKER, 1876.



281 LITLINGTON TOWER. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

SIR J. BARNBY, 1862.


1. Come, gra - cious Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove;
Be thou our Guard-ian, thou our Guide; O'er ev - 'ry thought and step pre - side.

2 To us the light of truth display,
And make us know and choose the way,
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

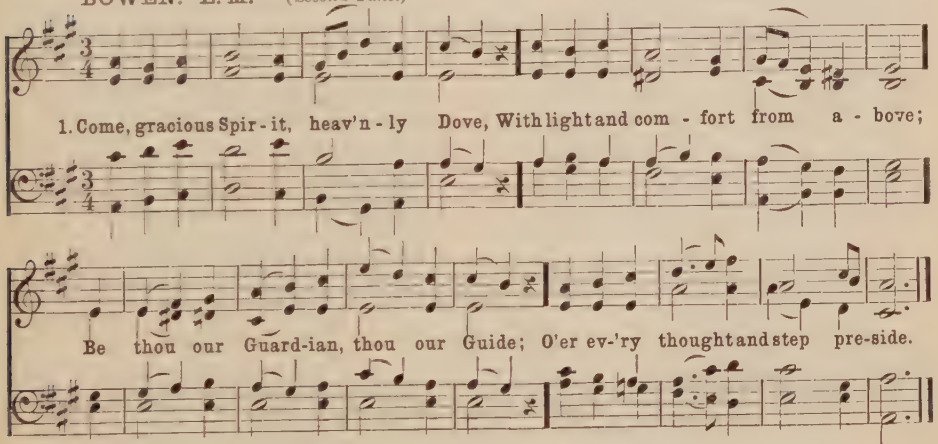
3 Lead us to holiness, the road
Which we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way;
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him forever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share,
Fullness of joy forever there.

Simon Browne, 1720.

BOWEN. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

FR. JOS. HAYDN, 1732–1809.


1. Come, gracious Spir - it, heav'n - ly Dove, With light and com - fort from a - bove;
Be thou our Guard-ian, thou our Guide; O'er ev-'ry thought and step pre-side.

282 ST. MARGUERITE. (*Opposite.*)

1 Lord! am I precious in thy sight?
Lord! would'st thou have me thine?
What! may I grieve, may I delight
The Majesty Divine?

2 O Holy Spirit, dost thou mourn
When I from thee depart?
Dost thou rejoice when I return
And give thee back my heart?

3 Oh, sweet, strange height of Grace Divine
My sin thy grief to make,
And this poor faithfulness of mine
For thy delight to take!

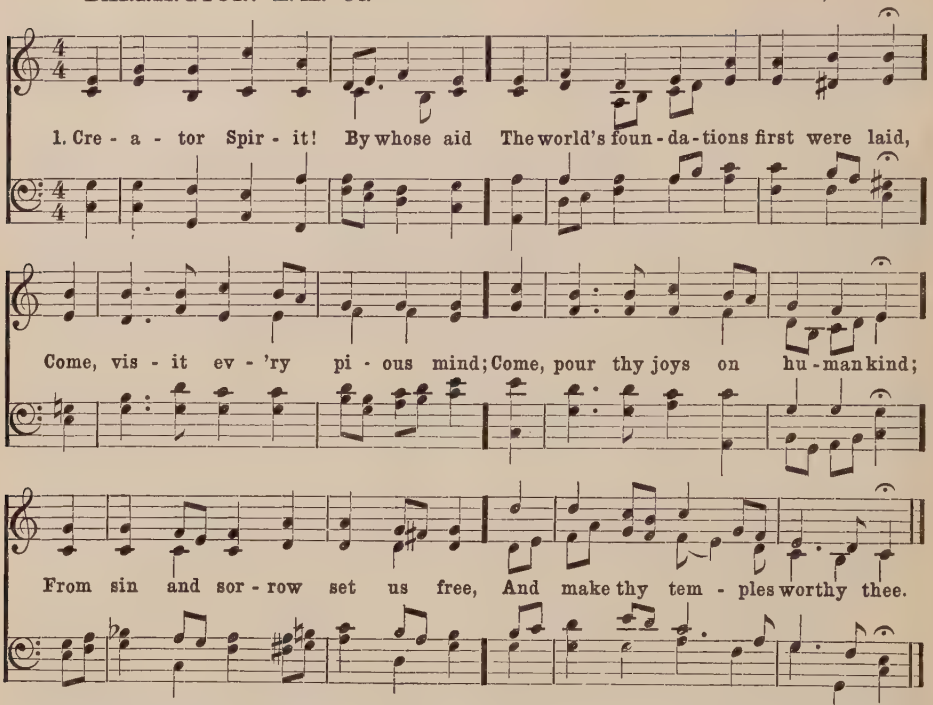
4 Strange height of sin to spurn the love
That yearns to make me blest,
And drive away the Heavenly Dove
That fain would be my guest!

5 Let me, dear Lord, each grace possess
That makes thy Heaven more bright,
And bring the humble holiness
That gives my God delight.

T. H. Gill, 1819—.

283 BARRINGTON. L. M. 61.

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. Cre - a - tor Spir - it! By whose aid The world's foun - da - tions first were laid,
Come, vis - it ev - 'ry pi - ous mind; Come, pour thy joys on hu - man kind;
From sin and sor - row set us free, And make thy tem - ples worthy thee.

2 O source of uncreated light,
The Father's promised Paraclete;
Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us, while we sing.

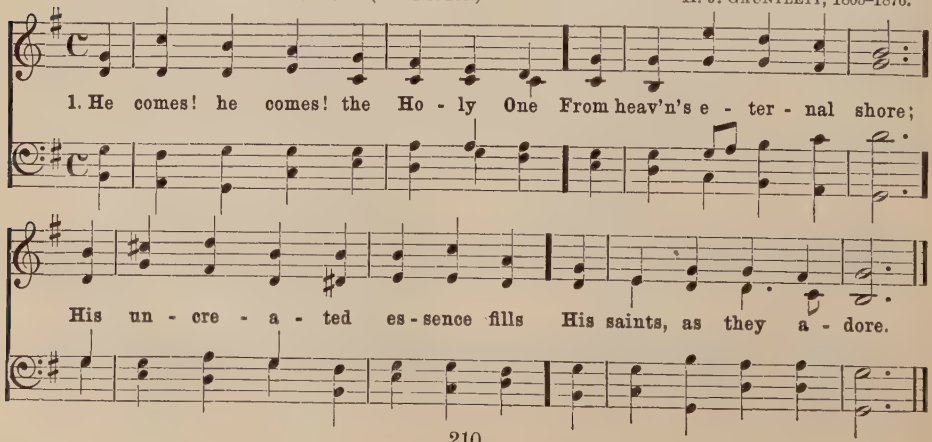
3 Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose power does heaven and earth command,
Refine and purge our earthly parts;
But, O, inflame and fire our hearts;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect, and guide us in the way.

4 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy,
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
Give us thyself, that we may see
The Father and the Son by thee.

Latin 10th Century, paraphr, J. Dryden, 1631–1701.

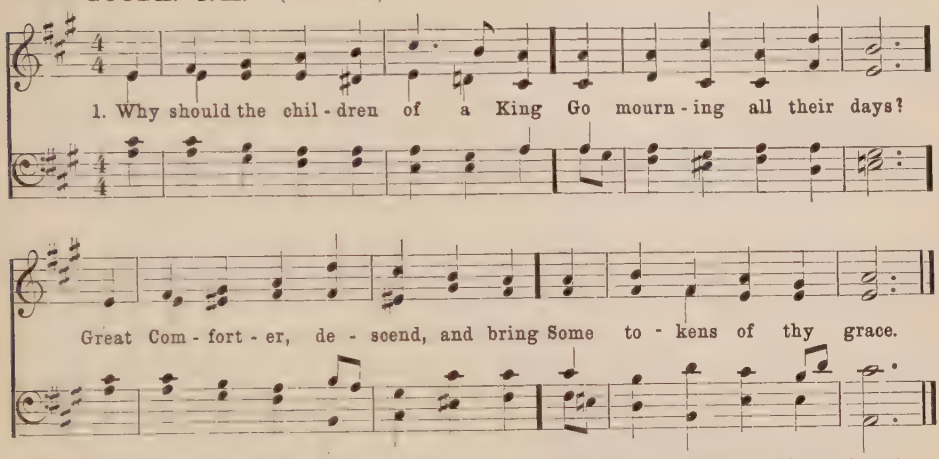
WHITSUNTIDE. C. M. (*For No.* 285.)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876.



284 GOUDA. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

B. Tours, 1838–1897.



2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

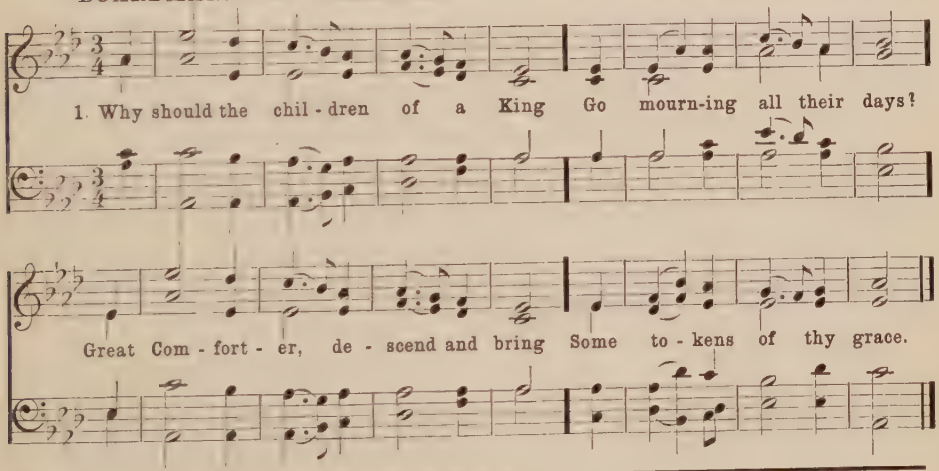
3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

BOARDMAN. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

L. Devereaux, arr. by G. Kingsley, 1839.



285 WHITSUNTIDE. (*Opposite.*)

1 He comes! he comes! the Holy One
From Heaven's eternal shore,
His uncreated essence fills
His saints, as they adore.

2 Earth quakes before that rushing blast,
Heaven echoes back the sound:
How mightily the tempest stirs
That upper room around!

3 The Spirit came into the church
With his unfailing power;
He is the living heart that beats
Within her at this hour.

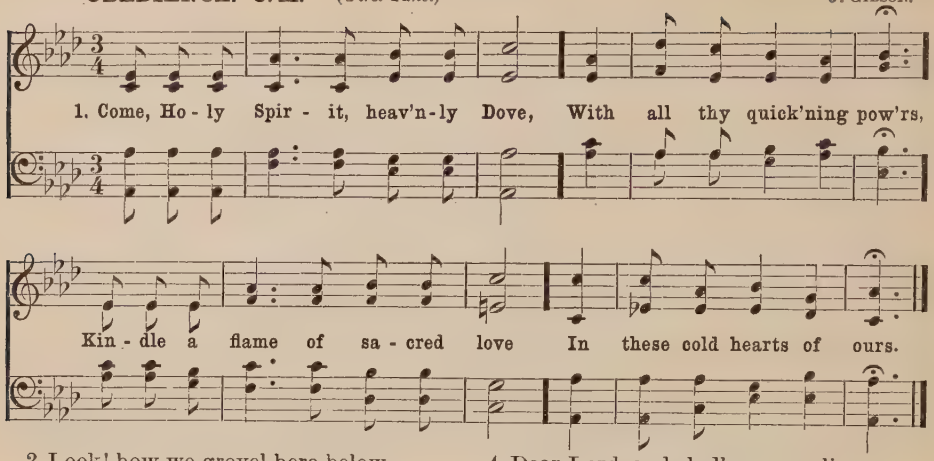
4 Ah! see how, like the Incarnate Word,
His blessed self he lowers,
To dwell with us invisibly,
And make his riches ours.

5 Most tender Spirit, mighty God,
Sweet must thy presence be,
If loss of Jesus can be gain,
So long as we have thee!

F. W. Faber, 1814–1863.

286 OBEDIENCE. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. GIBSON.



2 Look! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

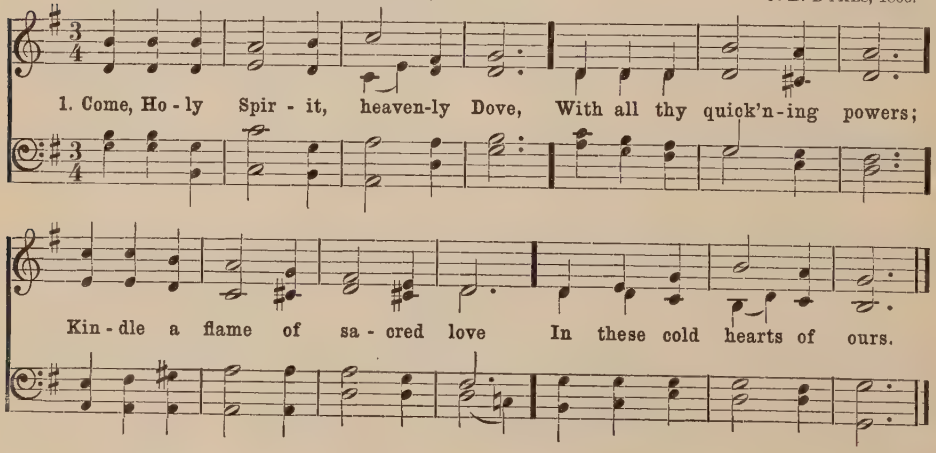
4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love;
And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

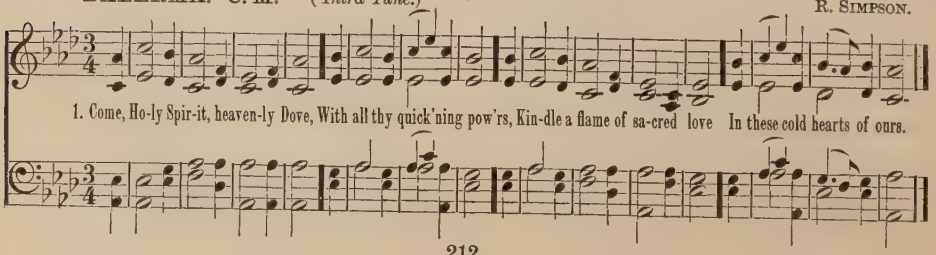
ST. AGNES. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1866.



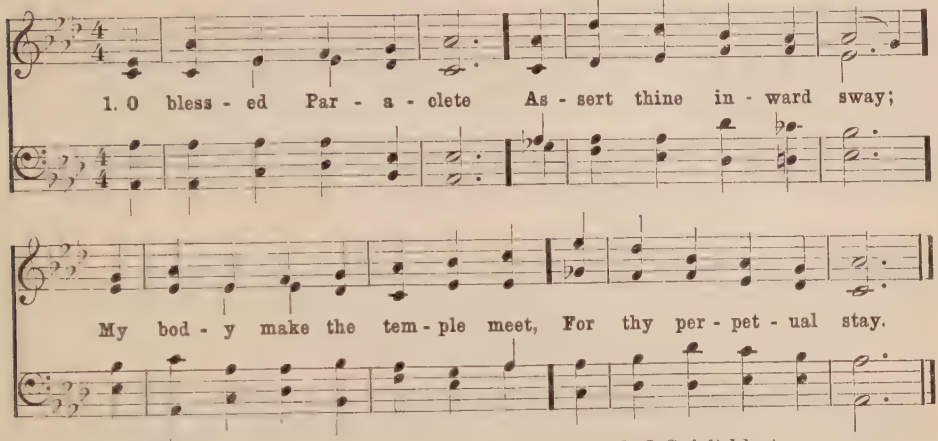
BALERMA. C. M. (*Third Tune.*)

R. SIMPSON.



287 HESPERUS. S. M.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, (?) 1810–1856.



1 O Blessed Paraclete
Assert thine inward sway;
My body make the temple meet,
For thy perpetual stay.

2 Too long this house of thine
By alien loves possessed,
Has shut from thee its inner shrine,
Kept thee a slighted guest.

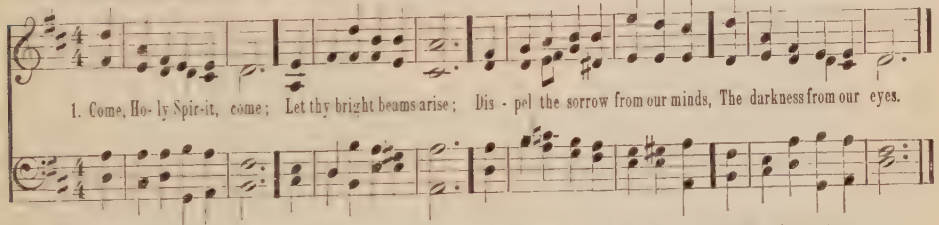
3 Now rend, O Spirit blest,
The veil of my poor heart;
Enter thy long forbidden rest,
And nevermore depart.

4 Oh, to be filled with thee!
I ask not aught beside;
For all unholy guests must flee,
If thou in me abide.

A. J. Gordon, 1890.

288 PENTECOST. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

HENRY GOUGH TREMBATH, 1845—.



2 Convince us all of sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

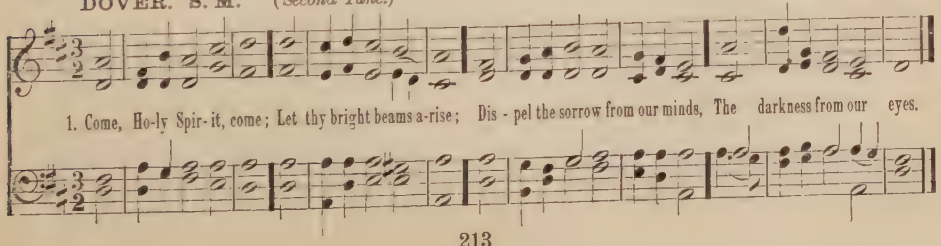
4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and thee.

Joseph Hart, 1759.

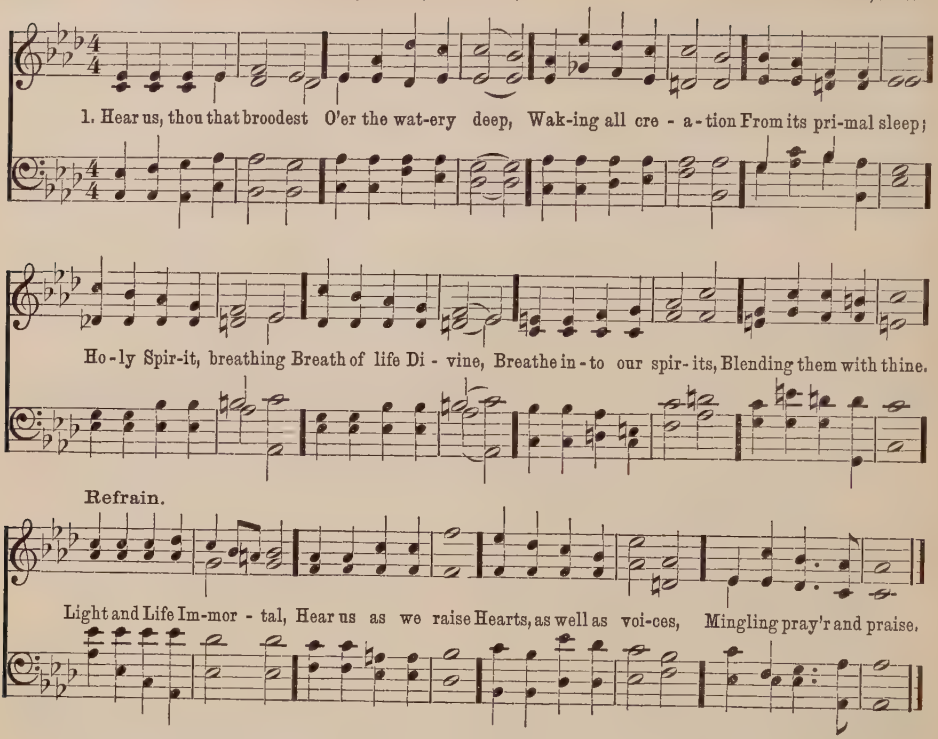
DOVER. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

AARON WILLIAMS' COLL, 1731–1776.



289 DANIA. 6s. 5s. D. *With Refrain.* (*First Tune.*)

F. G. Ilsley, 1887.


1. Hear us, thou that broodest O'er the wat-ery deep, Wak-ing all cre - a-tion From its pri-mal sleep;
Ho-ly Spir-it, breathing Breath of life Di - vine, Breathe in-to our spir-its, Blending them with thine.
Refrain.
Light and Life Im-mor - tal, Hear us as we raise Hearts, as well as voi-ces, Mingling pray'r and praise.

2 When the sun ariseth
In a cloudless sky,
May we feel thy presence,
Holy Spirit, nigh;
Shed thy radiance o'er us,
Keep it cloudless still,
Through the day before us,
Perfecting thy will.—*Ref.*

3 When the fight is fiercest
In the noontide heat,
Bear us, Holy Spirit,
To our Saviour's feet;
There to find a refuge
Till our work is done,
There to fight the battle
Till the battle's won.—*Ref.*

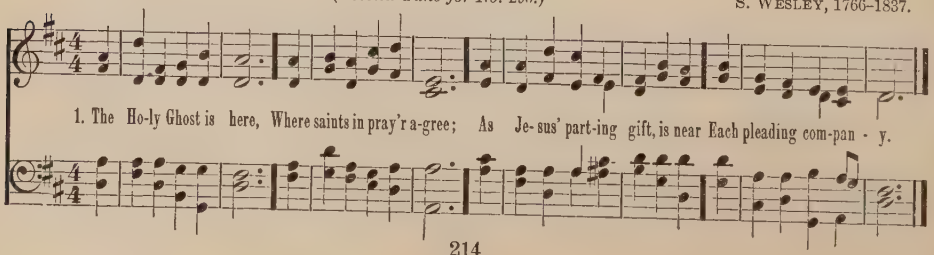
4 If the day be falling
Sadly as it goes,
Slowly in its sadness
Sinking to its close,
May thy love in mercy
Kindling, ere it die,
Cast a ray of glory
O'er our evening sky.—*Ref.*

5 Morning, noon, and evening,
Whensoe'er it be,
Grant us, gracious Spirit,
Quickening life in thee;
Life that gives us, living,
Life of heavenly love;
Life that brings us, dying,
Life from heaven above.—*Ref.*

Godfrey Thring, 1873.

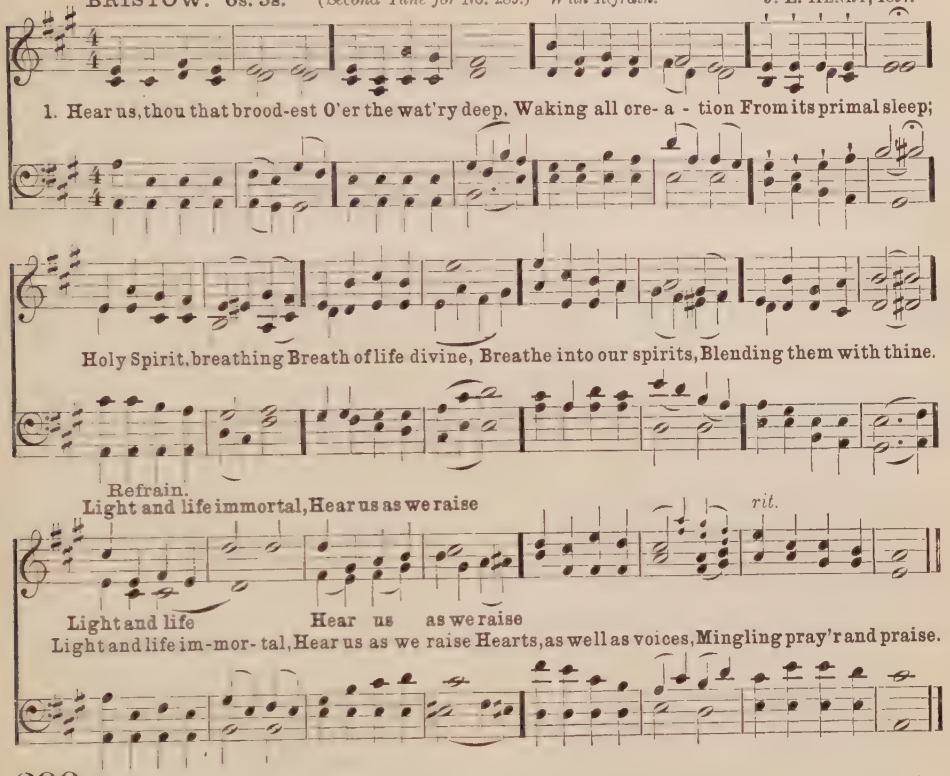
DONCASTER. S. M. (*Second Tune for No.* 290.)

S. Wesley, 1766–1837.

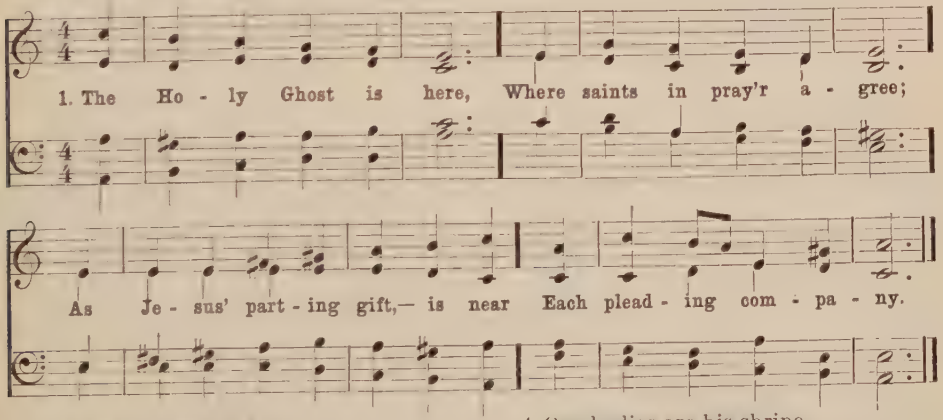


Holy Spirit

BRISTOW. 6s. 5s. (*Second Tune for No. 289.*) *With Refrain.* J. E. HENRY, 1897.


1. Hear us, thou that brood-est O'er the wat'ry deep, Waking all cre- a - tion From its primal sleep;
Holy Spirit, breathing Breath of life divine, Breathe into our spirits, Blending them with thine.
Refrain.
Light and life immortal, Hear us as we raise
rit.
Light and life Hear us as we raise
Light and life im-mor- tal, Hear us as we raise Hearts, as well as voices, Mingling pray'r and praise.

290 ABER. S. M. (*First Tune.*) W. H. MONK, 1875.



2 Not far away is he,
To be by prayer brought nigh,
But here in present majesty
As in his courts on high.

3 He dwells within our soul,
An ever welcome guest;
He reigns with absolute control,
As monarch in the breast.

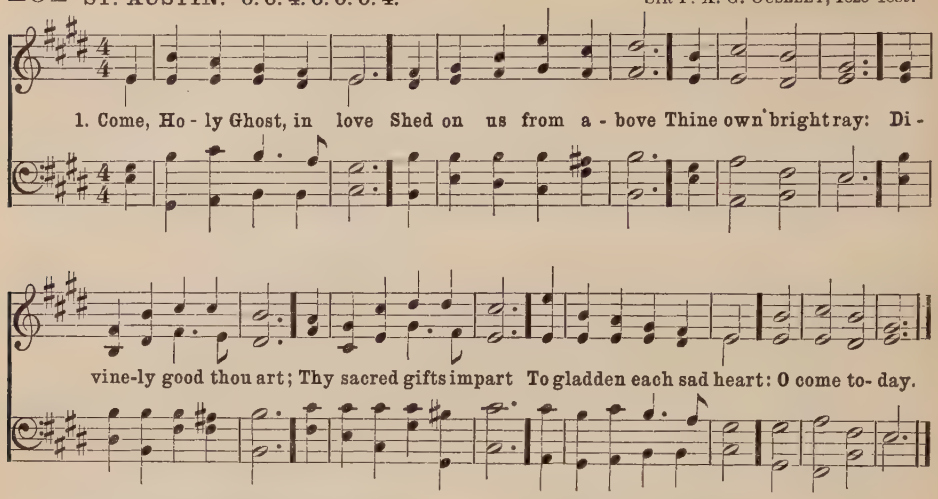
4 Our bodies are his shrine,
And he the indwelling Lord;
All hail, thou Comforter divine,
Be evermore adored!

5 Obedient to thy will,
We wait to feel thy power,
O Lord of life, our hopes fulfill,
And bless this hallowed hour.

(ALSO DONCASTER, OPPOSITE, AND OLMUTZ, No. 461.) C. H. Spurgeon, 1834–1892.

291 ST. AUSTIN. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.

SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1825–1889.


1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, in love Shed on us from a - bove Thine own bright ray: Di -
vine-ly good thou art; Thy sacred gifts impart To gladden each sad heart: O come to- day.

2 Come, tenderest Friend and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,—
Cheer us this hour.

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast;
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams divine
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound:
Our stubborn spirits bend,
Our icy coldness end,
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

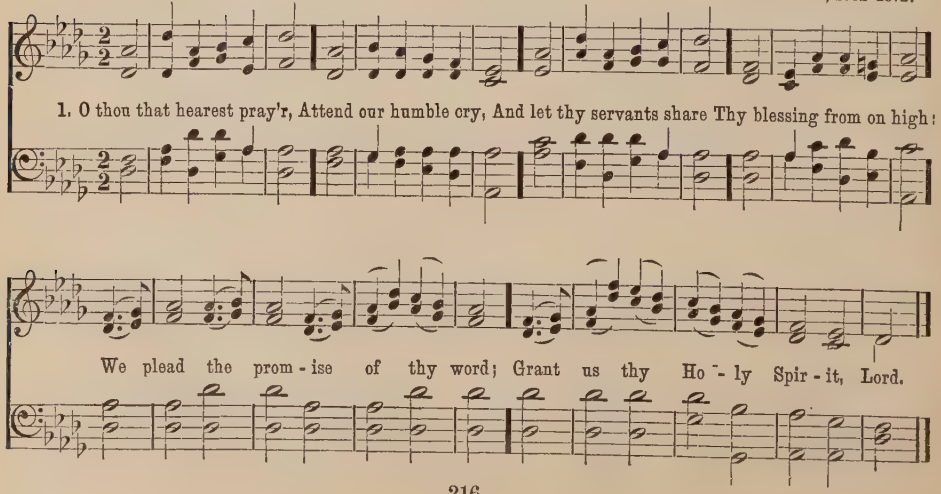
5 Come, all the faithful bless:
Let all who Christ confess
His praise employ;
Give virtue's rich reward;
Victorious death accord,
And, with our glorious Lord,
Eternal joy.

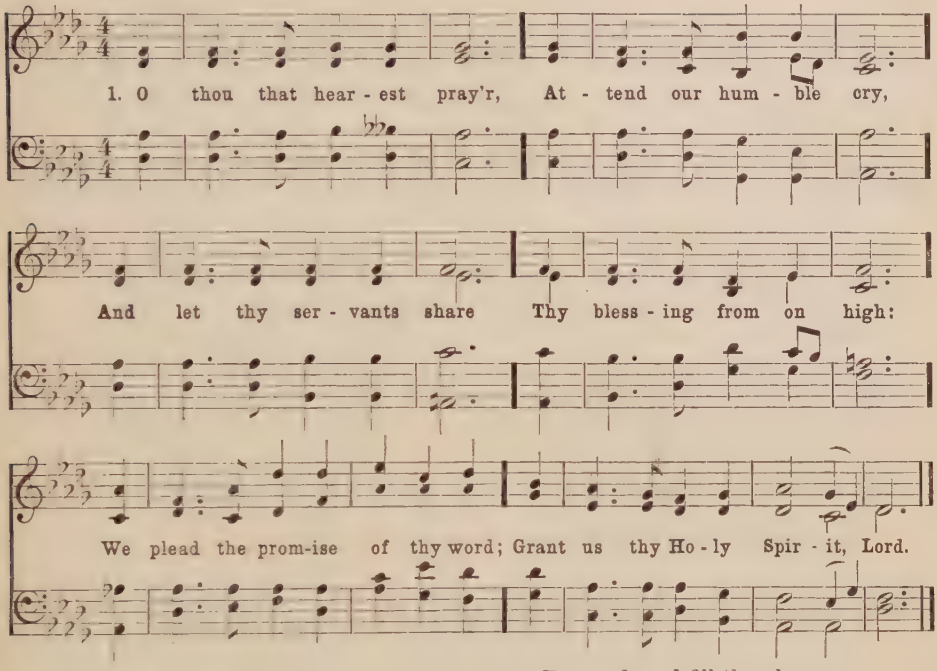
Latin, 13th cent. Tr. Ray Palmer, 1858.

(ALSO OLIVET, No. 408.)

HADDAM. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. *(Third Tune for No. 292.)*

LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.


1. O thou that hearest pray'r, Attend our humble cry, And let thy servants share Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the prom - ise of thy word; Grant us thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord.

292 **WAVERTON.** 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*First Tune.*) ROBERT JACKSON, 1876.

1. O thou that hear - est pray'r, At - tend our hum - ble cry,
And let thy ser - vants share Thy bless - ing from on high:
We plead the prom-ise of thy word; Grant us thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord.

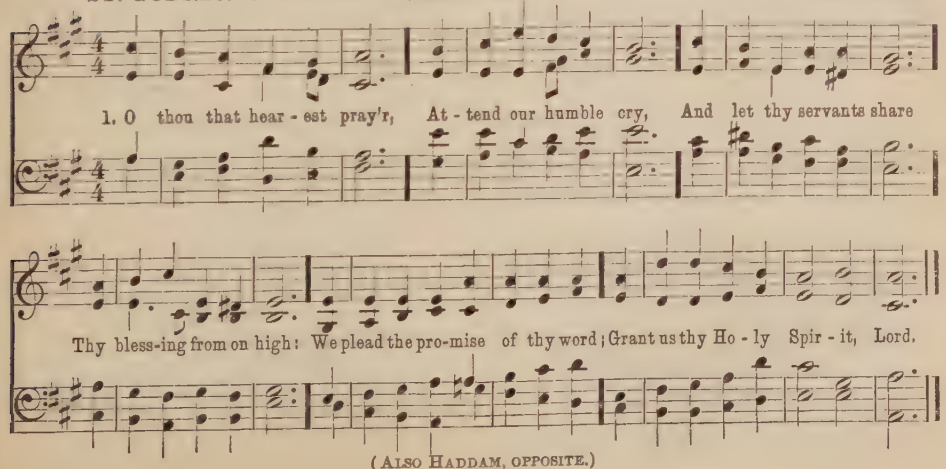
2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry,
If they, with love sincere,
Their children's wants supply,
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou!
We, children of thy grace!
O let thy Spirit now
Descend, and fill the place;
That all may feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy Name.

4 And send thy Spirit down
On all the nations, Lord,
With great success to crown
The preaching of thy word;
Till heathen lands shall own thy sway,
And cast their idol-gods away.

John Burton, Jr., 1824.

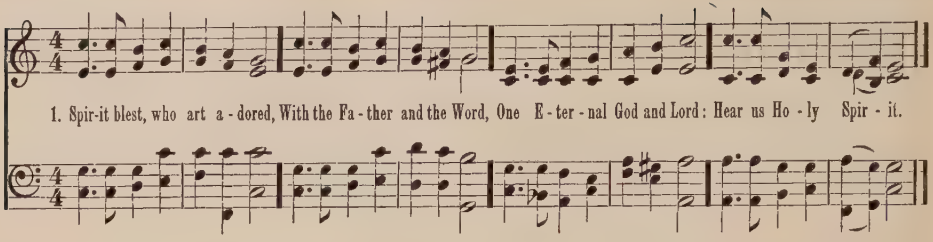
ST. GODRIC. 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*Second Tune.*) J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. O thou that hear - est pray'r, At - tend our humble cry, And let thy servants share
Thy bless-ing from on high: We plead the pro-mise of thy word; Grant us thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord.

(ALSO HADDAM, OPPOSITE.)

293 MONK'S LITANY. 7.7.7.6. (*First Tune.*)

W. H. MONK, 1875



2 Comforter, to whom we owe
All that we rejoice to know
Of our Saviour's work below:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

3 Spirit, showing us the way,
Warning when we go astray,
Pleading in us when we pray:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

4 Spirit, whom our failings grieve,
Whom the world will not receive,
Who dost help us to believe:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

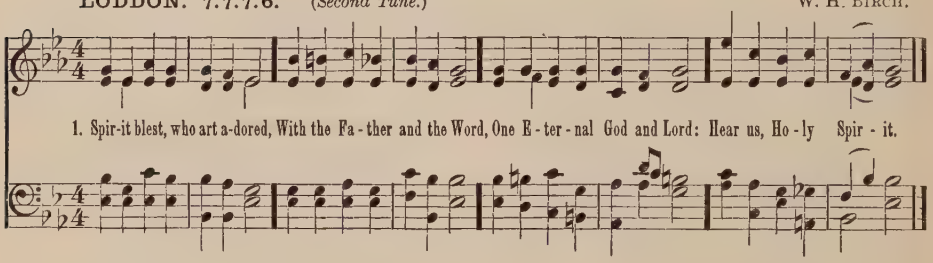
5 Spirit, aiding all who yearn
More of truth Divine to learn,
And with deeper love to burn:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

6 Holy, loving, as thou art,
Come and live within our heart
Never from us to depart:
Hear us, Holy Spirit.

T. B. Pollock, 1836—.

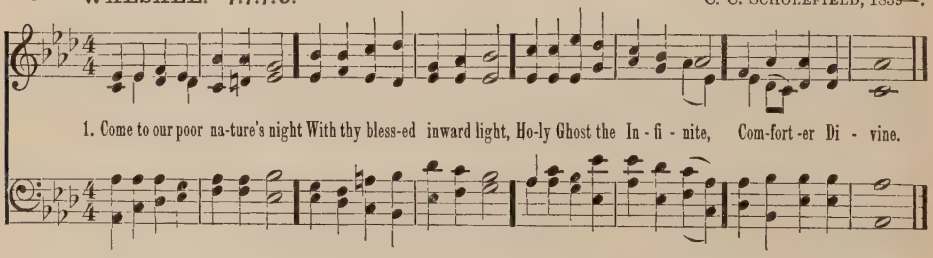
LODDON. 7.7.7.6. (*Second Tune.*)

W. H. BIRCH.



294 WALSALL. 7.7.7.5.

C. C. SCHOLEFIELD, 1839—.



2 We are sinful—cleanse us, Lord;
Sick and faint, thy strength afford;
Lost, until by thee restored,
Comforter Divine.

3 Like the dew thy peace distil;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine.

4 With us, for us, intercede,
And with voiceless groanings plead
Our unutterable need,
Comforter divine.

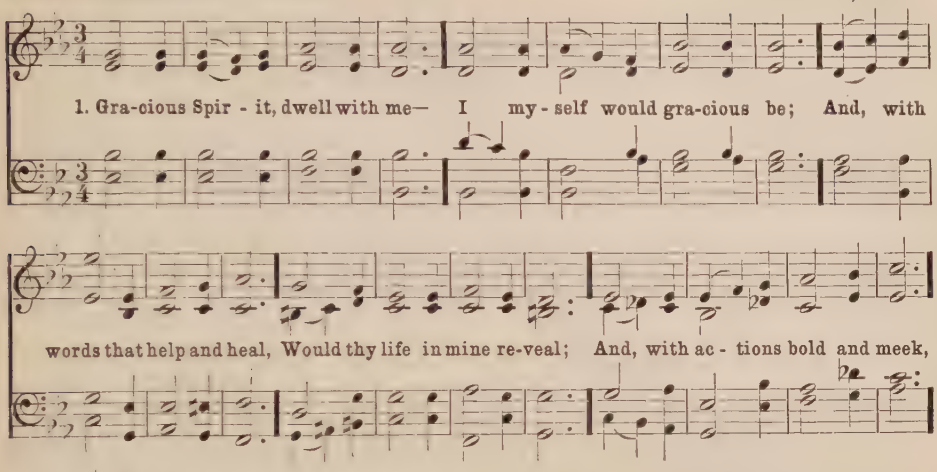
5 In us, "Abba, Father," cry,
Earnest of the bliss on high,
Seal of immortality,
Comforter Divine.

6 Search for us the depths of God;
Upwards, by the starry road,
Bear us to thy high abode,
Comforter Divine.

George Rawson, 1853–1876.

295 ASHBURTON. 7s. 6 l. (*First Tune.*)

R. JACKSON, 1842–.


1. Gra-cious Spir - it, dwell with me— I my - self would gra-cious be; And, with
words that help and heal, Would thy life in mine re-veal; And, with ac - tions bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Sav - iour speak.

2 Truthful Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would truthful be;
And, with wisdom kind and clear,
Let thy life in mine appear;
And, with actions brotherly,
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

3 Tender Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower,
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And his love by fragrance own.

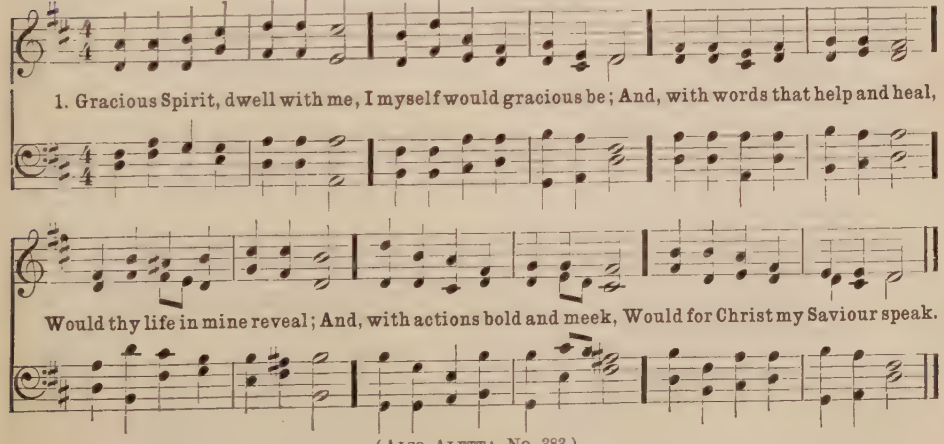
4 Mighty Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would mighty be:
Mighty so as to prevail,
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on and bearing up.

5 Holy Spirit, dwell with me—
I myself would holy be:
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be
Give to him who gave me thee.

T. T. Lynch, 1818–1871.

RATISBON. 7s. 6 l. (*Second Tune.*)

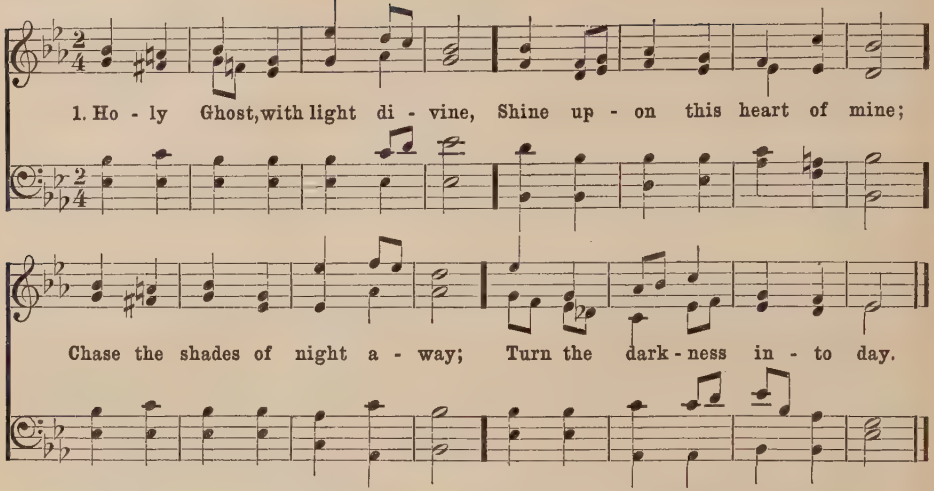
WERNER'S CHORALBUCH, 1815.


1. Gracious Spirit, dwell with me, I myself would gracious be; And, with words that help and heal,
Would thy life in mine reveal; And, with actions bold and meek, Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

(ALSO ALETTA, No. 383.)

296 SOLITUDE. 7s.

L. T. Downs, 1827—.



1 Holy Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn the darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

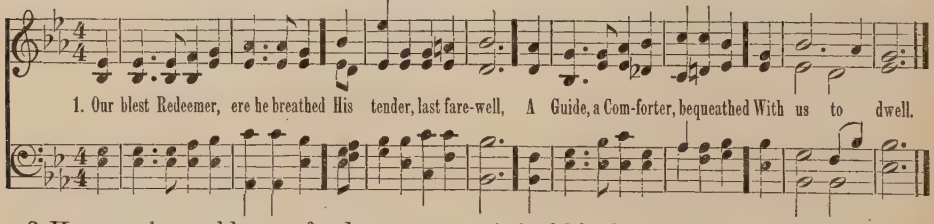
3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

Andrew Reed, 1841.

297 ST. CUTHBERT. 8.6.8.4. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.



2 He came in semblance of a dove,
With sheltering wings outspread,
The holy balm of peace and love
On earth to shed.

3 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

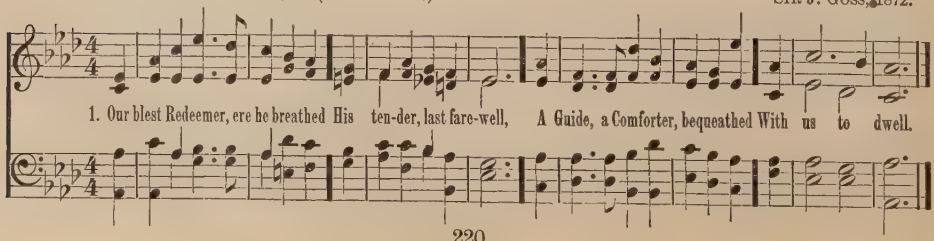
4 And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts, thy dwelling-place,
More worthy thee.

Harriet Auber, 1829.

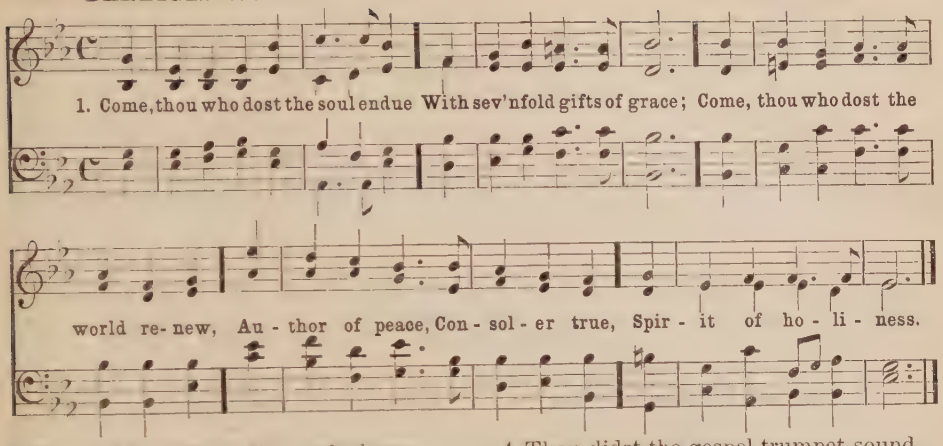
SOLENT. 8.6.8.4. (*Second Tune.*)

Sir J. Goss, 1872.



298 DENBIGH. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876.


1. Come, thou who dost the soul endue With sev'nfold gifts of grace; Come, thou who dost the
world re-new, Au-thor of peace, Con-sol-er true, Spir-it of ho-li-ness.

2 Spirit of love, 'twas thou, who borne
O'er the wide water's face
Didst, at creation's golden morn,
The universal spheres adorn
With majesty and grace.

3 Thou didst again earth's fallen frame
With new creation bless,
When, clothed in Pentecostal flame,
From heaven's pure height thy glory came,
Enriching us with peace.

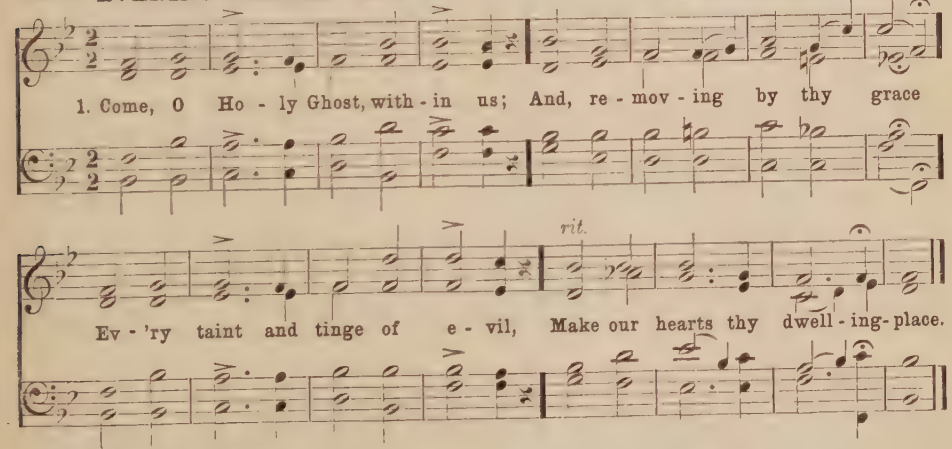
4 Thou didst the gospel trumpet sound
O'er all the world afar;
And summon from their sleep profound
The dead, who lay in darkness round,
To hail the Morning Star.

5 O thou, who teachest us to place
In thee our hope and trust,
The stains of former guilt efface,
Confirm the innocent in grace,
And glorify the just.

E. Caswall, 1814–1878.

299 EVENING PRAYER. 6s. 7s.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, 1878. By per.



Copyright, 1878, by G. C. Stebbins.

2 Be with us, O quickening Spirit;
Thou canst pierce the deepest night:
Cleanse our base imaginations,
Change our darkness into light.

3 O thou Holy One who lovest
Wisdom always, be thou kind,
By thy mystical anointing
Heal the blindness of our mind.

4 Thou that purifiest all things,
As none else besides thee can,
Purify the clouded eyesight,
Spirit, of our inner man;

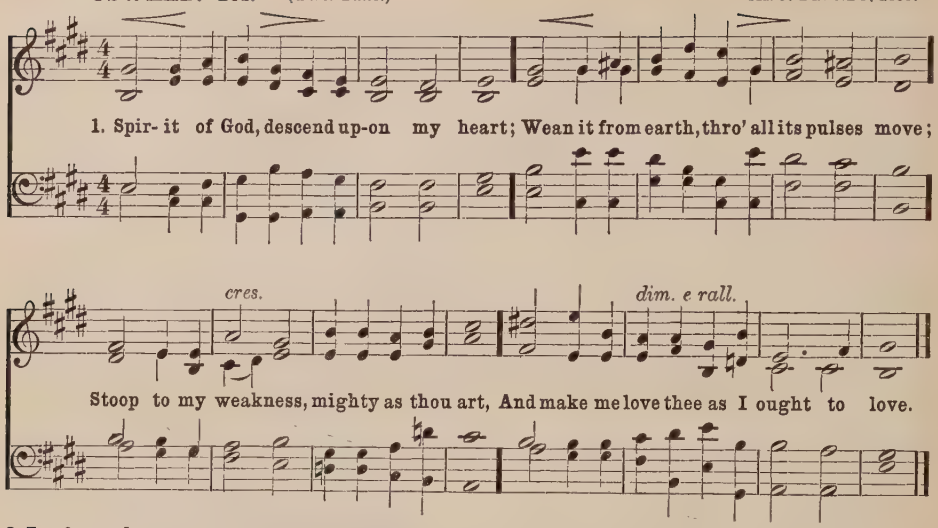
5 That by us our Heavenly Father
May at last be seen and known:
For the pure in heart shall see him,
And the pure in heart alone.

C. Stuart Calverly, 1860.

(ALSO STOCKWELL, No. 446.)

300 OSWALD. 10s. (*First Tune.*)

SIR J. BARNBY, 1883.


1. Spir- it of God, descend up-on my heart; Wean it from earth, thro' all its pulses move;
cres.
dim. e rall.
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as thou art, And make me love thee as I ought to love.

2 I ask no dream, no prophet ecstasies;
No sudden rending of the veil of clay;
No angel visitant, no opening skies;
But take the dimness of my soul away.

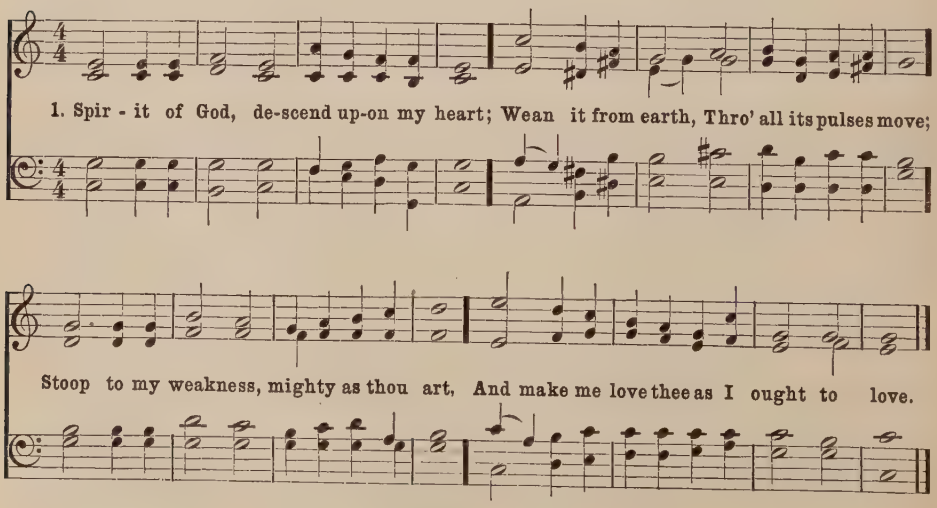
3 Hast thou not bid us love thee, God and King?
All, all thine own, soul, heart, and strength, and mind;
I see thy cross—there teach my heart to cling:
O let me seek thee, and O let me find.

4 Teach me to feel that thou art always nigh;
Teach me the struggles of the soul to bear,
To check the rising doubt, the rebel sigh;
Teach me the patience of unanswered prayer.

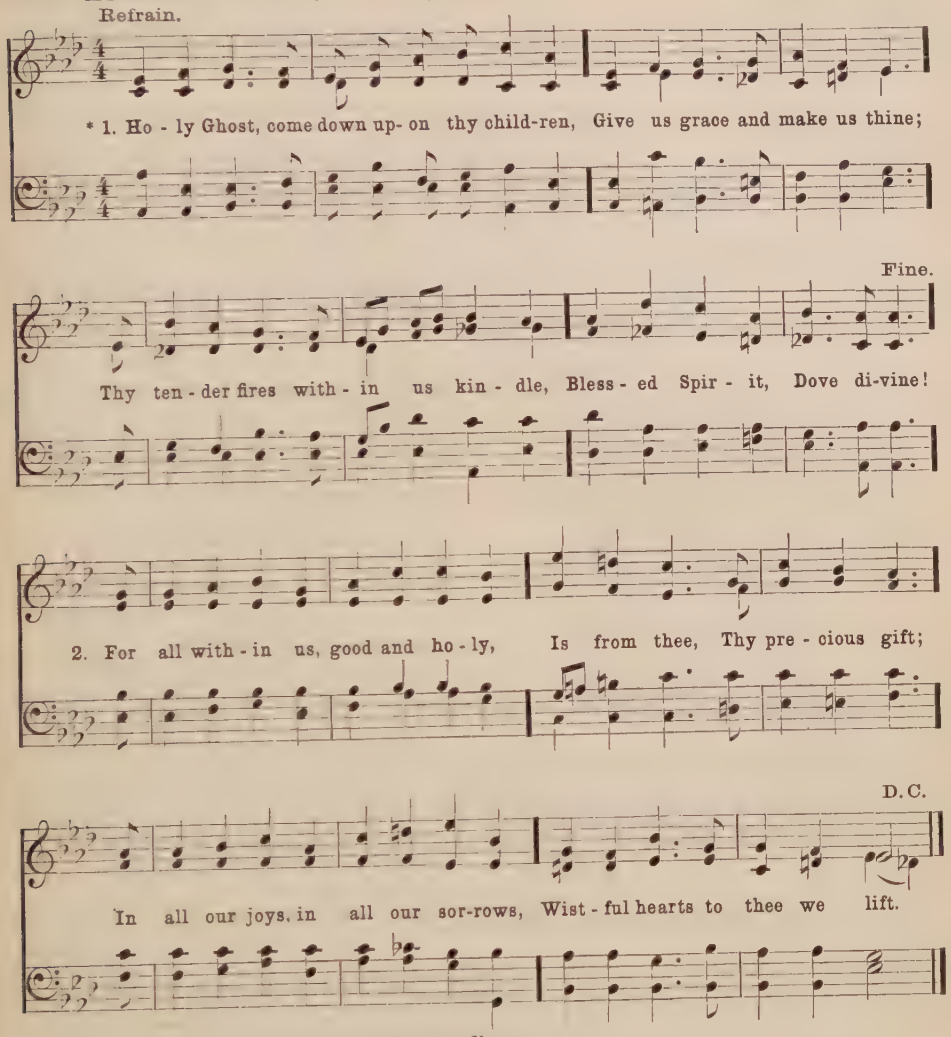
5 Teach me to love thee as thine angels love,
One holy passion filling all my frame,
Kindled within me by the heavenly Dove,
My heart an altar, and thy love the flame.

George Croly, 1854: alt.

MORECAMBE. 10s. (*Second Tune.*)


1. Spir - it of God, de-scend up-on my heart; Wean it from earth, Thro' all its pulses move;
Stoop to my weakness, mighty as thou art, And make me love thee as I ought to love.

(ALSO EVENTIDE, No. 73.)

301 ATHERSTONE. 9s. 7s. *With refrain.* B. TOURS, 1838–1897.

Refrain.
* 1. Ho - ly Ghost, come down up- on thy child-ren, Give us grace and make us thine;
Fine.
Thy ten - der fires with - in us kin - dle, Bless - ed Spir - it, Dove di-vine!
2. For all with - in us, good and ho - ly, Is from thee, Thy pre - cious gift;
D.C.
In all our joys, in all our sor-rows, Wist - ful hearts to thee we lift.

* Sing the first verse as refrain after each succeeding verse.

3 For thou to us art more than father,
More than sister in thy love,
So gentle, patient, and forbearing,
Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!—*Ref.*

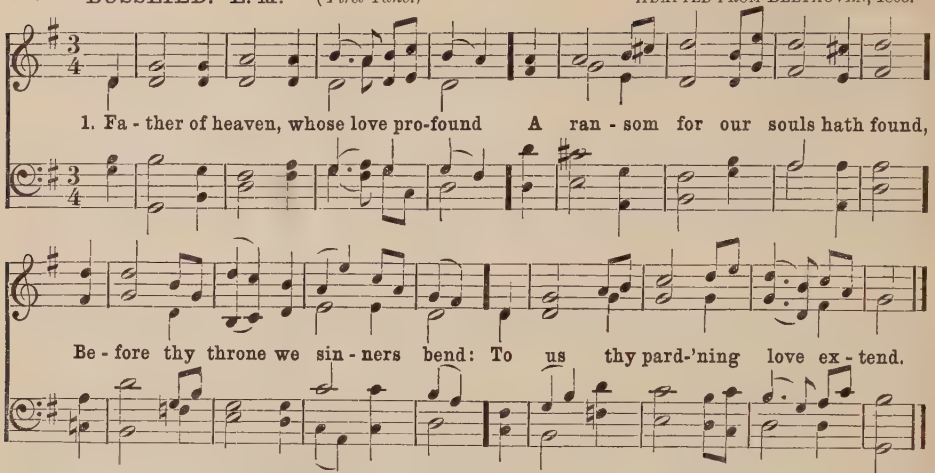
4 Oh, we have grieved thee, gracious Spirit!
Wayward, wanton, cold are we;
And still our sins, new every morning,
Never yet have wearied thee.—*Ref.*

5 Now, if our hearts do not deceive us,
We would take thee for our Lord,
O dearest Spirit, make us faithful,
To thy least and lightest word.—*Ref.*

F. W. Faber, 1854.

302 BUSSLIED. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

ADAPTED FROM BEETHOVEN, 1803.


1. Fa - ther of heaven, whose love pro-found A ran - som for our souls hath found,
Be - fore thy throne we sin - ners bend: To us thy pard-'ning love ex - tend.

2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend:
To us thy saving grace extend.

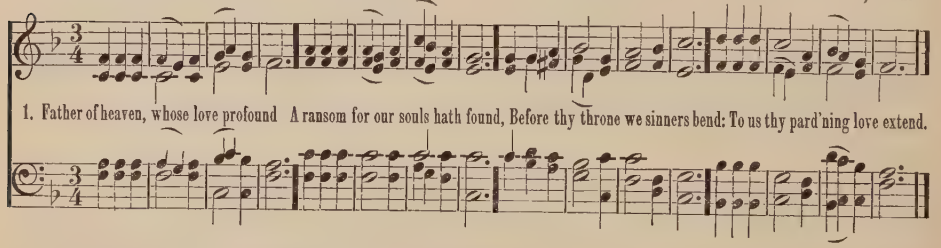
3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend:
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah, Father, Spirit, Son,
Eternal Godhead, three in one,—
Before thy throne we sinners bend:
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

Edward Cooper, 1805.

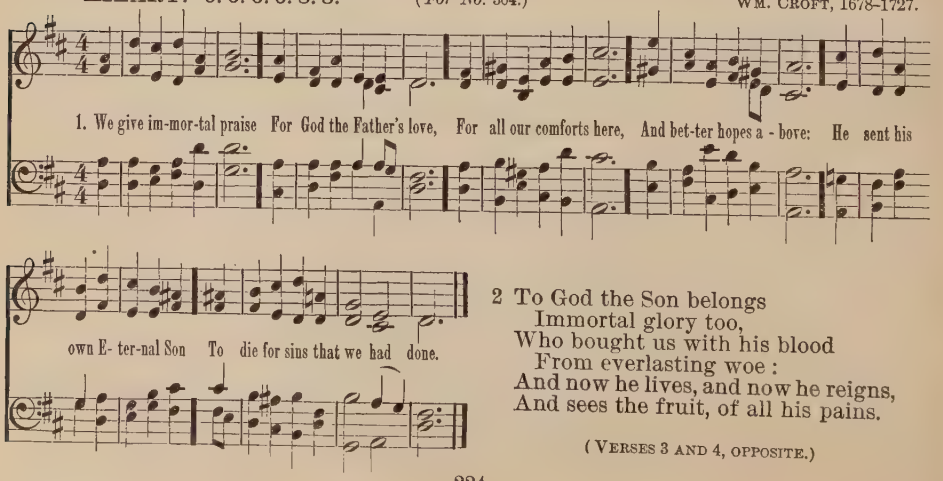
HURSLEY. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

P. RITTER, 1792, ARR. BY W. H. MONK, 1861.


1. Father of heaven, whose love profound A ransom for our souls hath found, Before thy throne we sinners bend: To us thy pard'ning love extend.

HILARY. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. (*For No.* 304.)

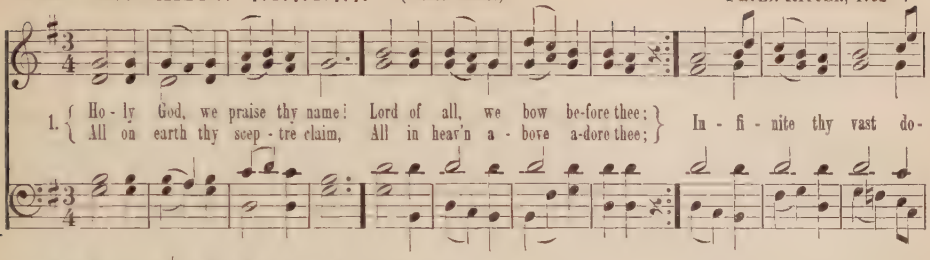
WM. CROFT, 1678–1727.


1. We give im-mor-tal praise For God the Father's love, For all our comforts here, And bet-ter hopes a - bove: He sent his
own E- ter-nal Son To die for sins that we had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit, of all his pains.

(VERSES 3 AND 4, OPPOSITE.)

303 LAUDAMUS. 7.8.7.8.7.7. (*First Tune.*)

PETER RITTER, 1792—.

1. Ho - ly God, we praise thy name! Lord of all, we bow be-fore thee;
All on earth thy scep - tre claim, All in hear'n a - bove a-dore thee;
In - fi - nite thy vast do-
main, Ev - er - last - ing is thy reign.

2 Hark! the loud celestial hymn,
Angel-choirs above are raising:
Cherubim and Seraphim
In unceasing chorus praising,
Fill the heavens with sweet accord:
Holy! holy! holy Lord!

3 Lo! the apostolic train
Join thy sacred Name to hallow!
Prophets swell the loud refrain,
And the white-robed martyrs follow,
And from morn to set of sun,
Through the Church the song goes on.

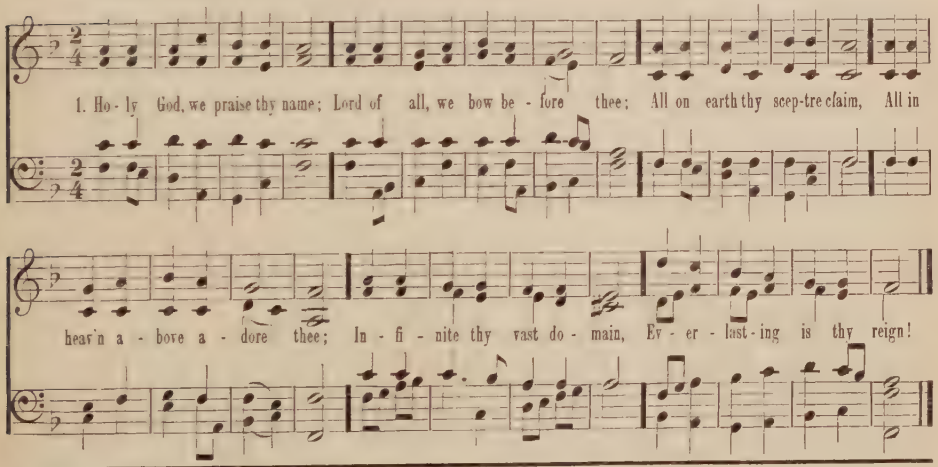
4 Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, three we name thee,
While in essence, only one,
Undivided God we claim thee;
And, adoring, bend the knee,
While we own the mystery.

5 Spare thy people, Lord, we pray,
By a thousand snares surrounded;
Keep us without sin to-day,
Never let us be confounded.
Lo! I put my trust in thee,
Never, Lord, abandon me.

Tr. by C. A. Walworth. 1853.

TE DEUM. 7.8.7.8.7.7. (*Second Tune.*)

ARR. FROM J. S. BACH, 1685–1750—.


1. Ho - ly God, we praise thy name; Lord of all, we bow be - fore thee; All on earth thy scep-tre claim, All in
hear'n a - bove a - dore thee; In - fi - nite thy vast do - main, Ev - er - last - ing is thy reign!

304 HILARY. (*Opposite.*)

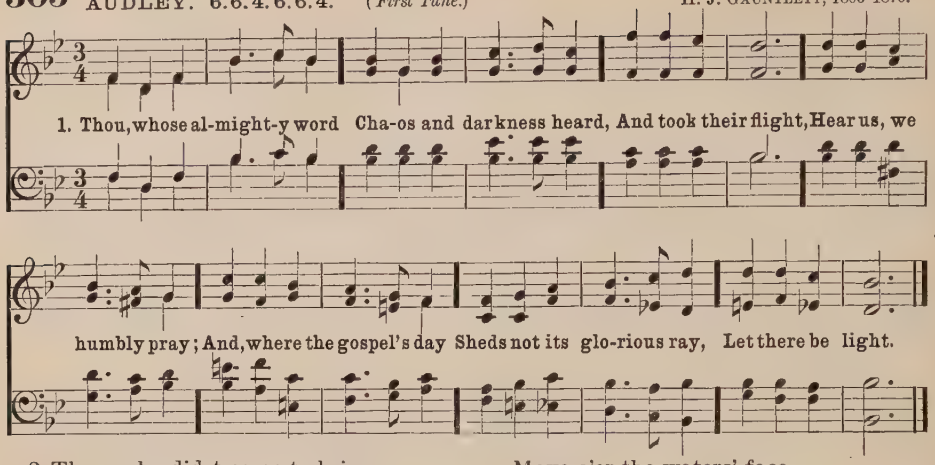
3 To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honors done,
The undivided Three,
The great and glorious One:
Where reason fails, with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

(ALSO DARWELL, No. 18.)

305 AUDLEY. 6.6.4.6.6.4. (*First Tune.*) H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1806–1876.


1. Thou, whose al-might-y word Cha-os and dark-ness heard, And took their flight, Hear us, we
humbly pray; And, where the gospel's day Sheds not its glo-rious ray, Let there be light.

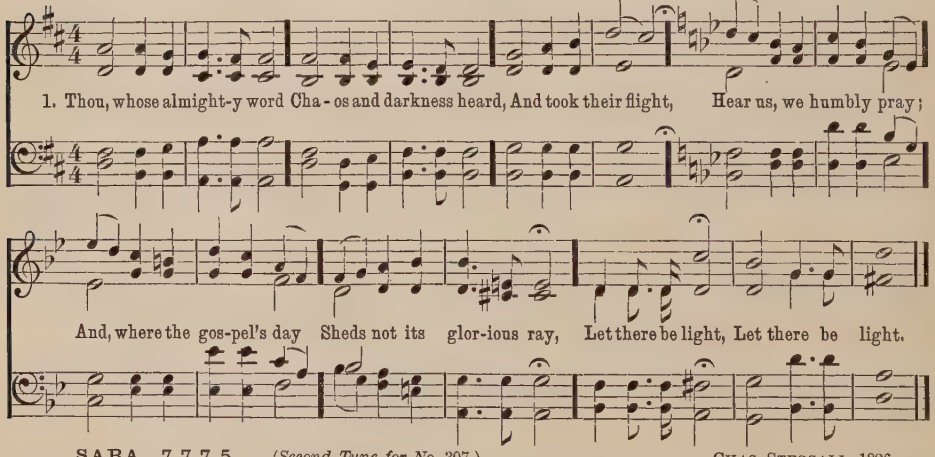
2 Thou, who didst come to bring
On thy redeeming wing
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind,
O now to all mankind
Let there be light.

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy Dove,
Speed forth thy flight;
Move o'er the waters' face
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light.

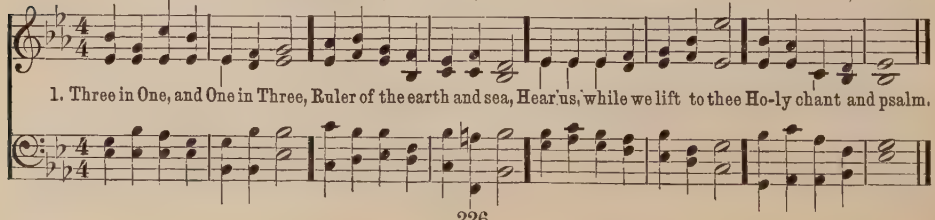
4 Holy and blessèd Three,
Glorious Trinity,
Wisdom, Love, Might!
Boundless as ocean's tide
Rolling in fullest pride
Through the world, far and wide,
Let there be light.

John Marriott, 1813, alt.

FIAT LUX. 6.6.4.6.6.4. (*Second Tune.*) FERDINAND VON HILLER, 1811–1885.

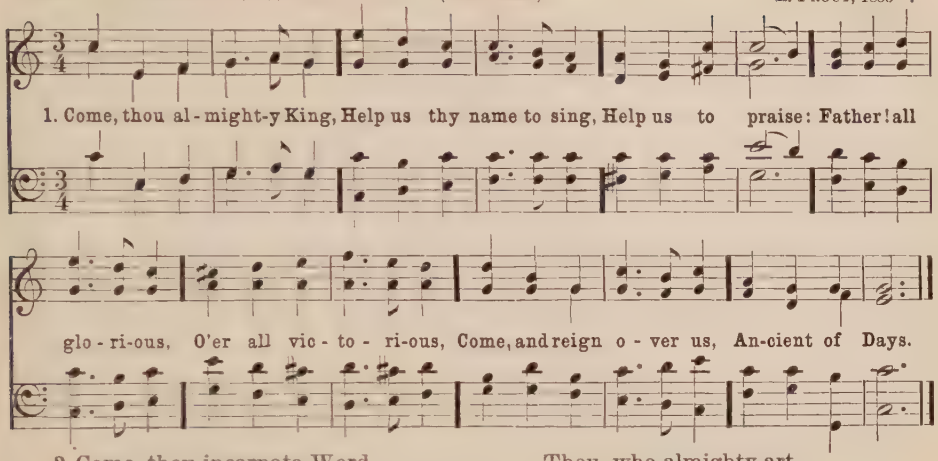

1. Thou, whose almight-y word Cha - os and darkness heard, And took their flight, Hear us, we humbly pray;
And, where the gos-pel's day Sheds not its glor-ious ray, Let there be light, Let there be light.

SABA. 7.7.7.5. (*Second Tune for No.* 307.) CHAS. STEGGALL, 1826—.



306 ADDINGTON. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*First Tune.*)

E. PROUT, 1835—.


1. Come, thou al-might-y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Father! all
glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days.

2 Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

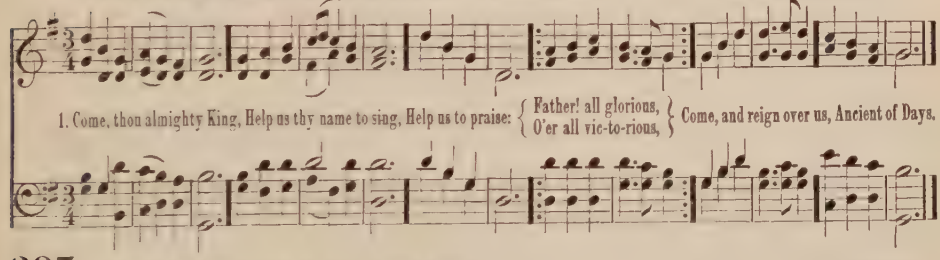
3 Come, Holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

Charles Wesley, 1752.

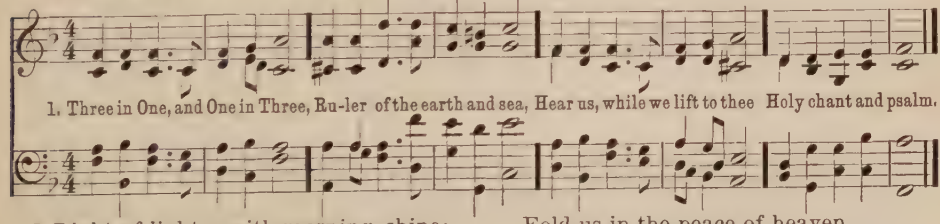
ITALIAN HYMN. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*Second Tune.*)

F. GIARDINI, 1716–1796.


1. Come, thou almighty King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise: { Father! all glorious, O'er all vic-to-rious, } Come, and reign over us, Ancient of Days.

307 MORDAUNT. 7.7.7.5. (*First Tune.*)

F. R. GREY.



2 Light of lights; with morning, shine;
Lift on us thy light divine;
And let charity benign
Breathe on us her balm.

3 Light of lights; when falls the even,
Let it close on sin forgiven;
Fold us in the peace of heaven,
Shed a vesper calm.

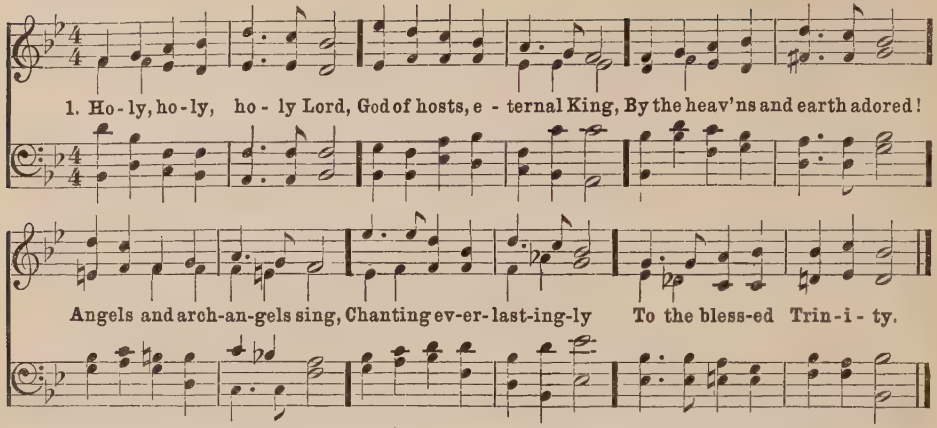
4 Three in One, and One in Three,
Darkling here we worship thee;
With the saints hereafter we
Hope to bear the palm.

Gilbert Rorison.

(ALSO SABA, OPPOSITE.)

308 ST. ATHANASIUS. 7s. 6l.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1872.


1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord, God of hosts, e-ternal King, By the heav'ns and earth adored!
Angels and arch-an-gels sing, Chanting ev-er-last-ing-ly To the bless-ed Trin-i-ty.

2 Since by thee were all things made,
And in thee do all things live,
Be to thee all honor paid,
Praise to thee let all things give,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

3 Thousands, tens of thousands stand,
Spirits blest before thy throne,
Speeding thence at thy command;
And, when thy behests are done,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

4 Cherubim and seraphim
Veil their faces with their wings;
Eyes of angels are too dim
To behold the King of kings,
While they sing eternally
To the blessèd Trinity.

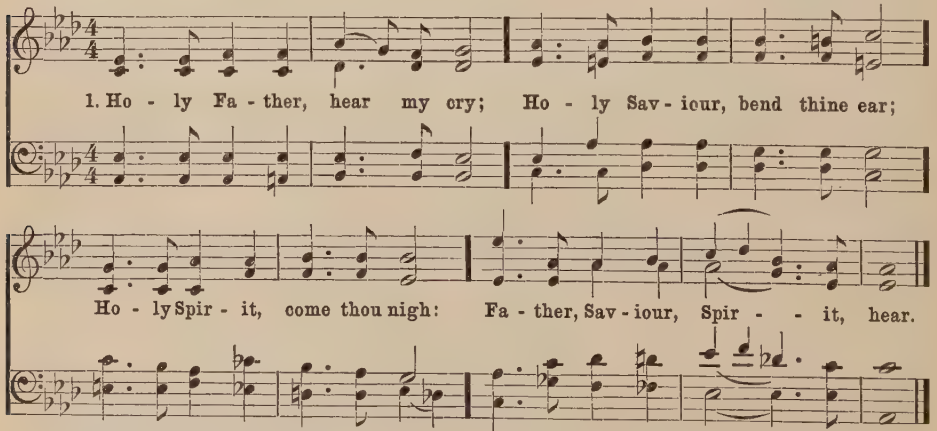
5 Thee, apostles, prophets, thee,
Thee, the noble martyr band,
Praise with solemn jubilee,
Thee, the Church in every land,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

6 Alleluia, Lord, to thee,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Three in One, and One in Three!
Join we with the heavenly host,
Singing everlastingly
To the blessèd Trinity.

C. Wordsworth, 1862.

309 MANT. 7s.

J. H. CORNELL, 1872.



2 Father, save me from my sin;
Saviour, I thy mercy crave;
Gracious Spirit, make me clean:
Father, Son, and Spirit, save.

3 Father, let me taste thy love;
Saviour, fill my soul with peace;
Spirit, come my heart to move:
Father, Son, and Spirit, bless.

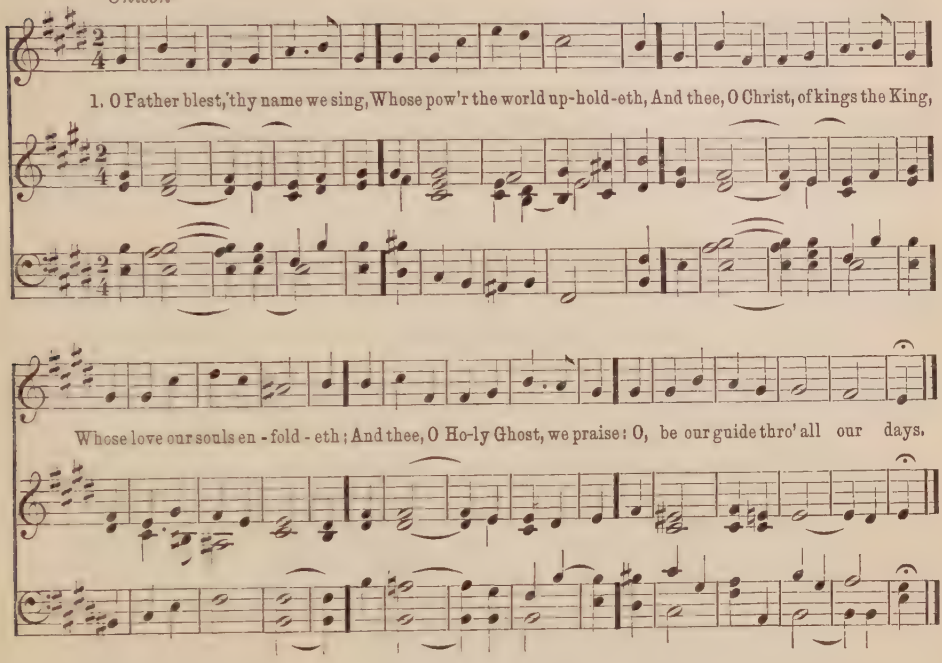
4 Father, Son, and Spirit—thou
One Jehovah, shed abroad
All thy grace within me now;
Be my Father and my God.

Horatius Bonar, 1843.

310 ANGUS. 8.7.8.7.8.8. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.

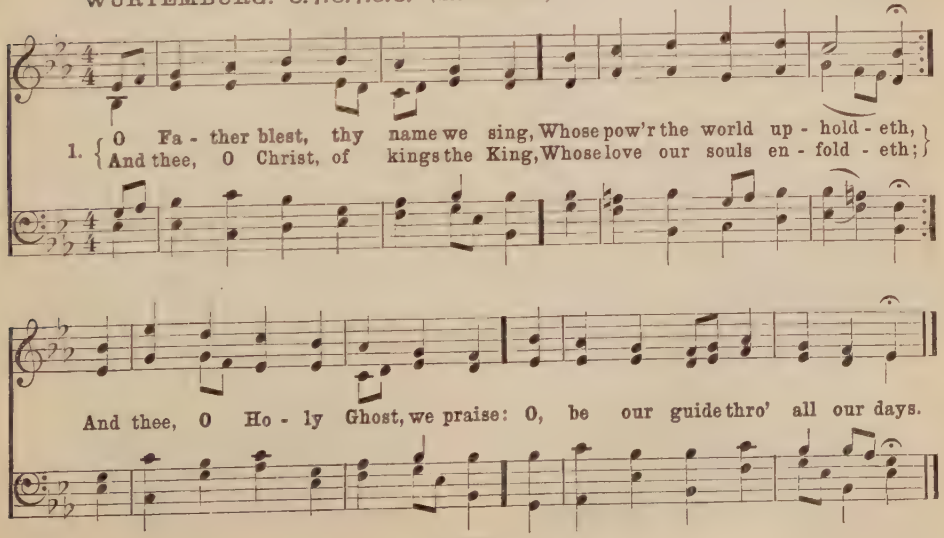
Unison


1. O Father blest, thy name we sing, Whose pow'r the world up-hold-eth, And thee, O Christ, of kings the King,
Whose love our souls en-fold-eth; And thee, O Ho-ly Ghost, we praise: O, be our guide thro' all our days.

2 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God of our Salvation,
The Church on earth, and heavenly host,
Are one in adoration.
With heart and mind, may we adore
Our gracious God for evermore.

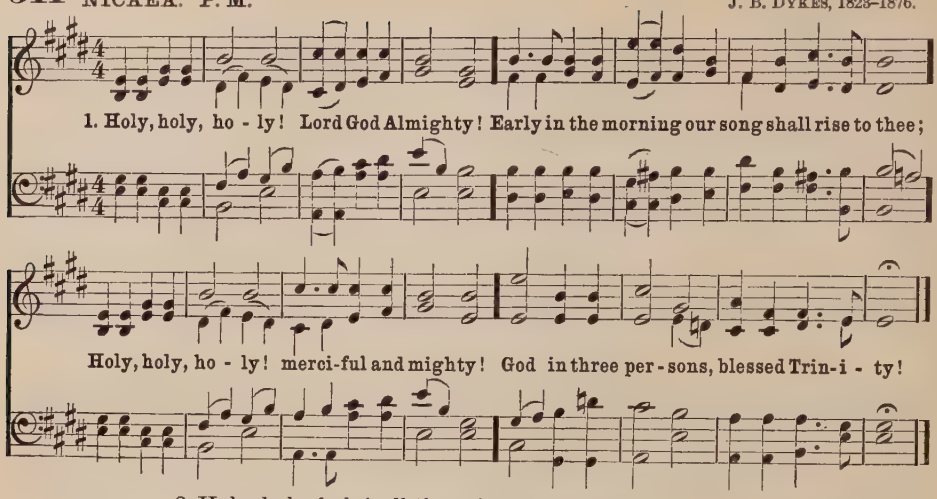
WURTEMBURG. 8.7.8.7.8.8. (*Second Tune.*)

GERMAN.


1. { O Fa - ther blest, thy name we sing, Whose pow'r the world up - hold - eth,
And thee, O Christ, of kings the King, Whose love our souls en - fold - eth; }
And thee, O Ho - ly Ghost, we praise: O, be our guide thro' all our days.

311 NICAEA. P. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.


1. Holy, holy, ho - ly! Lord God Almighty! Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Holy, holy, ho - ly! merci-ful and mighty! God in three per-sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

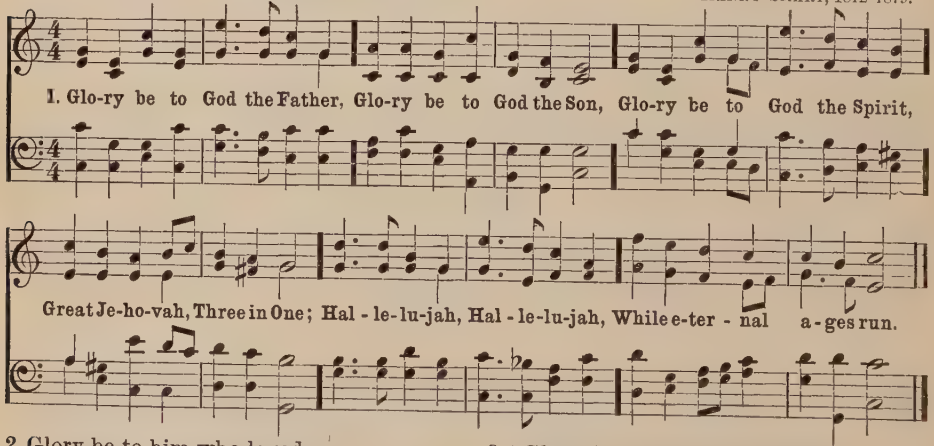
3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see;
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty;
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

Reginald Heber, 1827.

312 REGENT SQUARE. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Henry Smart, 1812–1879.


1. Glo-ry be to God the Father, Glo-ry be to God the Son, Glo-ry be to God the Spirit,
Great Je-ho-vah, Three in One; Hal - le-lu-jah, Hal - le-lu-jah, While e-ter - nal a-ges run.

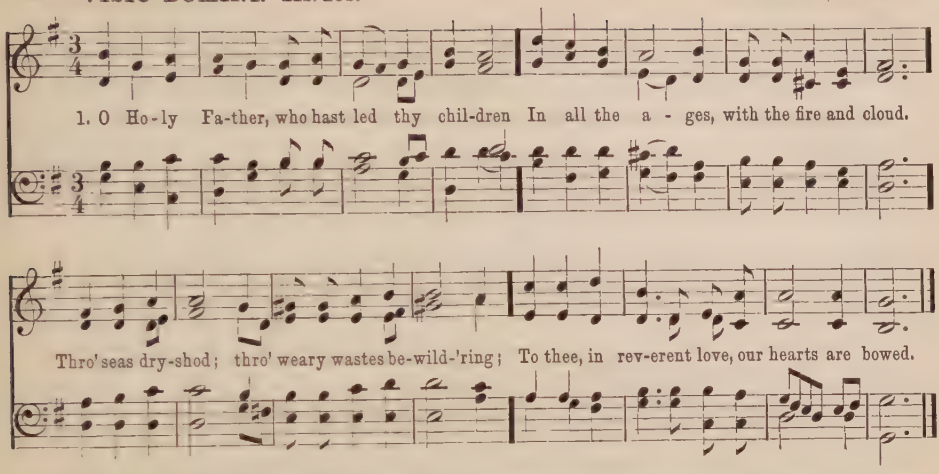
2 Glory be to him who loved us,
Washed us from each spot and stain;
Glory be to him who bought us,
Made us kings with him to reign;
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
To the Lamb that once was slain.

3 "Glory, blessing, praise eternal!"
Thus the choir of angels sings;
"Honor, riches, power, dominion!"
Thus its praise creation brings;
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Glory to the King of kings!

Horatius Bonar, 1868.

313 VISIO DOMINI. 11s. 10s.

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. O Ho-ly Fa-ther, who hast led thy chil-dren In all the a - ges, with the fire and cloud.
Thro' seas dry-shod; thro' weary wastes be-wild-'ring; To thee, in rev-erent love, our hearts are bowed.

2 O Holy Jesus, Prince of Peace and Saviour,
To thee we owe the peace that still prevails,
Stilling the rude winds of men's wild behavior,
And calming passion's fierce and stormy gales.

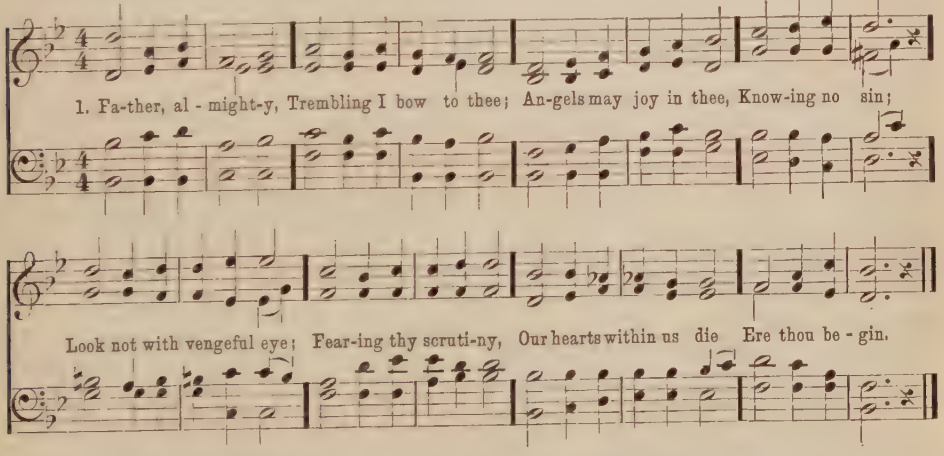
3 O Holy Ghost, the Lord and the Life-Giver,
Thine is the quickening power that gives increase.
From thee have flowed, as from a pleasant river,
Our plenty, wealth, prosperity, and peace.

4 O Triune God, with heart and voice adoring,
Praise we the goodness that has crowned our day;
Pray we, that thou wilt hear us, still imploring
Thy love and favor, kept to us alway.

William Croswell Doane.

314 TRINITAS. P. M.

E. H. J, 1878.


1. Fa-ther, al - might-y, Trembling I bow to thee; An-gels may joy in thee, Know-ing no sin;
Look not with vengeful eye; Fear-ing thy scruti-ny, Our hearts within us die Ere thou be - gin.

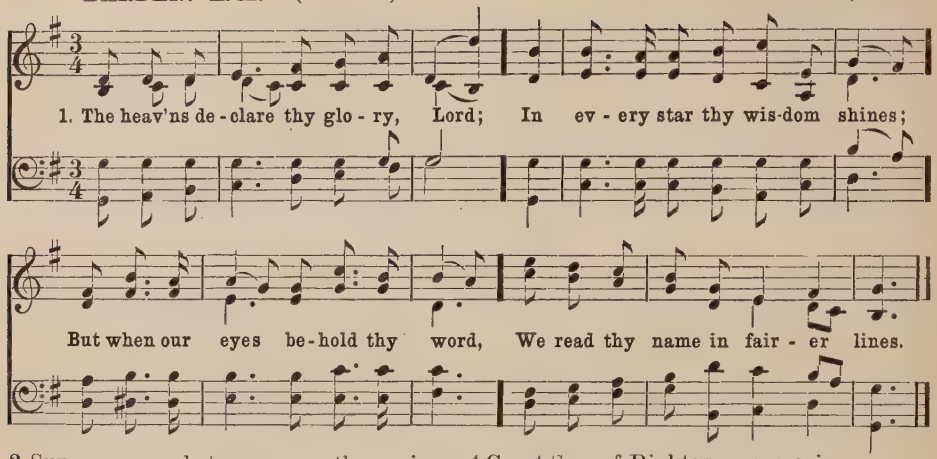
2 Jesus, all gracious,
Fondly I look to thee,
With angels joy in thee,
Thou diedst for sin.
Behold with loving eye,
Thou'st felt infirmity;
Our hearts, so peacefully,
'Bide thou within.

3 Spirit, all holy,
Comfort and strengthen me,
Cleanse and enlighten me,
Save me from sin.
Search me and know my thought,
Try all in weakness wrought;
My ways with evil fraught,
From evil win.

E. H. Johnson, 1867.

315 BARDEN. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

G. A. Macfarren, 1826–.


1. The heav'ns de - clare thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev - ery star thy wis-dom shines;
But when our eyes be-hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.

2 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light, or feel the sun.

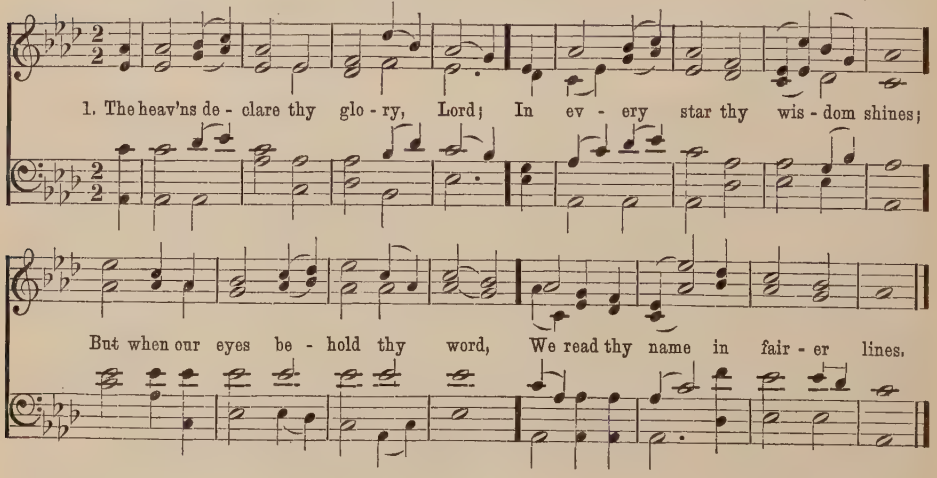
4 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

5 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

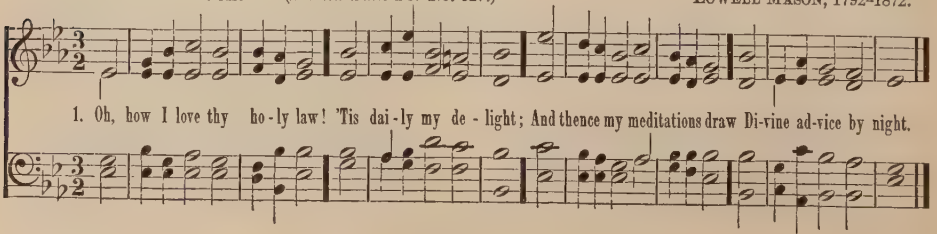
WIMBORNE. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. Whittaker, 1820.


1. The heav'ns de - clare thy glo - ry, Lord; In ev - ery star thy wis - dom shines;
But when our eyes be - hold thy word, We read thy name in fair - er lines.

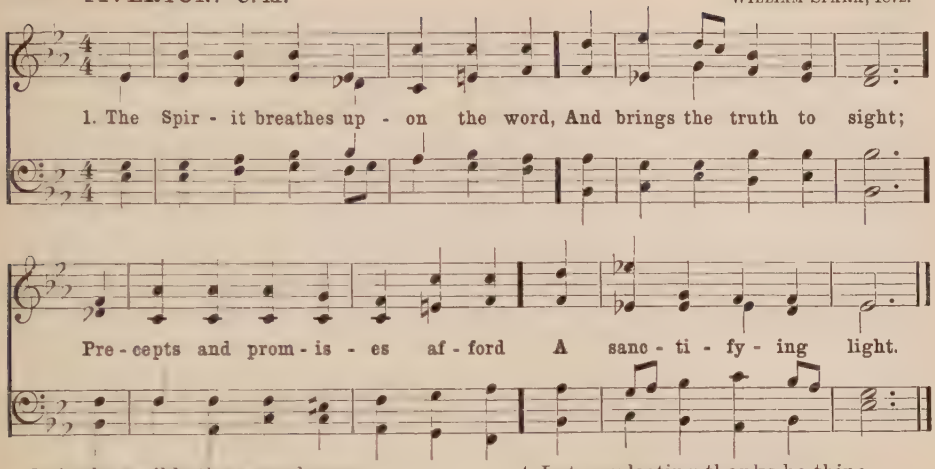
DOWNS. C. M. (*Second Tune For No.* 317.)

Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.



316 TIVERTON. C. M.

WILLIAM SPARK, 1872.



2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun:
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.

3 The Hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat:
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

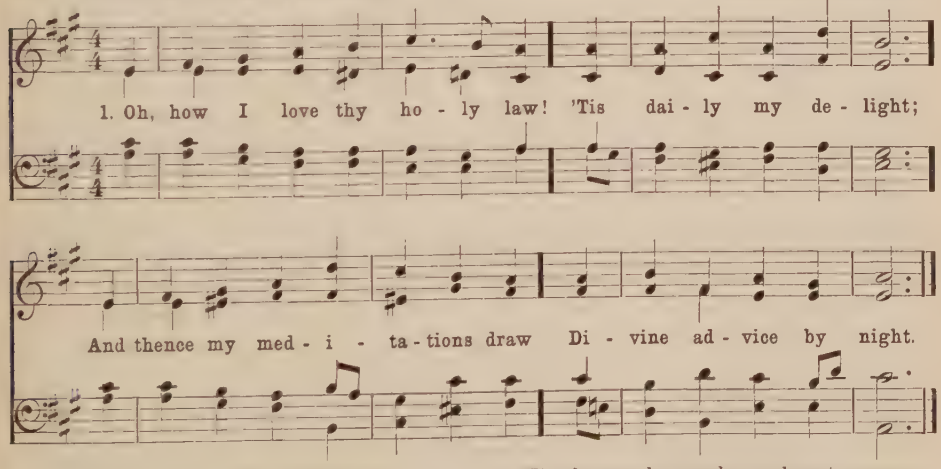
4 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper, 1779.

317 GOUDA. C. M. *(First Tune.)*

BERTHOLD TOURS, 1872.



1 Oh, how I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight;
And thence my meditations draw
Divine advice by night.

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
To meditate thy word;
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

3 Thy heavenly words my heart engage,
And well employ my tongue,
And in my weary pilgrimage
Yield me a heavenly song.

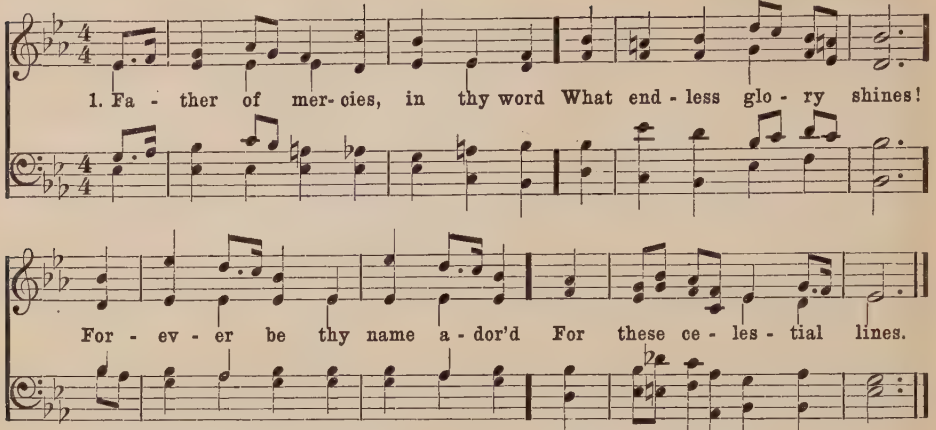
4 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

(ALSO DOWNS, OPPOSITE.)

318 BURLINGTON. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. F. Burrowes, 1787–1852.



2 'Tis here the tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Here purer sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.

3 'Tis here the Saviour's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around,
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

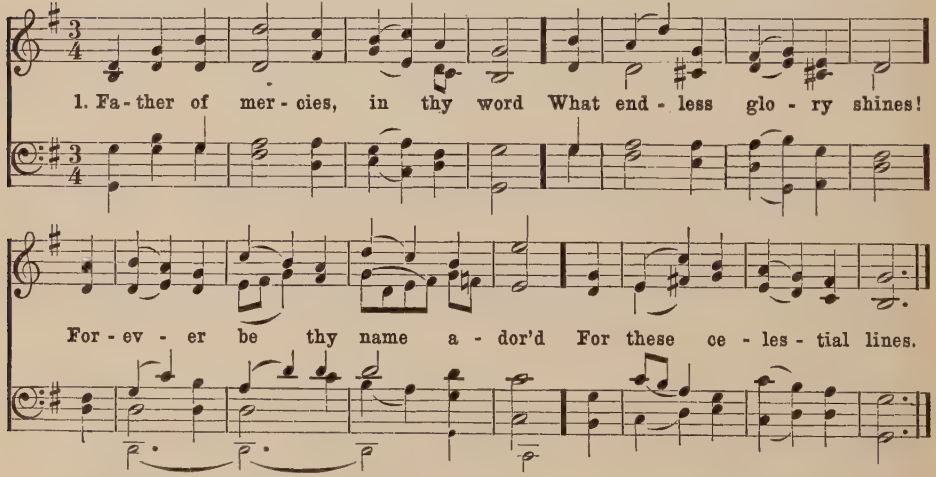
4 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever-dear delight!
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou forever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

Anne Steele, 1760.

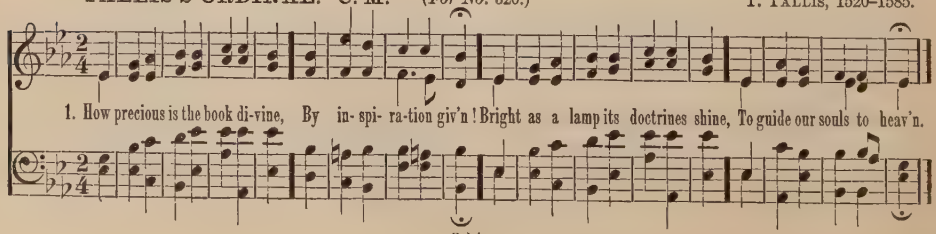
CHESTERFIELD. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

T. Haweis, 1733–1820.

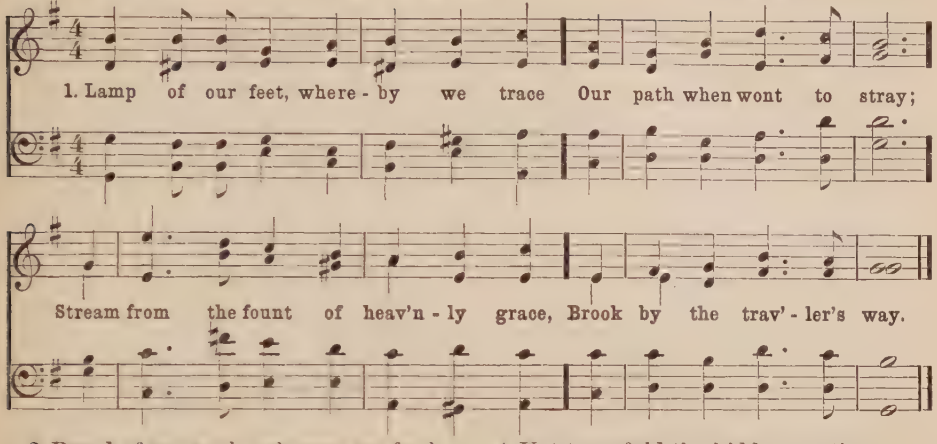


TALLIS'S ORDINAL. C. M. (*For No.* 320.)

T. Tallis, 1520–1585.



319 NOX PRÆCESSIT. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1875.

1. Lamp of our feet, where - by we trace Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heav'n - ly grace, Brook by the trav' - ler's way.

2 Bread of our souls, whereon we feed;
True manna from on high;
Our guide and chart, wherein we read
Of realms beyond the sky.

3 Word of the ever-living God,
Will of his glorious Son:—
Without thee, how could earth be trod,
Or heaven itself be won?

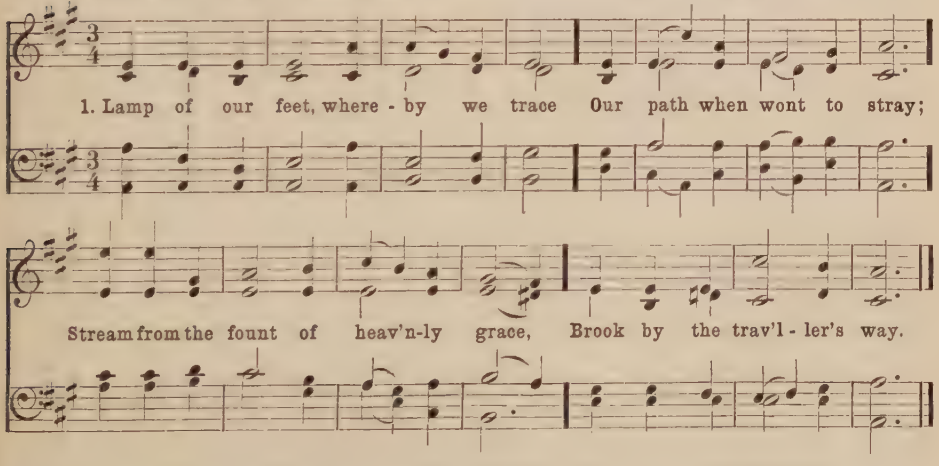
4 Yet to unfold thy hidden worth,
Thy mysteries to reveal,
That Spirit which first gave thee forth
Thy volume must unseal.

5 And we, if we aright would learn
The wisdom it imparts,
Must to its heavenly teaching turn
With simple, childlike hearts.

Bernard Barton, 1836.

FULLER. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

ARR FROM E. M. FULLER, 1890.


1. Lamp of our feet, where - by we trace Our path when wont to stray;
Stream from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook by the trav'l - ler's way.

320 TALLIS'S ORDINAL. (*Opposite.*)

1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

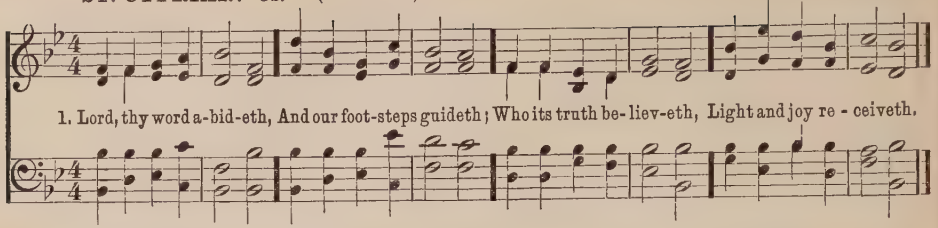
2 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never-weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett, 1782.

321 ST. CYPRIAN. 6s. (*First Tune.*) R. R. CHOPE, 1862.



2 When our foes are near us,
Then thy word doth cheer us;
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

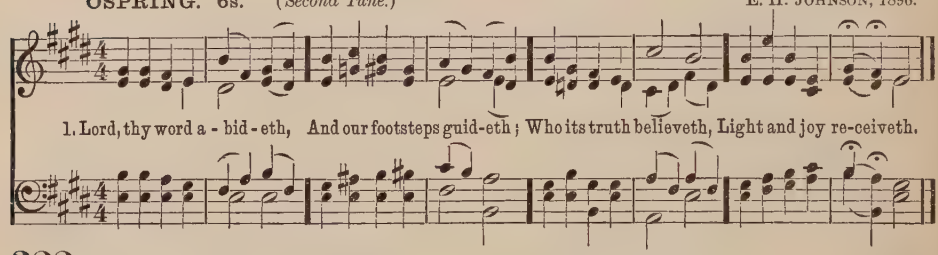
3 When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth,
And our way protecteth.

4 Word of mercy, giving
Succor to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

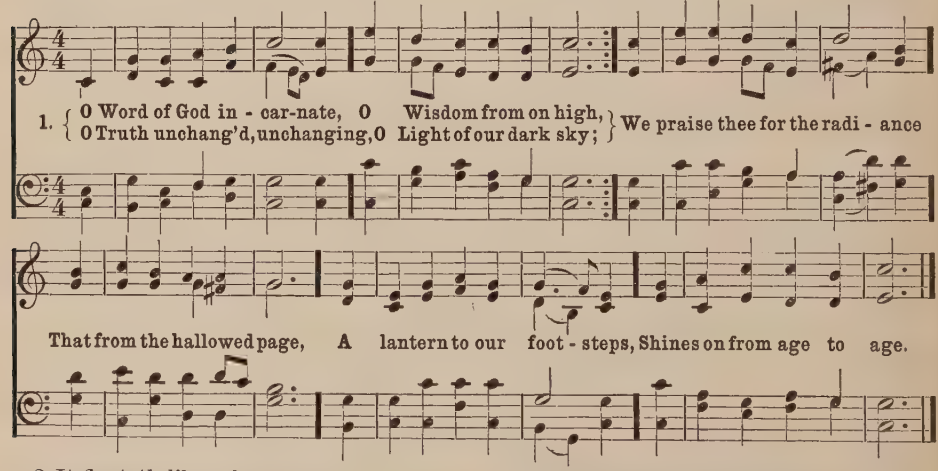
5 Oh, that we, discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord! may love and fear thee,
Evermore be near thee.

Sir H. W. Baker, 1861.

OSPRING. 6s. (*Second Tune.*) E. H. JOHNSON, 1896.



322 ST. THEODULPH. 7s. 6s. D. M. TESCHNER, 16TH AND 17TH CENTS.


1. O Word of God in - car-nate, O Wisdom from on high,
O Truth unchang'd, unchanging, O Light of our dark sky;
We praise thee for the radi - ance
That from the hallowed page, A lantern to our foot - steps, Shines on from age to age.

2 It floateth like a banner
Before God's host unfurled;
It shineth like a beacon
Above the darkling world.
It is the chart and compass
That o'er life's surging sea,
'Mid mists and rocks and quicksands,
Still guides, O Christ, to thee.

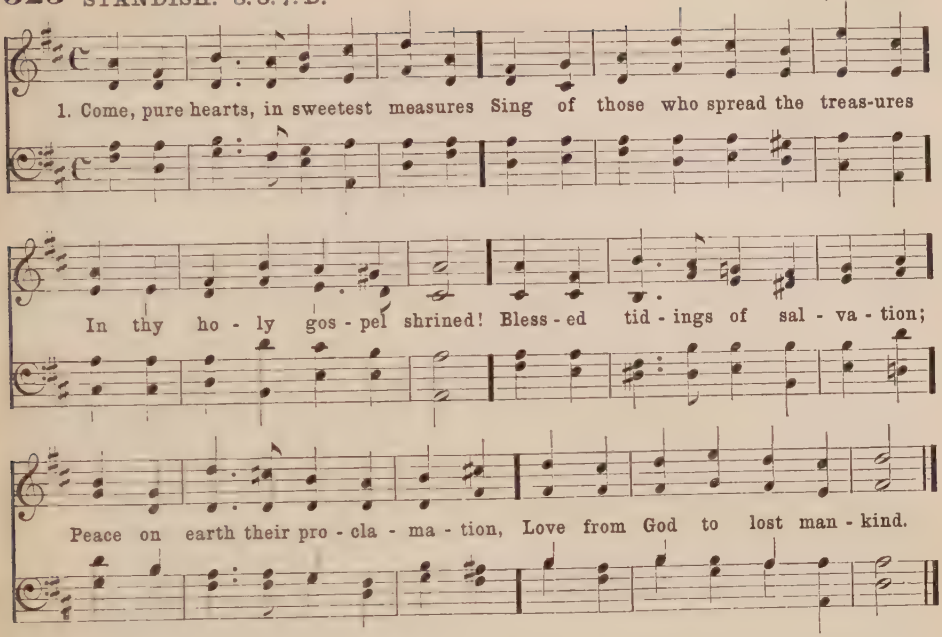
3 O make thy Church, dear Saviour,
A lamp of purest gold,
To bear before the nations
Thy true light, as of old.
O teach thy wandering pilgrims
By this their path to trace,
Till, clouds and darkness ended,
They see thee face to face.

W. W. How, 1867.

(ALSO WEBB, No. 167.)

323 STANDISH. S. S. 7. D.

HENRY SMART, 1813–1879.


1. Come, pure hearts, in sweetest measures Sing of those who spread the treas-ures
In thy ho - ly gos - pel shrined! Bless - ed tid - ings of sal - va - tion;
Peace on earth their pro - cla - ma - tion, Love from God to lost man - kind.

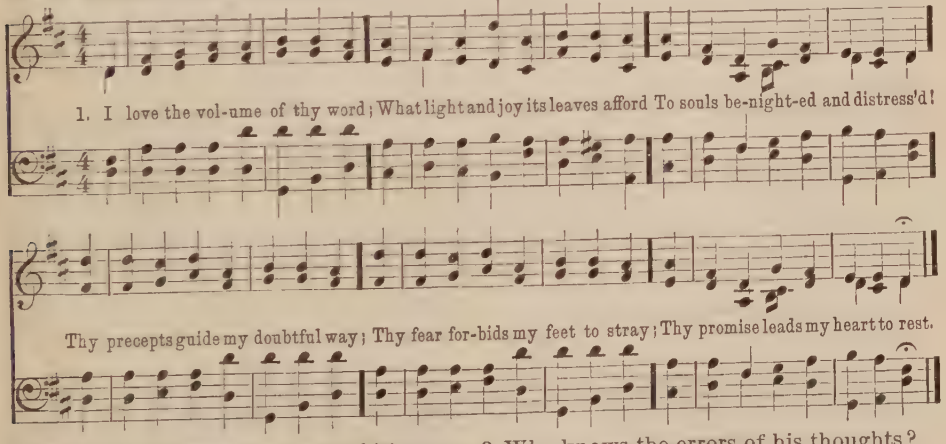
2 See the rivers four that gladden,
With their streams, the better Eden
Planted by our Lord most dear,
Christ the fountain, these the waters;
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters
Drink, and find salvation here.

3 Oh, that we, thy truth confessing,
And thy holy word possessing,
Jesus, may thy love adore!
Unto thee our voices raising,
Thee with all thy ransomed praising,
Ever and for evermore.

Tr. by Robt. Campbell, 1850.

324 NASHVILLE. 8. 8. 8. D.

ARR. BY L. MASON FROM DAYE'S PSALTER, 1562, alt.


1. I love the vol-ume of thy word; What light and joy its leaves afford To souls be-night-ed and distress'd!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way; Thy fear for-bids my feet to stray; Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

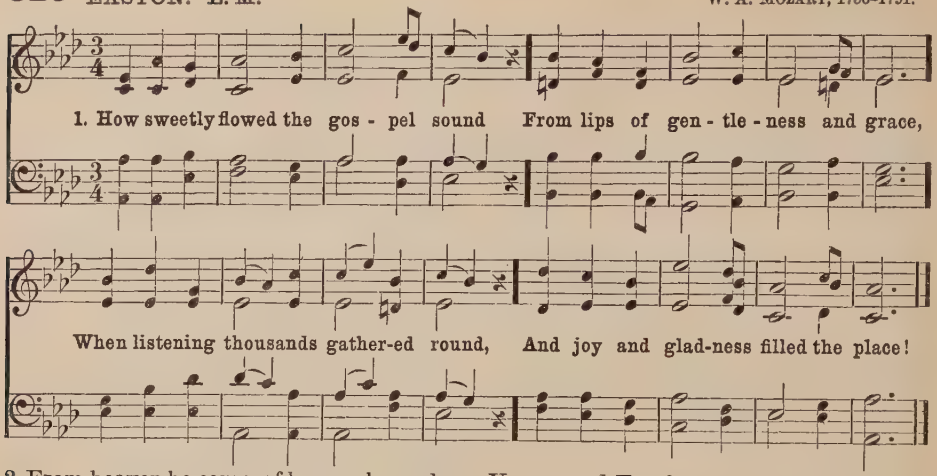
2 Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

3 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

325 EASTON. L. M.

W. A. Mozart, 1756-1791.


1. How sweetly flowed the gos - pel sound From lips of gen - tle - ness and grace,
When listening thousands gather-ed round, And joy and glad-ness filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

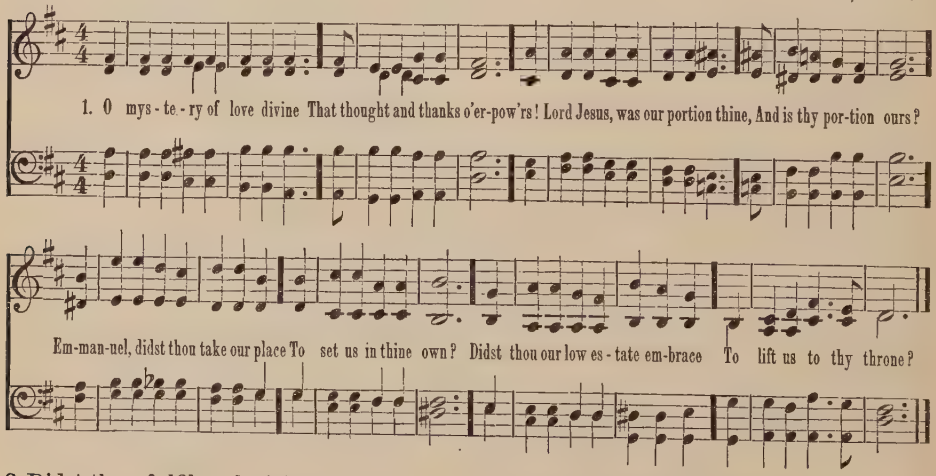
3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest:"
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

4 Decay, then, tenements of dust;
Pillars of earthly pride, decay;
A nobler mansion waits the just,
And Jesus has prepared the way.

Sir John Bowring, 1825.

326 FATHERHOOD C. M. D.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1827—.


1. O mys - te - ry of love divine That thought and thanks o'er-pow'rs! Lord Jesus, was our portion thine, And is thy por-tion ours?
Em-man-uel, didst thou take our place To set us in thine own? Didst thou our low es - tate em-brace To lift us to thy throne?

2 Didst thou fulfil each righteous deed,
God's perfect will express,
That we the unfaithful ones might plead
Thy perfect faithfulness?
On thy pure soul did dread and gloom
In that drear garden rise?
Are ours the brightness and the bloom
Of thine own Paradise?

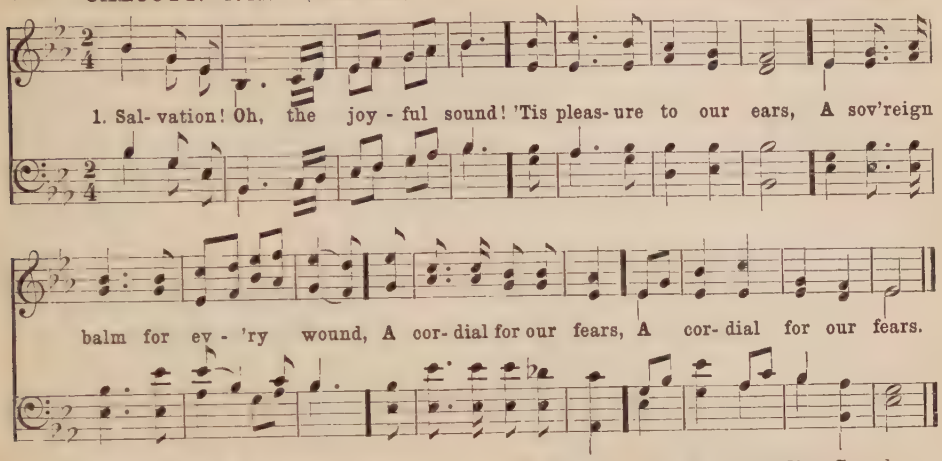
3 For thee the Father's hidden face?
For thee the bitter cry?
For us the Father's endless grace,
The song of victory?
Our load of sin and misery
Didst thou, the Sinless, bear?
Thy spotless robe of purity
Do we the sinners wear?

4 Lord Jesus, is it even so?
Have we been lovèd thus?
What love can we on thee bestow
Who hast exchanged with us?
Thou, who our very place didst take,
Dwell in our very heart:
Thou, who thy portion ours dost make,
Thyself, thyself, impart.

T. H. Gill, 1864.

327 CALCOTT. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM J. W. CALLCOTT, 1766–1821.


1. Sal- vation! Oh, the joy - ful sound! 'Tis pleas- ure to our ears, A sov'reign
balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor- dial for our fears, A cor- dial for our fears.

1 Salvation! Oh, the joyful sound!
'Tis pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

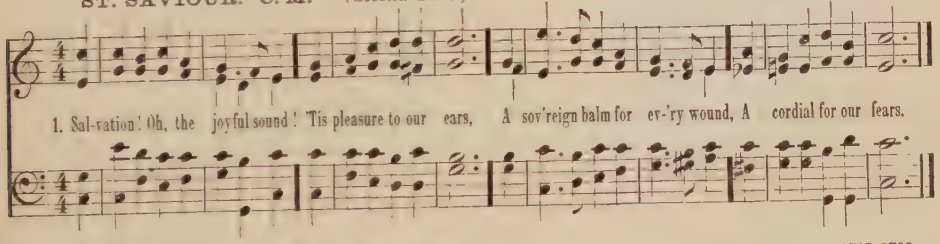
3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

4 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

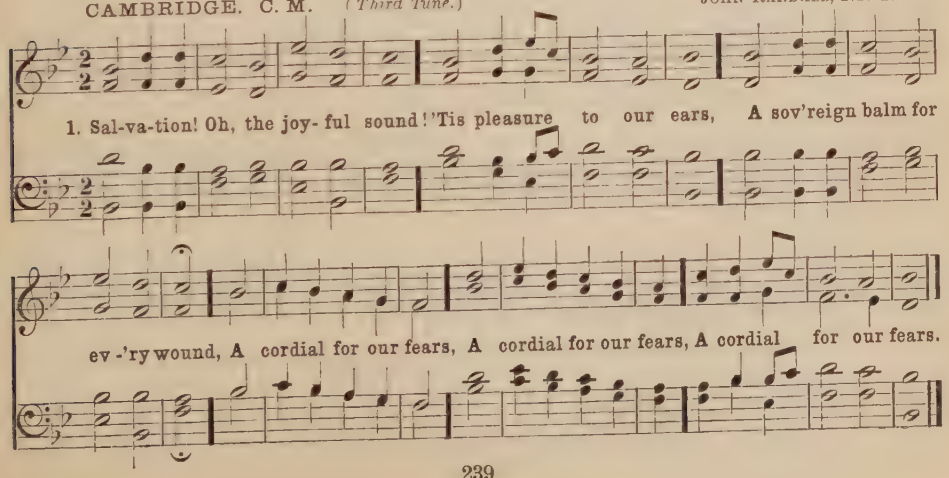
ST. SAVIOUR. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

F. G. BAKER, 1876.

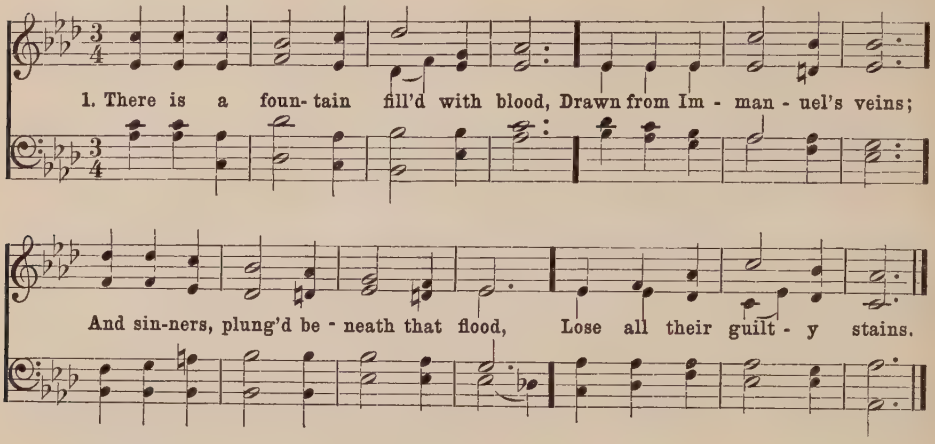


CAMBRIDGE. C. M. (*Third Tune.*)

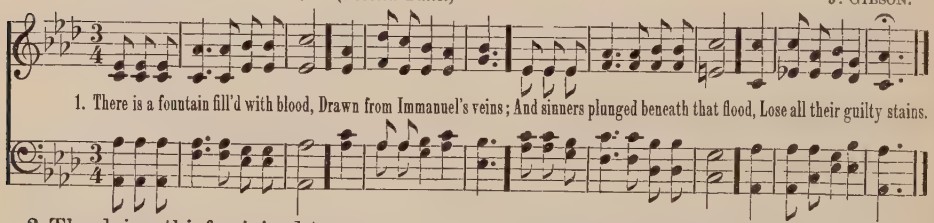
JOHN RANDALL, 1715–1799.


1. Sal-va-tion! Oh, the joy- ful sound! 'Tis pleasure to our ears, A sov'reign balm for
ev -'ry wound, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears, A cordial for our fears.

328 ST. AGNES. C. M. (*First Tune.*) J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. There is a foun- tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;
And sin-ners, plung'd be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

OBEDIENCE. C. M. (*Second Tune.*) J. GIBSON.


1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

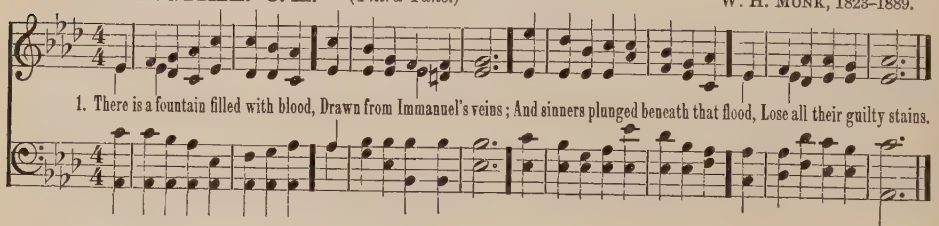
4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this feeble, faltering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

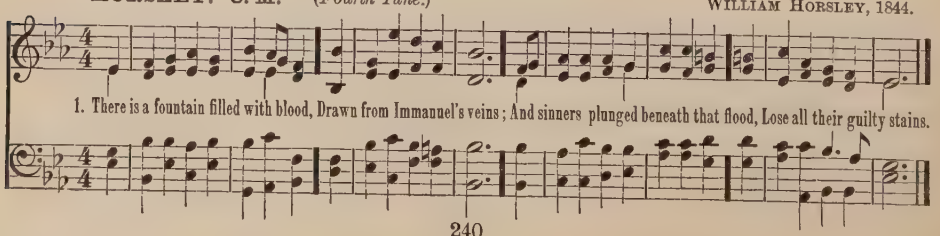
William Cowper, 1779.

(ALSO COWPER, OPPOSITE.)

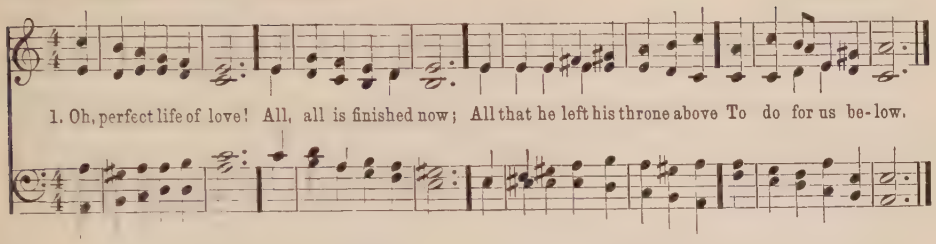
SPRINGTIME. C. M. (*Third Tune.*) W. H. MONK, 1823–1889.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

HORSLEY. C. M. (*Fourth Tune.*) WILLIAM HORSLEY, 1844.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

329 **ABER. S. M.** (*First Tune.*) W. H. Monk, 1875.



2 No work is left undone
Of all the Father willed;
His toil, his sorrows, one by one,
The Scripture have fulfilled.

3 No pain that we can share
But he has felt its smart;
All forms of human grief and care
Have pierced that tender heart.

4 And on his thorn-crowned head,
And on his sinless soul,
Our sins in all their guilt were laid,
That he might make us whole.

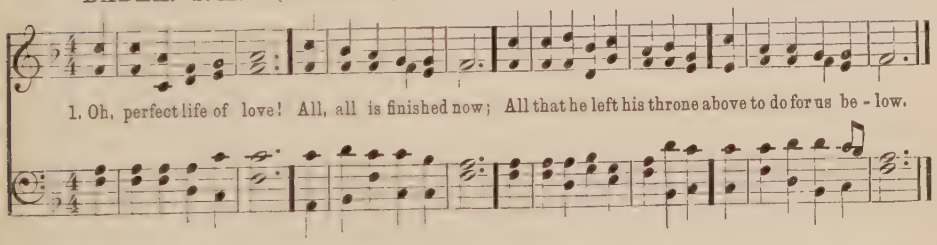
5 In perfect love he dies;
For me he dies, for me:
O all-atoning Sacrifice,
I cling by faith to thee.

6 In every time of need,
Before the judgment throne,
Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll plead,
Thy merits, not my own.

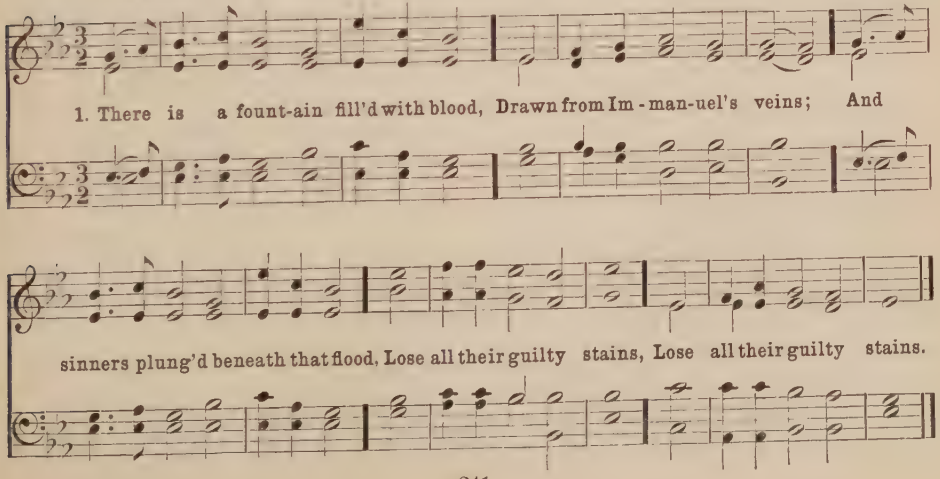
7 Yet work, O Lord, in me,
As thou for me hast wrought;
And let my love the answer be
To grace thy love has brought.

Sir H. W. Baker, 1875.

BADEA. S. M. (*Second Tune.*) German Melody.

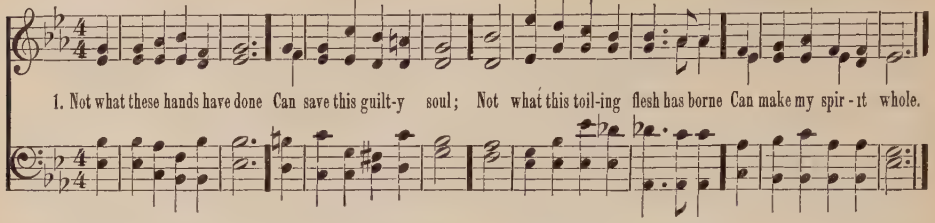


COWPER. C. M. (*Fifth Tune for* No. 328.) Lowell Mason, 1830.


1. There is a fount-ain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins; And
sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

330 MONSELL. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1866.



2 Not what I feel or do
Can give me peace with God;
Not all my prayers and sighs and tears
Can bear my awful load.

3 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

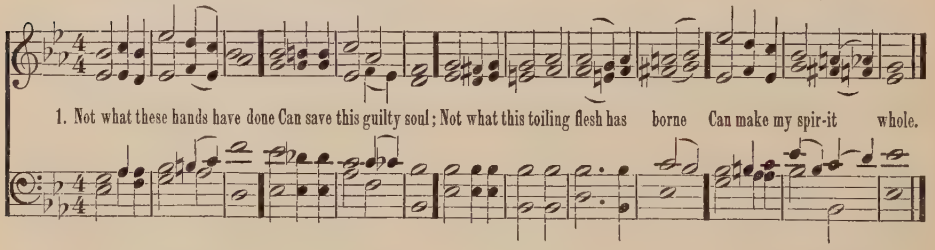
4 Thy love to me, O God,
Not mine, O Lord, to thee,
Can rid me of this dark unrest,
And set my spirit free.

5 Thy grace alone, O God,
To me can pardon speak;
Thy power alone, O Son of God,
Can this sore bondage break.

Horatius Bonar, 1861.

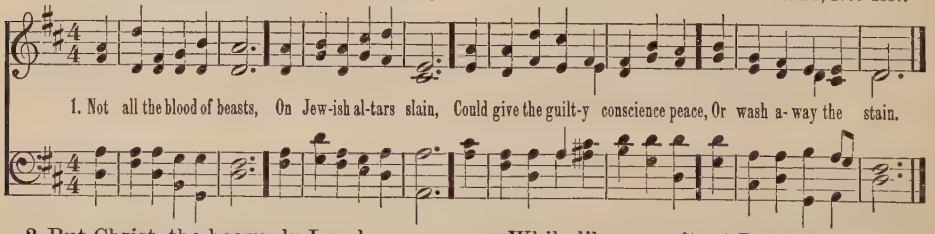
SIENNA. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. H. DEANE, 1824–1881.



331 DONCASTER. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

S. WESLEY, 1766–1837.



2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away,—
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

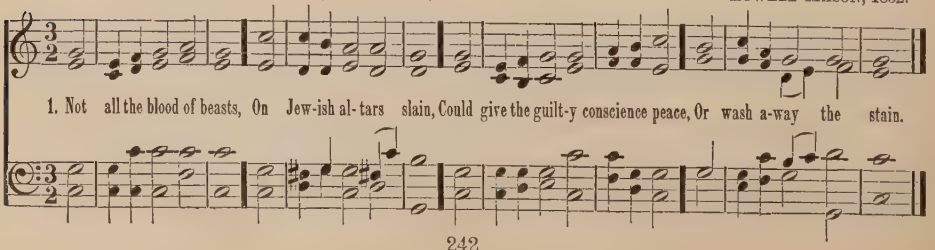
3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

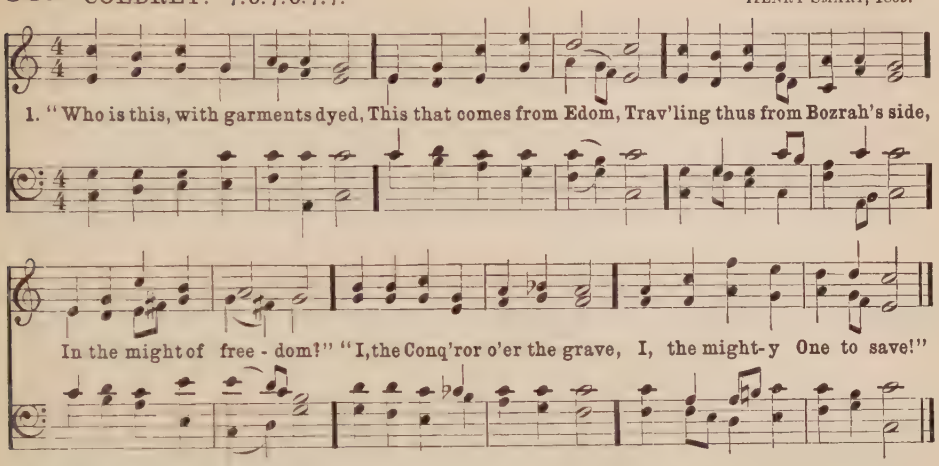
BOYLSTON. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

LOWELL MASON, 1832.



332 COLDREY. 7.6.7.6.7.7.

HENRY SMART, 1869.


1. "Who is this, with garments dyed, This that comes from Edom, Trav'ling thus from Bozrah's side,
In the might of free - dom?" "I, the Conq'ror o'er the grave, I, the might - y One to save!"

2 "Why is thine apparel red,
Stains of blood bespeaking,
Why thy robe as theirs that tread
In the wine-press, reeking
With the juice of grape, say why
Such strange garb of victory?"

3 "I have trodden all alone,
This world's wine-press ample,
And I wondered of mine own
None the foe could trample!
Rescue then my vengeance brought,
Mine own arm salvation wrought."

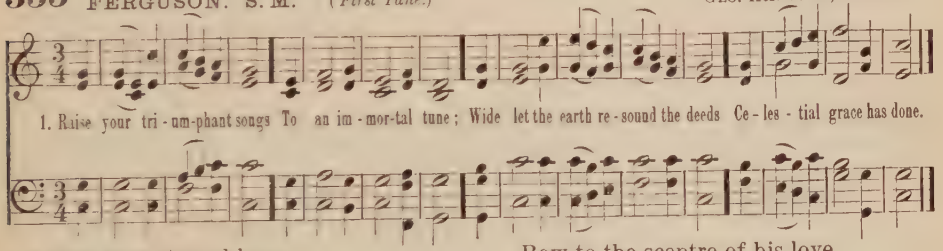
4 Yes, I know thee now!—the Word
Writ in sacred story;
Angel of the Presence, Lord,
Christ, the King of Glory!—
Know thy deeds in days of old:
Kindness—pity—love untold!

5 Yes! thy secret, Lord, is known,
Whence thy red-dyed raiment!
Not thy foeman's blood—thine own,
Lavished for the payment
Of the debt none else could pay,
Guilt none else could wash away!

E. A. DAYMAN, 1866.

333 FERGUSON. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

GEO. KINGSLEY, 1811–1884.



2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.

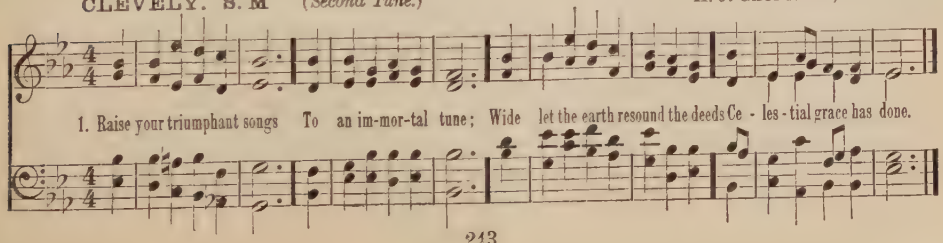
3 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

4 Lord, we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the Salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

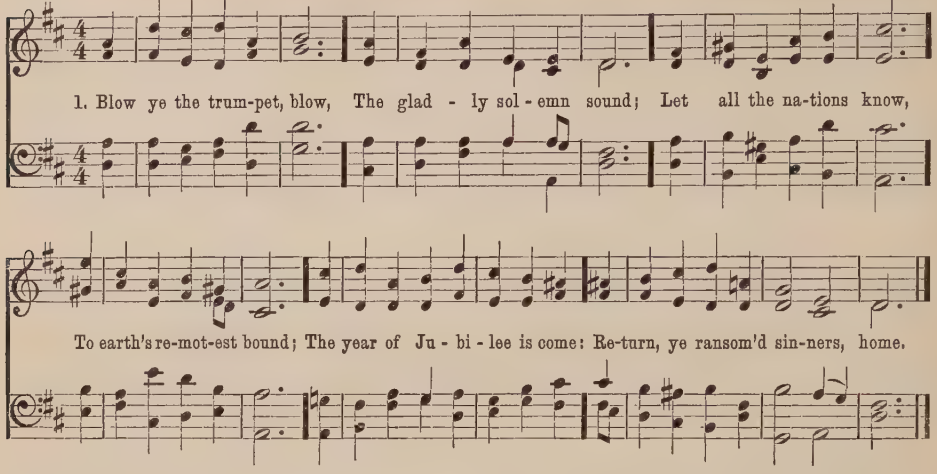
Isaac Watts, 1719.

CLEVELY. S. M (*Second Tune.*)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876.



334 HILARY. 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*First Tune.*) WILLIAM CROFT, 1700.


1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow, The glad - ly sol - emn sound; Let all the na-tions know,
To earth's re-mot-est bound; The year of Ju - bi - lee is come: Re-turn, ye ransom'd sin-ners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High-priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

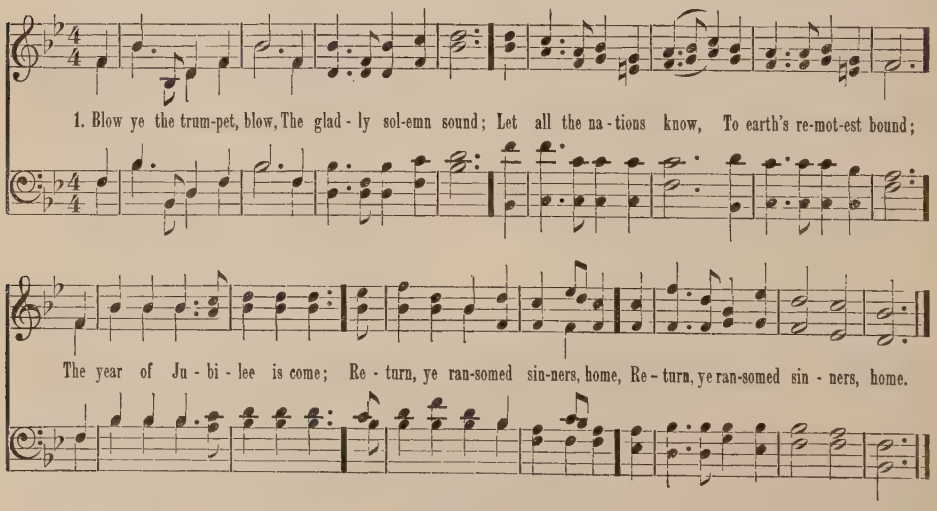
3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's Face:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

Charles Wesley, 1750.

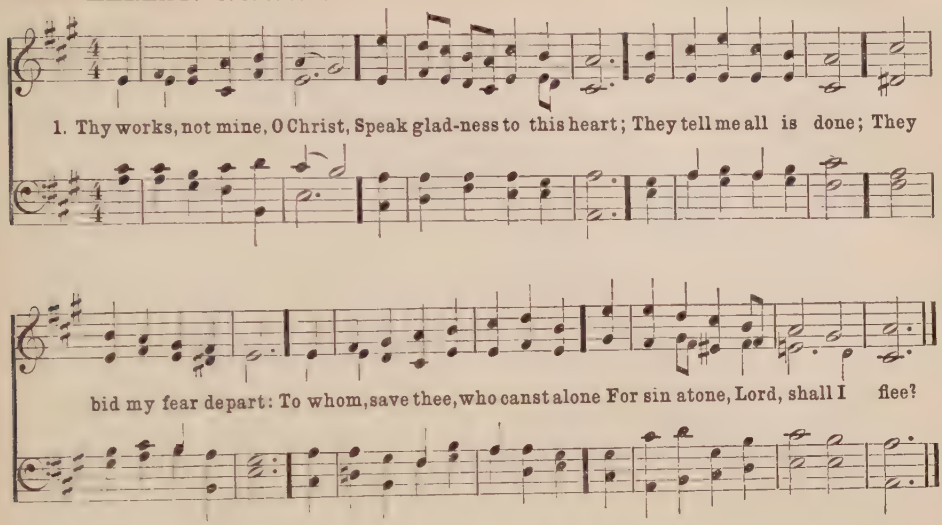
BROOKLYN. 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*Second Tune.*) JOHN ZUNDEL, 1815–1882.


1. Blow ye the trum-pet, blow, The glad - ly sol-emn sound; Let all the na-tions know, To earth's re-mot-est bound;
The year of Ju - bi - lee is come; Re - turn, ye ran-somed sin-ners, home, Re - turn, ye ran-somed sin - ners, home.

(ALSO LENOX, *Opposite.*)

335 HARLEY. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

S. S. Wesley, 1810–1876.


1. Thy works, not mine, O Christ, Speak glad-ness to this heart; They tell me all is done; They
bid my fear depart: To whom, save thee, who canst alone For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

1 Thy works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart:
To whom, save thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

2 Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruised soul;
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole:
To whom, save thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

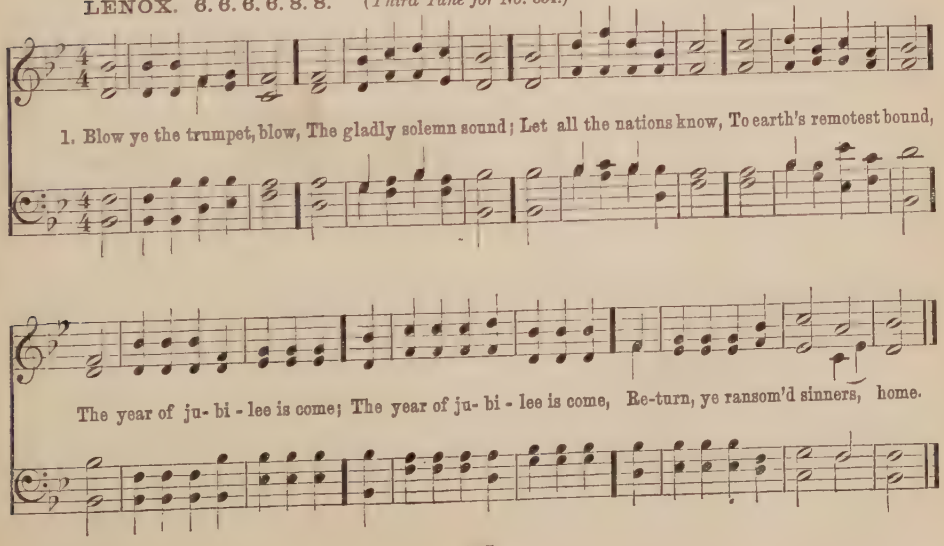
3 Thy cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has borne the awful load
Of sins that none could bear
But the incarnate God:
To whom, save thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

4 Thy death, not mine, O Christ,
Has paid the ransom due;
Ten thousand deaths like mine
Would have been all too few:
To whom, save thee, who canst alone
For sin atone, Lord, shall I flee?

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

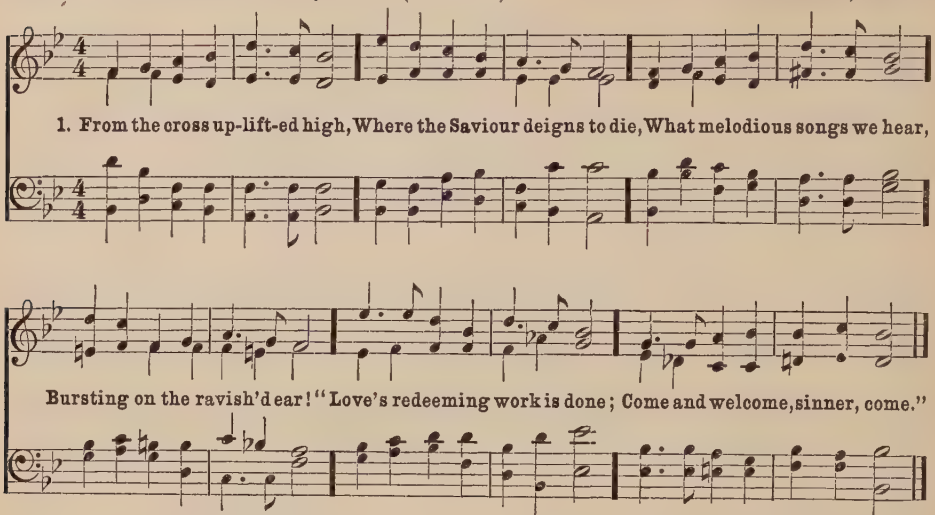
LENOX. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8. *(Third Tune for No. 334.)*

Lewis Edson, 1748–1820.


1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The gladly solemn sound; Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound,
The year of ju- bi - lee is come; The year of ju- bi - lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

336 ST. ATHANASIUS. 7s. 61. (*First Tune.*)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. From the cross up-lift-ed high, Where the Saviour deigns to die, What melodious songs we hear,
Bursting on the ravish'd ear! "Love's redeeming work is done; Come and welcome, sinner, come."

1 From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious songs we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!
"Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, embrace the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

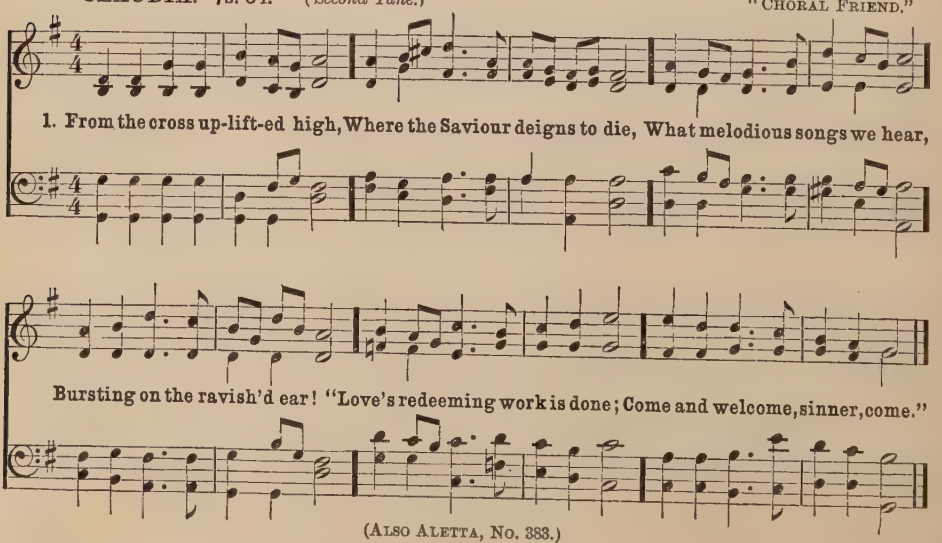
3 "Spread for thee, the festal board;
See, with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 "Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Saviour, Friend!
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day
Up to my eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come."

Thomas Haweis, 1792.

CLAUDIA. 7s. 61. (*Second Tune.*)

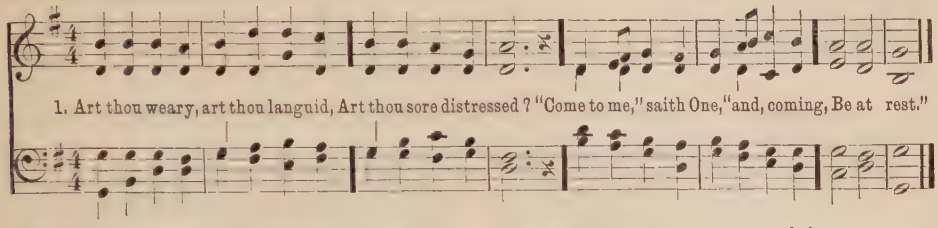
"CHORAL FRIEND."


1. From the cross up-lift-ed high, Where the Saviour deigns to die, What melodious songs we hear,
Bursting on the ravish'd ear! "Love's redeeming work is done; Come and welcome, sinner, come."

(ALSO ALETTA, No. 383.)

337 STEPHANOS. 8. 5. 8. 3. (*First Tune.*)

H. W. Baker, 1861.



2 Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my Guide?—
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
And his side."

3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?—
"Yea, a crown, in very surety;
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?—
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

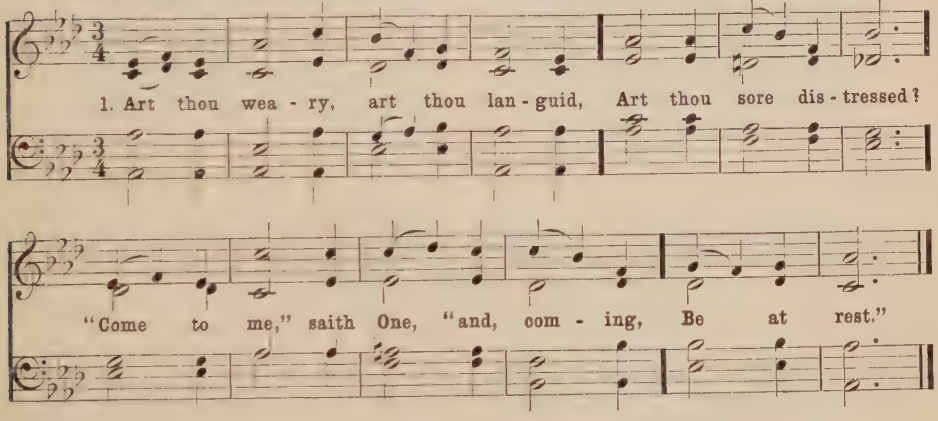
5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?—
"Sorrow vanished, labor ended,
Jordan passed."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?—
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

Stephen the Sabaite, 725–794. Tr. by J. M. Neale, 1851.

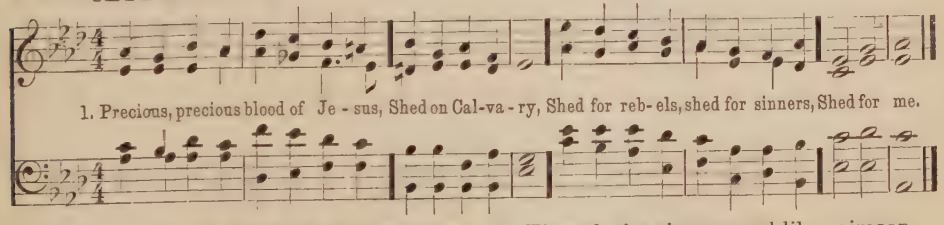
BULLINGER. 8. 5. 8. 3. (*Second Tune.*)

E. W. Bullinger, 1877.



338 CLYDE. 8. 5. 8. 3.

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1842—.



2 Precious blood, that hath redeemed us!
All the price is paid;
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

3 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Let it make thee whole;
Let it flow in mighty cleansing
O'er thy soul.

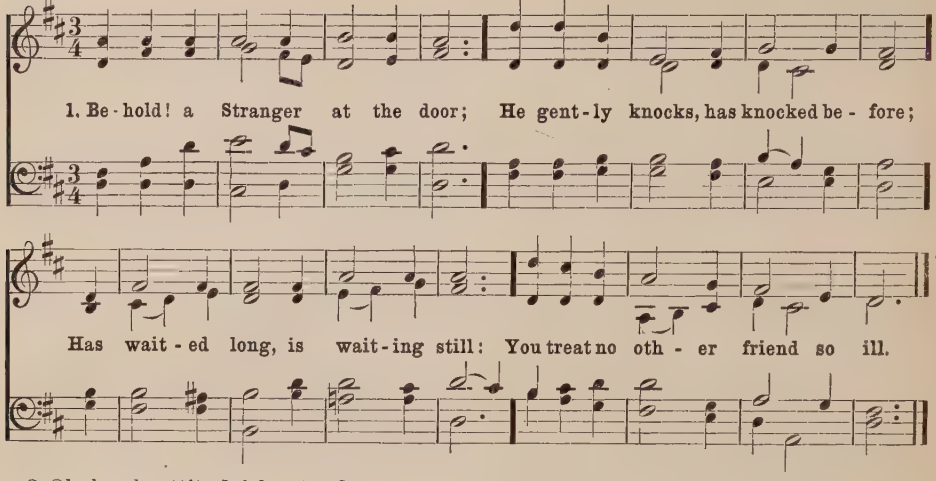
4 Though thy sins are red like crimson,
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood can make them
White as snow.

5 Precious, precious blood of Jesus,
Ever flowing free!
O believe it, O receive it,
'Tis for thee.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836–1879.

339 RIVAULX. L. M.

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. Be - hold! a Stranger at the door; He gent - ly knocks, has knocked be - fore;
Has wait - ed long, is wait - ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need—
The Friend of sinners; yes, 't is he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

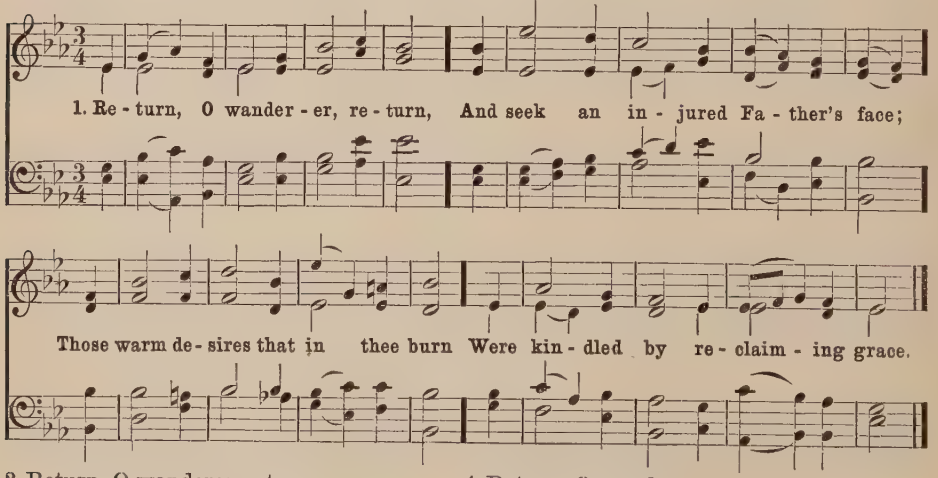
5 Admit him ere his anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return:
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
When at his door denied you'll stand.

Joseph Grigg, 1765, alt.

(ALSO WOODWORTH, NO. 381.)

340 CATON. L. M.

E. MILLER, 1731–1807.


1. Re - turn, O wander - er, re - turn, And seek an in - jured Fa - ther's face;
Those warm de - sires that in thee burn Were kin - dled by re - claim - ing grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart,
Whose pitying eyes thy grief discern,
Whose hand can heal thine inward smart.

3 Return, O wanderer, return;
He heard thy deep repentant sigh,
He saw thy softened spirit mourn
When no intruding ear was nigh.

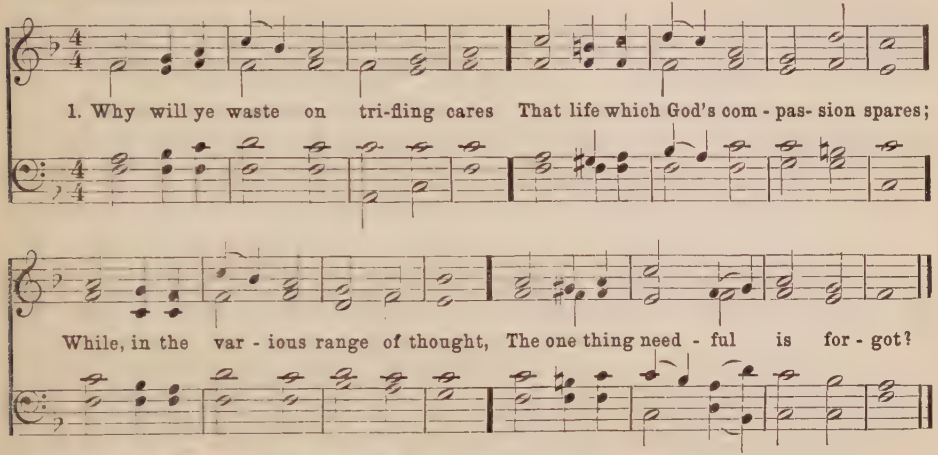
4 Return, O wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live:
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

5 Return, O wanderer, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn,"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

W. B. Collyer, 1812.

341 DORMAN. L. M.

S. P. TUCKERMAN, 1819-1890.


1. Why will ye waste on tri-fling cares That life which God's com - pas- sion spares;
While, in the var - ious range of thought, The one thing need - ful is for - got?

1 Why will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares;
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above?
Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.

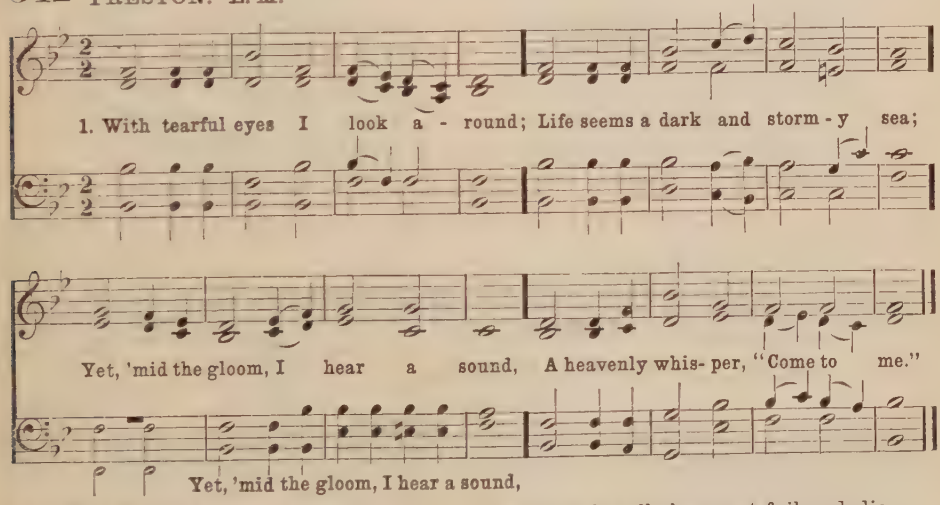
4 Almighty God, thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction on each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

(ALSO ZEPHYR, No. 279.)

342 PRESTON. L. M.

W. H. DOANE, 1832.


1. With tearful eyes I look a - round; Life seems a dark and storm - y sea;
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A heavenly whis- per, "Come to me."
Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound,

2 It tells me of a place of rest;
It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me."

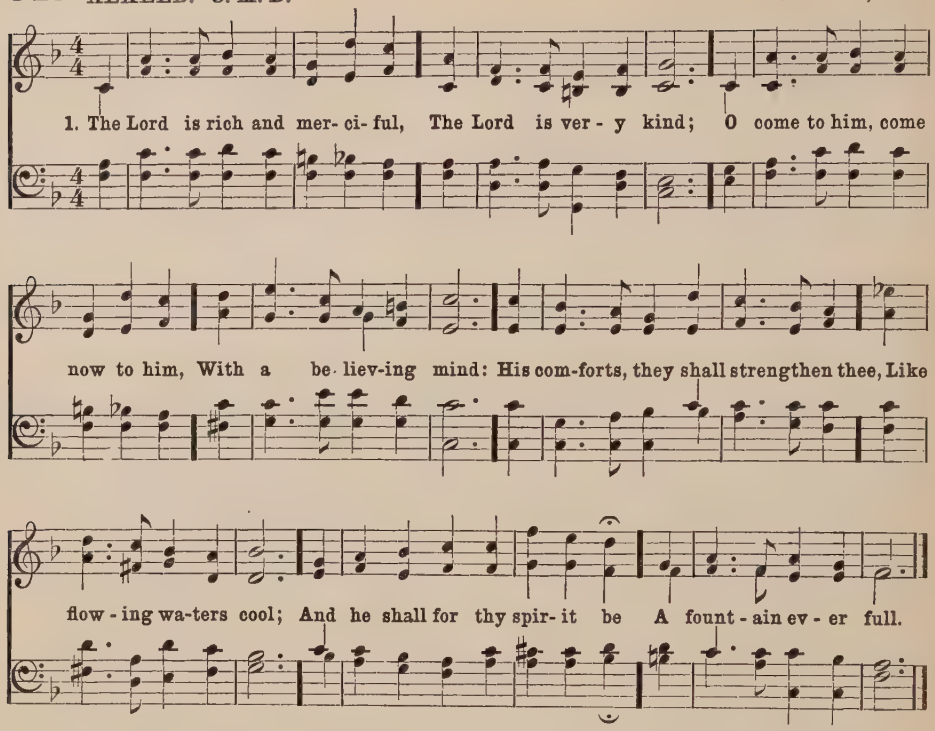
4 "Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
To heaven direct thy weeping eye,
I am thy portion; come to me."

5 O voice of mercy, voice of love,
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above;
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

Charlotte Elliott, 1841.

343 ALKELD. C. M. D.

R. S. Newman, 1879.


1. The Lord is rich and mer- ci- ful, The Lord is ver - y kind; O come to him, come
now to him, With a be- liev-ing mind: His com-forts, they shall strengthen thee, Like
flow - ing wa-ters cool; And he shall for thy spir- it be A fount - ain ev - er full.

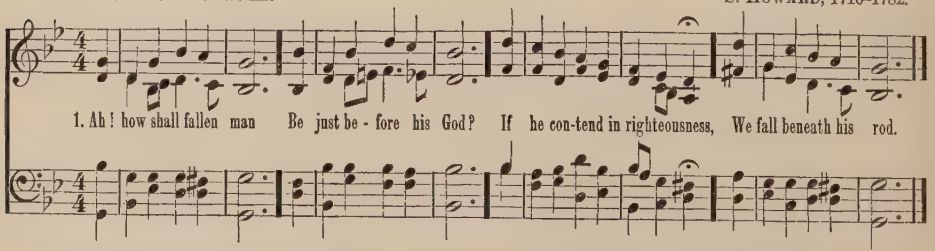
2 The Lord is glorious and strong,
Our God is very high;
O trust in him, trust now in him,
And have security:
He shall be to thee like the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind, that bloweth healthfully
Thy sicknesses to heal.

3 The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell;
O learn of him, learn now of him,
Then with thee it is well;
And with his light thou shalt be blest,
Therein to work and live;
And he shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive.

T. T. Lynch, 1818–1871.

344 ST. BRIDE. S. M.

S. Howard, 1710–1782.



2 If he our ways should mark
With strict, inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place;
Her rooted pillars shake.

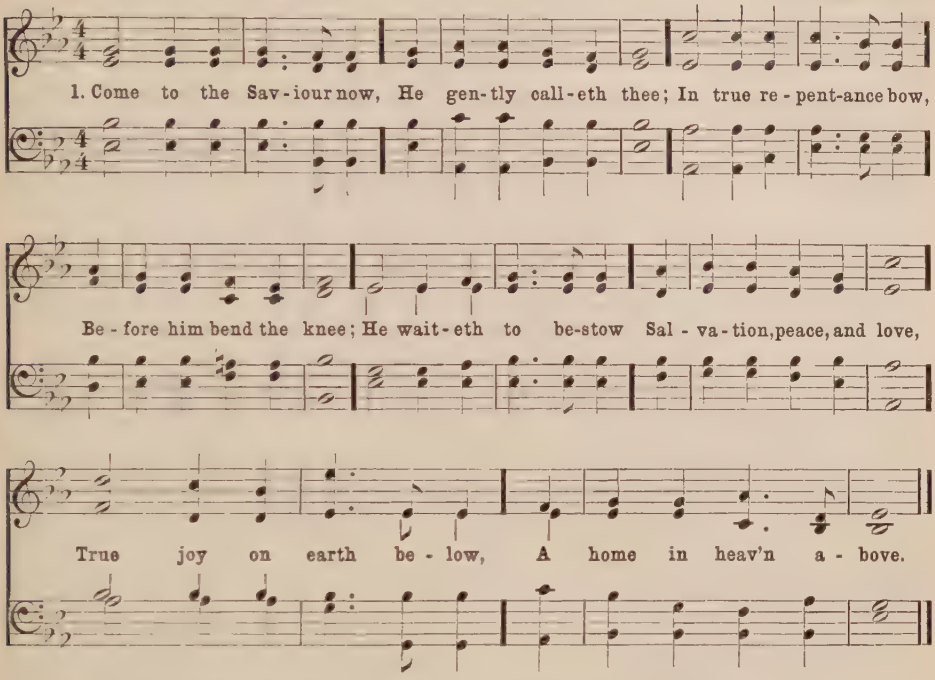
4 Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

Isaac Watts, 1720.

(Also Olmutz, No. 461.)

345 INVITATION. 6s. D.

F. C. MAKER, 1881.


1. Come to the Sav-iour now, He gen-tly call-eth thee; In true re-pent-ance bow,
Be-fore him bend the knee; He wait-eth to be-stow Sal-va-tion, peace, and love,
True joy on earth be-low, A home in heav'n a-bove.

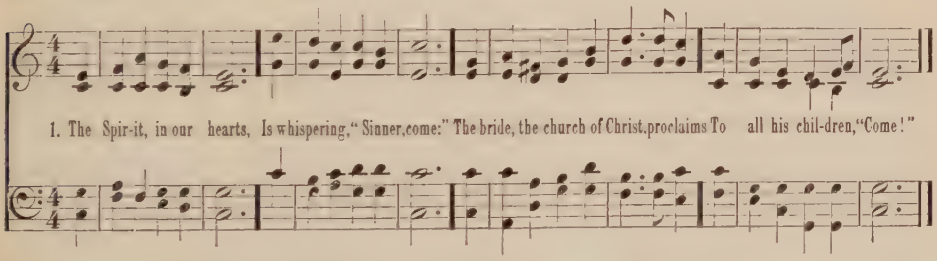
2 Come to the Saviour now,
Ye who have wandered far,
Renew your solemn vow,
For his by right you are;
Come, like poor wandering sheep
Returning to his fold;
His arm will safely keep,
His love will ne'er grow cold.

3 Come to the Saviour, all,
Whate'er your burdens be;
Hear now his loving call,
"Cast all your care on Me."
Come, and for every grief
In Jesus you will find
A sure and safe relief,
A loving Friend and kind.

J. M. Wigner, 1871.

346 ST. IGNATIUS. S. M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1848.



2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come;"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the fountain, come.

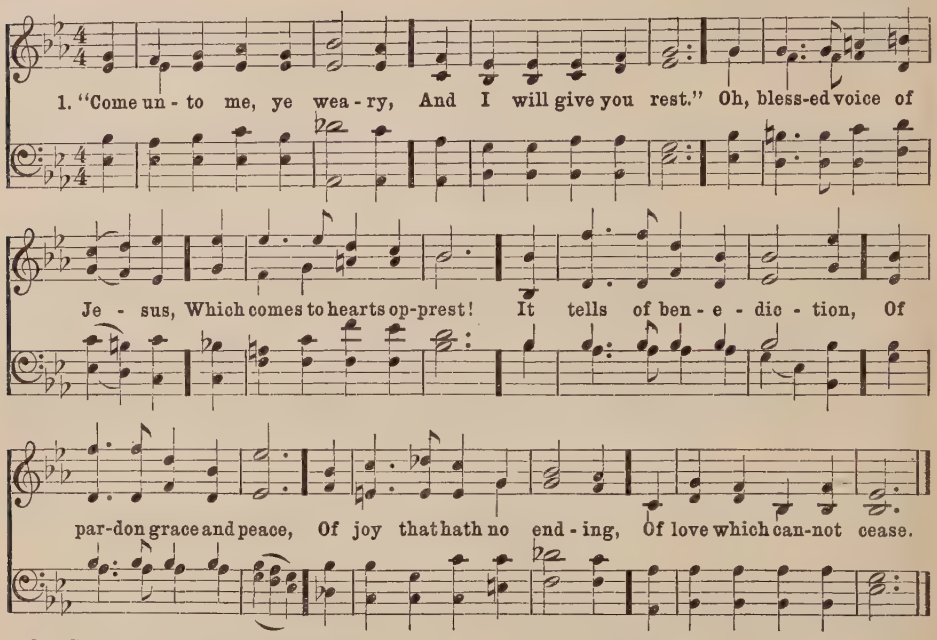
3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come!
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so; we wait thy hour;
O blest Redeemer, come.

H. U. Onderdonk, 1826.

(ALSO OLNEY, NO. 486.)

347 **BELDEN.** 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*) SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1883.


1. "Come un - to me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest." Oh, bless-ed voice of
Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op-prest! It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of
par-don grace and peace, Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can-not cease.

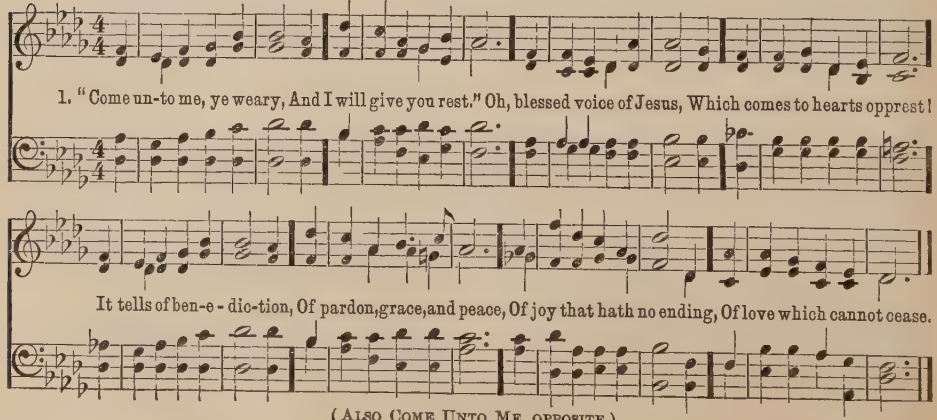
2 "Come unto me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
Oh, loving voice of Jesus
Which comes to cheer the night!
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way;
But morning brings us gladness,
And songs the break of day.

3 "Come unto Me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
Oh, peaceful voice of Jesus
Which comes to end our strife!
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long;
But thou hast made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

4 "And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
Oh, patient love of Jesus
Which drives away our doubt!
Which calls us, very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to thee!

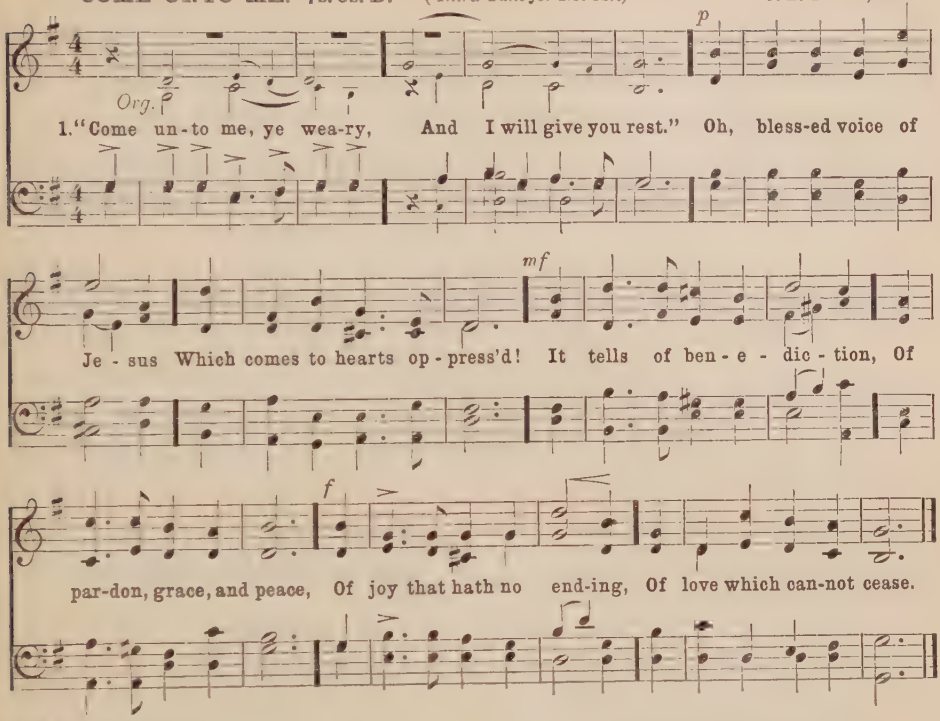
W. C. Dix, 1867.

BENTLEY. 7s. 6s. D. (*Second Tune.*) J. HULLAH, 1867.

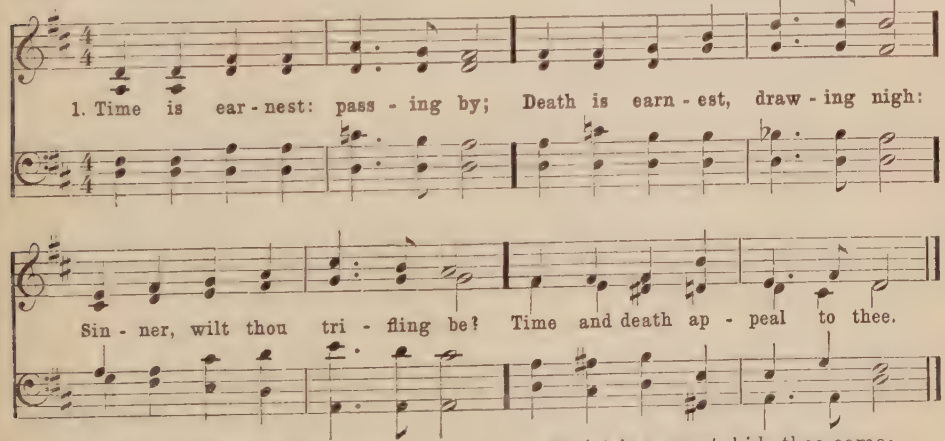

1. "Come un-to me, ye weary, And I will give you rest." Oh, blessed voice of Jesus, Which comes to hearts opprest!
It tells of ben-e - dic-tion, Of pardon, grace, and peace, Of joy that hath no ending, Of love which cannot cease.

(ALSO COME UNTO ME, OPPOSITE.)

COME UNTO ME. 7s. 6s. D. (*Third Tune for No. 347.*) J. B. DYKES, 1875.


Org.
p
1. "Come un-to me, ye wea-ry, And I will give you rest." Oh, bless-ed voice of
mf
Je - sus Which comes to hearts op-press'd! It tells of ben-e - dic - tion, Of
f
par-don, grace, and peace, Of joy that hath no end-ing, Of love which can-not cease.

348 CYPRUS. 7s. ADAPTED FROM MENDELSSOHN, 1809–1847.



2 Life is earnest: when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest nevermore;
Soon to meet eternity,
Wilt thou never serious be?

3 God is earnest: kneel and pray,
Ere thy season pass away;
Ere he set his judgment throne;
Ere the day of grace be gone.

4 Christ is earnest, bids thee come;
Paid, thy spirit's priceless sum;
Wilt thou spurn the Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

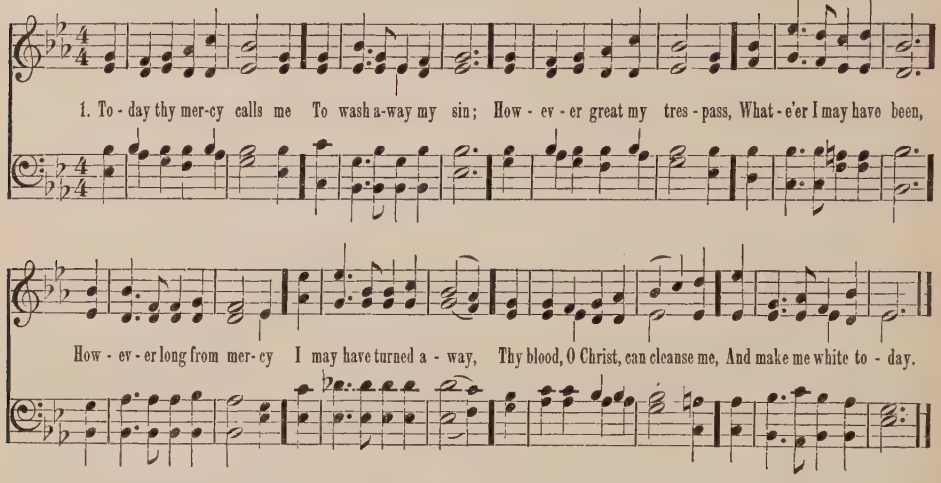
5 O be earnest, do not stay;
Thou mayest perish e'en to-day.
Rise, thou lost one, rise and flee;
Lo! thy Saviour waits for thee.

S. Dyer, 1814—.

(ALSO PLEYEL'S HYMN, No. 466.)

349 BLAIRGOWRIE. 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. Dykes, 1872.


1. To - day thy mer-cy calls me To wash a-way my sin; How - ev - er great my tres - pass, What - e'er I may have been,
How - ev - er long from mer-cy I may have turned a - way, Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me, And make me white to - day.

2 To-day thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin;
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

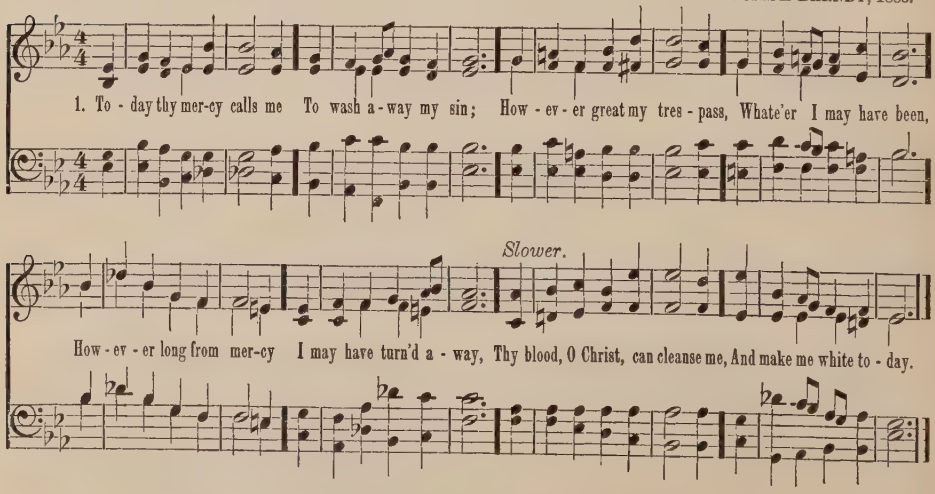
3 To-day the Father calls me,
The Holy Spirit waits,
The blessèd angels gather
Around the heavenly gates:
No questions will be asked me,
How often I have come;
Although I oft have wandered,
It is my Father's home.

4 O all-embracing mercy,
Thou ever-open door,
What shall I do without thee
When heart and eyes run o'er?
When all things seem against me,
To drive me to despair,
I know one gate is open,
One ear will hear my prayer.

Oswald Allen, 1861.

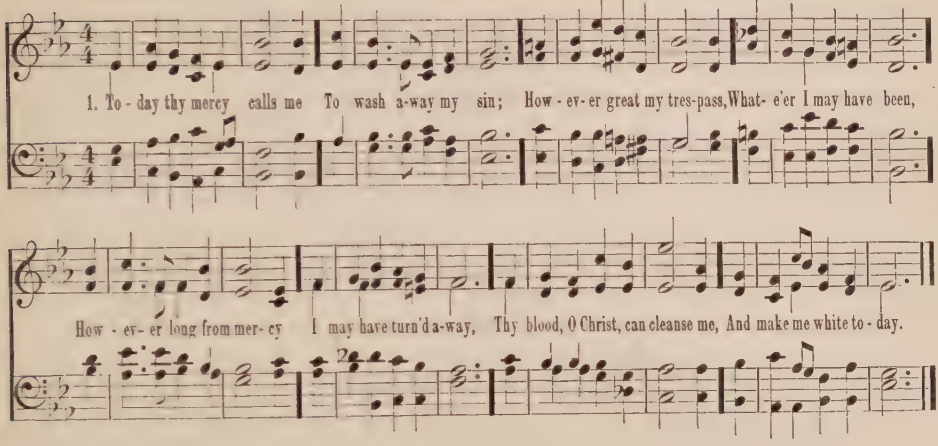
SEMERON. 7s. 6s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1883.

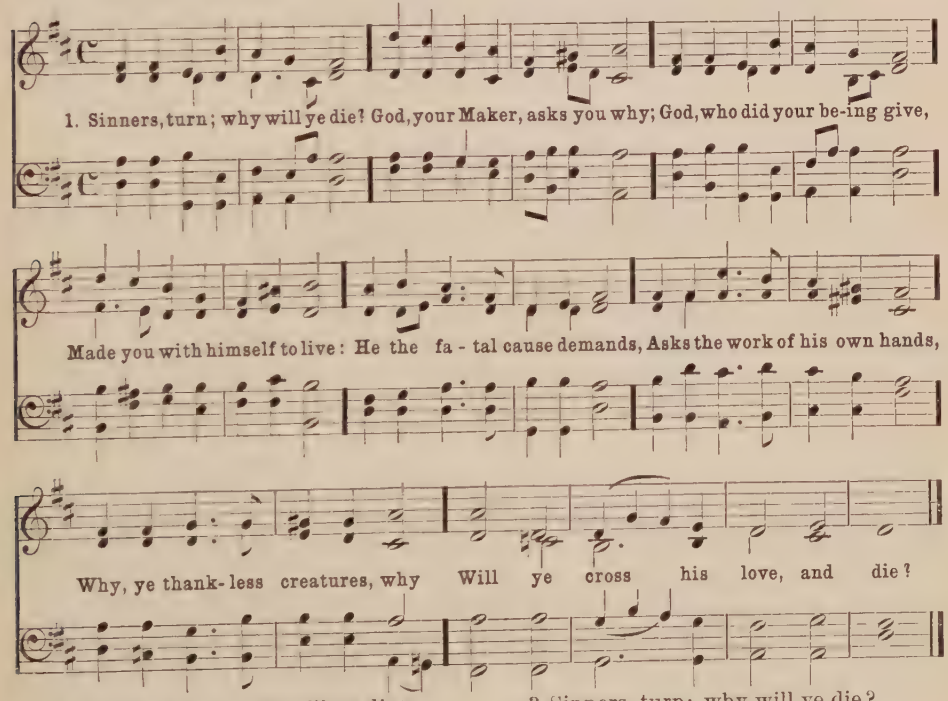

1. To - day thy mer-cy calls me To wash a-way my sin; How - ev - er great my tres - pass, Whate'er I may have been,
Slower.
How - ev - er long from mer-cy I may have turn'd a - way, Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me, And make me white to - day.

(Also Magdalena, opposite, and Aurelia, No. 405.)

MAGDALENA. 7s. 6s. D. (*Third Tune for No. 349.*) SIR JOHN STAINER, 1840—.


1. To - day thy mercy calls me To wash a-way my sin; How - ev - er great my tres-pass, What- e'er I may have been,
How - ev - er long from mer - cy I may have turn'd a-way, Thy blood, O Christ, can cleanse me, And make me white to - day.

350 ST. BERNARD. 7s. D. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. Sinners, turn; why will ye die? God, your Maker, asks you why; God, who did your be-ing give,
Made you with himself to live: He the fa - tal cause demands, Asks the work of his own hands,
Why, ye thank-less creatures, why Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain,
Crucify the Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace and die?

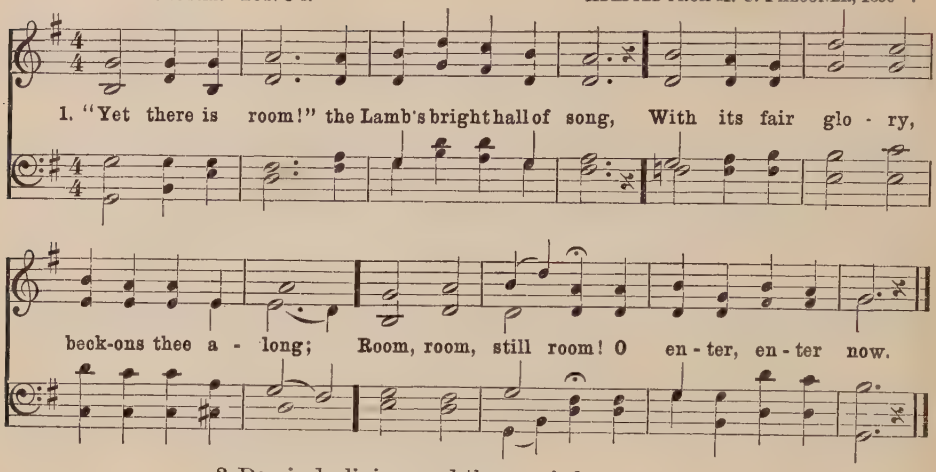
3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why;
He, who daily with you strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners, why
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

C. Wesley, 1741. Alt.

(ALSO PLEYEL'S HYMN, No. 466.)

351 FALCONER. 10s. 3 l.

ADAPTED FROM A. C. FALCONER, 1850—.


1. "Yet there is room!" the Lamb's bright hall of song, With its fair glo - ry,
beck-ons thee a - long; Room, room, still room! O en - ter, en - ter now.

2 Day is declining, and the sun is low;
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

5 Yet there is room: still open stands the gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

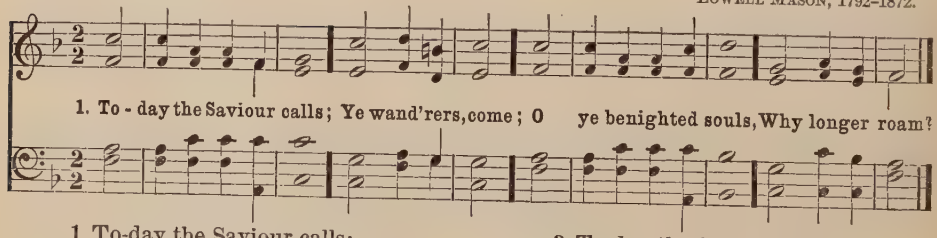
6 Pass in, pass in; that banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free:
Room, room, still room! O enter, enter now.

7 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom;
Then the last low, long cry, "no room, no room!"
No room, no room! Oh, woeful cry, "no room!"

Horatius Bonar, 1879.

352 TO-DAY. 6s. 4s.

LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872.



1 To-day the Saviour calls;
Ye wanderers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

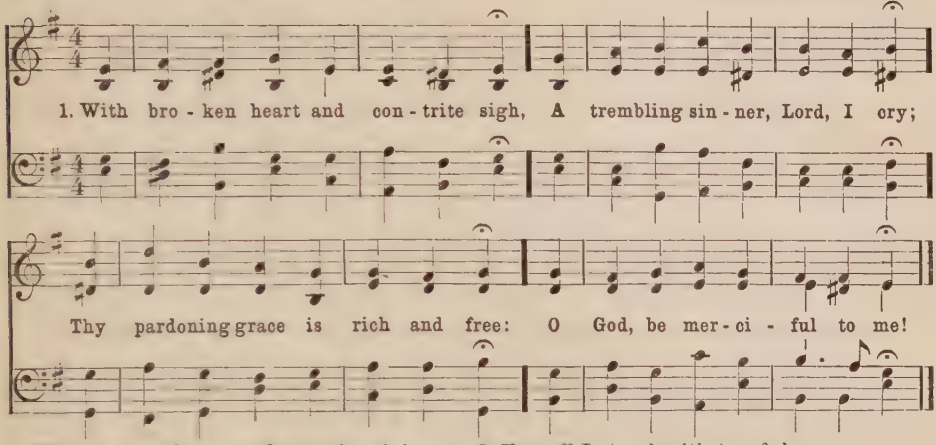
2 To-day the Saviour calls;
O hear him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power;
O grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

S. F. Smith, 1832.

353 PLAYFORD. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

PLAYFORD'S PSALTER, 1671.

1. With bro - ken heart and con - trite sigh, A trembling sin - ner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free: O God, be mer - ci - ful to me!

1 With broken heart and contrite sigh,
A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free:
O God, be merciful to me!

2 I smite upon my troubled breast,
With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Christ and his cross my only plea:
O God, be merciful to me!

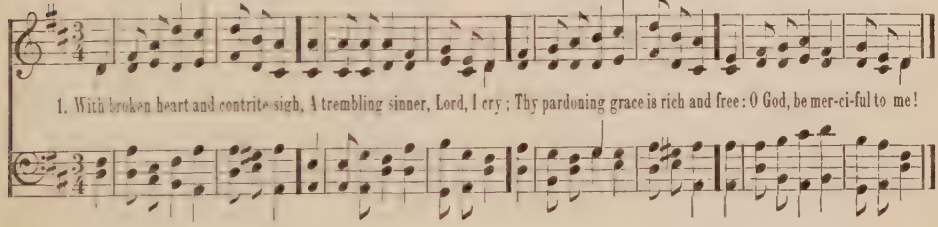
3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 And when redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
God hath been merciful to me!

Cornelius Elven, 1852.

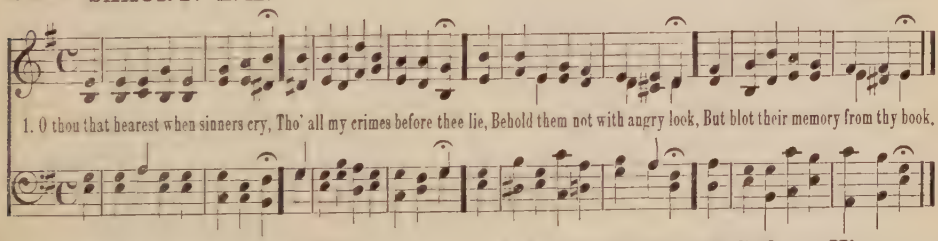
WELLS. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

ISRAEL HOLDROYD, 1740.


1. With broken heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sinner, Lord, I cry; Thy pardoning grace is rich and free: O God, be mer-ci-ful to me!

354 SAXONY. L. M.

GERMAN.


1. O thou that hearest when sinners cry, Tho' all my crimes before thee lie, Behold them not with angry look, But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

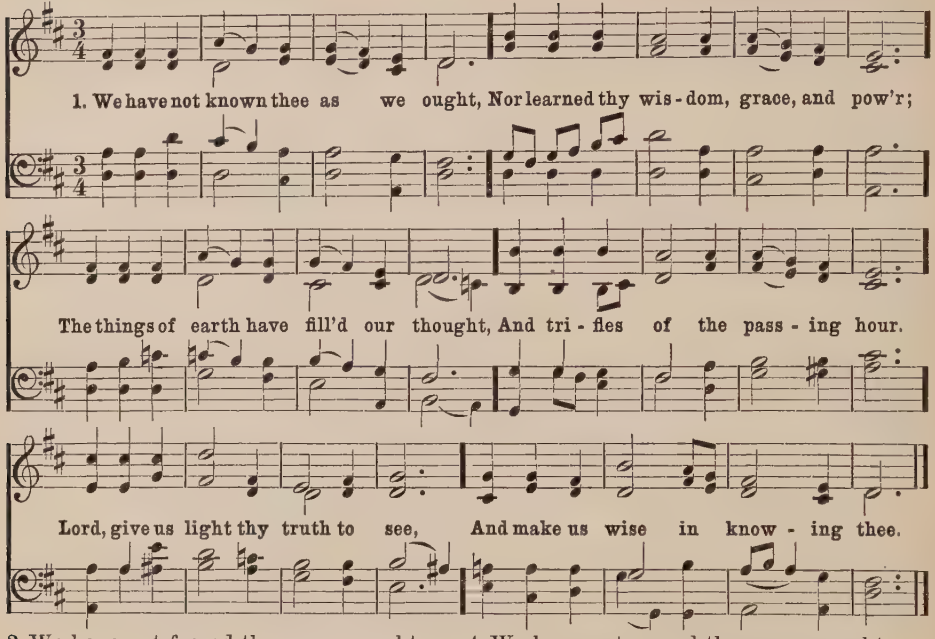
5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

(ALSO HAMBURG, No. 196.)

355 WAVERTREE. L. M. 61. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM WILLIAM SHORE, 1840.


1. We have not known thee as we ought, Nor learned thy wis-dom, grace, and pow'r;
The things of earth have fill'd our thought, And tri-fles of the pass-ing hour.
Lord, give us light thy truth to see, And make us wise in know-ing thee.

2 We have not feared thee as we ought,
Nor bowed beneath thine awful eye,
Nor guarded deed, and word, and thought,
Remembering that God was nigh.
Lord, give us faith to know thee near,
And grant the grace of holy fear.

3 We have not loved thee as we ought,
Nor cared that we are loved by thee;
Thy presence we have coldly sought,
And feebly longed thy face to see.
Lord, give a pure and loving heart
To feel and own the love thou art.

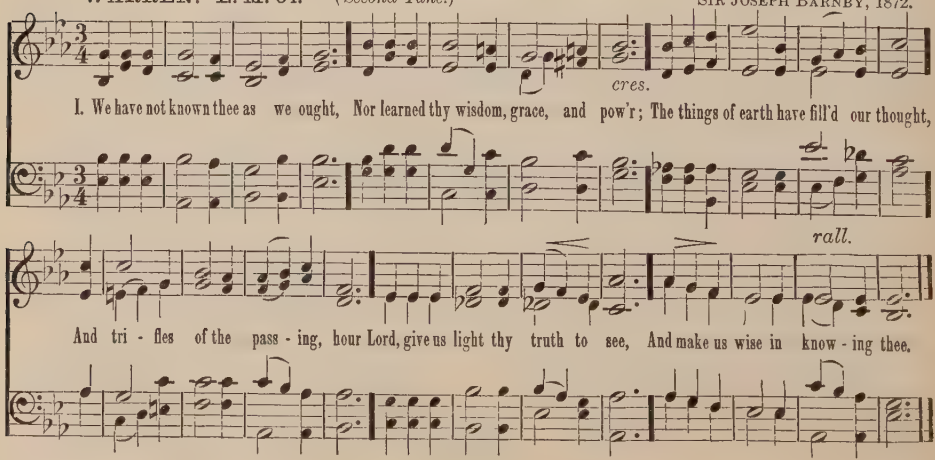
4 We have not served thee as we ought;
Alas! the duties left undone,
The work with little fervor wrought,
The battles lost, or scarcely won!
Lord, give the zeal, and give the might,
For thee to toil, for thee to fight.

5 When shall we know thee as we ought,
And fear, and love, and serve aright!
When shall we, out of trial brought,
Be perfect in the land of light!
Lord, may we day by day prepare
To see thy face, and serve thee there.

T. B. Pollock, 1889.

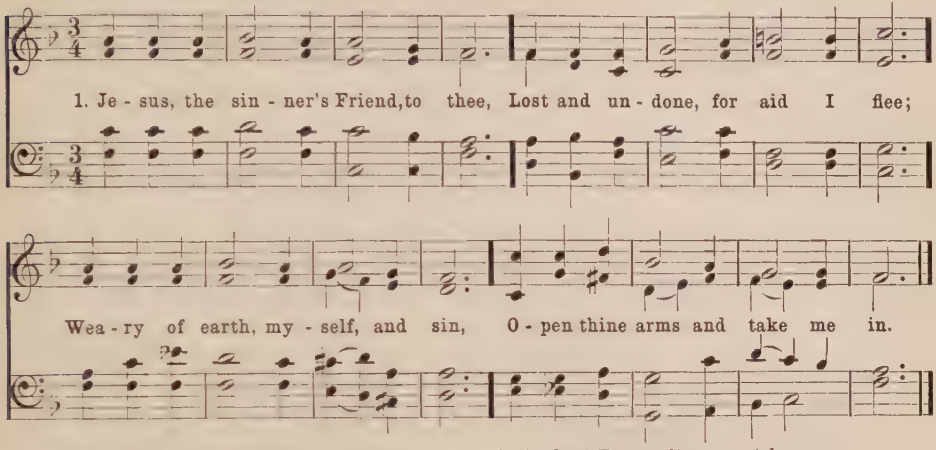
WARREN. L. M. 61. (*Second Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.


cres.
I. We have not known thee as we ought, Nor learned thy wisdom, grace, and pow'r; The things of earth have fill'd our thought,
rall.
And tri-fles of the pass-ing, hour Lord, give us light thy truth to see, And make us wise in know-ing thee.

356 PENITENCE. C. M.

ST. ALBAN'S TUNE BOOK, 1865.


1. Je - sus, the sin - ner's Friend, to thee, Lost and un - done, for aid I flee;
Wea - ry of earth, my - self, and sin, O - pen thine arms and take me in.

1 Jesus, the sinner's Friend, to thee,
Lost and undone, for aid I flee;
Weary of earth, myself, and sin,
Open thine arms and take me in.

2 Pity and save my ruined soul;
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole;
Dark, till in me thine image shine,
And lost I am till thou art mine.

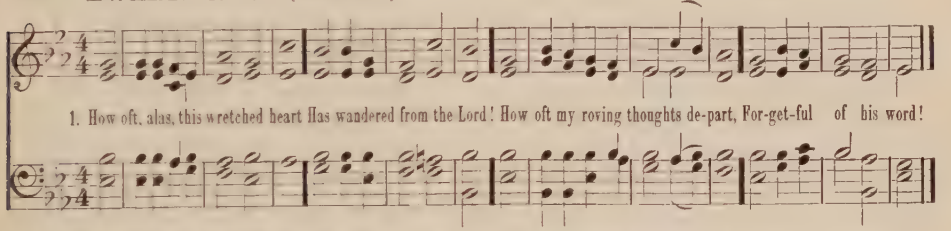
3 At last I own it cannot be
That I should fit myself for thee:
Here, then, to thee I all resign;
Thine is the work, and only thine.

4 What can I say thy grace to move?
Lord, I am sin,—but thou art love:
I give up every plea beside,
I am condemned—but thou hast died!

Charles Wesley, 1739, alt.

357 EWART. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

S. P. TUCKERMAN, 1819–1890.



2 Yet sovereign Mercy calls, "return!"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

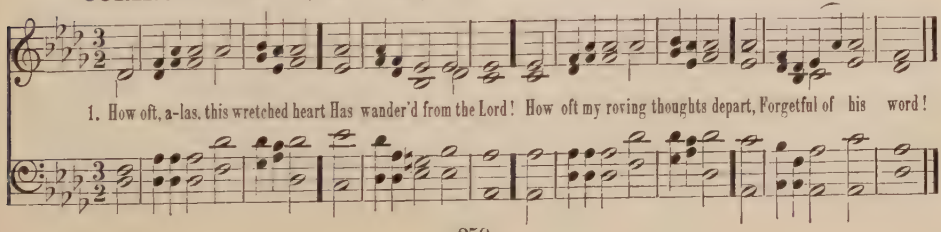
4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine!
That can to bliss and life restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

Anne Steele, 1760.

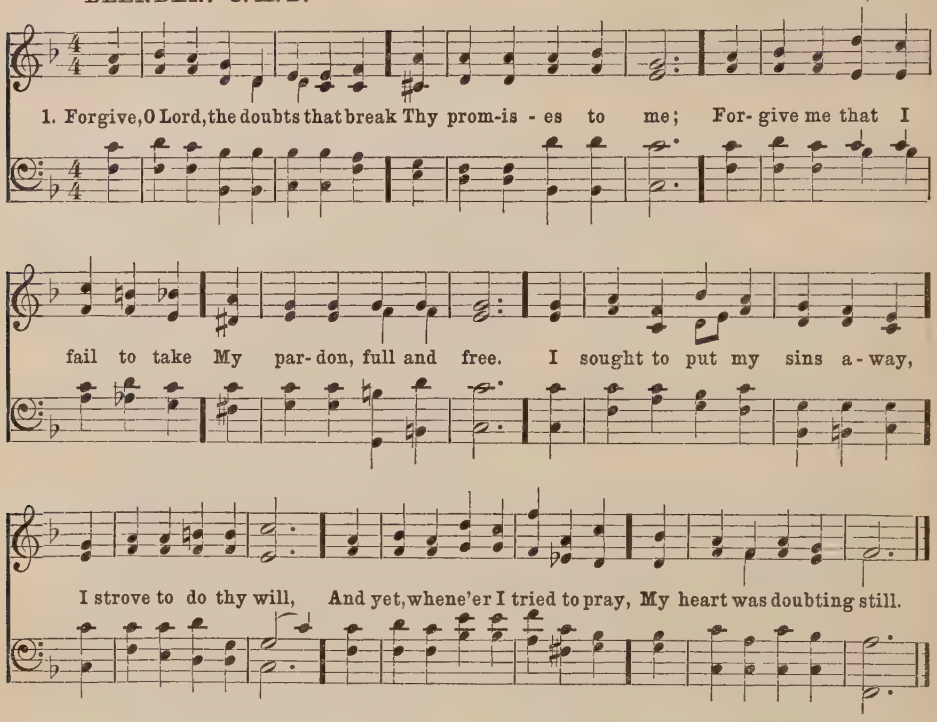
CORINTH. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872.



358 BLENDEN. C. M. D.

C. E. KETTLE, 1876.


1. Forgive, O Lord, the doubts that break Thy prom-is - es to me; For- give me that I
fail to take My par- don, full and free. I sought to put my sins a - way,
I strove to do thy will, And yet, whene'er I tried to pray, My heart was doubting still.

2 I thought that thou with jealous eyes
Wast watching me alway,
My deeds to mark, my steps to spy,
Whene'er I went astray;
I hoped that when, by days and years
Of service and of prayer,
I had besought thy grace with tears,
Thy mercy I might share

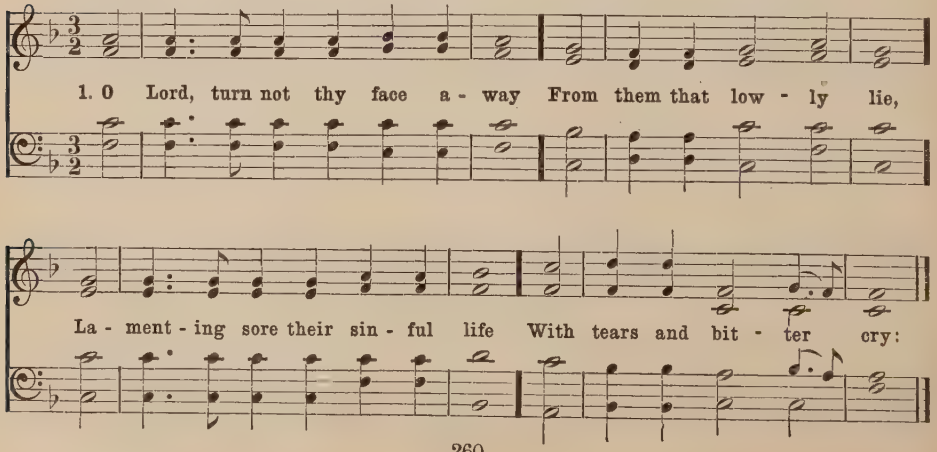
3 Forgive, O Father, this my sin,
This jealous, doubting heart;
For when men seek thy love to win,
And choose the better part,
I know that, swifter than the light
Leaps earthward from the sun,
Thy pardoning love, thy rescuing might
Speed down to every one.

W. Gladden, 1880.

BYEFIELD. C. M

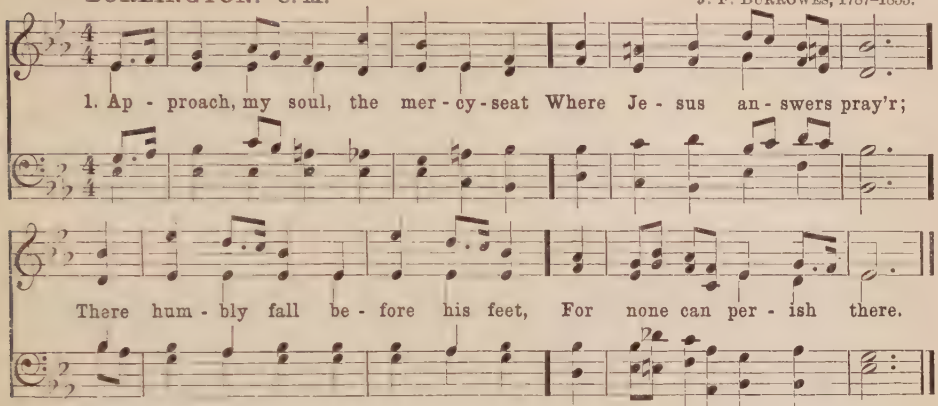
(*Second Tune for No.* 360.)

T. HASTINGS, 1784–1873.



359 BURLINGTON. C. M.

J. F. BURROWES, 1787–1853.



2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

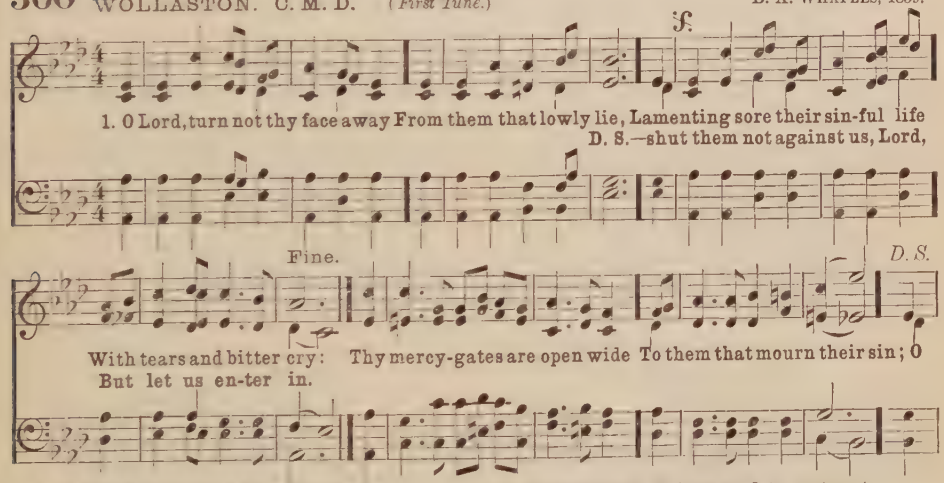
4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, thou hast died.

5 Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious Name!

John Newton, 1779.

360 WOLLASTON. C. M. D. *(First Tune.)*

B. A. WHAPLES, 1859.


1. O Lord, turn not thy face away From them that lowly lie, Lamenting sore their sin-ful life
D. S.—shut them not against us, Lord,
Fine.
D. S.
With tears and bitter cry: Thy mercy-gates are open wide To them that mourn their sin; O
But let us en-ter in.

1 O Lord, turn not thy face away
From them that lowly lie,
Lamenting sore their sinful life
With tears and bitter cry:

2 Thy mercy-gates are open wide
To them that mourn their sin;
O shut them not against us, Lord,
But let us enter in.

3 We need not to confess our fault,
For surely thou canst tell;
What we have done, and what we are,
Thou knowest very well:

4 Wherefore, to beg and to entreat,
With tears we come to thee,
As children that have done amiss
Fall at their father's knee.

5 And need we then, O Lord, repeat
The blessing which we crave,
When thou dost know, before we speak,
The thing that we would have?

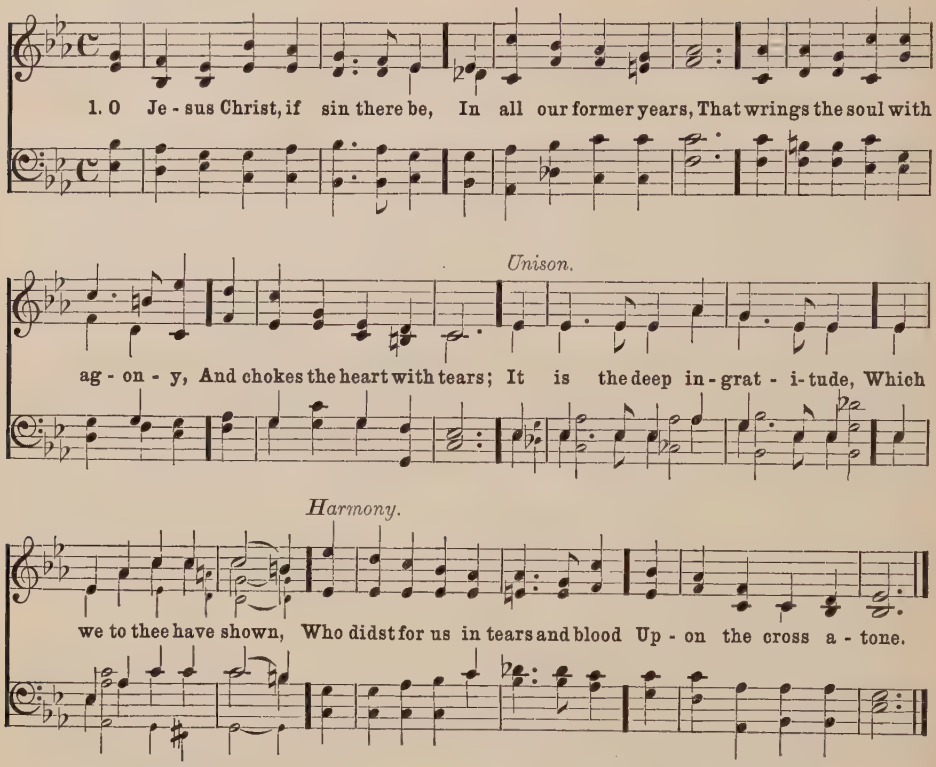
6 Mercy, O Lord, mercy we ask,
This is the total sum;
For mercy, Lord, is all our prayer;
O let thy mercy come.

J. Marckant, 1561, alt. by R. Heber, 1827.

(ALSO BYEFIELD, OPPOSITE.)

361 PENRITH. C. M. D.

J. Stainer, 1840.


1. O Je - sus Christ, if sin there be, In all our former years, That wrings the soul with
Unison.
ag - on - y, And chokes the heart with tears; It is the deep in - grat - i - tude, Which
Harmony.
we to thee have shown, Who didst for us in tears and blood Up - on the cross a - tone.

2 Alas! how with our actions all
Has this defect entwined;
And poisoned with its bitter gall,
The spirit, heart, and mind!
Alas! through this, how many gems
Have we not cast away,
That might have formed our diadems
In everlasting day!

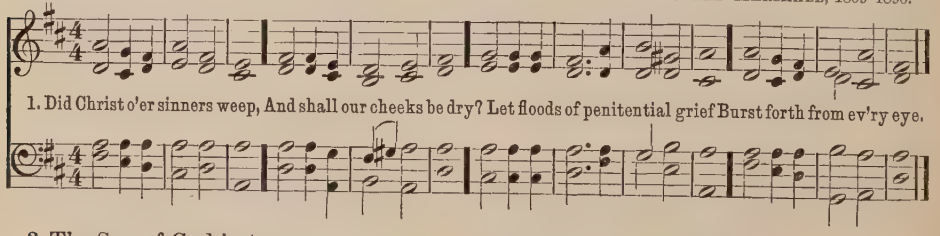
3 Yet though the time be past and gone;
Though little more remains;
Though naught is all that can be done,
E'en with our utmost pains:
Still, Jesus, in thy grace we try
To do what in us lies;
For never did thy loving eye
The contrite heart despise.

E. Caswall, 1814–1878.

(Also Byefield, No. 360.)

362 MARSHALL. S. M.

Leonard Marshall, 1809–1890.



2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

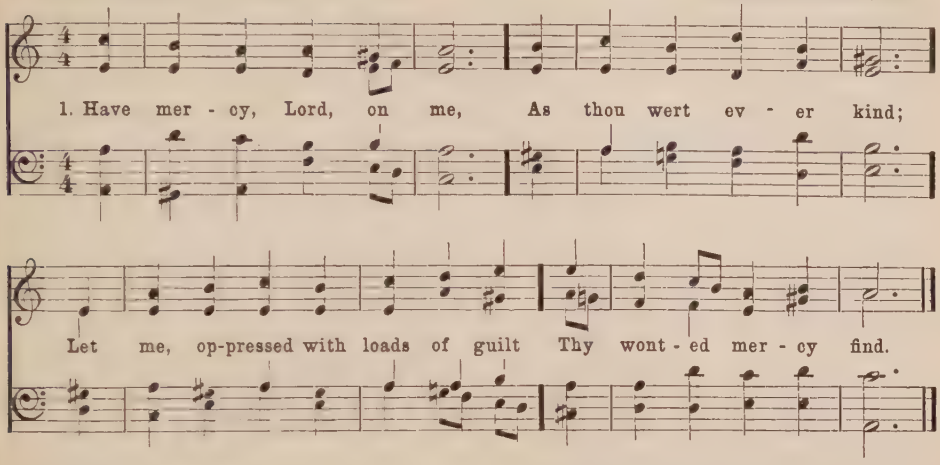
3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Benjamin Beddome, 1818.

(Also Boylston, No. 331.)

363 IRENÆUS. S. M.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1869.



2 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight, [demned
Have I transgressed; and though con-
Must own thy judgments right.

3 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

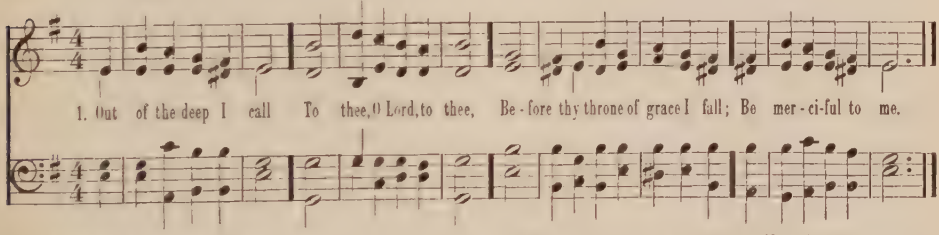
4 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
His everlasting flight.

5 The joy thy favors give
Let me again obtain,
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

Tate and Brady, 1698.

364 AYLESBURY. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. CHETHAM, 1685–1760.



2 Out of the deep I cry,
The woeful deep of sin,
Of evil done in days gone by,
Of evil now within.

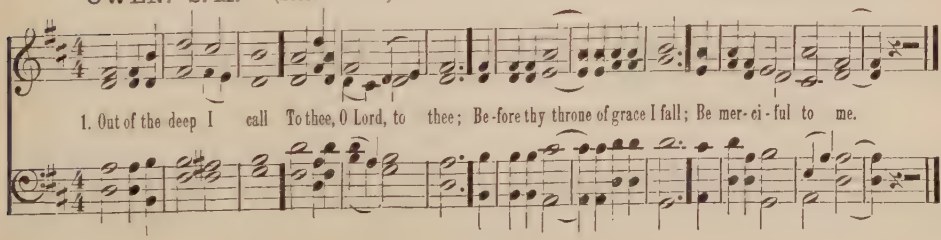
3 Out of the deep of fear
And dread of coming shame,
From morning watch till night is near
I plead thy precious Name.

4 Lord, there is mercy now,
As ever was, with thee;
Before thy throne of grace I bow;
Be merciful to me.

Sir Henry W. Baker, 1868.

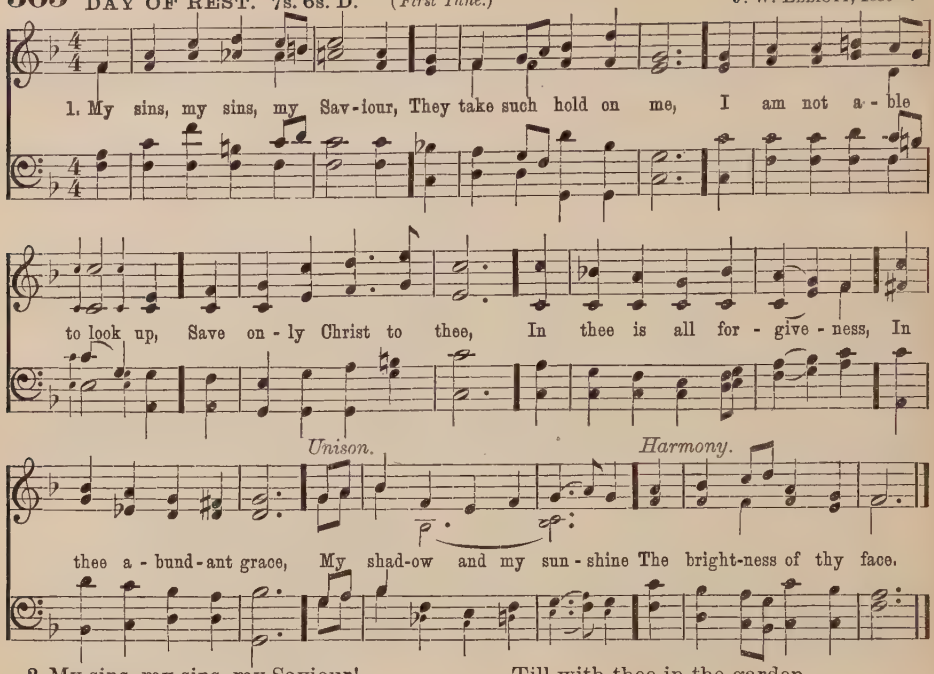
OWEN. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. E. SWEETZER, 1825–1873, alt.



365 DAY OF REST. 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. W. Elliott, 1833—.


1. My sins, my sins, my Sav-iour, They take such hold on me, I am not a-ble
to look up, Save on-ly Christ to thee, In thee is all for-give-ness, In
Unison.
Harmony.
thee a-bund-ant grace, My shad-ow and my sun-shine The bright-ness of thy face.

2 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
How sad on thee they fall;
Seen through thy gentle patience,
I tenfold feel them all;
I know they are forgiven,
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on thee.

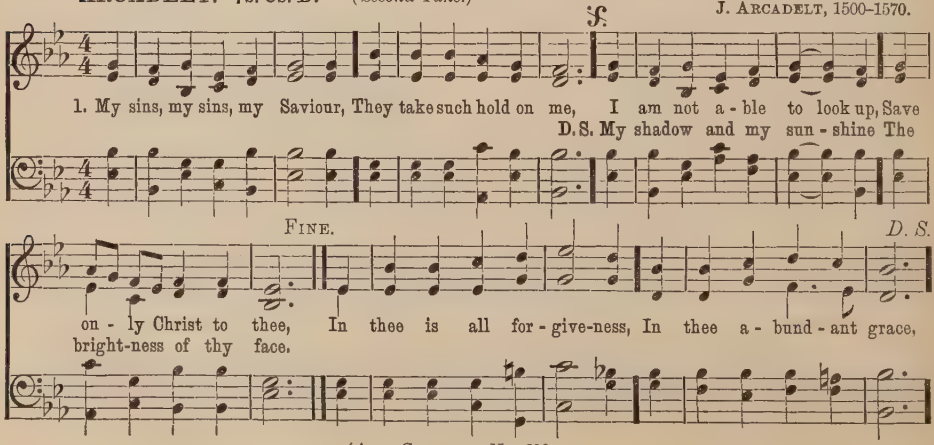
3 My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
Their guilt I never knew
Till with thee in the desert
I near thy passion drew;
Till with thee in the garden
I heard thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told thy sorrow there.

4 Therefore my songs, my Saviour,
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all thy goodness
To suffering man below;
Thy goodness and thy favor,
Whose presence from above
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in thee and love.

J. S. Monsell, 1863.

ARCADELT. 7s. 6s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

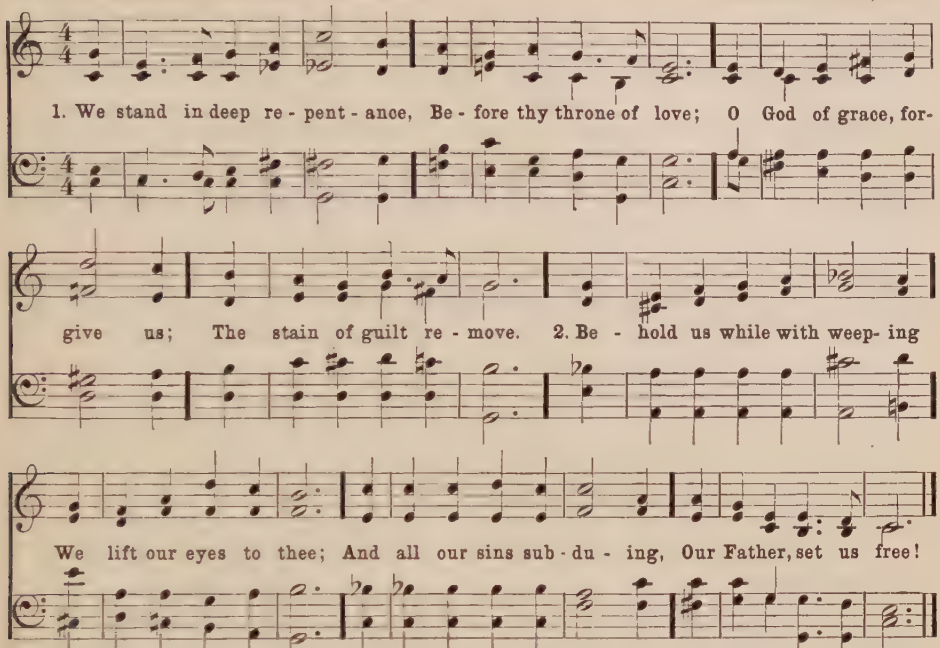
J. Arcadelt, 1500–1570.


f
1. My sins, my sins, my Saviour, They take such hold on me, I am not a-ble to look up, Save
D. S. My shadow and my sun-shine The
Fine.
D. S.
on-ly Christ to thee, In thee is all for-give-ness, In thee a-bund-ant grace,
bright-ness of thy face.

(Also Crucifix, No. 696.)

366 MOSCOW. 7s. 6. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1867.


1. We stand in deep re - pent - ance, Be - fore thy throne of love; O God of grace, for-
give us; The stain of guilt re - move. 2. Be - hold us while with weep- ing
We lift our eyes to thee; And all our sins sub - du - ing, Our Father, set us free!

2 Behold us while with weeping
We lift our eyes to thee;
And all our sins subduing,
Our Father, set us free!

3 Oh, shouldst thou from us fallen
Withhold thy grace to guide,
For ever we should wander,
From thee, and peace, aside;

4 But thou to spirits contrite
Dost light and life impart,
That man may learn to serve thee
With thankful, joyous heart.

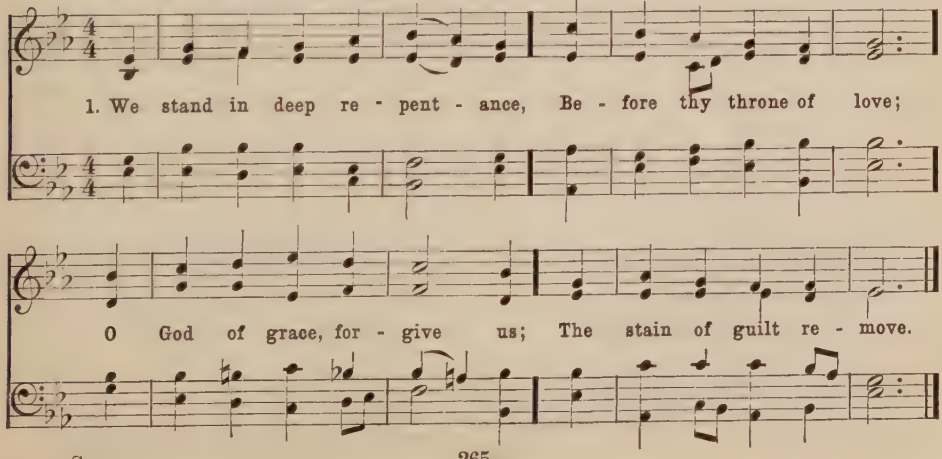
5 Our souls—on thee we cast them,
Our only refuge thou!
Thy cheering words revive us,
When pressed with grief we bow.

6 Thou bear'st the trusting spirit
Upon thy loving breast,
And givest all thy ransomed
A sweet, unending rest.

Tr. by Ray Palmer, 1808–1887.

HEIDELBERG. 7s. 6s. (*Second Tune.*)

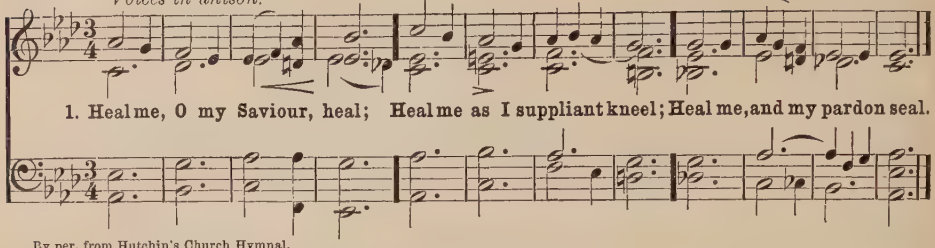
Melchior Vulpius, 1609.



367 OCCIDENT. 7s. 31. (*First Tune.*)

J. E. West, 1890.

Voices in unison.



By per. from Hutchin's Church Hymnal.

2 Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,
And in mercy send me aid.

3 Helpless, none can help me now;
Cheerless, none can cheer but thou;
Suppliant, Lord, to thee I bow.

4 Thou the true Physician art;
Thou, O Christ, canst health impart,
Binding up the bleeding heart.

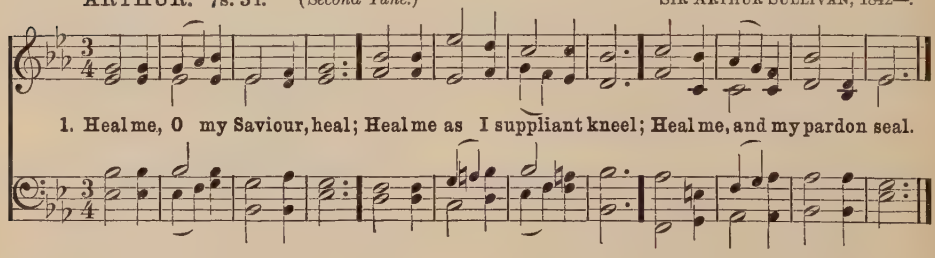
5 Other comforters are gone;
Thou canst heal, and thou alone,
Thou for all my sin atone.

6 Heal me, then, my Saviour, heal;
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;
To thy mercy I appeal.

G. Thring, 1823.

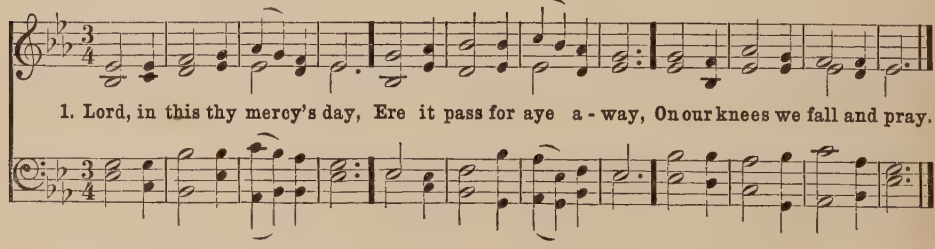
ARTHUR. 7s. 31. (*Second Tune.*)

Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1842—.



368 ST. PHILIP. 7s. 31.

W. H. Monk, 1823–1889.



2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears
Ere that awful doom appears.

3 Lord, on us thy spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die.

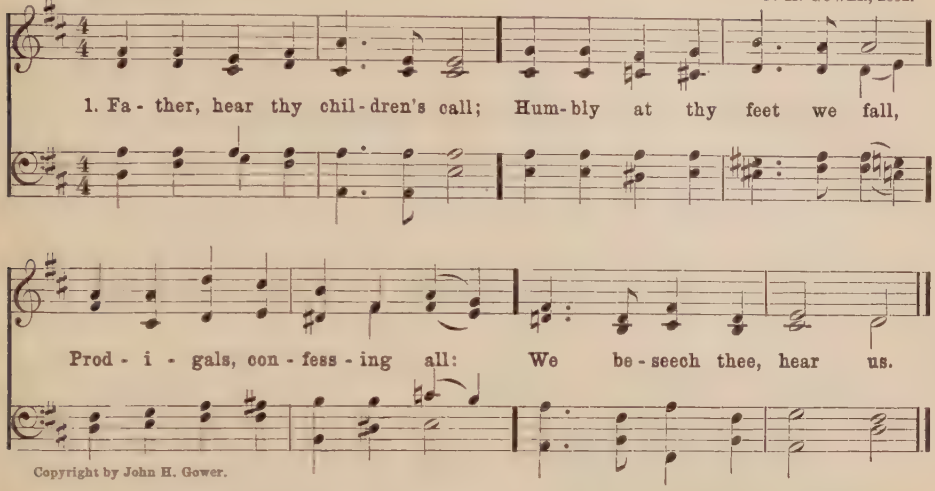
5 By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forgo.

6 Grant us, 'neath thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold thy face.

Isaac Williams, 1844.

369 GOWER'S LITANY. 7.7.7.6.

J. H. GOWER, 1891.



Copyright by John H. Gower.

2 Christ, beneath thy cross we blame
All our life of sin and shame,
Penitent, we breathe thy name;
We beseech thee, hear us.

3 Holy Spirit, grieved and tried,
Oft forgotten and defied,
Now we mourn our stubborn pride:
We beseech thee, hear us.

4 Sick, we come to thee for cure,
Guilty, seek thy mercy sure,
Evil, long to be made pure:
We beseech thee, hear us.

5 Blind, we pray that we may see,
Bound, we pray to be made free,
Stained, we pray for sanctity:
We beseech thee, hear us.

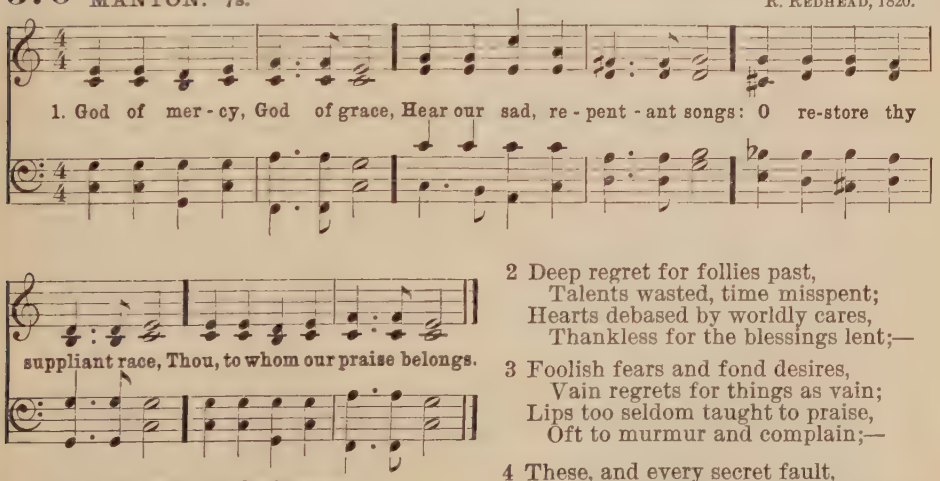
6 Thou who hearest each contrite sigh,
Bidding sinful souls draw nigh,
Willing not that one should die,
We beseech thee, hear us.

7 By thy love that bids thee spare,
By the heaven thou dost prepare,
By thy promises to prayer,
We beseech thee, hear us.

Thomas B. Pollock, 1875.

370 MANTON. 7s.

R. REDHEAD, 1820.



1 God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad, repentant songs:
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou, to whom our praise belongs.

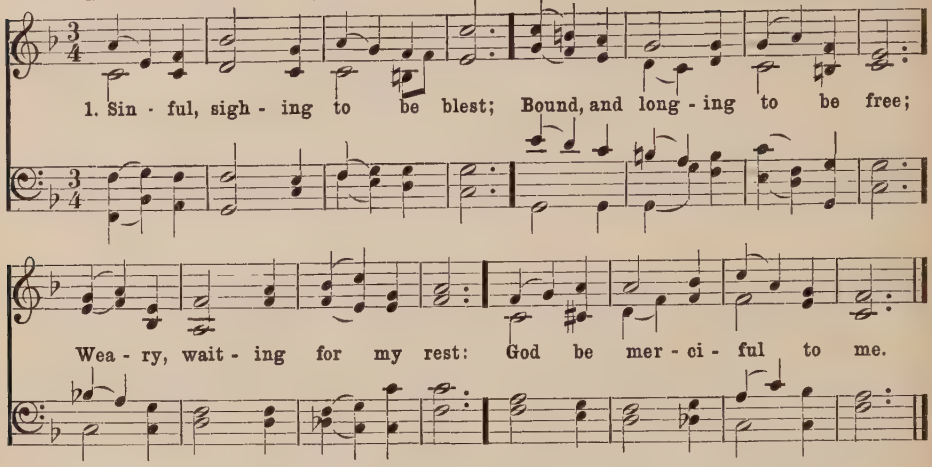
2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;—

3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain;—

4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own:
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

John Taylor, 1818.

371 GREYSTOCK. 7s. (*First Tune.*)

PHILIP ARMES, 1836—.

2 Goodness I have none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need:
God be merciful to me.

3 Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to thee;
Yet thou canst interpret sighs:
God be merciful to me.

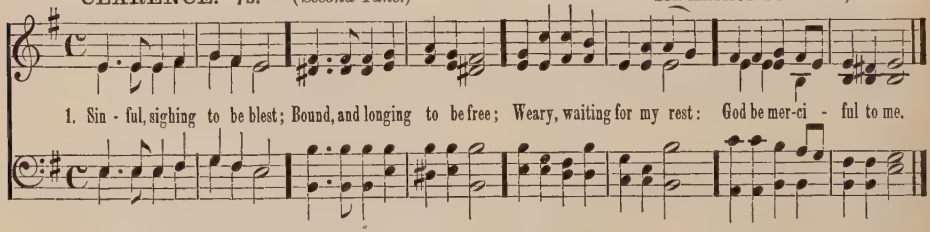
4 From this sinful heart of mine
To thy bosom I would flee:
I am not my own, but thine;
God be merciful to me.

5 There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea
Are in him, and him alone:
God be merciful to me.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1857.

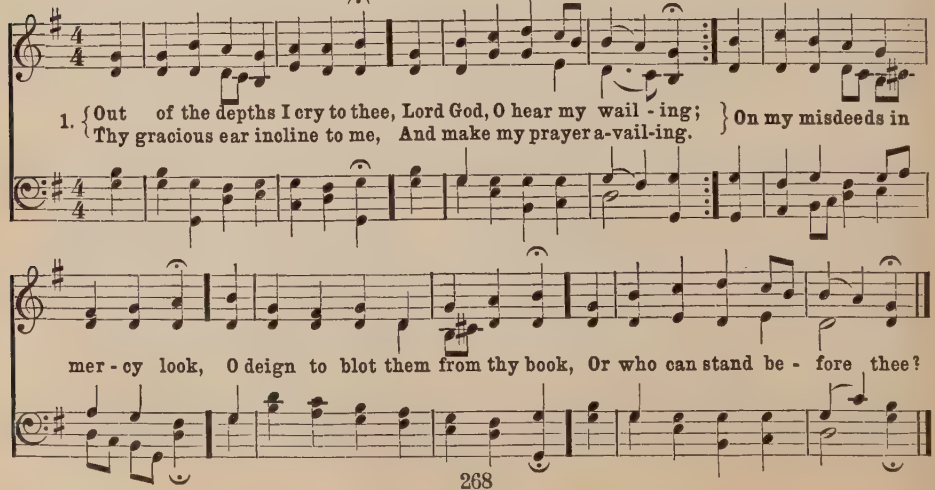
CLARENCE. 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.



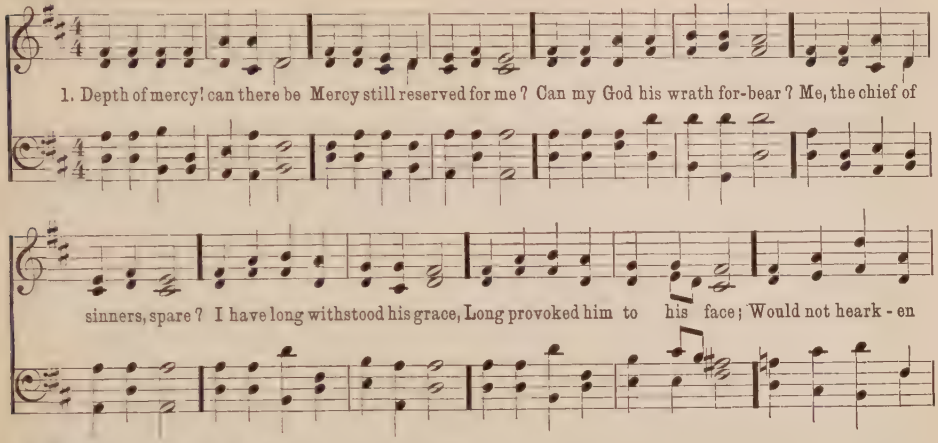
JUDGMENT HYMN. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. (*For No.* 373.)

KLUG'S GESANGBUCH, 1535.


1. Out of the depths I cry to thee, Lord God, O hear my wail - ing;
Thy gracious ear incline to me, And make my prayer a-vail-ing.
On my misdeeds in
mer - cy look, O deign to blot them from thy book, Or who can stand be - fore thee?

372 MISERERE. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*)

W. H. MONK, 1823–1889.

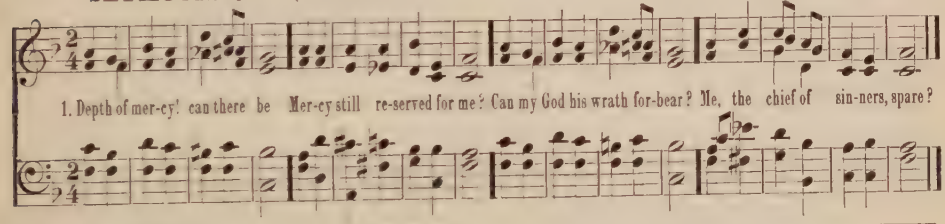

1. Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me? Can my God his wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of
sinners, spare? I have long withstood his grace, Long provoked him to his face; Would not heark - en
to his calls; Grieved him by a thousand falls.

2 Jesus, answer from above:
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?
If I rightly read thy heart,
If thou all compassion art,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow;
Pardon and accept me now.

3 Pity from thine eye let fall;
By a look my soul recall;
Now, the stone to flesh convert,
Cast a look, and break my heart.
Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament:
Now, my foul revolt deplore;
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

C. Wesley, 1708–1788.

SEYMOUR. 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

C. M. F. VON WEBER, 1786–1826.

373 JUDGMENT HYMN. (*Opposite.*)

2 Thy sovereign grace and boundless love
Make thee, O Lord, forgiving;
My purest thoughts and deeds but prove
Sin in my heart is living:
None guiltless in thy sight appear,
All who approach thy throne must fear,
And humbly trust thy mercy.

3 Thou canst be merciful while just,
This is my hope's foundation;
On thy redeeming grace I trust,
Grant me, then, thy salvation.
Shielded by thee I stand secure,
Thy word is firm, thy promise sure,
And I rely upon thee.

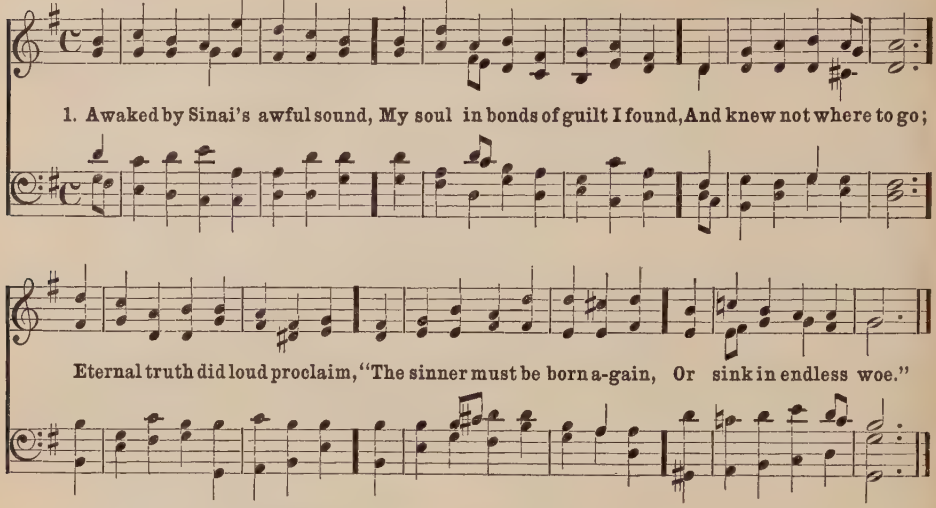
4 Like those who watch for midnight's hour
To hail the dawning morrow,
I wait for thee, I trust thy power,
Unmoved by doubt or sorrow.
So thus let Israel hope in thee,
And he shall find thy mercy free,
And thy redemption plenteous.

5 Where'er the greatest sins abound,
By grace they are exceeded;
Thy helping hand is always found
With aid, where aid is needed:
Thy hand, the only hand to save,
Will rescue Israel from the grave,
And pardon his transgression.

M. Luther, tr. New Congregational Hymn Book, 1859.

374 COLEBROOK. 8. 8. 6. D. (*First Tune.*)

HENRY SMART, 1813-1879.


1. Awaked by Sinai's awful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found, And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim, "The sinner must be born a-gain, Or sink in endless woe."

1 Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
"The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless woe."

2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,
For death and hell drew near;
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain:
"The sinner must be born again"
Still sounded in my ear.

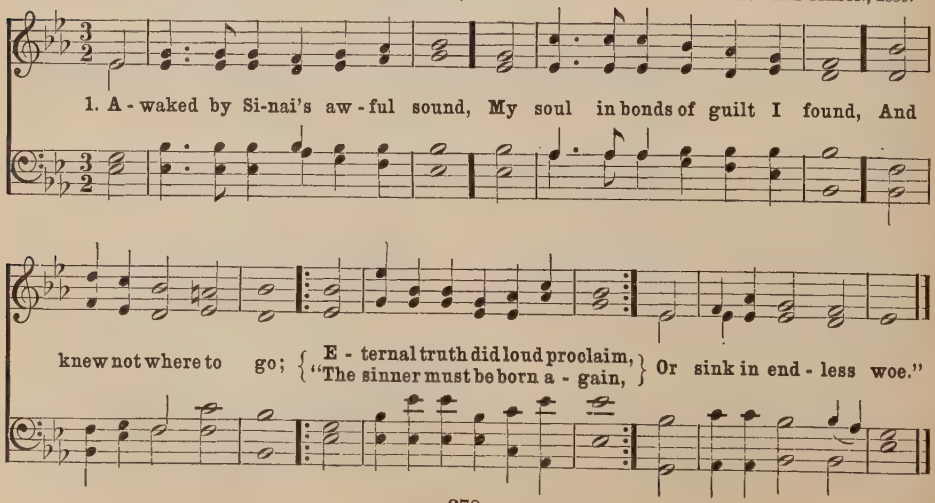
3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head;
I no relief could find:
This fearful truth increased my pain:
"The sinner must be born again"
O'erwhelmed my tortured mind.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Nazareth passed that way,
And felt his pity move:
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

Samson Occum, 1760; Alt. by A. Nettleton, 1824.

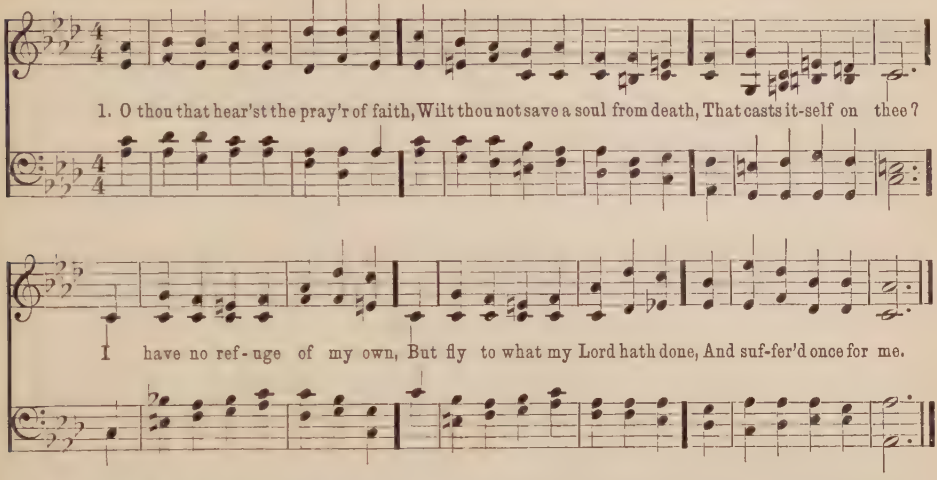
MERIBAH. 8. 8. 6. D. (*Second Tune.*)

LOWELL MASON, 1839.


1. A - waked by Si-nai's aw - ful sound, My soul in bonds of guilt I found, And
knew not where to go; { E - ternal truth did loud proclaim, "The sinner must be born a - gain, } Or sink in end - less woe."

375 ST. AUGUSTINE. 8. 8. 6. D.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1861.


1. O thou that hear'st the pray'r of faith, Wilt thou not save a soul from death, That casts it-self on thee?
I have no ref-uge of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suf-fer'd once for me.

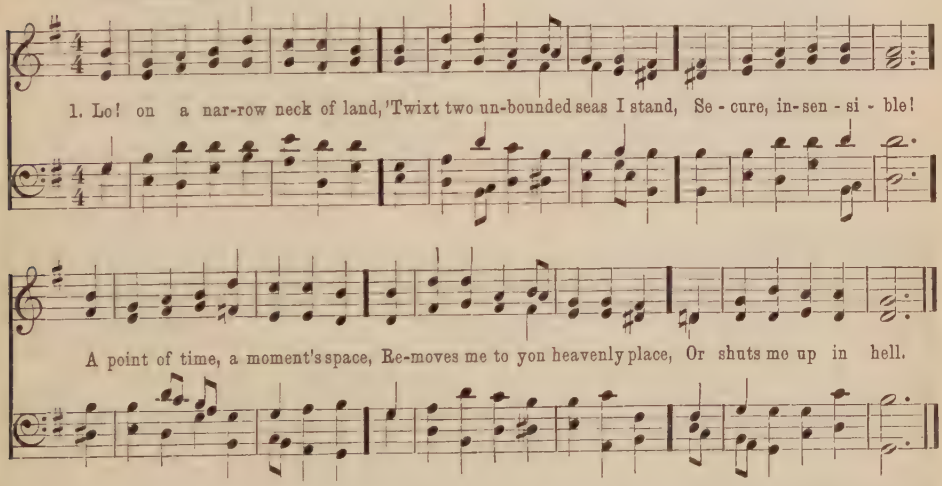
2 Slain in the guilty sinner's stead;
His spotlesss righteousness I plead,
And his availing blood;
That righteousness my robe shall be,
That merit shall atone for me.
And bring me near to God.

3 Then save me from eternal death,
The spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And sweetly whisper to my heart—
"Thy Maker is thy Friend."

A. M. Toplady, 1759.

376 INNSBRUCH. 8. 8. 6. D.

HEINRICH ISAAC, C. 1490.


1. Lo! on a nar-row neck of land, 'Twixt two un-bounded seas I stand, Se-cure, in-sen-si-ble!
A point of time, a moment's space, Re-moves me to yon heavenly place, Or shuts me up in hell.

2 O God, mine inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtful heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight
And tremble on the brink of fate,
And wake to righteousness.

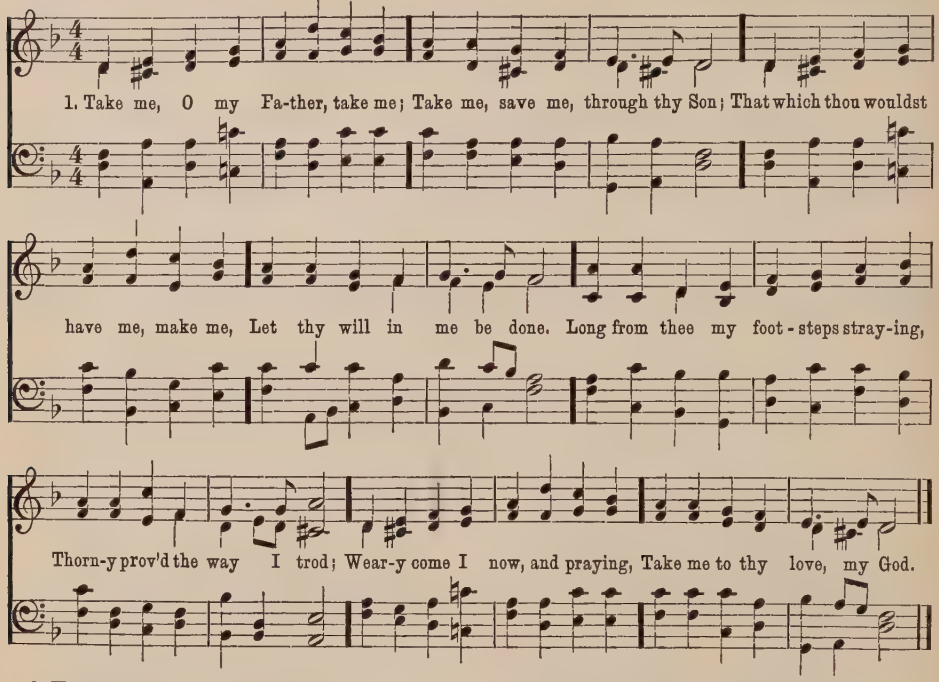
3 Before me place, in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

4 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

377 SUPPLICATION. 8s.7s. D. (*First Tune.*)

W. H. MONK, 1823–1889.


1. Take me, O my Fa-ther, take me; Take me, save me, through thy Son; That which thou wouldst
have me, make me, Let thy will in me be done. Long from thee my foot-steps stray-ing,
Thorn-y prov'd the way I trod; Wear-y come I now, and praying, Take me to thy love, my God.

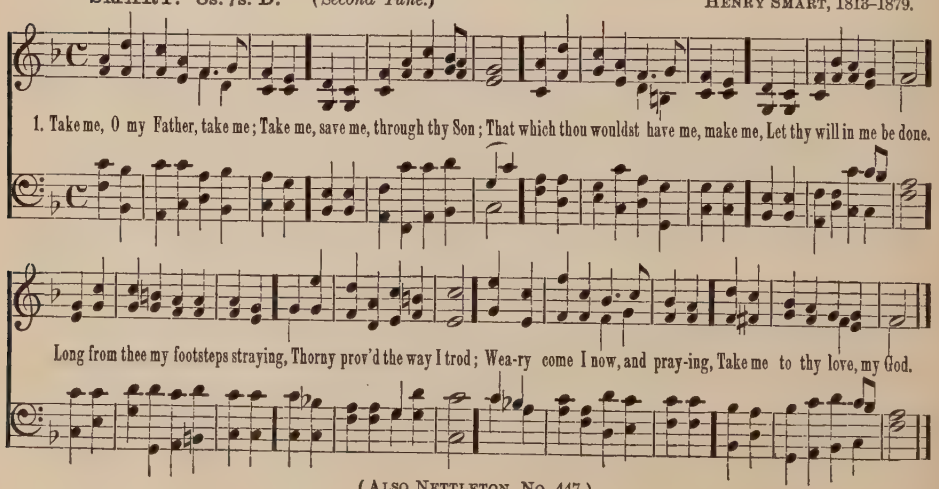
2 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father, falling,
To thy household take me in.
Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely life and soul I offer,
Gift unworthy love like thine.

3 Once the world's Redeemer, dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee:
Father, take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy love for ever living
I must be for ever blest.

Ray Palmer, 1864.

SMART. 8s.7s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

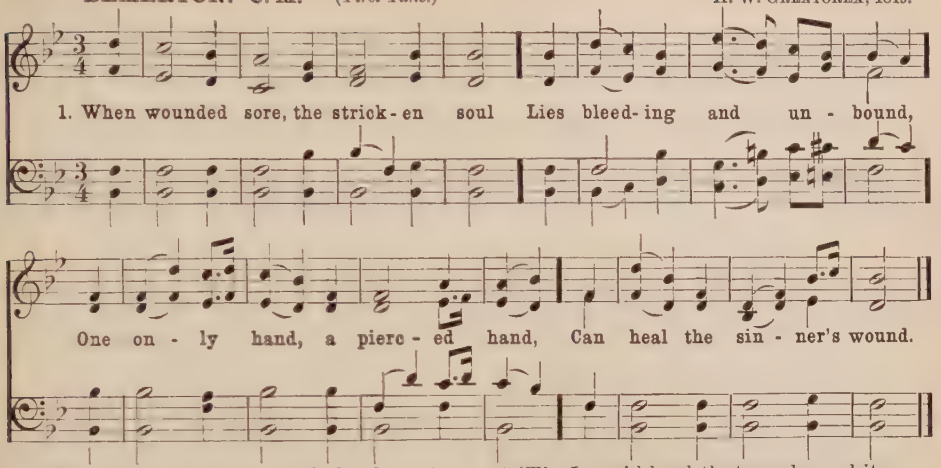
HENRY SMART, 1813–1879.


1. Take me, O my Father, take me; Take me, save me, through thy Son; That which thou wouldst have me, make me, Let thy will in me be done.
Long from thee my footsteps straying, Thorny prov'd the way I trod; Wea-ry come I now, and pray-ing, Take me to thy love, my God.

(ALSO NETTLETON, No. 447.)

378 BEMERTON. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

H. W. Greatorex, 1849.



2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 When penitence has wept in vain
O'er some dark spot within,
One only stream, a stream of blood,
Can wash away the sin.

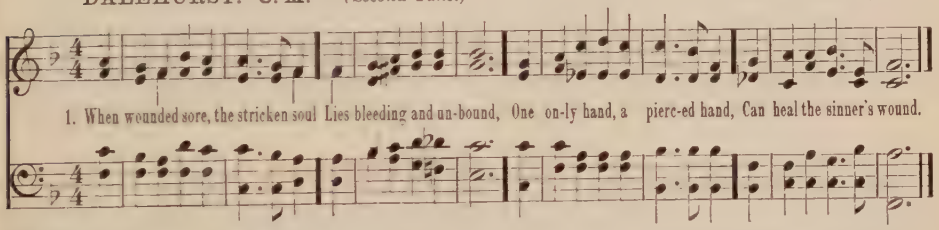
4 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief,
His heart that knows our every joy,
And feels our every grief.

5 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in thy wounded side.

C. F. Alexander, 1858.

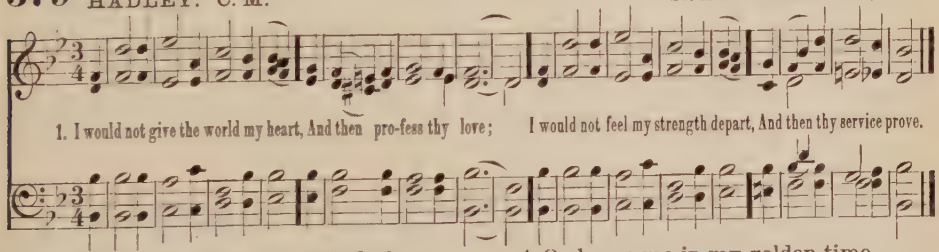
DALEHURST. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

Arthur Cottman, 1872.



379 HADLEY. C. M.

St. Alban's Tune Book, 1865.


1. I would not give the world my heart, And then pro-fess thy love; I would not feel my strength depart, And then thy service prove.

2 Oh, not for thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part!
Oh, not for thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart!

3 Lord, in the fulness of my might
I would for thee be strong!
While runneth o'er each dear delight
To thee should soar my song.

4 O choose me in my golden time,
In my dear joys have part;
For thee the glory of my prime,
The fulness of my heart.

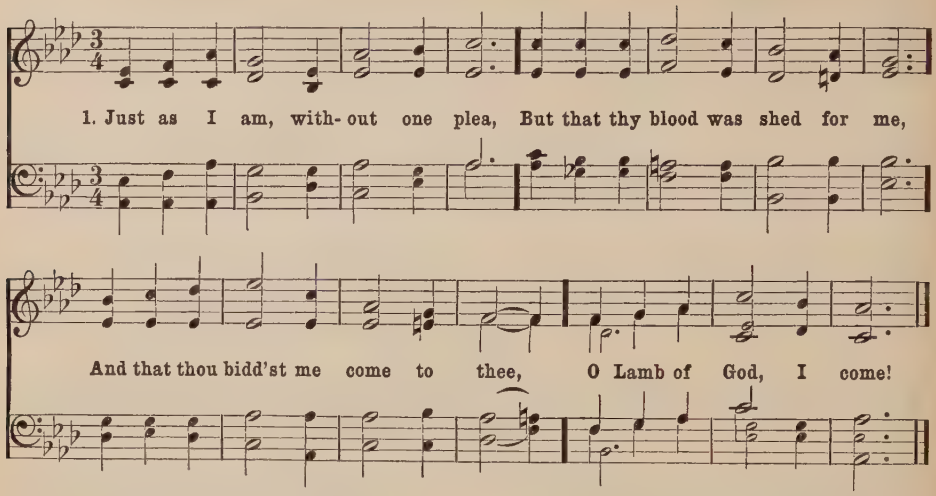
5 I cannot, Lord, too early take
The covenant divine;
Oh, ne'er the happy heart may break
Whose earliest love was thine!

T. H. Gill, 1819—.

(Also Corinth, No. 357.)

380 DUNSTAN. 8.8.8.6. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1893.



1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am,—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

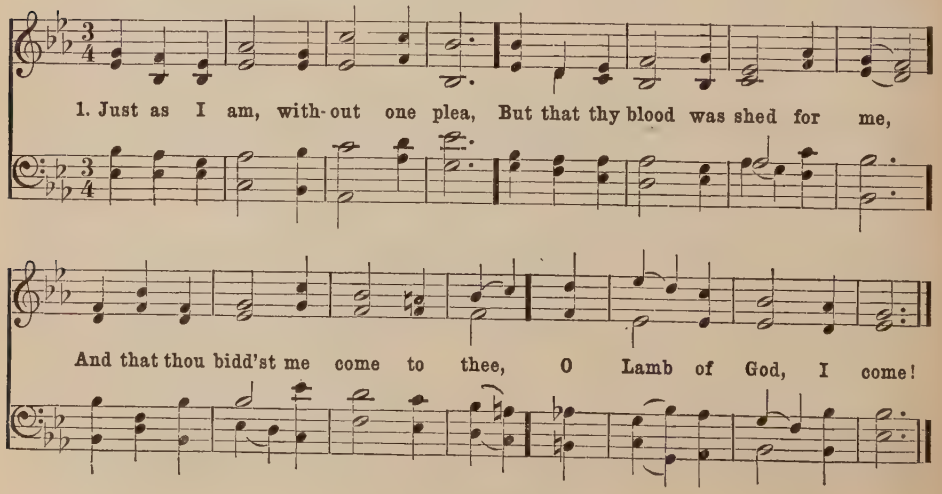
5 Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Charlotte Elliott, 1836.

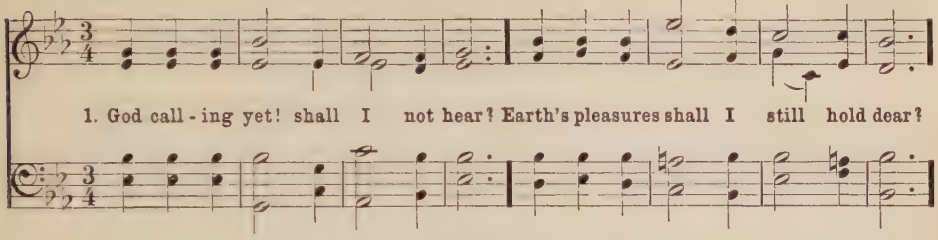
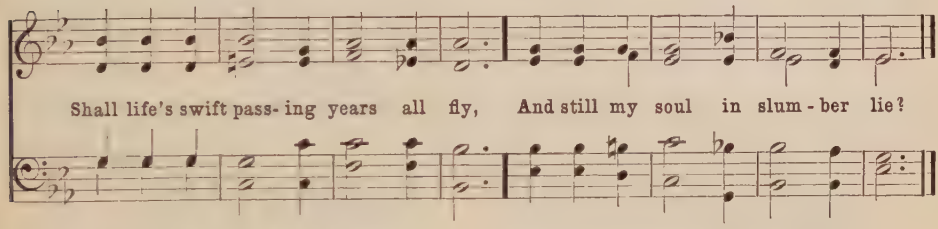
MISERICORDIA. 8.8.8.6. (*Second Tune.*)

H. SMART, 1813–1879.



(ALSO PASCAL AND WOODWORTH, OPPOSITE.)

381 PASCAL. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

SIR G. J. ELVEY, 1816–1893.



1 God calling yet! shall I not hear?
Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

2 God calling yet! shall I not rise?
Can I his loving voice despise,
And basely his kind care repay?
He calls me still; can I delay?

3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock!
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

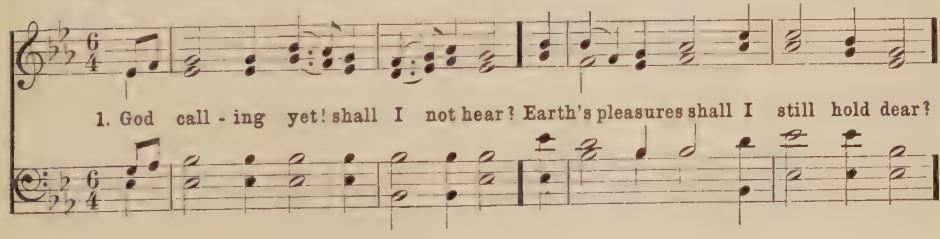
4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still! my heart, awake!

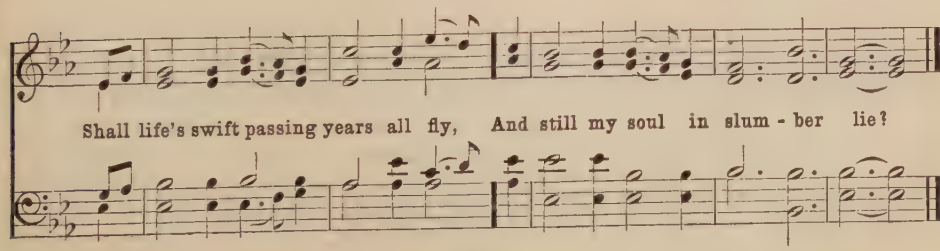
5 God calling yet! I can not stay;
My heart I yield without delay:
Vain world, farewell; from thee I part;
The voice of God hath reached my heart.

G. Tersteegen, 1735. Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1853.

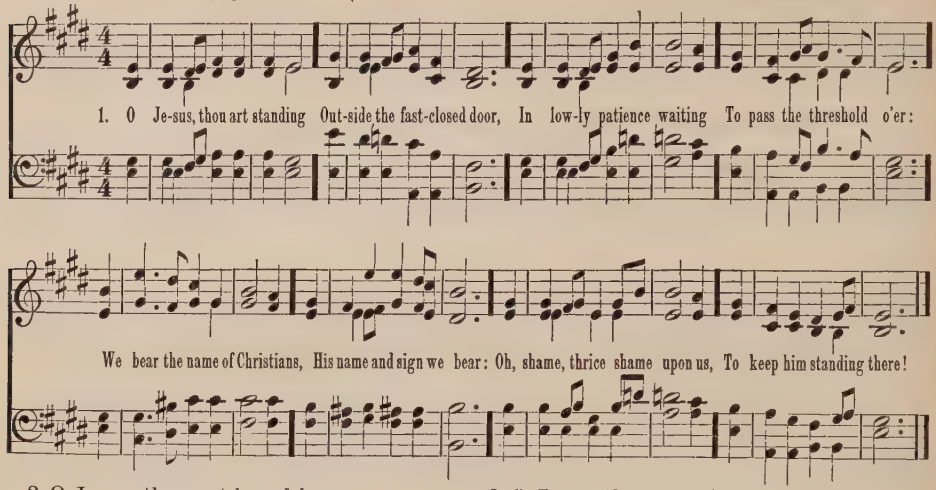
WOODWORTH. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1849.





382 **ST. HILDA.** 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*) ALT. FROM E. HUSBAND, 1843—.

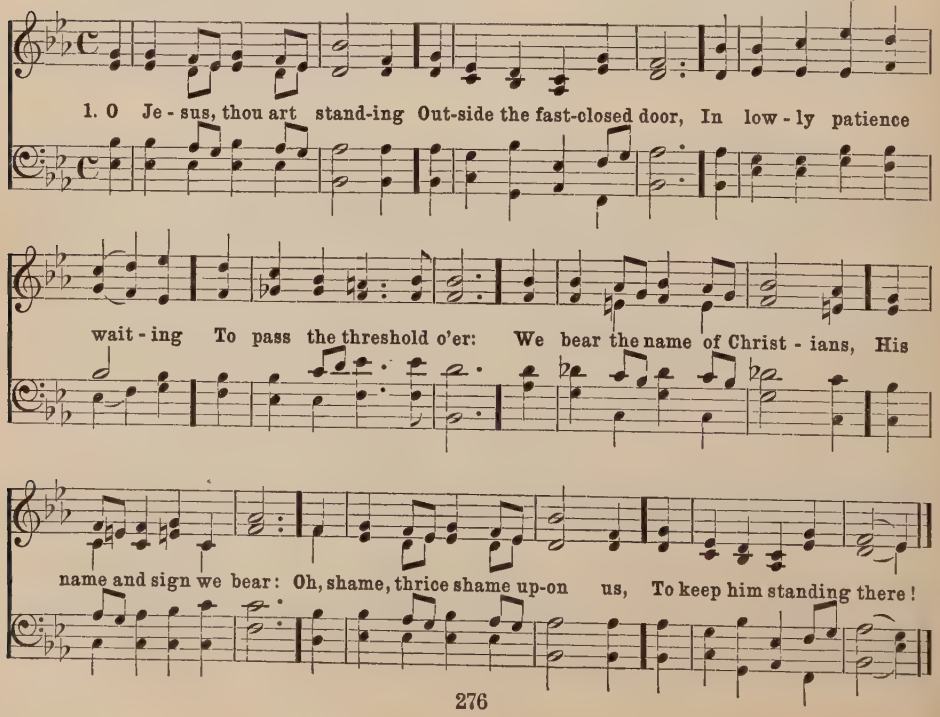

1. O Je-sus, thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In low-ly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians, His name and sign we bear: Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep him standing there!

2 O Jesus, thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns thy brow encircle,
And tears thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait;
O sin that hath no equal.
So fast to bar the gate;

3 O Jesus, thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,—
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door:
Dear Saviour, enter, enter,
And leave us nevermore!

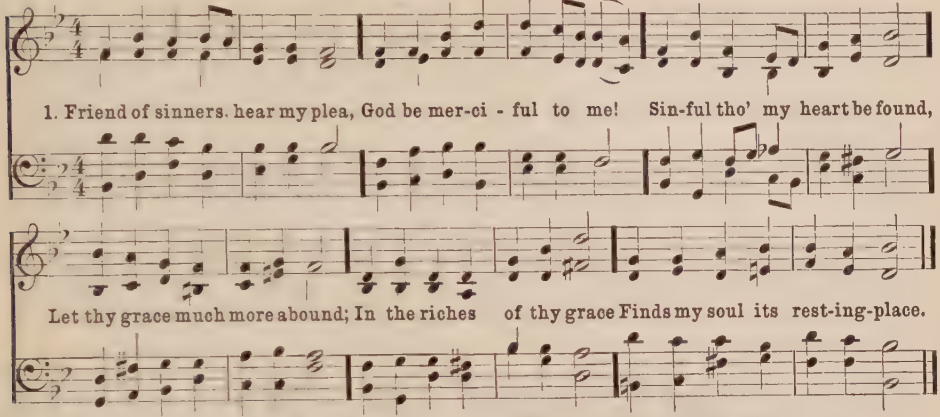
William Walsham How, 1854.

LUX MUNDI. 7s. 6s. D. (*Second Tune.*) SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.


1. O Je - sus, thou art stand-ing Out-side the fast-closed door, In low - ly patience
wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Christ - ians, His
name and sign we bear: Oh, shame, thrice shame up-on us, To keep him standing there!

383 HEREFORD. 7s. 6l. (*First Tune.*)

S. S. WESLEY, 1810–1876.


1. Friend of sinners, hear my plea, God be mer-ci - ful to me! Sin-ful tho' my heart be found,
Let thy grace much more abound; In the riches of thy grace Finds my soul its rest-ing-place.

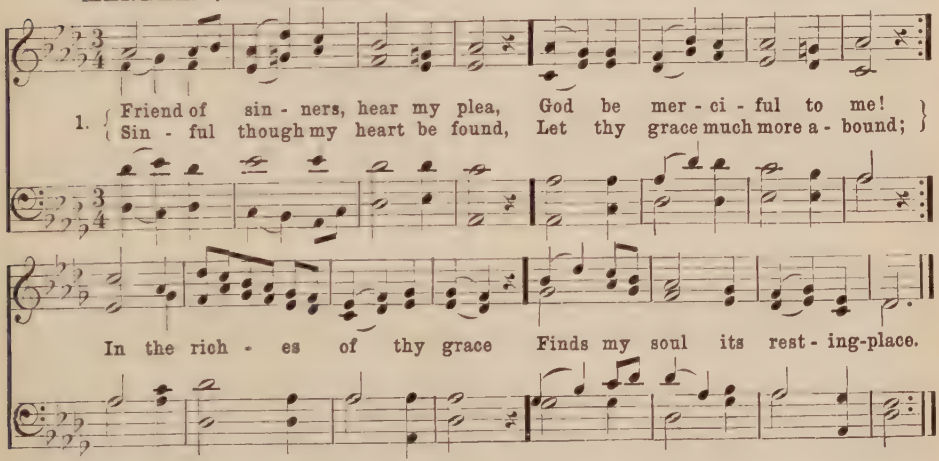
1 Friend of sinners, hear my plea,
God be merciful to me!
Sinful though my heart be found,
Let thy grace much more abound:
In the riches of thy grace
Finds my soul its resting-place.

2 Righteous Advocate with God,
Grant forgiveness through thy blood:
In my heart I now believe,
Thy atonement I receive;
Freely with my mouth confess
Thee my Lord, my Righteousness.

3 Trusting thee, O Christ, my King,
Shall my soul thy praises sing;
Saved by thee, thou Holy One,—
Not by works which I have done,—
Heart and tongue confess again,
Thine the glory, Lord. Amen.

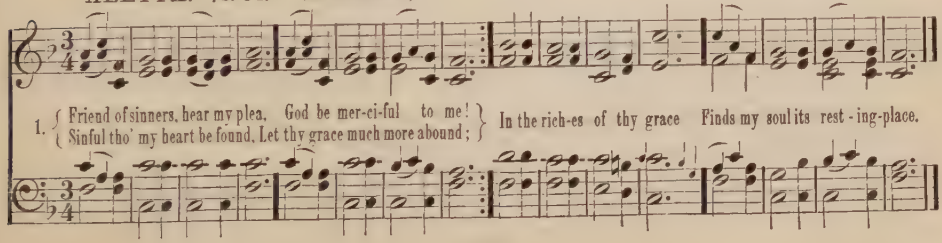
H. L. Morehouse, 1872.

MENDEL. 7s. 6l. (*Second Tune.*)

ARR. FROM MENDELSSOHN, 1809–1847.

1. Friend of sin - ners, hear my plea, God be mer - ci - ful to me!
Sin - ful though my heart be found, Let thy grace much more a - bound;
In the rich - es of thy grace Finds my soul its rest - ing-place.

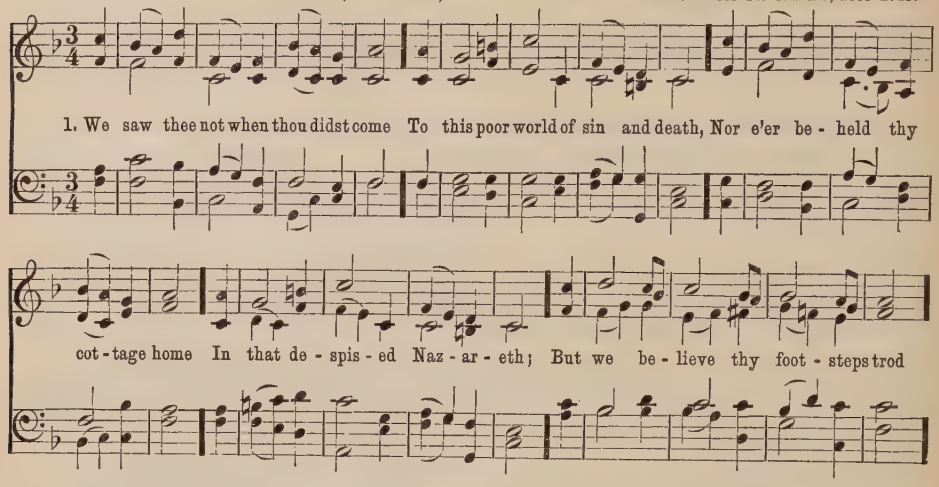
ALETTA. 7s. 6l. (*Third Tune.*)

W. B. BRADBURY, 1816–1868.


1. Friend of sinners, hear my plea, God be mer-ci-ful to me!
Sinful tho' my heart be found, Let thy grace much more abound;
In the rich-es of thy grace Finds my soul its rest - ing-place.

384 WOBURN. L. M. 61. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM H. CAREY, 1685–1743.


1. We saw thee not when thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death, Nor e'er be - held thy
cot - tage home In that de - spis - ed Naz - ar - eth; But we be - lieve thy foot - steps trod
Its streets and plains, thou Son of God.

2 We did not see thee lifted high,
Amid that wild and savage crew;
Nor heard thy meek, imploring cry,
"Forgive, they know not what they do!"
Yet we believe the deed was done,
Which shook the earth, and veiled the sun.

3 We stood not by the empty tomb,
Where late thy sacred body lay;
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met thee in the open way;
But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"

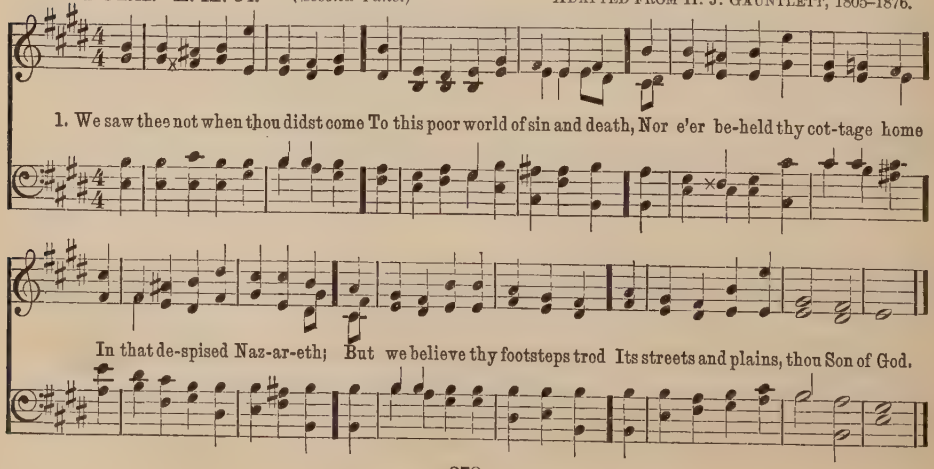
4 We did not mark the chosen few,
When thou didst thro' the clouds ascend,
First, lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend;
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.

5 And now that thou dost reign on high,
And thence thy waiting people bless,
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness;
But we believe thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

American Anon., H. J. Buckoll, 1838. J. H. Gurney, 1851.

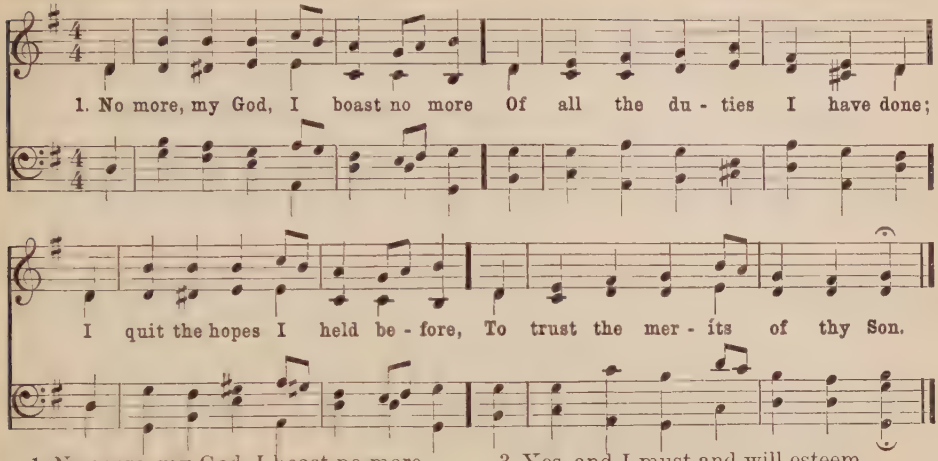
DURA. L. M. 61. (*Second Tune.*)

ADAPTED FROM H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876.


1. We saw thee not when thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death, Nor e'er be-held thy cot-tage home
In that de-spised Naz-ar-eth; But we believe thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, thou Son of God.

385 CANONBURY. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

R. Schumann, 1810–1856.



1 No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

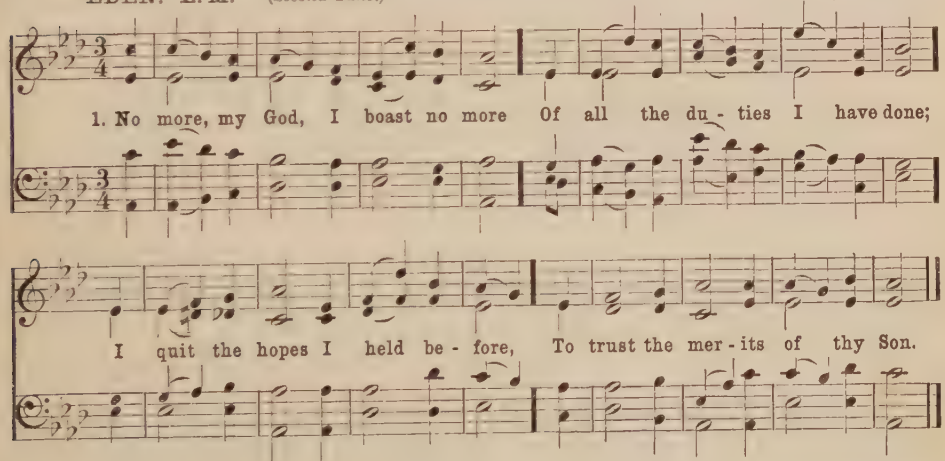
3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne:
But faith can answer thy demands
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

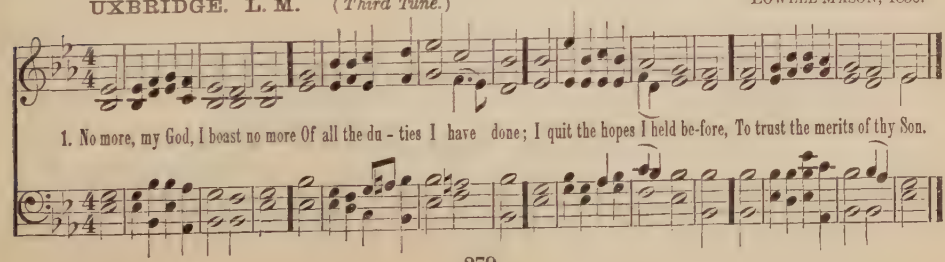
EDEN. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

L. Mason, 1792–1872.

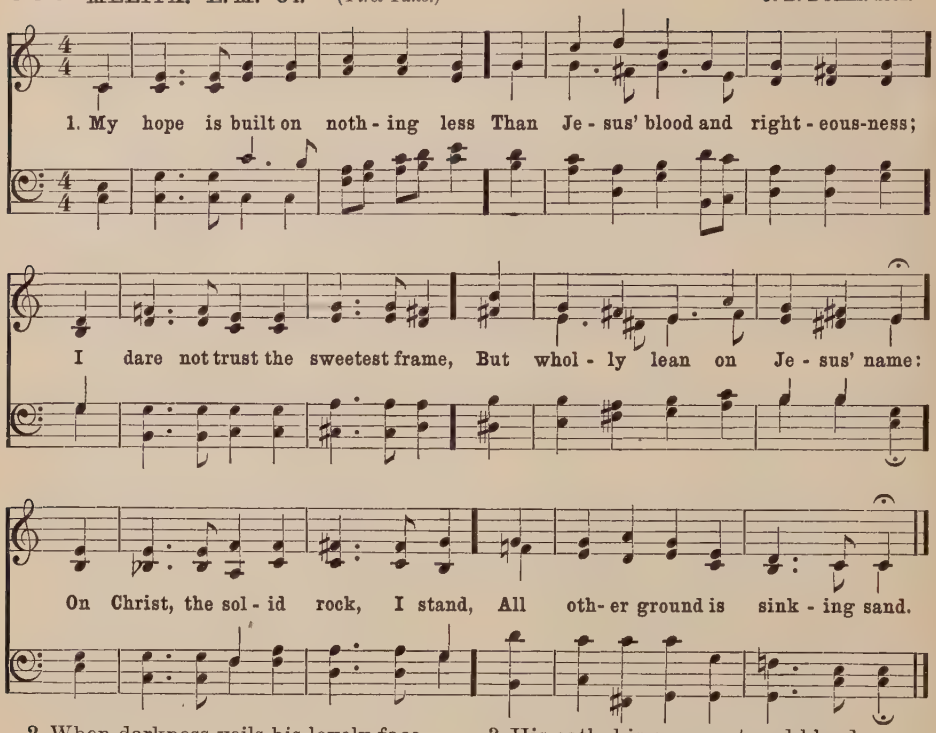


UXBRIDGE. L. M. (*Third Tune.*)

Lowell Mason, 1830.



386 MELITA. L. M. 61. (*First Tune.*) J. B. DYKES. 1861.

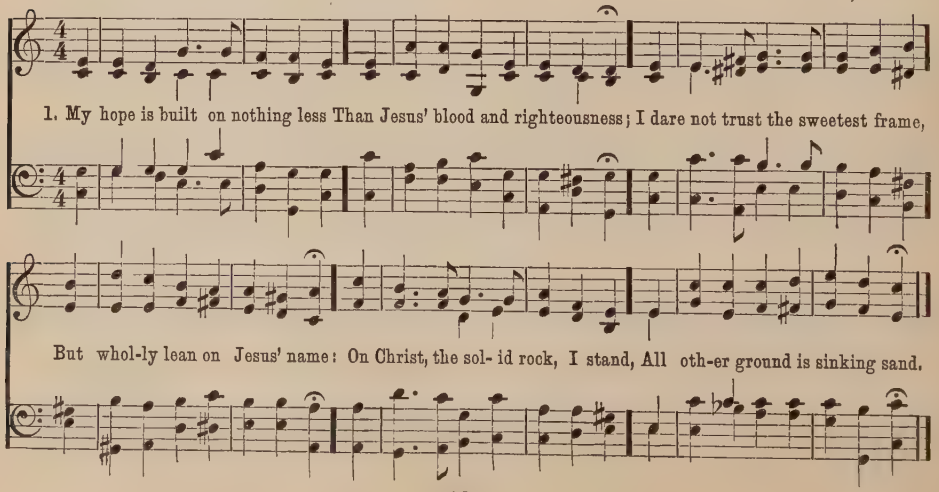

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and right - eous-ness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name:
On Christ, the sol - id rock, I stand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

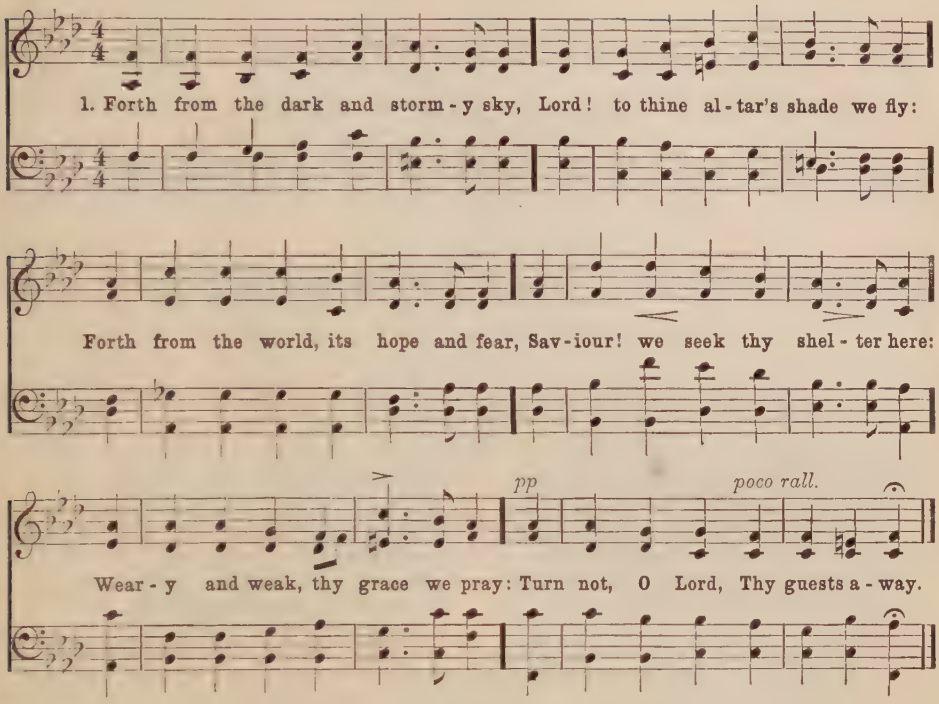
3 His oath, his covenant and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood:
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay:
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

Edward Mote, 1836.

PENIEL. L. M. 61. (*Second Tune.*) J. BOOTH, 1852—.


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness; I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But whol-ly lean on Jesus' name: On Christ, the sol- id rock, I stand, All oth-er ground is sinking sand.

387 NAYLOR. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

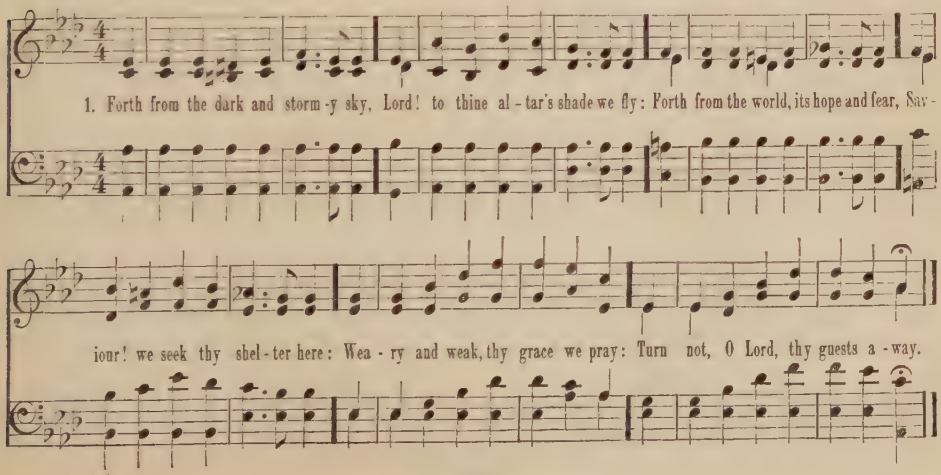
JOHN NAYLOR, 1872.

1. Forth from the dark and storm-y sky, Lord! to thine al-tar's shade we fly:
Forth from the world, its hope and fear, Sav-iour! we seek thy shel-ter here:
pp
poco rall.
Wear-y and weak, thy grace we pray: Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests a-way.

2 Long have we roam'd in want and pain;
Long have we sought thy rest in vain!
Wilder'd in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed:
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

Reginald Heber, 1827.

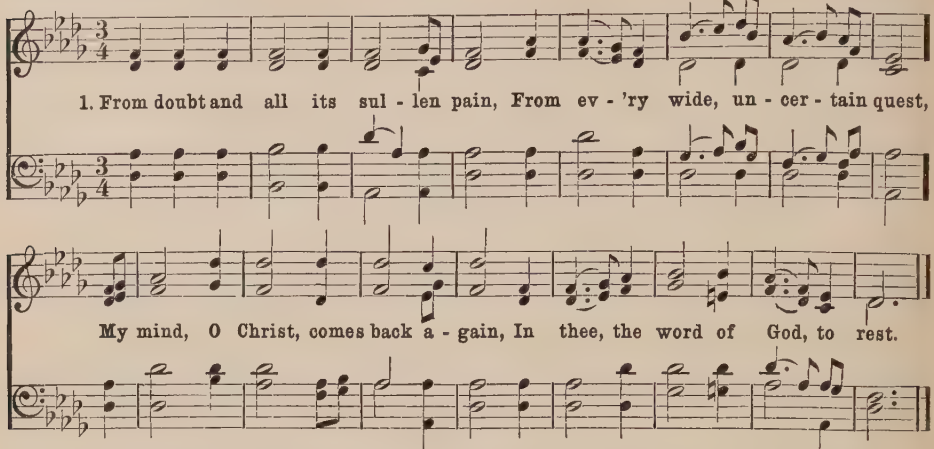
DORTMUND. L. M. 6. 7. (*Second Tune.*)

W. C. FILBY, 1836—.


1. Forth from the dark and storm-y sky, Lord! to thine al-tar's shade we fly: Forth from the world, its hope and fear, Sav-
iour! we seek thy shel-ter here: Wea-ry and weak, thy grace we pray: Turn not, O Lord, thy guests a-way.

388 REDEMPTION. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

M. L. C. Z. S. Cherubini, 1760–1842.


1. From doubt and all its sul - len pain, From ev - 'ry wide, un - cer - tain quest,
My mind, O Christ, comes back a - gain, In thee, the word of God, to rest.

2 My laden conscience knows thy voice,
In thee my reasonings end their strife,
Thou strangely dost my heart rejoice;
Where else is Way or Truth or Life?

3 Thou canst not disappoint the trust
That finds its answers all in thee;
Because thou wert the holy, just,
And good,—and must forever be.

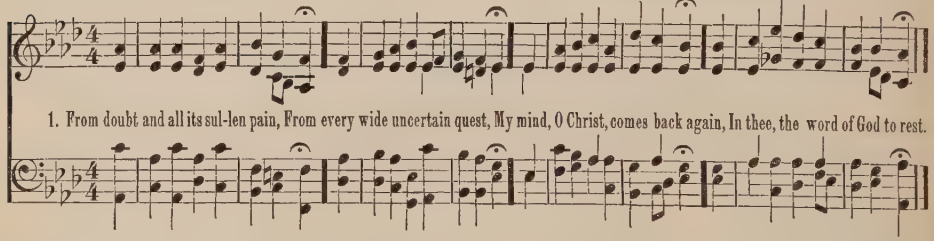
4 As we in God believe and dwell,
So do we take thy word and know
That love is light, and all is well;
Thou would'st have told were it not so!

5 O blessèd and enduring Rock,
Who builds on thee shall never fall;
O Shepherd of one only flock,
Beyond all fear enfold us all!

M. W. Stryker, 1890, abr.

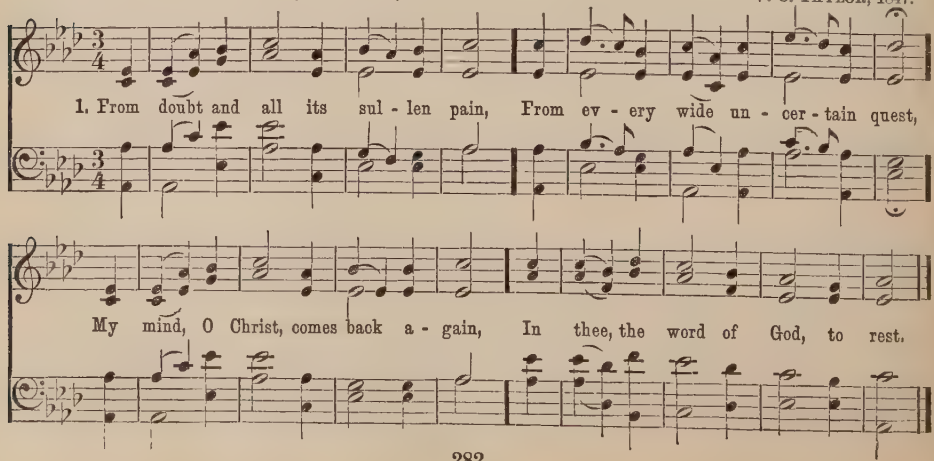
BRESLAU. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. Clauder's Psalmodia Nova, 1630.


1. From doubt and all its sul-len pain, From every wide uncertain quest, My mind, O Christ, comes back again, In thee, the word of God to rest.

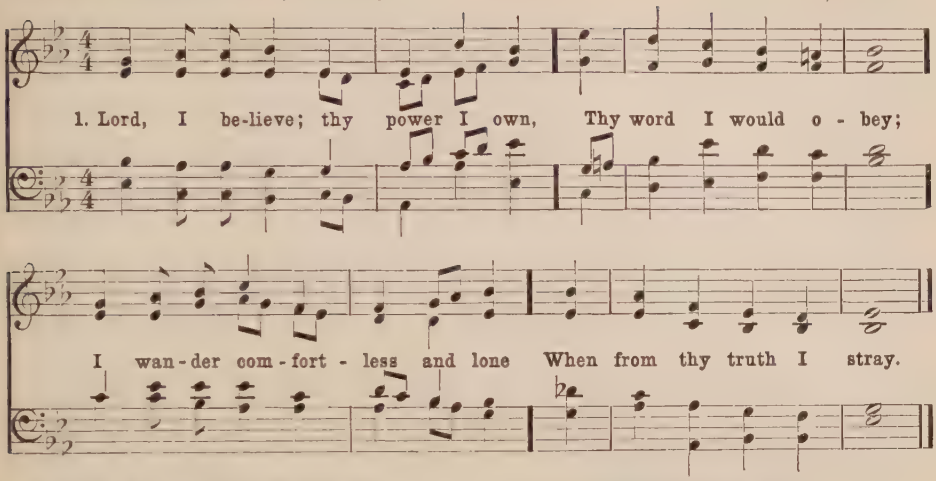
LOUVAN. L. M. (*Third Tune.*)

V. C. Taylor, 1847.


1. From doubt and all its sul - len pain, From ev - ery wide un - cer - tain quest,
My mind, O Christ, comes back a - gain, In thee, the word of God, to rest.

389 ELVET. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.



2 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
Sometimes bedim my sight;
I look to thee with prayers and tears,
And cry for strength and light.

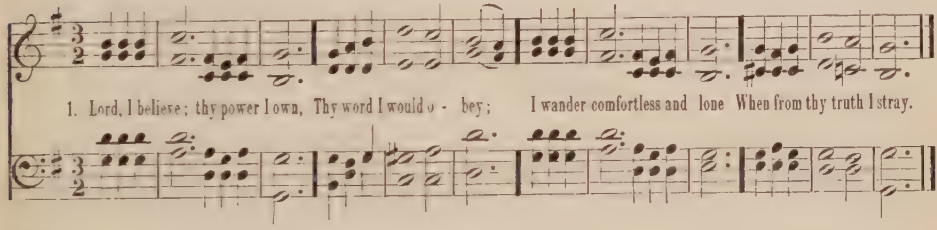
3 Lord, I believe; but thou dost know
My faith is cold and weak;
Pity my frailty, and bestow
The confidence I seek.

4 Yes, I believe; and only thou
Canst give my soul relief:
Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow;
Help thou mine unbelief.

J. R. Wreford, 1837.

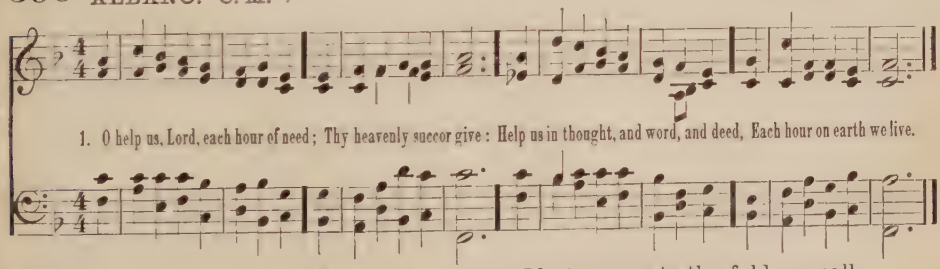
LAMBETH. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

S. Webbe, (?) 1740–1816.



390 ALBANO. C. M.

Vincent Novello, 1868.



2 O help us when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

3 O help us, through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still, the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

4 If, strangers to thy fold, we call,
Imploring at thy feet
The crumbs that from thy table fall,
'Tis all we dare entreat.

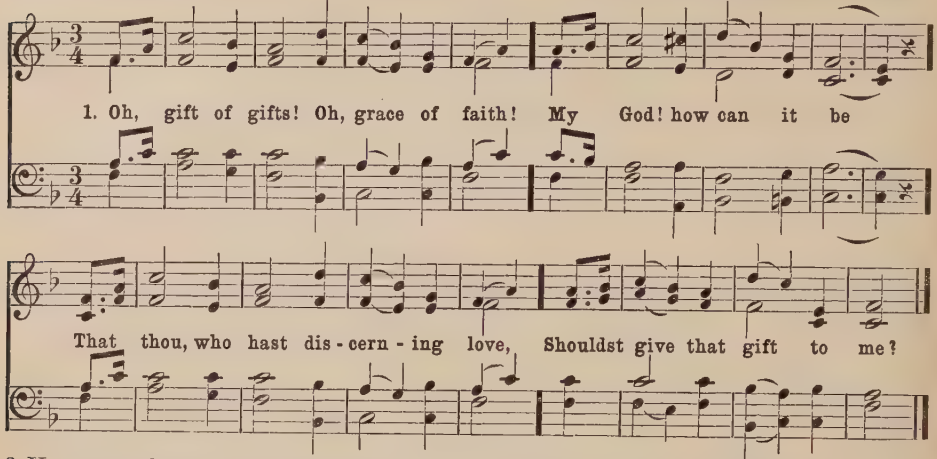
5 But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
So thou wilt grant but this:
The crumbs that from thy table fall
Are light, and life, and bliss.

H. H. Milman, 1827.

(Also Avon, No. 254.)

391 GENTLENESS. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM OLIVER SHAW, 1778–1848.



2 How many hearts thou mightst have had
More innocent than mine!
How many souls more worthy far
Of that sweet touch of thine!

3 Ah, grace! into unlikeliest hearts
It is thy boast to come,
The glory of thy light to find
In darkest spots a home.

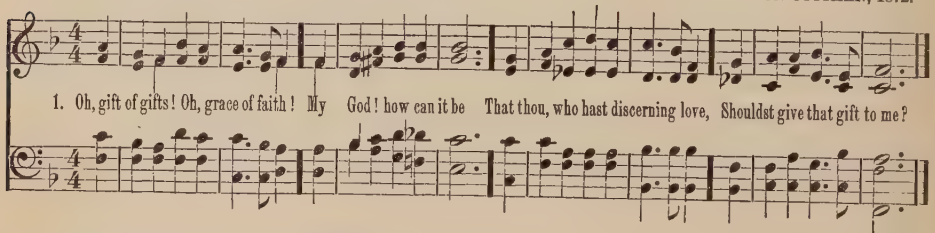
4 The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low
When faith shines full and bright.

5 Oh, happy, happy that I am!
If thou canst be, O faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

F. W. Faber, 1849.

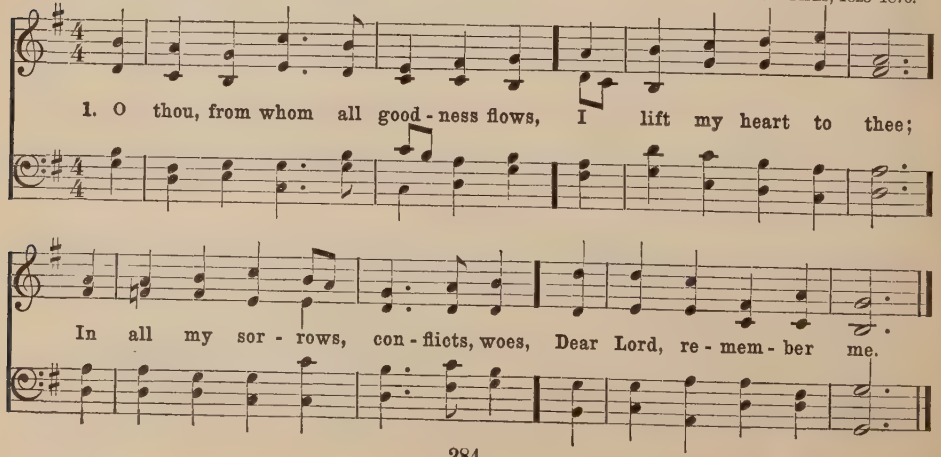
DALEHURST. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

ARTHUR COTTMAN, 1872.



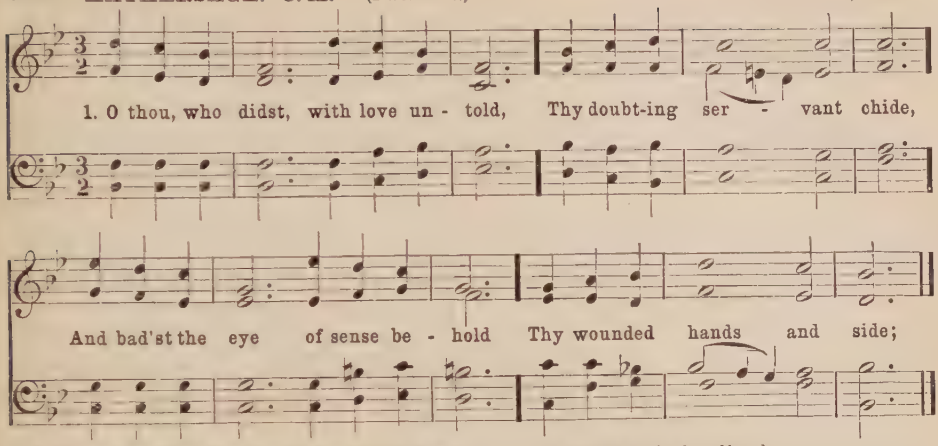
ST. FAITH. C. M. (*Second Tune for No.* 393.)

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



392 HATHERSAGE. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

R. Jackson, 1842—.


1. O thou, who didst, with love un - told, Thy doubt-ing ser - vant chide,
And bad'st the eye of sense be - hold Thy wounded hands and side;

2 Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe,
To own thee God and Lord,
And from this hour of darkness draw
A fuller faith's reward.

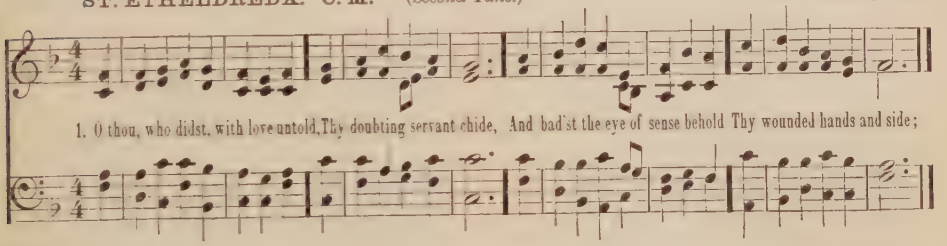
3 And while that wondrous record now
Of unbelief we hear,
O let us only lowlier bow
In self-distrusting fear;

4 And pray that we may never dare
Thy loving heart to grieve,
But at the last their blessings share
Who see not, yet believe.

Mrs. E. L. Toke, 1812–1872.

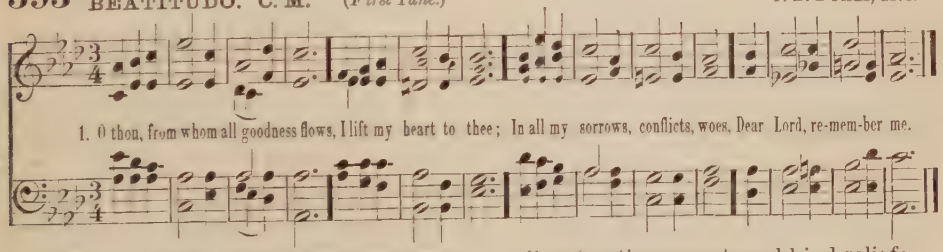
ST. ETHELDREDA. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

Thomas Turton, 1862.


1. O thou, who didst, with love untold, Thy doubting servant chide, And bad'st the eye of sense behold Thy wounded hands and side;

393 BEATITUDO. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. Dykes, 1875.



2 When groaning on my burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love remember me.

3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee:
O give me strength, Lord, as my day;
For good remember me.

4 Distressed with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief:
Hear and remember me.

5 If on my face, for thy dear Name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

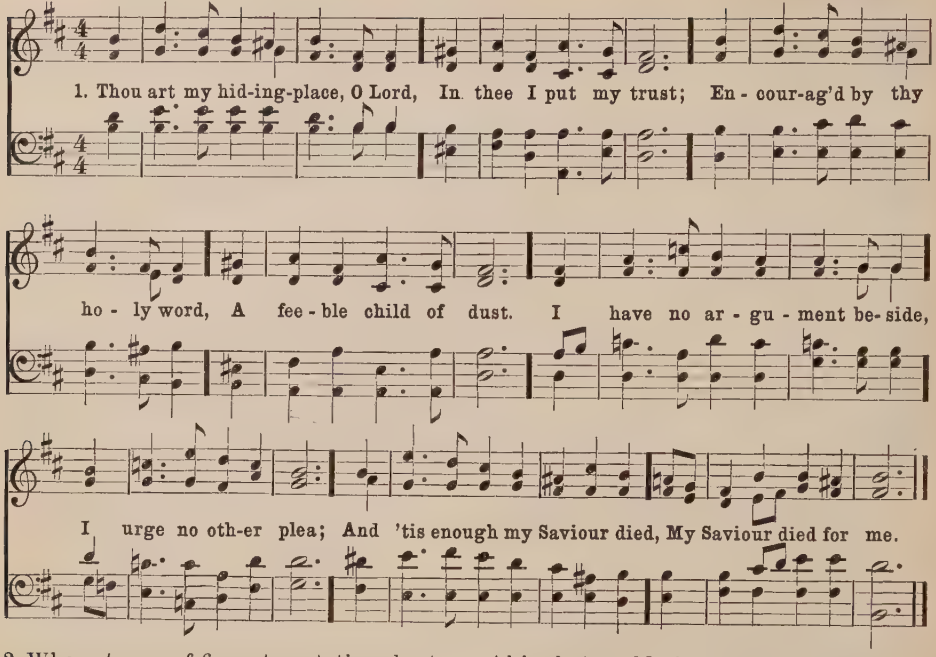
6 The hour is near; consigned to death,
I own the just decree;
"Saviour," with my last parting breath
I'll cry, "remember me!"

Thomas Haweis, 1792.

(Also Naomi, No. 484.)

394 KINROSS. [Pax.] C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. KINROSS, 1848—.


1. Thou art my hid-ing-place, O Lord, In thee I put my trust; En - cour-ag'd by thy
ho - ly word, A fee - ble child of dust. I have no ar - gu - ment be-side,
I urge no oth-er plea; And 'tis enough my Saviour died, My Saviour died for me.

2 When storms of fierce temptations beat,
And furious foes assail,
My refuge is the mercy-seat,
My hope within the veil.
From strife of tongues and bitter words
My spirit flees to thee:
Joy to my heart the thought affords,
My Saviour died for me.

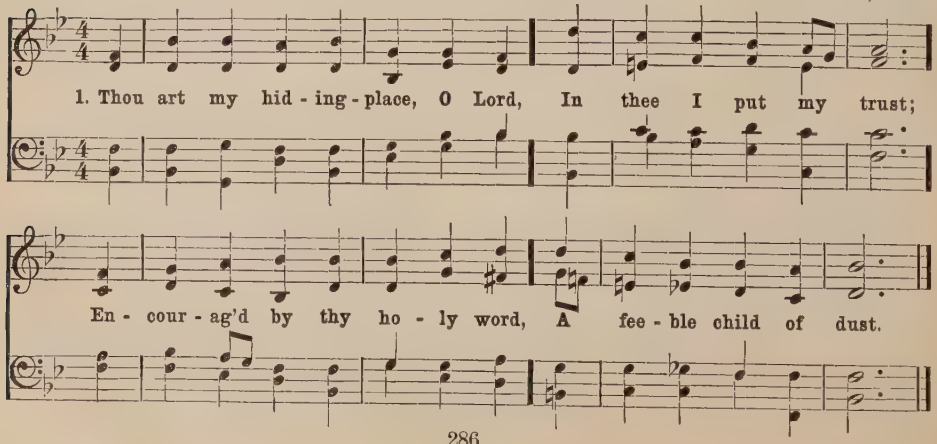
3 'Mid trials heavy to be borne,
When mortal strength is vain,
A heart with grief and anguish torn,
A body racked with pain;
Ah! what could give the sufferer rest,
Bid every murmur flee,
But this, the witness in my breast
That Jesus died for me?

4 And when thine awful voice commands
This body to decay,
And life, in its last lingering sands,
Is ebbing fast away,—
Then, though it be in accents weak,
And faint and tremblingly,
O give me strength in death to speak,
"My Saviour died for me."

Thomas Raffles, 1833

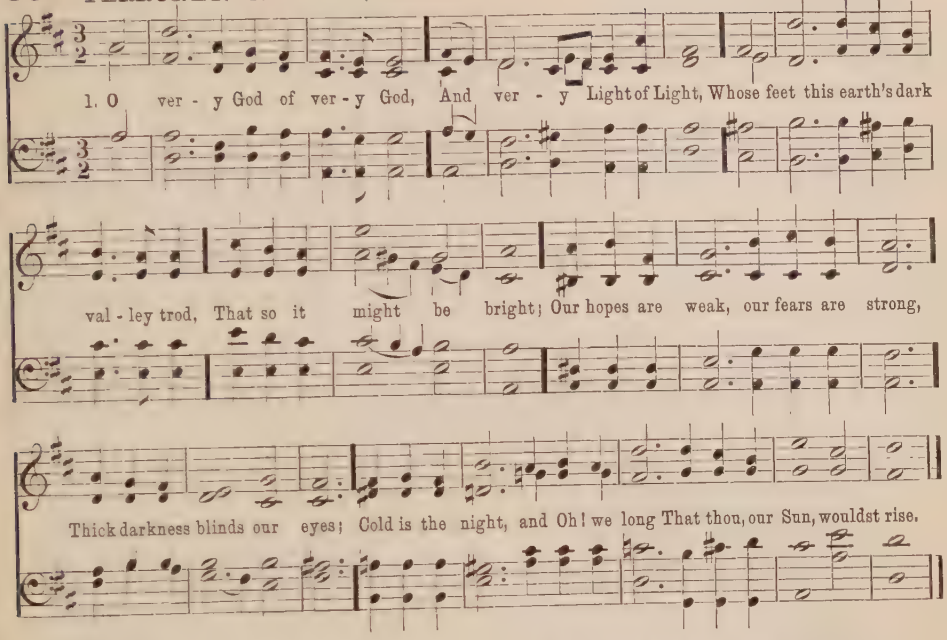
ALVESTON. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. BARNBY, 1883.



395 PERRONET. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

E. E. AYRES, 1896.


1. O ver - y God of ver - y God, And ver - y Light of Light, Whose feet this earth's dark
val - ley trod, That so it might be bright; Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes; Cold is the night, and Oh! we long That thou, our Sun, wouldst rise.

1 O very God of very God,
And very Light of Light,
Whose feet this earth's dark valley trod,
That so it might be bright;
Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;
Cold is the night, and Oh! we long
That thou, our Sun, wouldst rise.

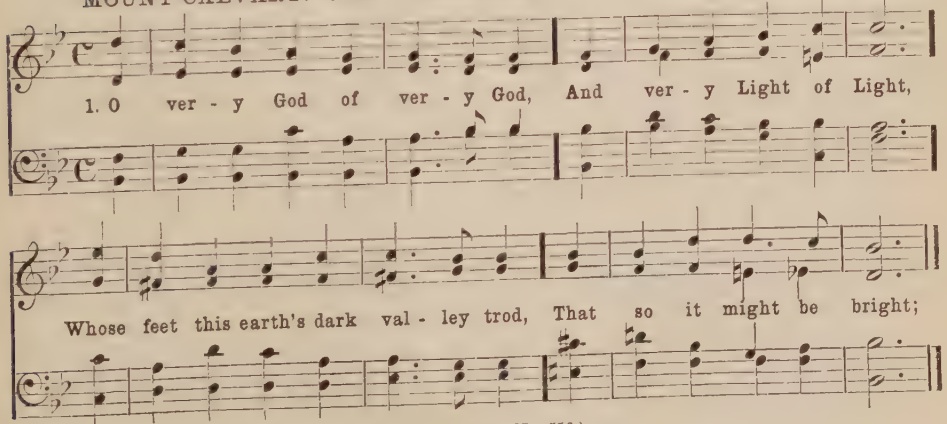
2 And even now, though dull and gray,
The east is brightening fast,
And kindling to the perfect day
That never shall be past.
O guide us till our path is done,
And we have reached the shore
Where thou, our everlasting Sun,
Art shining evermore.

3 We wait in faith, and turn our face
To where the daylight springs,
Till thou shalt come, our gloom to chase,
With healing in thy wings.
To God the Father power and might
Both now and ever be;
To him that is the Light of Light
And, Holy Ghost, to thee.

J. M. Neale, 1846.

MOUNT CALVARY. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

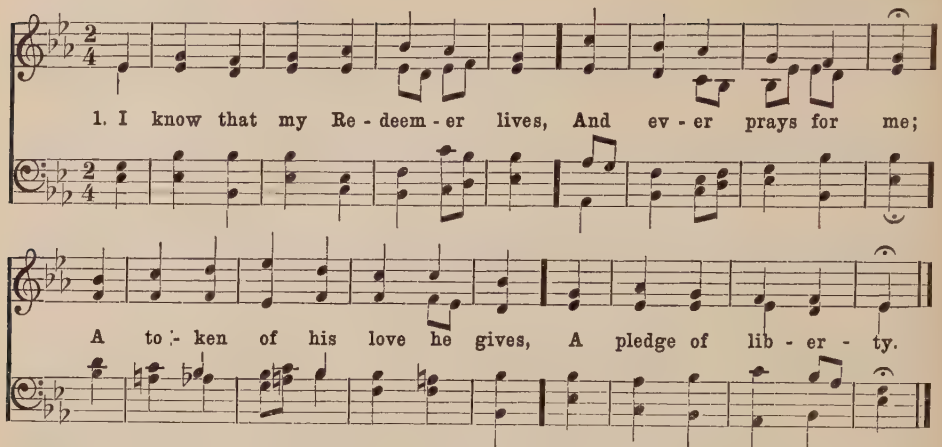
SIR R. P. STEWART, 1825-1894.



(ALSO VARINA, No. 556.)

396 HEIDELBERG. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

MELCHIOR VULPIUS.



2 I find him lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And he will soon appear.

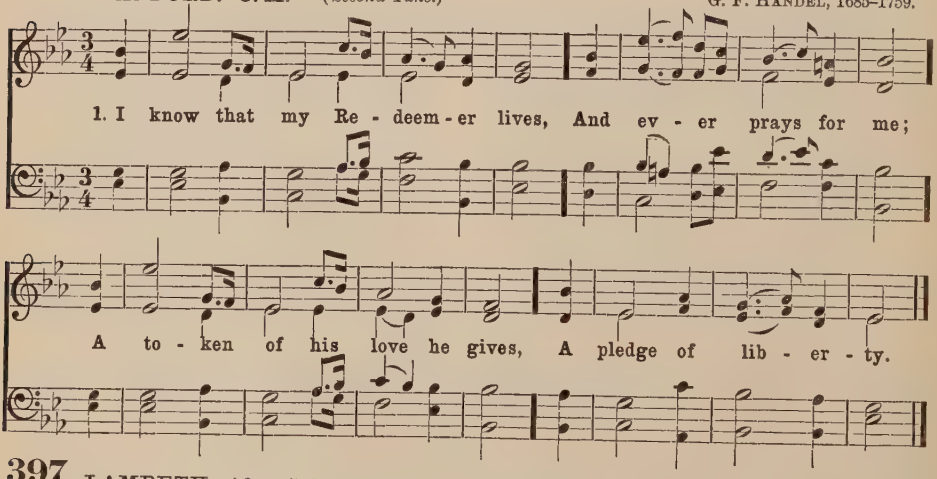
3 He wills that I should holy be;
Who can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfill.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

C. Wesley, 1749.

BRADFORD. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

G. F. HANDEL, 1685–1759.



397 LAMBETH. (*Opposite.*)

1 Father of love, our Guide and Friend,
O, lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won.

2 We know not what the path may be
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to thee,
Our Father and our God.

3 But if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That makes the spirit pure.

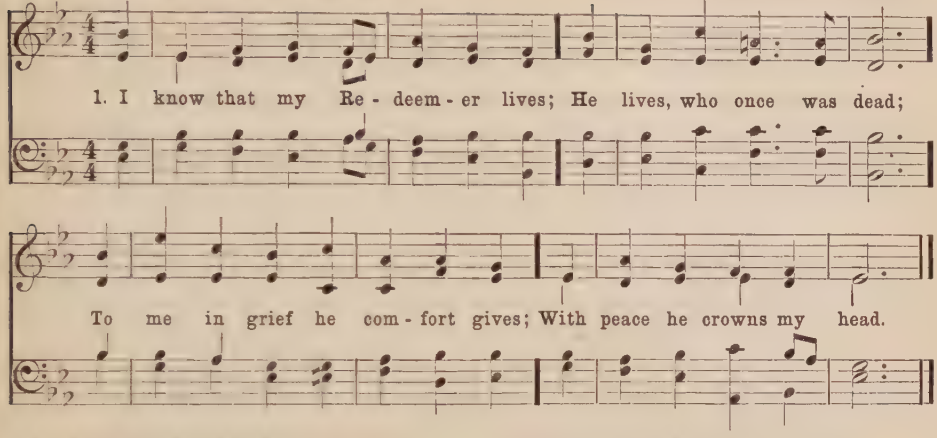
4 Christ by no flowery pathway came,
And we, his followers here,
Must do thy will and praise thy name,
In hope, and love, and fear.

5 And, till in heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit now
Accept our feeble praise,

W. J. Irons, 1853.

398 COVERT. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. BY J. RICHARDSON, 1816–1879.



1 I know that my Redeemer lives;
He lives, who once was dead;
To me in grief he comfort gives;
With peace he crowns my head.

2 He lives, triumphant o'er the grave,
At God's right hand on high,
My ransomed soul to keep and save,
To bless and glorify.

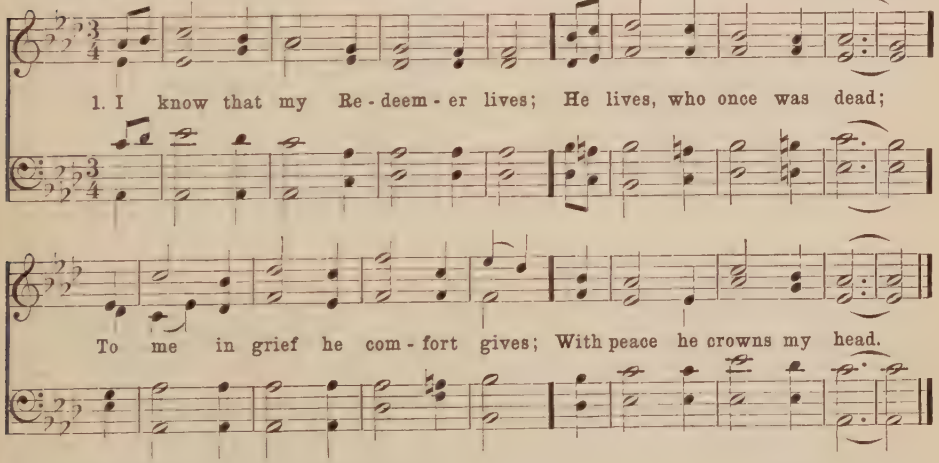
3 He lives, that I may also live,
And now his grace proclaim;
He lives, that I may honor give
To his most holy name.

4 Let strains of heavenly music rise,
While all their anthem sing
To Christ, my precious sacrifice,
And ever-living King.

C. Wesley, 1742.

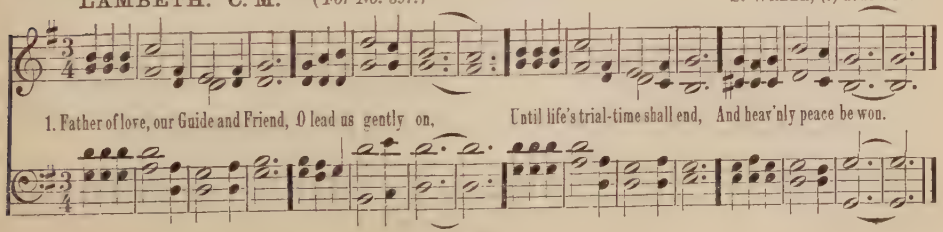
MANOAH. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

UNCERTAIN.



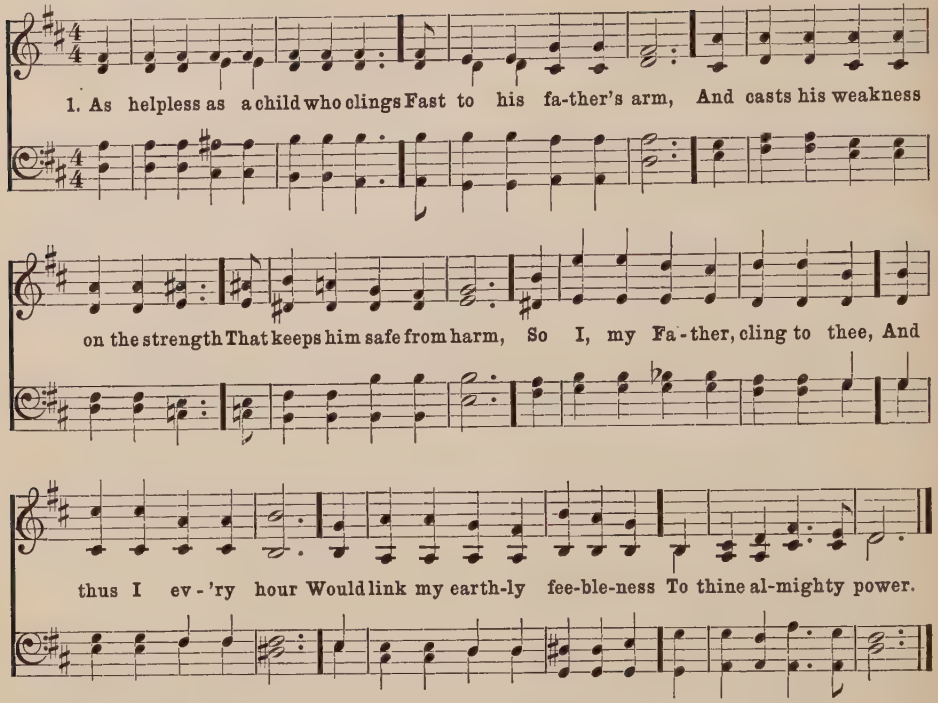
LAMBETH. C. M. (*For No. 397.*)

S. WEBBE, (?) 1740–1816.



399 FATHERHOOD. C. M. D.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1827–.


1. As helpless as a child who clings Fast to his fa-ther's arm, And casts his weakness
on the strength That keeps him safe from harm, So I, my Fa-ther, cling to thee, And
thus I ev-'ry hour Would link my earth-ly fee-ble-ness To thine al-mighty power.

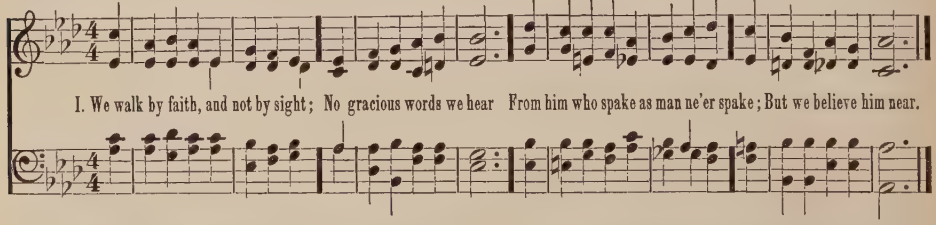
2 As trustful as a child who looks
Up to his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace,
So I to thee, my Saviour, look,
And in thy face divine,
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

3 As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while he can have
That sweet society,
So, sitting at thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour, [Lord,
And pray that thou wouldst teach me,
To love thee more and more.

J. D. Burns, 1823–1864.

400 ST. MARGUERITE. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

E. C. Walker, 1876.



2 We may not touch his hands and side,
Nor follow where he trod;
But in his promise we rejoice,
And cry, "My Lord and God!"

3 Help then, O Lord, our unbelief;
And may our faith abound,
To call on thee when thou art near,
And seek where thou art found:

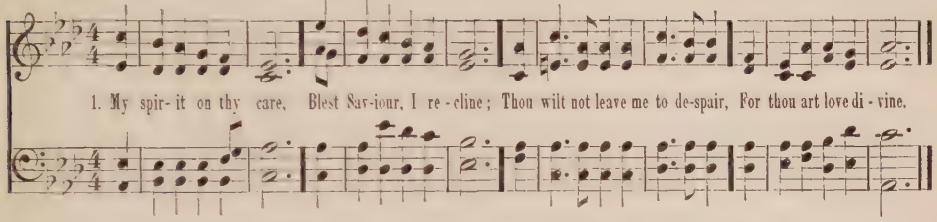
4 That, when our life of faith is done,
In realms of clearer light
We may behold thee as thou art,
With full and endless sight.

H. Alford, 1810–1871.

(Also Arlington, opposite.)

401 GRETA. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

Sir John Goss, 1800–1880.



1 My spirit on thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

2 In thee I place my trust;
On thee I calmly rest:
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

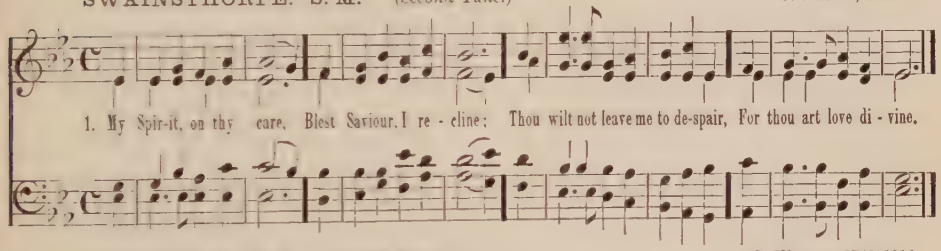
3 Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor feel the coming storm.

4 Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me,—
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

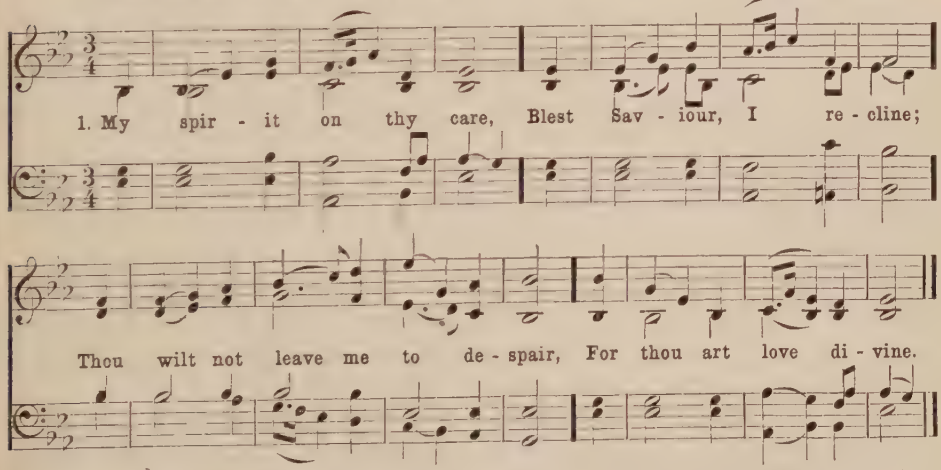
SWAINSTHORPE. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. Booth, 1852—.



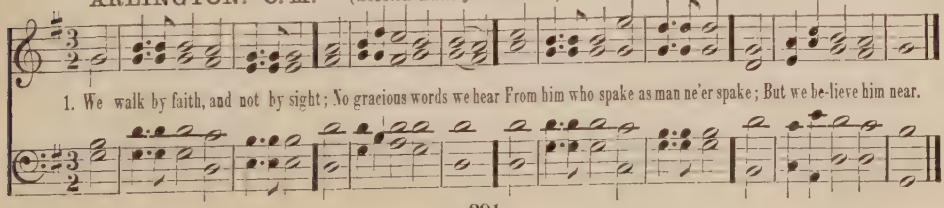
KIRKDALE. S. M. (*Third Tune.*)

S. Webbe, 1740–1816.



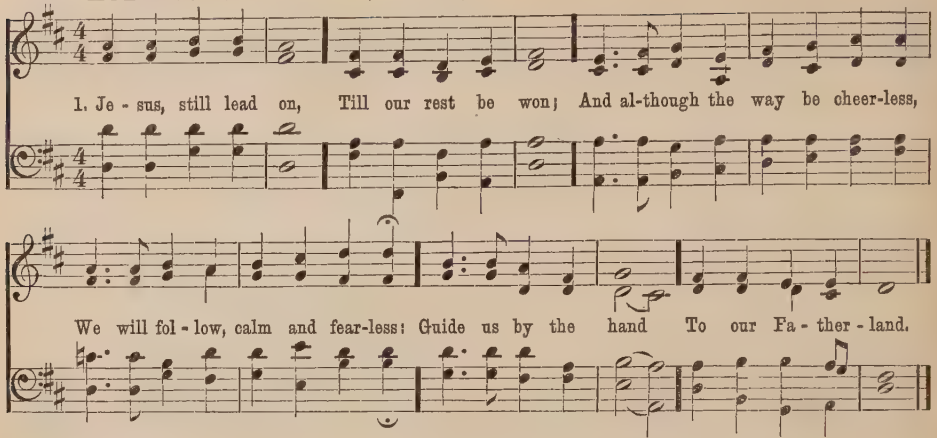
ARLINGTON. C. M. (*Second Tune for No.* 400.)

T. A. Arne, 1710–1778.



402 HUBERT. 5.5.8.8.5.5. (*First Tune.*)

J. DARWALL, 1731–1780.


1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And al-though the way be cheer-less,
We will fol - low, calm and fear-less: Guide us by the hand To our Fa - ther - land.

2 If the way be drear,
If the foe be near,
Let not faithless fear o'ertake us.
Let not faith and hope forsake us,
For, through many a foe,
To our home we go.

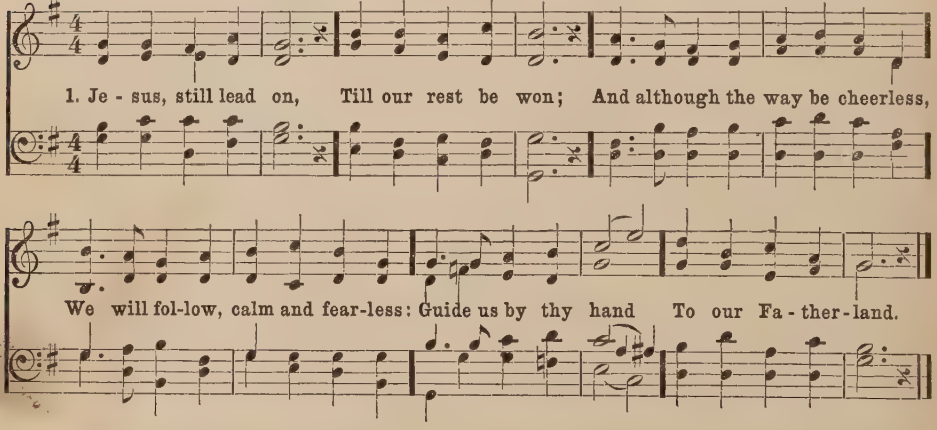
3 When we seek relief
From a long-felt grief;
When temptations come alluring,
Make us patient and enduring;
Show us that bright shore,
Where we weep no more.

4 Jesus, still lead on;
Till our rest be won;
Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
Still support, console, protect us,
Till we safely stand
In our Fatherland.

Count Zinzendorf, 1721. Tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1853

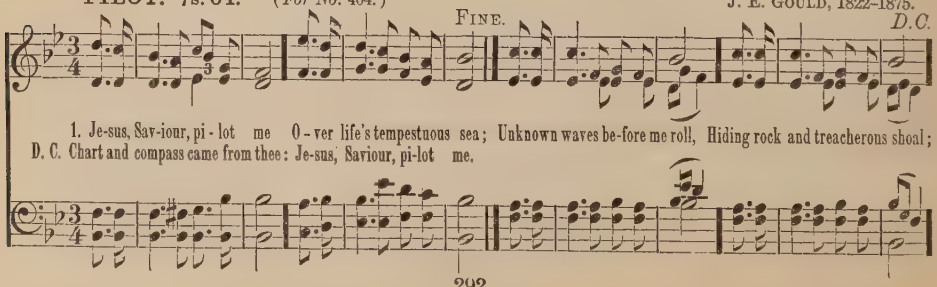
ZINZENDORF. 5.5.8.8.5.5. (*Second Tune.*)

ADAPTED FROM SILCHER.


1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And although the way be cheerless,
We will fol-low, calm and fear-less: Guide us by thy hand To our Fa - ther-land.

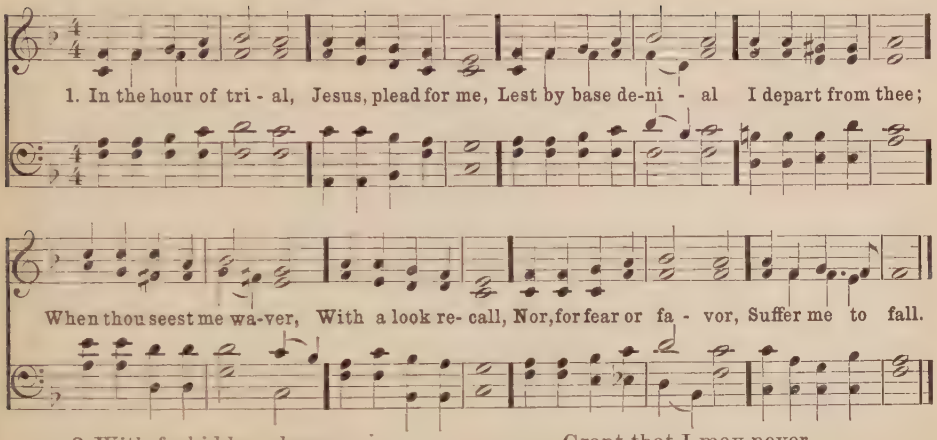
PILOT. 7s. 61. (*For No.* 404.)

J. E. GOULD, 1822–1875.


FINE.
D.C.
1. Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves be-fore me roll, Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
D. C. Chart and compass came from thee: Je-sus, Saviour, pi-lot me.

403 DERWENT. 6s. 5s. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. Dykes, 1823-1876.


1. In the hour of tri - al, Jesus, plead for me, Lest by base de-ni - al I depart from thee;
When thou seest me wa-ver, With a look re- call, Nor, for fear or fa - vor, Suffer me to fall.

2 With forbidden pleasures
Should this vain world charm,
Or its tempting treasures
Spread, to work me harm,—
Bring to my remembrance
Sad Gethsemane,
Or, in dark resemblance,
Cross-crowned Calvary.

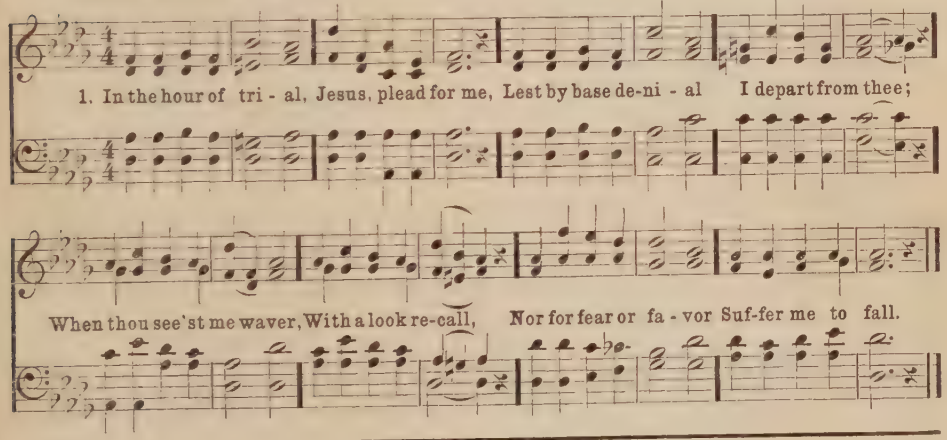
3 Should thy mercy send me
Sorrow, toil, and woe,
Or should pain attend me
On my path below,—
Grant that I may never
Fail thy hand to see;
Grant that I may ever
Cast my care on thee.

4 When my last hour cometh,
Fraught with strife and pain;
When my dust returneth
To the dust again,—
On thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife,
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

SPENCER. 6s. 5s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

Spencer Lane.


1. In the hour of tri - al, Jesus, plead for me, Lest by base de-ni - al I depart from thee;
When thou see'st me waver, With a look re-call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf-fer me to fall.

404 PILOT. (*Opposite.*)

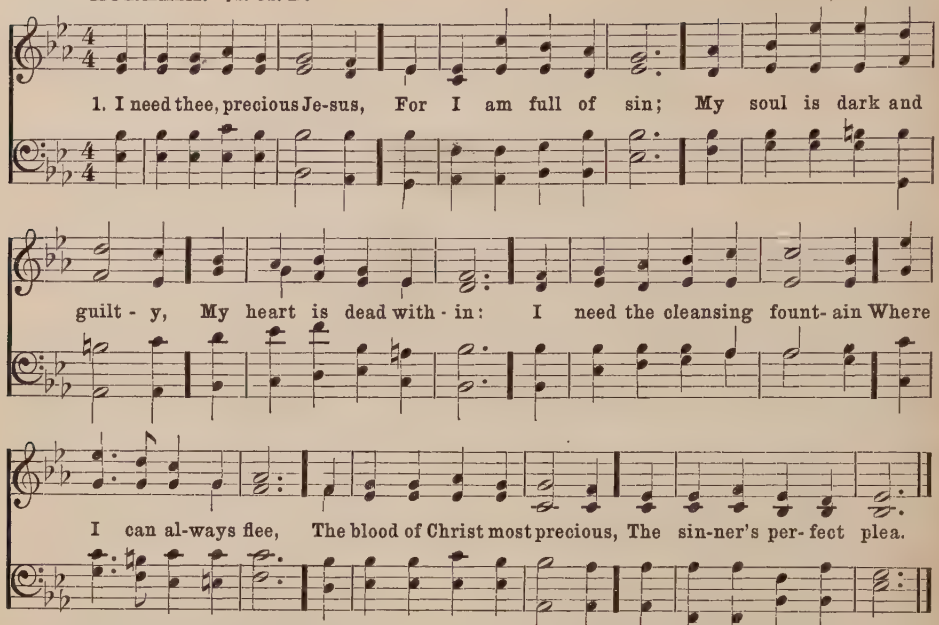
2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them "be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

Edward Hopper, 1818–1888.

405 AURELIA. 7s. 6s. D.

S. S. Wesley, 1810–1876.


1. I need thee, precious Je-sus, For I am full of sin; My soul is dark and
guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in: I need the cleansing fount- ain Where
I can al-ways flee, The blood of Christ most precious, The sin-ner's per- fect plea.

1 I need thee, precious Jesus,
For I am full of sin;
My soul is dark and guilty,
My heart is dead within:
I need the cleansing fountain
Where I can always flee,
The blood of Christ most precious,
The sinner's perfect plea.

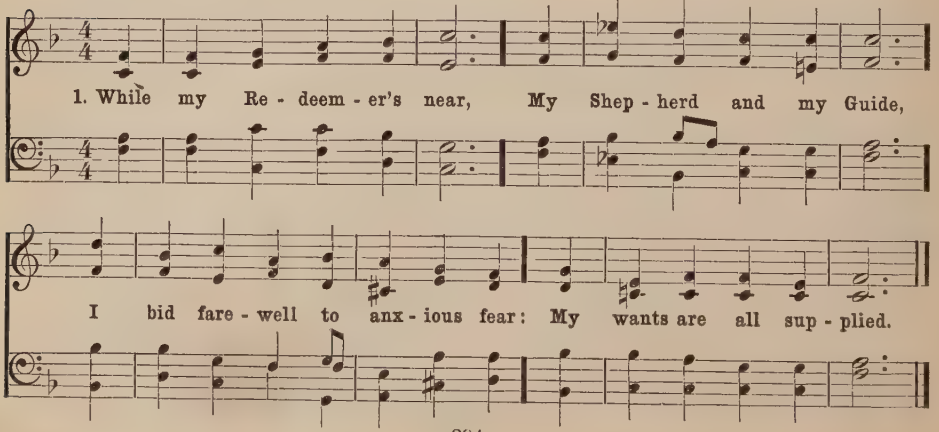
2 I need thee, blessed Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim,
I have no earthly store:
I need the love of Jesus
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need thee, blessed Jesus;
I need a friend like thee,—
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

Frederick Whitfield, 1861.

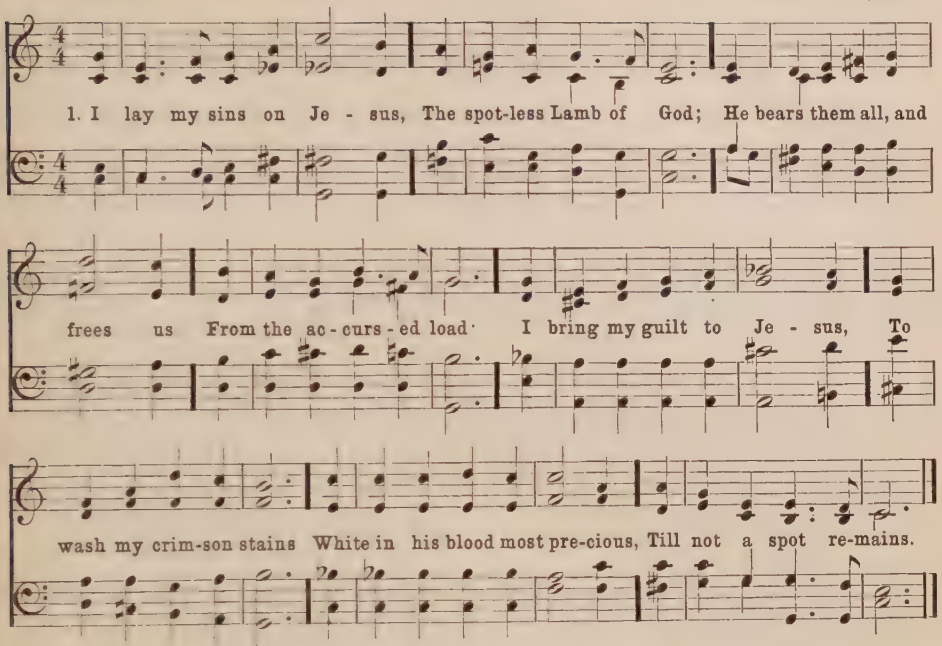
EMMAUS. S. M. *(Second Tune for No. 407.)*

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896.



406 MOSCOW. 7s. 6s. D.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1867.


1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot-less Lamb of God; He bears them all, and
frees us From the ac - curs - ed load· I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To
wash my crim-son stains White in his blood most pre-cious, Till not a spot re-mains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
All fulness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

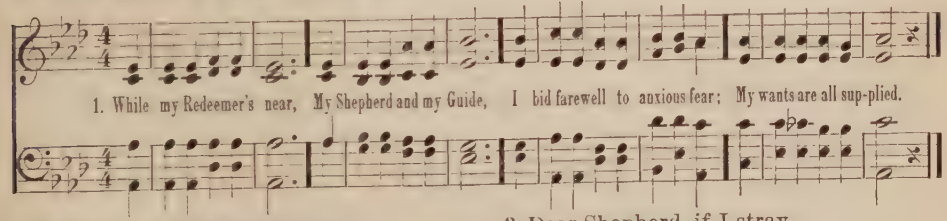
3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Emmanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy Child:
I long to be with Jesus
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

Horatius Bonar, 1843.

407 GORTON. S. M. *(First Tune.)*

L. Von Beethoven, 1770–1827.



1 While my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear:
My wants are all supplied.

2 To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

3 Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

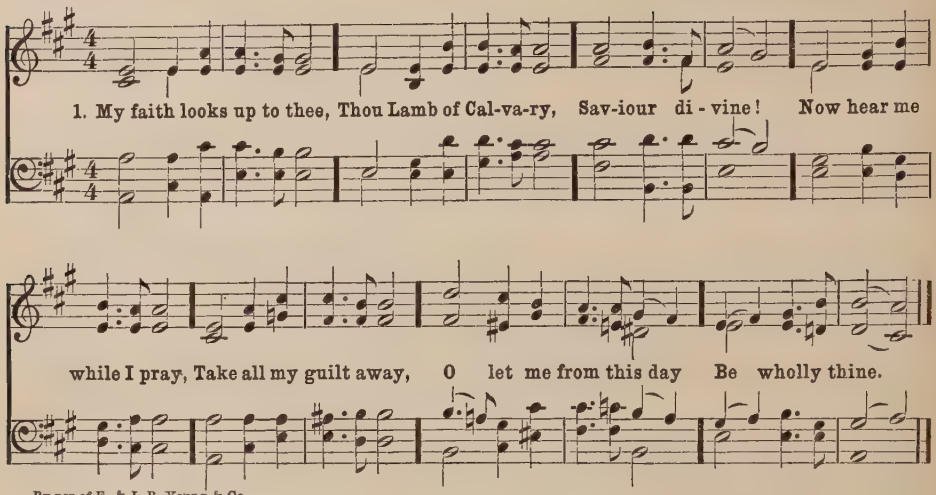
4 Unworthy, as I am,
Of thy protecting care,
Jesus, I plead thy gracious name,
For all my hopes are there.

Anne Steele, 1760.

(Also Emmaus, Opposite.)

408 FAITH. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. (*First Tune.*)

JOHN HENRY CORNELL, 1872.


1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry, Sav-iour di - vine! Now hear me
while I pray, Take all my guilt away, O let me from this day Be wholly thine.

By per of E. & J. B. Young & Co.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be
A living fire!

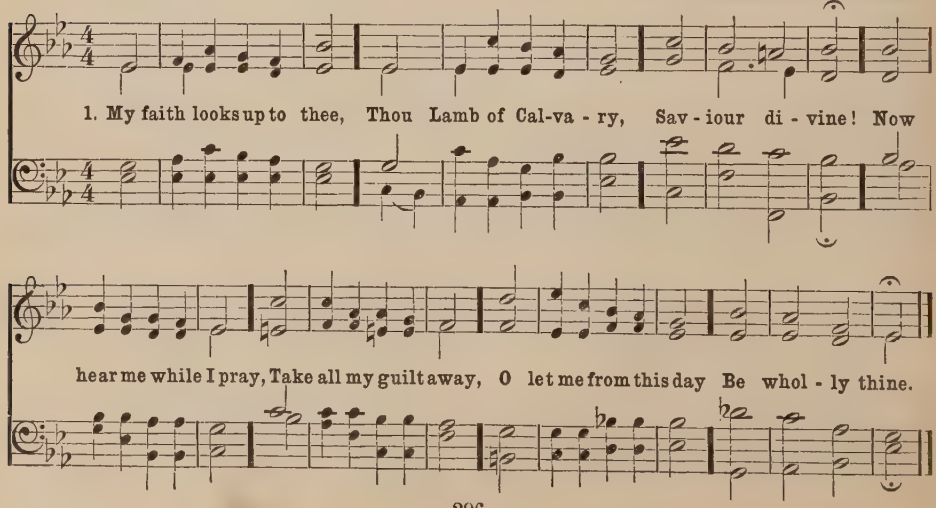
3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distress remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer, 1830.

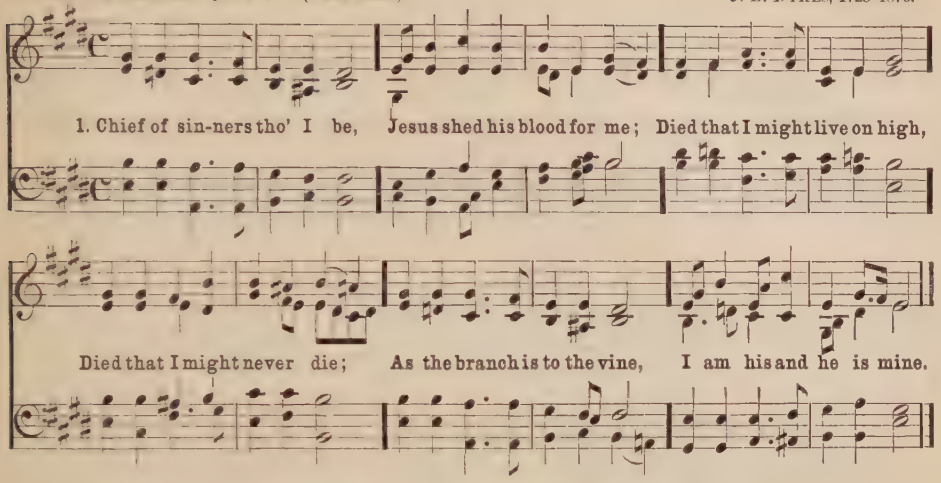
ST. AMBROSE. 6. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4. (*Second Tune.*)

WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1823–1889.


1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now
hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt away, O let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.

409 ANSELM. 7s. 61. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1723–1876.


1. Chief of sin-ners tho' I be, Jesus shed his blood for me; Died that I might live on high,
Died that I might never die; As the branch is to the vine, I am his and he is mine.

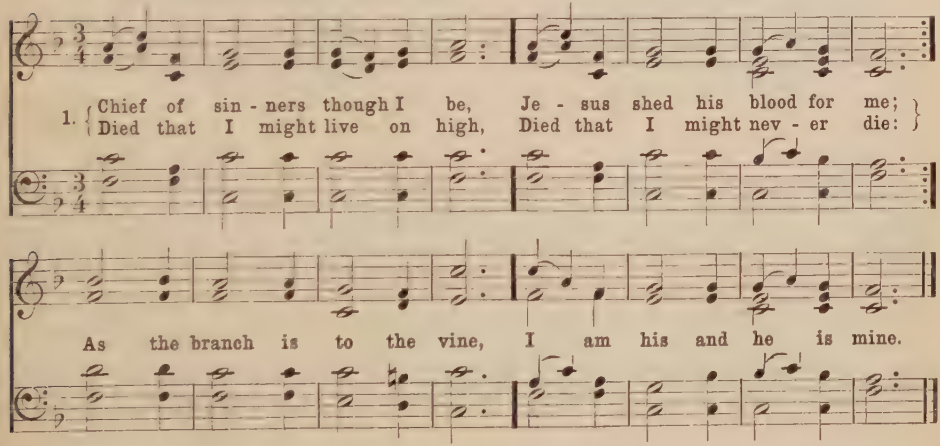
2 Oh, the height of Jesus' love!
Higher than the heavens above,
Deeper than the depths of sea,
Lasting as eternity;
Love that found me, wondrous thought!
Found me when I sought him not!

3 Chief of sinners though I be,
Christ is all in all to me;
All my wants to him are known,
All my sorrows are his own;
Safe with him from earthly strife,
He sustains my hidden life.

William McComb, 1864.

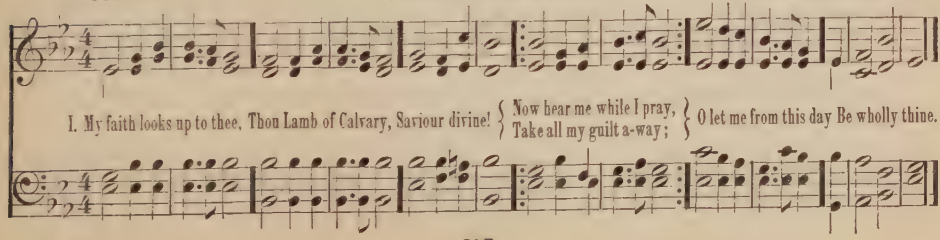
ALETTA. 7s. 61. (*Second Tune.*)

W. B. BRADBURY, 1816–1868.


1. { Chief of sin - ners though I be, Je - sus shed his blood for me; }
{ Died that I might live on high, Died that I might nev - er die: }
As the branch is to the vine, I am his and he is mine.

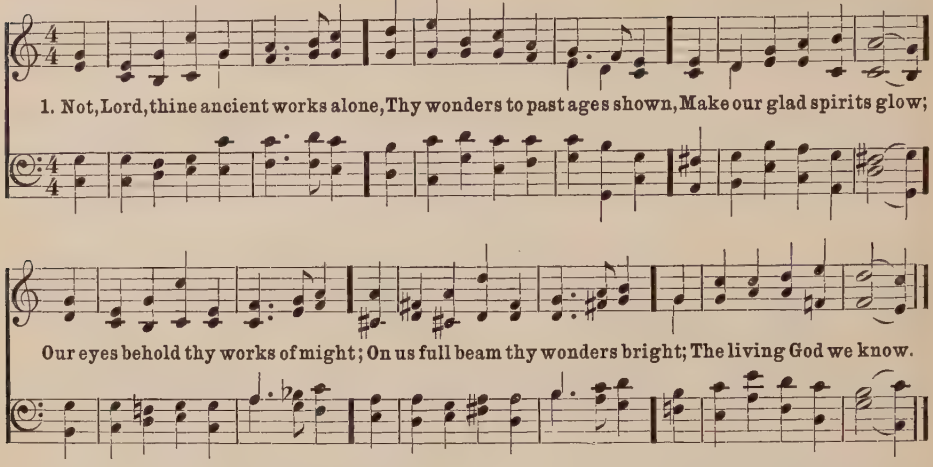
OLIVET. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*Third Tune for No.* 408.)

LOWELL MASON, 1832.


I. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary, Saviour divine! { Now hear me while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way; } O let me from this day Be wholly thine.

410 WEST HEATH. 8. 8. 6. D. (*First Tune.*)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. Not, Lord, thine ancient works alone, Thy wonders to past ages shown, Make our glad spirits glow;
Our eyes behold thy works of might; On us full beam thy wonders bright; The living God we know.

2 We joy not only to be told,
How with thy saints and seers of old
Thou madest sweet abode.
We of thy presence bright can tell,
Thou in thy living saints dost dwell;
We feel the living God.

3 Thou settest us each task divine;
We bless that helping hand of thine,
This strength by thee bestowed.
Thou minglest in the glorious fight,
Thine own the cause, thine own the might,
We serve the living God.

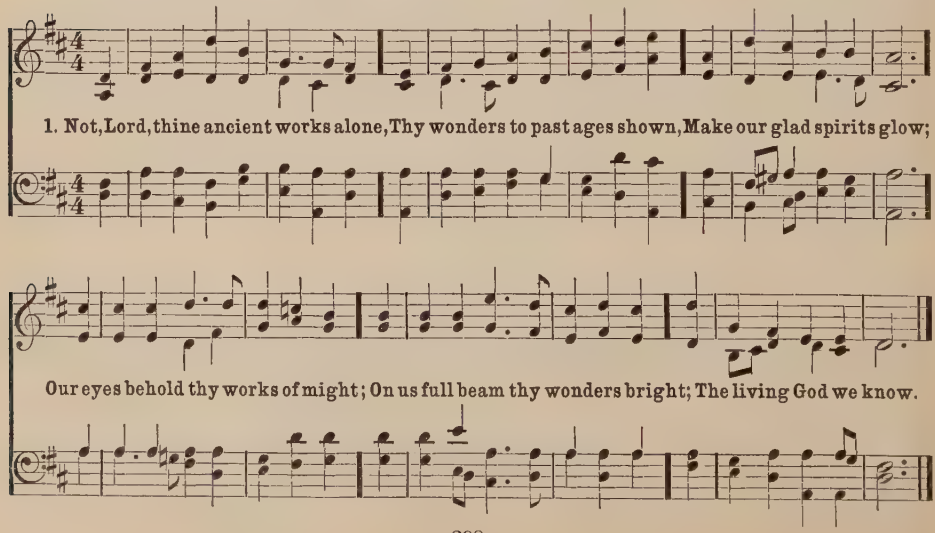
4 Ah, soon we droop! ah, soon we tire!
Our fainting hearts new strength require,
Again would quickened be.
We ask no priest; we seek no shrine;
To thee we come for life divine,
Thou living God, to thee.

5 Oh, more than satisfy our need;
Our most divine desire exceed;
Our constant quickener be!
Thou living God, possess us still;
Thy wondrous life in us fulfil,
Our blessèd life in thee.

T. H. Gill, 1819.

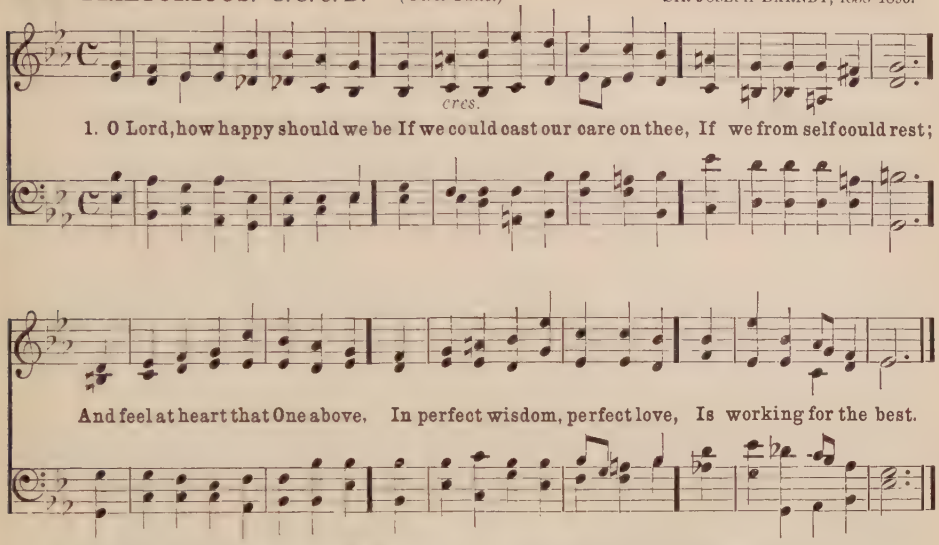
MAGDALEN COLLEGE. 8. 8. 6. D. (*Second Tune.*)

WILLIAM HAYES, 1707–1777.


1. Not, Lord, thine ancient works alone, Thy wonders to past ages shown, Make our glad spirits glow;
Our eyes behold thy works of might; On us full beam thy wonders bright; The living God we know.

411 PRÆTORIOUS. 8. 8. 6. D. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


cres.
1. O Lord, how happy should we be If we could cast our care on thee, If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above, In perfect wisdom, perfect love, Is working for the best.

1 O Lord, how happy should we be
If we could cast our care on thee,
If we from self could rest;
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best.

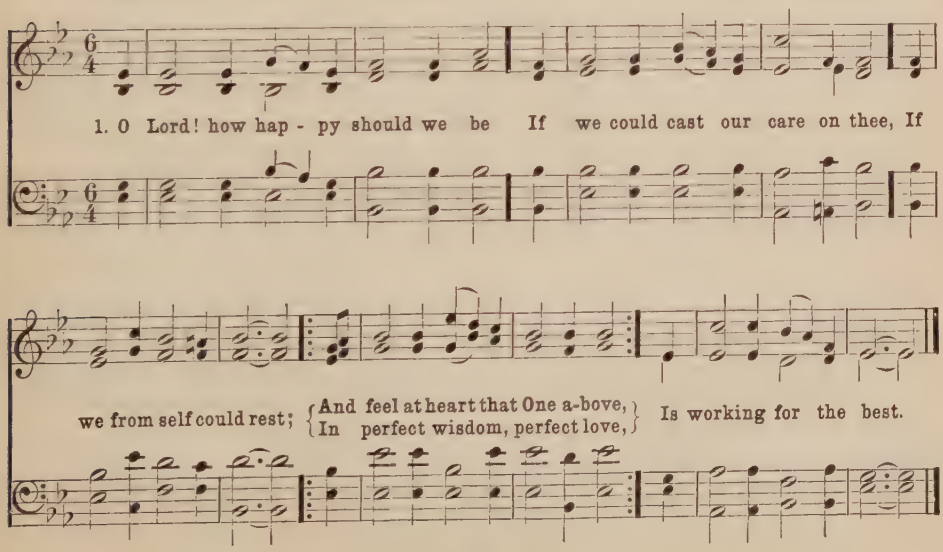
2 How far from this our daily life,
How oft disturbed by anxious strife,
By sudden, wild alarms;
Oh, could we but relinquish all
Our earthly props, and simply fall
On thine almighty arms!

3 Could we but kneel and cast our load,
E'en while we pray, upon our God,
Then rise with lightened cheer;
Sure that the Father, who is nigh
To still the famished raven's cry,
Will hear in that we fear!

Joseph Anstice, 1836.

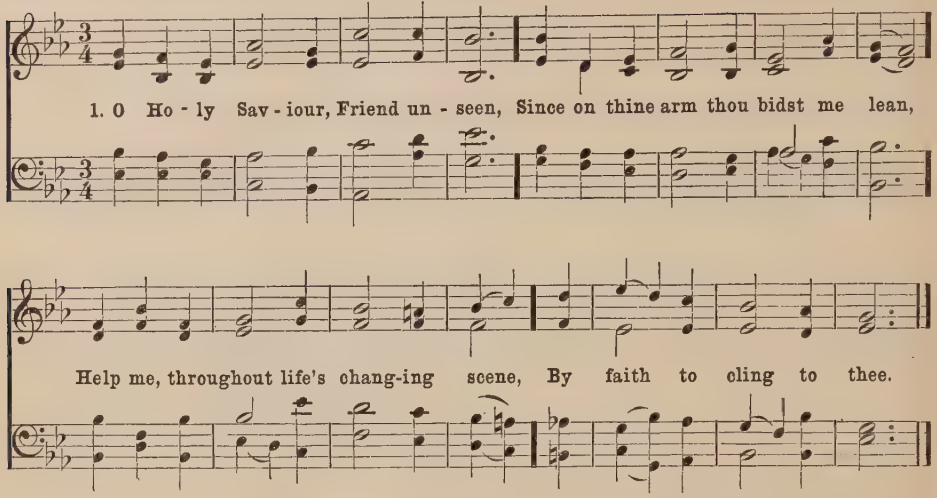
BREMEN. 8. 8. 6. D. (*Second Tune.*)

T. HASTINGS, 1784–1872.


1. O Lord! how hap - py should we be If we could cast our care on thee, If
we from self could rest; And feel at heart that One a-bove, In perfect wisdom, perfect love, Is working for the best.

412 MISERECORDIA. 8. 8. 8. 6. (*First Tune.*)

H. SMART, 1813–1879.


1. O Ho - ly Sav - iour, Friend un - seen, Since on thine arm thou bidst me lean,
Help me, throughout life's chang-ing scene, By faith to cling to thee.

1 O Holy Saviour, Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bidst me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee.

2 Blest with communion so divine,
Take what thou wilt, shall I repine,
When, as the branches to the vine,
My soul may cling to thee?

3 What though the world deceitful prove,
And earthly friends and hopes remove!
With patient, uncomplaining love,
Still would I cling to thee.

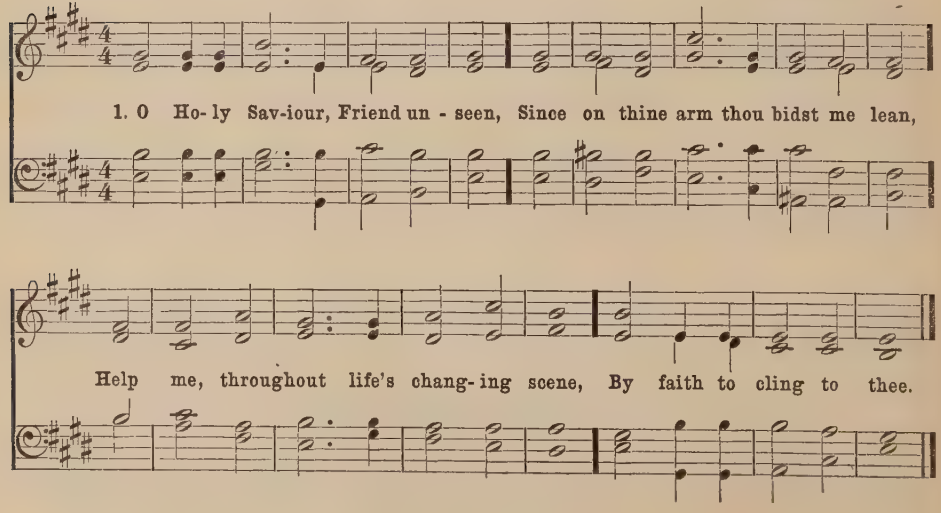
4 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
The voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "cling to me!"

5 Though faith and hope are often tried
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee.

Charlotte Elliott, 1871.

TRUST. 8. 8. 8. 6. (*Second Tune.*)

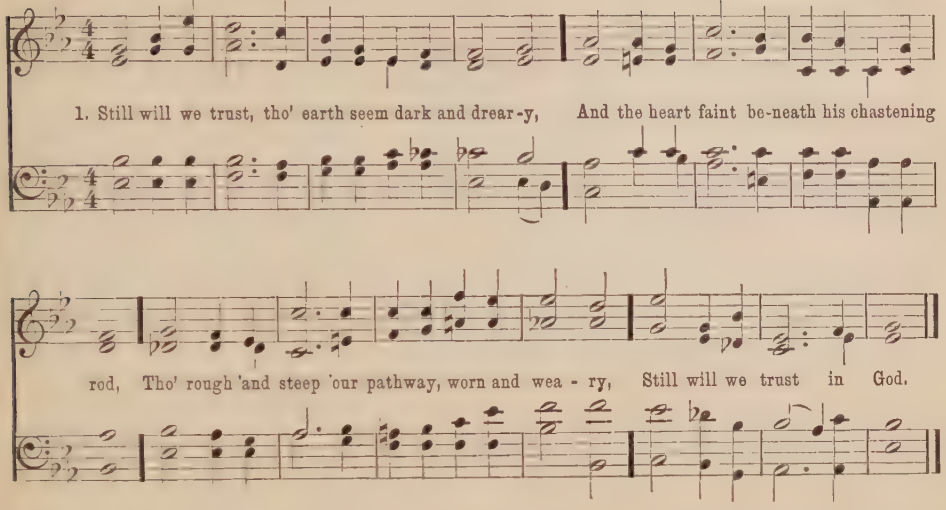
E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. O Ho- ly Sav-iour, Friend un - seen, Since on thine arm thou bidst me lean,
Help me, throughout life's chang-ing scene, By faith to cling to thee.

(ALSO MOREDUN, OPPOSITE.)

413 BURLEIGH. 11. 10. 11. 6.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1883.


1. Still will we trust, tho' earth seem dark and drear-y, And the heart faint be-neath his chastening
rod, Tho' rough and steep our pathway, worn and wea - ry, Still will we trust in God.

1 Still will we trust, though earth seem dark and dreary,
And the heart faint beneath his chastening rod,
Though rough and steep our pathway, worn and weary,
Still will we trust in God.

2 Our eyes see dimly till by faith anointed,
And our blind choosing brings us grief and pain;
Through him alone who hath our way appointed,
We find our peace again.

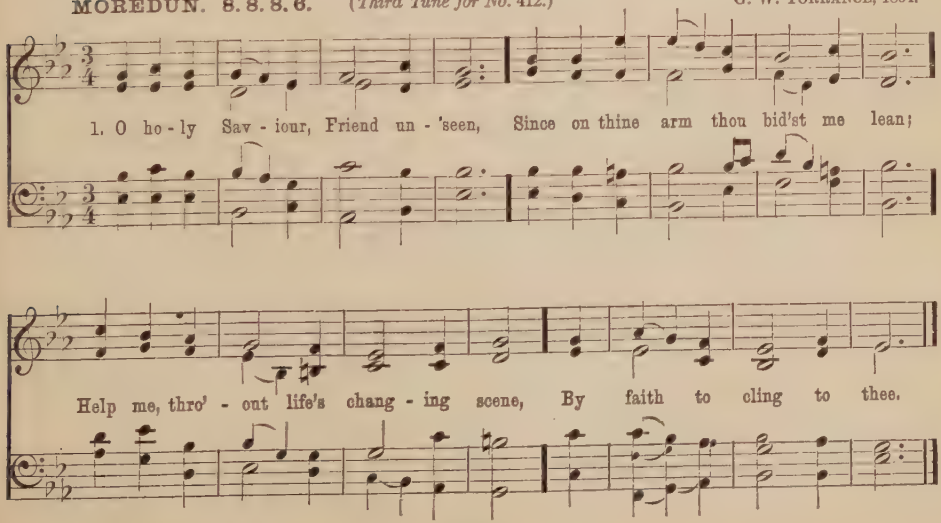
3 Choose for us, God! nor let our weak preferring
Cheat our poor souls of good thou hast designed:
Choose for us, God! thy wisdom is unerring,
And we are fools and blind.

4 Let us press on, in patient self-denial,
Accept the hardship, shrink not from the loss;
Our portion lies beyond the hour of trial,
Our crown beyond the cross.

W. H. Burleigh, 1812-1871.

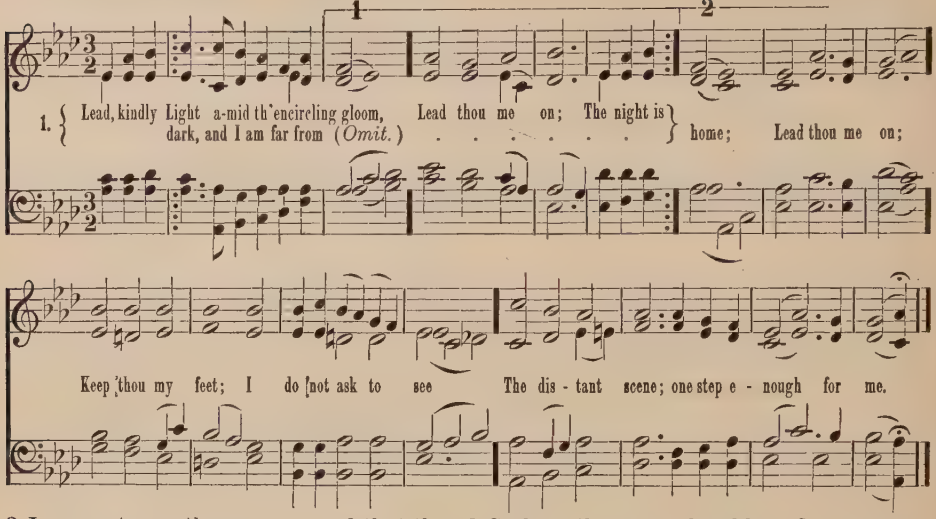
MOREDUN. 8. 8. 8. 6. (*Third Tune for No.* 412.)

G. W. TORRANCE, 1864.


1. O ho - ly Sav - iour, Friend un - 'seen, Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean;
Help me, thro' - out life's chang - ing scene, By faith to cling to thee.

414 LUX BENIGNA. 10.4.10.4.10.10. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1
2
1. Lead, kindly Light a-mid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from (*Omit.*) home; Lead thou me on;
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.

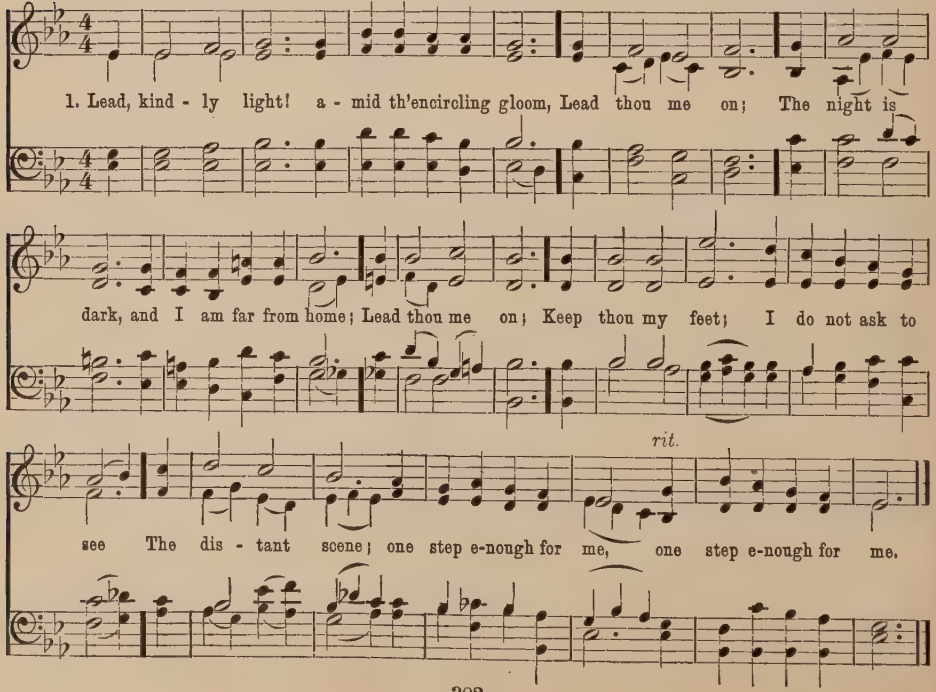
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on:
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

3 So long thy power has blessed me, sure it
Will lead me on [still
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

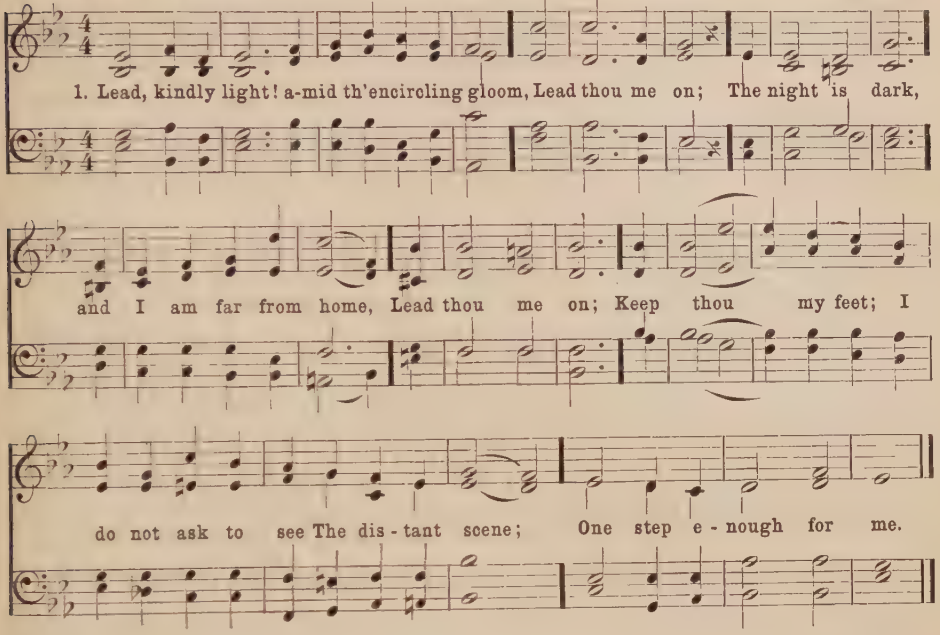
J. H. Newman, 1833.

NEWMAN. 10.4.10.4.10.10. (*Second Tune.*)

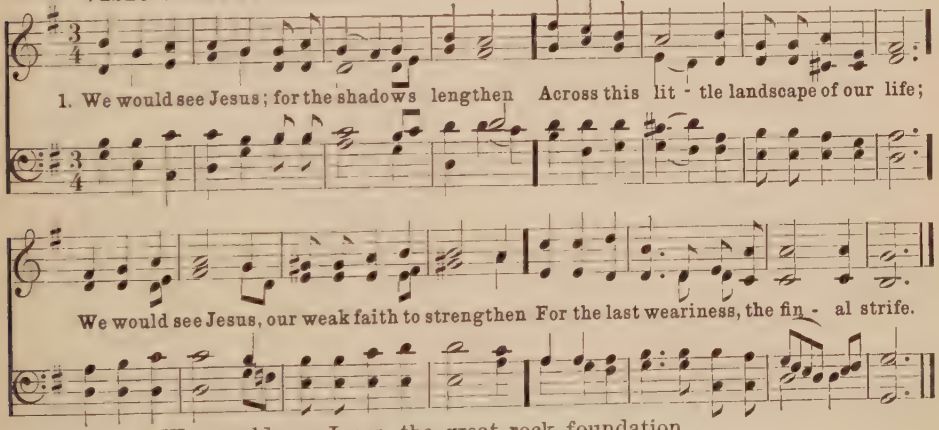
E. H. JOHNSON, 1895.


1. Lead, kind - ly light! a - mid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is
dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to
rit.
see The dis - tant scene; one step e-nough for me, one step e-nough for me.

LUX IN TENEBRIS. 10.4.10.4.10.10. (*Third Tune For No.* 414.) SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.


1. Lead, kindly light! a-mid th'encircling gloom, Lead thou me on; The night is dark,
and I am far from home, Lead thou me on; Keep thou my feet; I
do not ask to see The dis - tant scene; One step e - nough for me.

415 VISIO DOMINI. 11s. 10s. J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. We would see Jesus; for the shadows lengthen Across this lit - tle landscape of our life;
We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen For the last weariness, the fin - al strife.

2 We would see Jesus, the great rock foundation
Whereon our feet were set by sovereign grace:
Nor life nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see his face.

3 We would see Jesus: sense is all too binding,
And heaven appears too dim, too far away;
We would see thee, thyself our hearts reminding
What thou hast suffered, our great debt to pay.

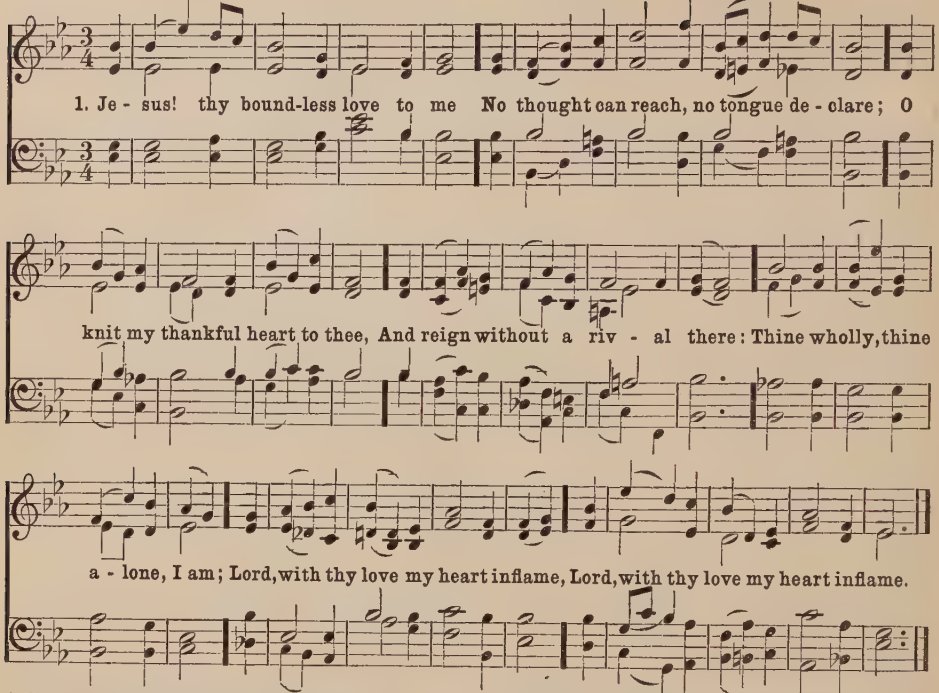
4 We would see Jesus: this is all we're needing;
Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading;
Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night.

Ellen Ellis, 1858.

(ALSO HENLEY, No. 784.)

416 VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

THOMAS ATWOOD, 1765–1838.


1. Je - sus! thy bound-less love to me No thought can reach, no tongue de - clare; O
knit my thankful heart to thee, And reign without a riv - al there: Thine wholly, thine
a - lone, I am; Lord, with thy love my heart inflame, Lord, with thy love my heart inflame.

1 Jesus! thy boundless love to me
No thought can reach, no tongue declare;
O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a rival there:
Thine wholly, thine alone, I am;
Lord, with thy love my heart inflame.

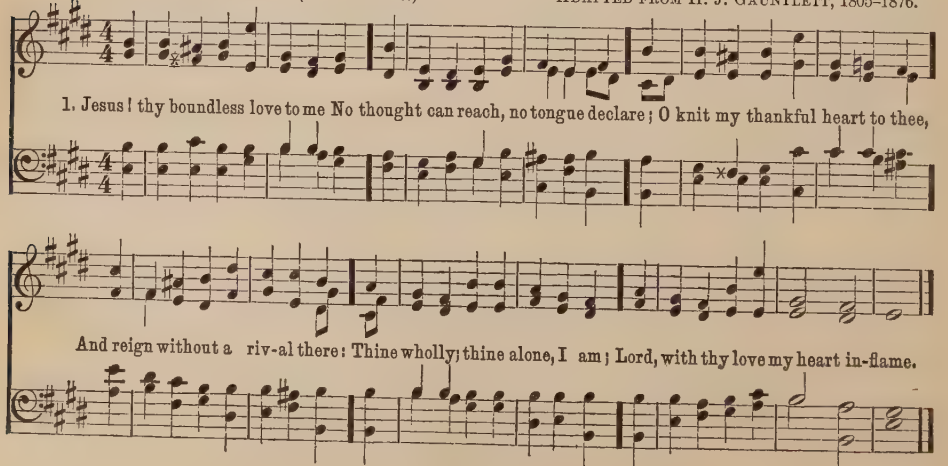
2 Thy love! how cheering is its ray!
All pain before its presence flies;
Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
Where'er its healing beams arise:
O Jesus, nothing may I see,
Nothing desire, or seek but thee!

3 Thy love in suffering be my peace:
Thy love in weakness make me strong;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Thy love shall be in heaven my song,
In death, as life, be thou my Guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653. Tr. John Wesley, 1739: alt.

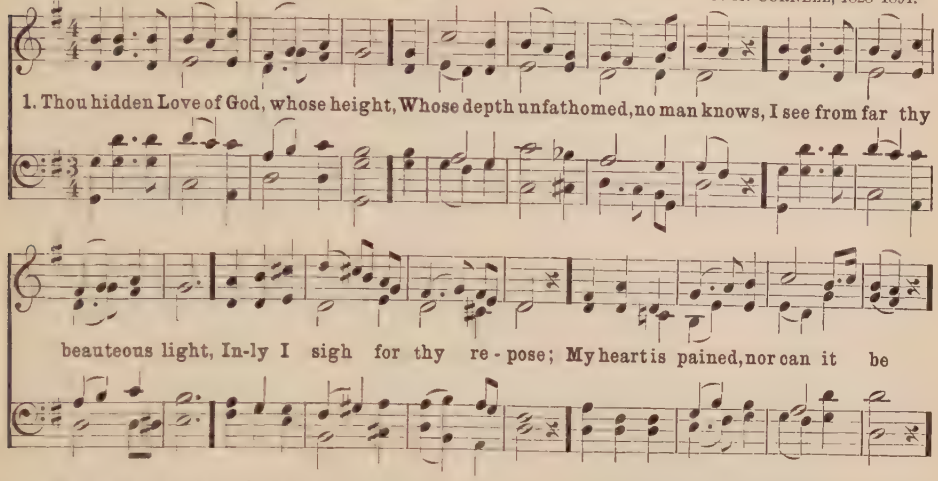
DURA. L. M. 6 l. (*Second Tune.*)

ADAPTED FROM H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876.


1. Jesus! thy boundless love to me No thought can reach, no tongue declare; O knit my thankful heart to thee,
And reign without a riv-al there: Thine wholly, thine alone, I am; Lord, with thy love my heart in-flame.

417 CORNELL. L. M. 61. (*First Tune.*)

J. H. CORNELL, 1828 1894.


1. Thou hidden Love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows, I see from far thy
beauteous light, In-ly I sigh for thy re-pose; My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it finds rest in thee.

By per. E. & J. B. Young & Co.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun
That strives with thee my heart to share?
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of every motion there;
Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found repose in thee.

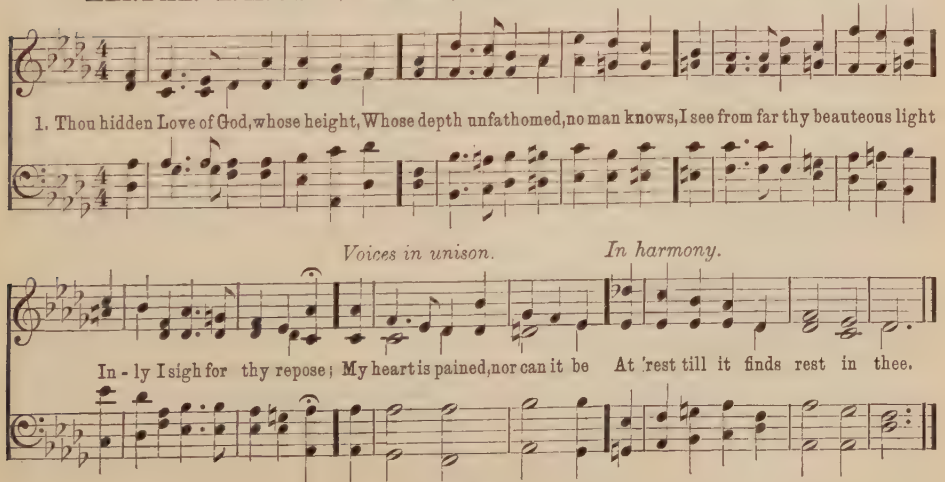
3 O Love, thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care;
Chase this self-will through all my heart;
Through all its latent mazes there;
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry.

4 Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All."
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen, 1729; Tr. John Wesley, 1736 and 1780.

KENDAL. L. M. 61. (*Second Tune.*)

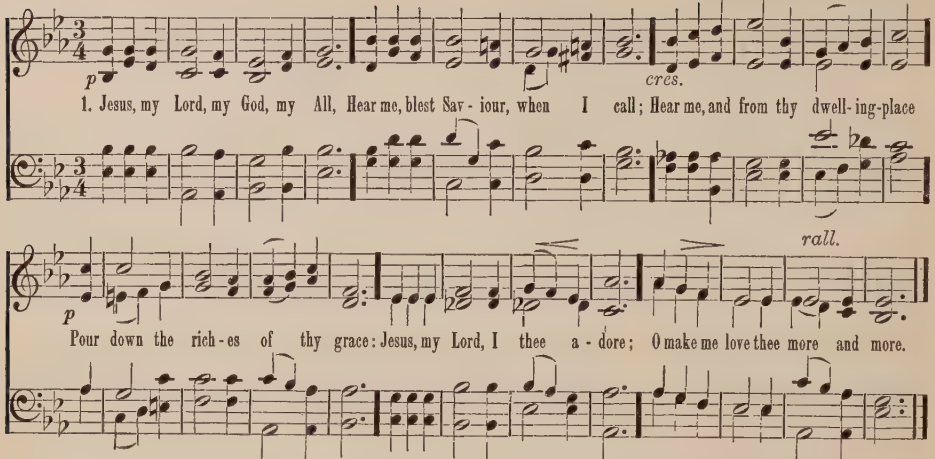
SIR JOHN STAINER, 1875.


1. Thou hidden Love of God, whose height, Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows, I see from far thy beauteous light
Voices in unison.
In harmony.
In-ly I sigh for thy repose; My heart is pained, nor can it be At rest till it finds rest in thee.

(ALSO ST. PETERSBURG, No. 182.)

418 WARREN. L. M. 61.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.


p
cres.
1. Jesus, my Lord, my God, my All, Hear me, blest Sav - iour, when I call; Hear me, and from thy dwell-ing-place
rall.
p
Pour down the rich-es of thy grace: Jesus, my Lord, I thee a - dore; O make me love thee more and more.

2 Jesus, too late I thee have sought;
How can I love thee as I ought?
And how extol thy matchless fame,
The glorious beauty of thy Name?
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore;
O make me love thee more and more.

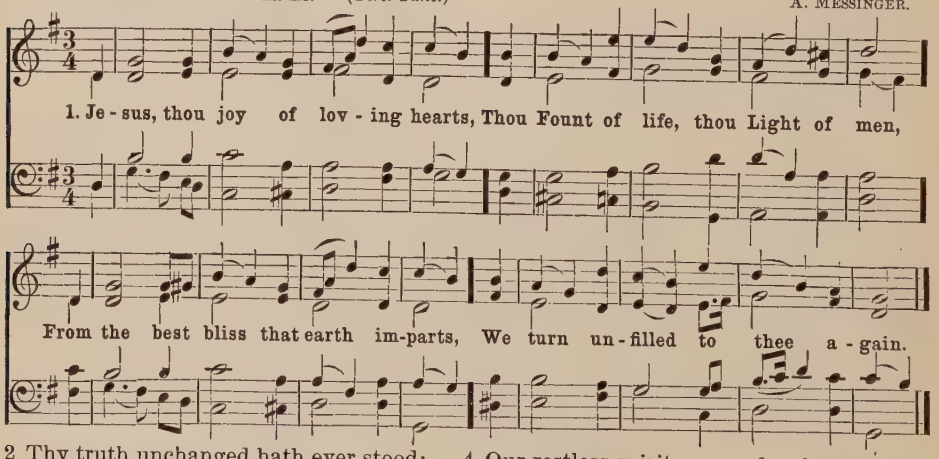
3 Jesus, what didst thou find in me
That thou hast dealt so lovingly?
How great the joy that thou hast brought,
So far exceeding hope or thought!
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore;
O make me love thee more and more.

4 Jesus, of thee shall be my song;
To thee my heart and soul belong:
All that I have or am is thine;
And thou, blest Saviour, thou art mine:
Jesus, my Lord, I thee adore;
O make me love thee more and more.

Henry Collins, 1854.

419 FRIENDSHIP. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

A. MESSINGER.


1. Je - sus, thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth im-parts, We turn un-filled to thee a - gain.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee all in all.

3 We taste thee, O thou living bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold thee fast.

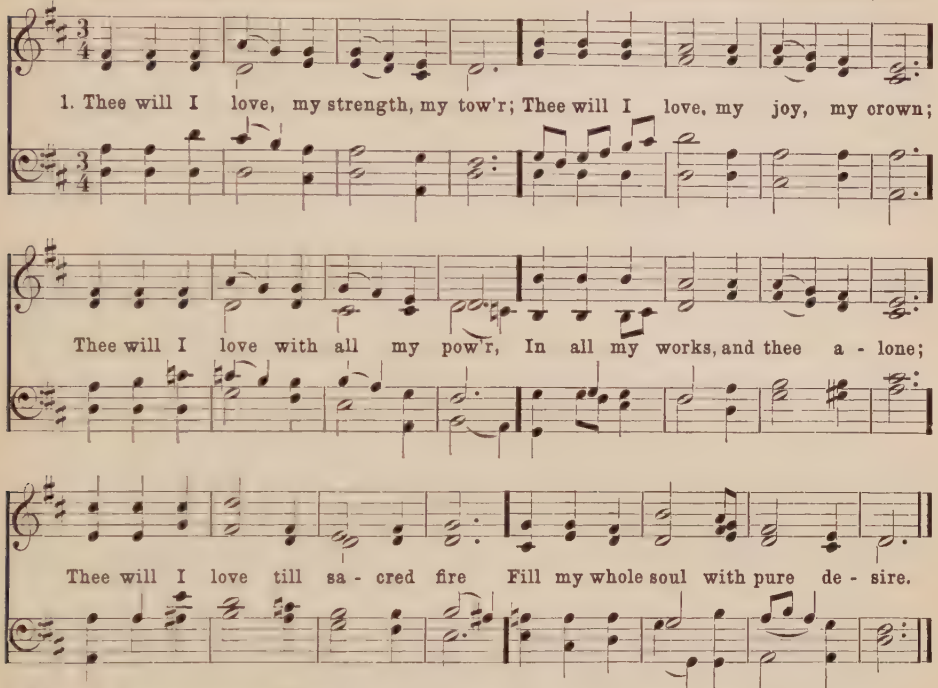
5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1091–1153; Tr. by Ray Palmer, 1858.

(ALSO CANONBURY, OPPOSITE.)

420 WAVERTREE. L. M. 61.

ARR. FROM WILLIAM SHORE, 1840.


1. Thee will I love, my strength, my tow'r; Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my pow'r, In all my works, and thee a - lone;
Thee will I love till sa - cred fire Fill my whole soul with pure de - sire.

2 I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

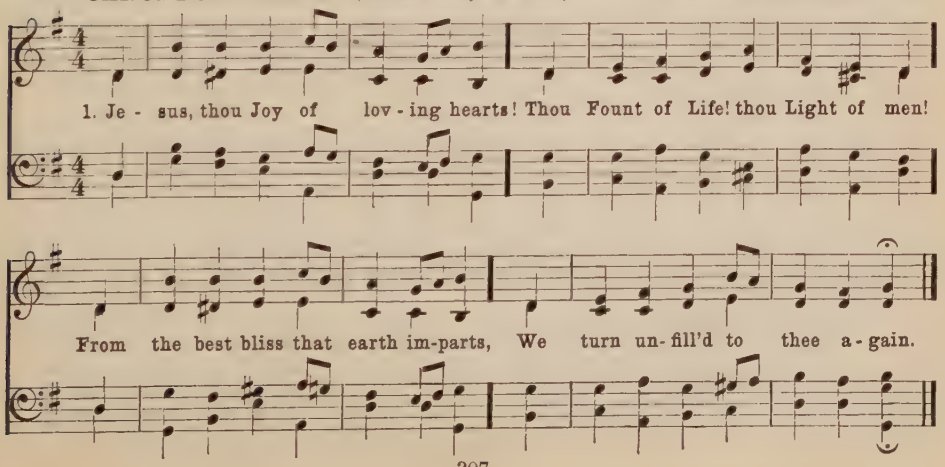
3 Ah, why did I so late thee know,
Thee, lovelier than the sons of men?
Ah, why did I no sooner go
To thee, the only ease of pain?
Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn
That I to thee so late did turn.

4 Give to mine eyes refreshing tears,
Give to mine heart chaste, hallowed fires;
Give to my soul, with filial fears,
The love that all heaven's host inspires,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

J. Scheffler, 1657. Tr. by J. Wesley, 1739.

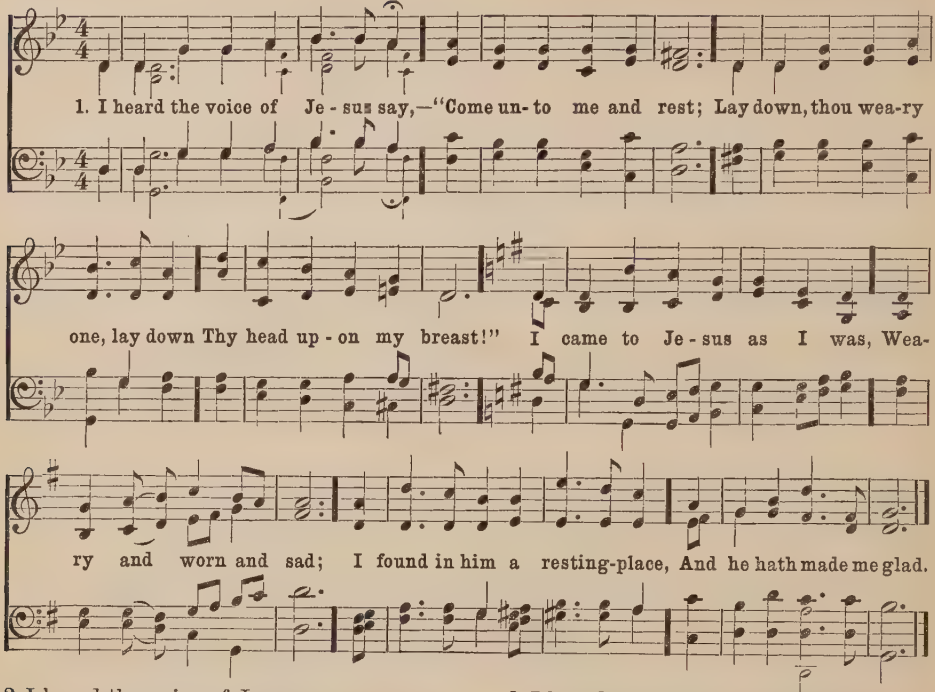
CANONBURY. L. M. (*Second Tune for No.* 419.)

ROBERT SCHUMANN, 1810–1856.


1. Je - sus, thou Joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou Fount of Life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth im-parts, We turn un-fill'd to thee a - gain.

421 VOX DILECTI. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou wea-ry
one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!" I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea-
ry and worn and sad; I found in him a resting-place, And he hath made me glad.

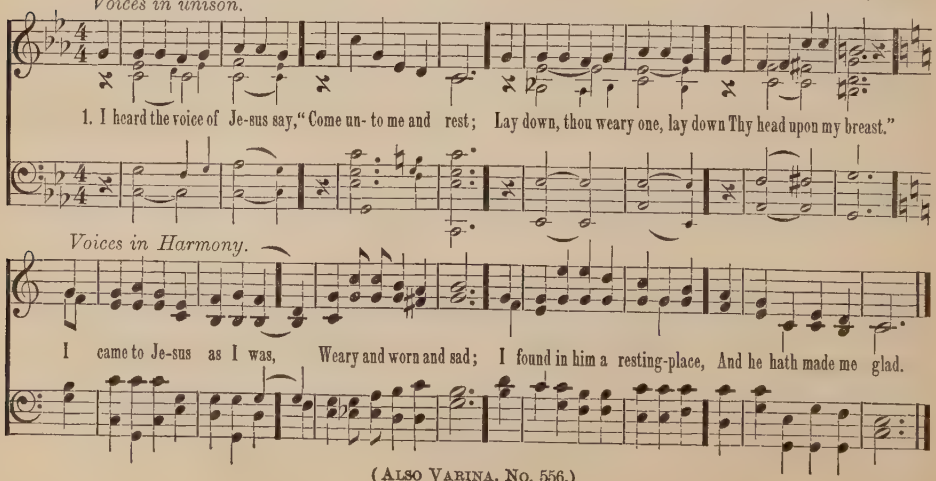
2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–1889.

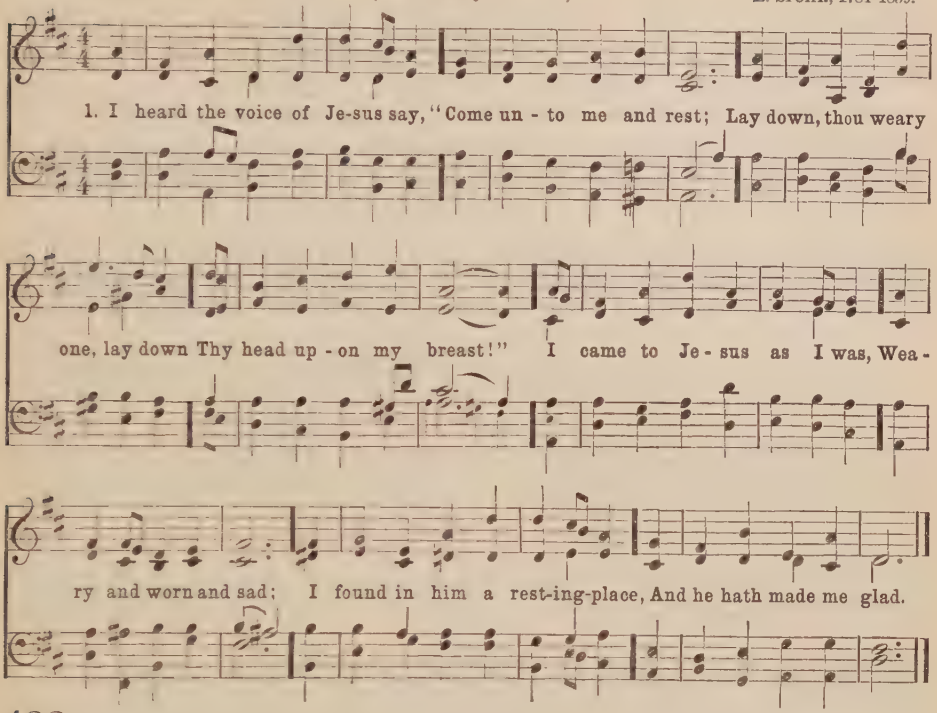
AUDITE AUDIENTES ME. C. M. D. (*Second Tune.*)

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1875.

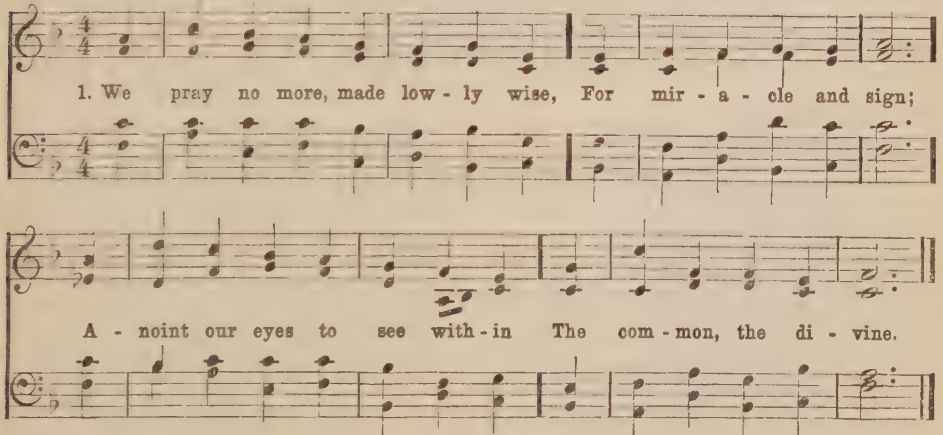

Voices in unison.
1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un- to me and rest; Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon my breast."
Voices in Harmony.
I came to Je-sus as I was, Weary and worn and sad; I found in him a resting-place, And he hath made me glad.

(ALSO VARINA, No. 556.)

FLENSBURG. C. M. D. (*Third Tune for No.* 421.) L. SPOHR, 1784–1859.


1. I heard the voice of Je-sus say, "Come un - to me and rest; Lay down, thou weary
one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!" I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea -
ry and worn and sad; I found in him a rest-ing-place, And he hath made me glad.

422 ALBANO. C. M. V. NOVELLO, 1868.



2 "Lo here! Lo there!" no more we cry,
Dividing with our call
The mantle of thy presence, Lord,
That seamless covers all.

3 We turn from seeking thee afar,
And in unwonted ways,
To build from out our daily lives
The temples of thy praise.

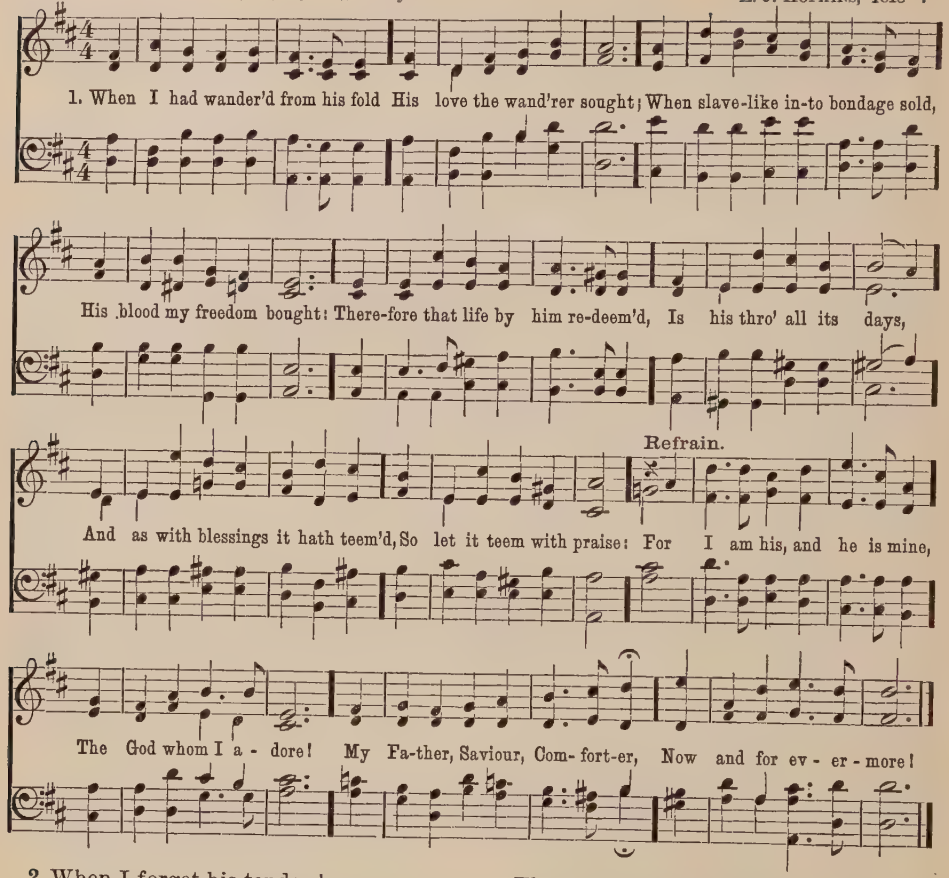
4 And if thy casual comings, Lord,
To hearts of old were dear,
What joy shall dwell within the faith
That feels thee ever near!

5 And nobler yet shall duty grow,
And more shall worship be,
When thou art found in all our life,
And all our life in thee.

F. L. Hosmer, 1879.

423 ST. JUST. C. M. D. *With Refrain.*

E. J. Hopkins, 1818—.


1. When I had wander'd from his fold His love the wand'rer sought; When slave-like in-to bondage sold,
His blood my freedom bought: There-fore that life by him re-deem'd, Is his thro' all its days,
Refrain.
And as with blessings it hath teem'd, So let it teem with praise: For I am his, and he is mine,
The God whom I a - dore! My Fa-ther, Saviour, Com- fort-er, Now and for ev - er - more!

2 When I forget his tender love,
And my affections set
Not upon holy things above,
He did not me forget,
But gently chastening, gently tried
To draw me back to bliss,
And hide me in his wounded side;
Therefore I'm tenfold his: *Ref.*

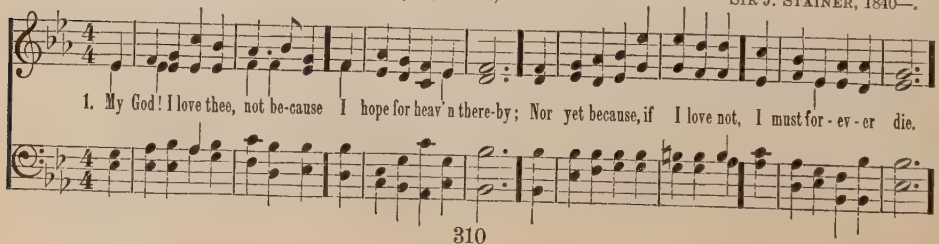
3 When, sunk in sorrow, I despaired
And changed my hopes for fears,
He bore my griefs, my burden shared,
And wiped away my tears;
Therefore the joy by him restored
To him by right belongs,
And to my gracious, loving Lord
I'll sing through life my songs: *Ref.*

4 When I beneath my cross lay down,
And could no further move,
He raised me up, he showed the crown,
And whispered, "I am Love;"
Therefore that Love my song shall be,
And to my glorious King,
Through time and through eternity,
My life his praise shall sing: *Ref.*

J. S. B. Monsell, 1811–1875.

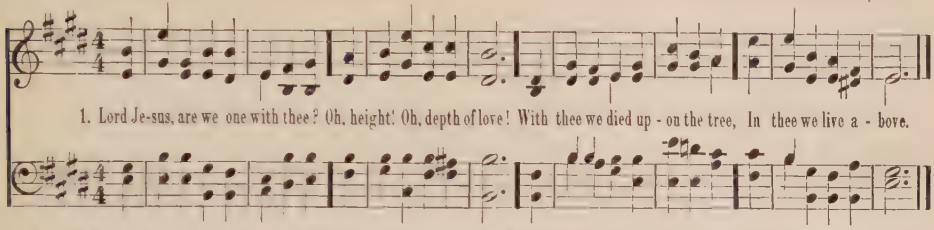
XAVIER. C. M. *(Second Tune for No. 425.)*

Sir J. Stainer, 1840—.



424 ADVENT. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. CALKIN, 1827.



1 Lord Jesus, are we one with thee?
Oh, height! Oh, depth of love!
With thee we died upon the tree,
In thee we live above.

2 Such was thy grace, that for our sake
Thou didst from heaven come down,
Our mortal flesh and blood partake,
In all our misery one.

3 Our sins, our guilt, in love divine,
Confessed and borne by thee;
The gall, the curse, the wrath, were thine,
To set thy members free.

4 Ascended now, in glory bright,
Still one with us thou art;
Nor life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,
Thy saints and thee can part.

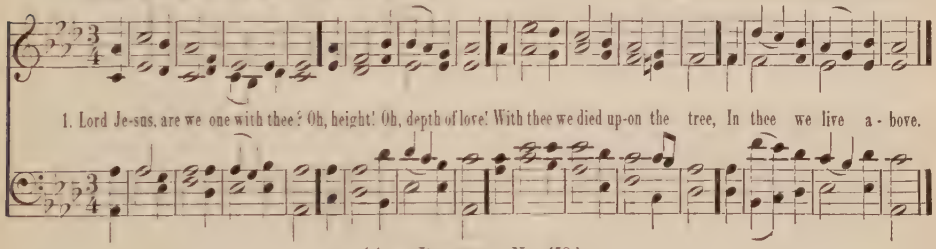
5 O teach us, Lord, to know and own
This wondrous mystery,
That thou with us art truly one,
And we are one with thee.

6 Soon, soon shall come that glorious day,
When, seated on thy throne,
Thou shalt to wondering worlds display
That thou with us art one.

J. G. Deck, 1837.

ROMBERG. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

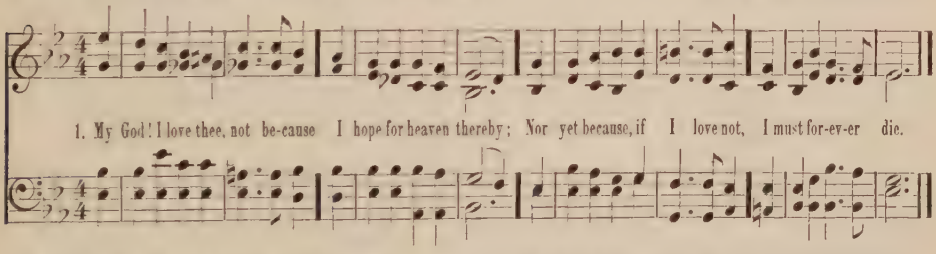
ARR. BY T. HASTINGS, 1784–1872.



(ALSO DENFIELD, No. 458.)

425 HOLY TRINITY. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1861.



1 My God! I love thee, not because
I hope for heaven thereby;
Nor yet because, if I love not,
I must forever die.

2 Thou, O my Jesus, thou didst me
Upon the cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace.

3 Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love thee well?
Not for the sake of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell,

4 Not with the hope of gaining aught;
Not seeking a reward;
But as thyself hast loved me,
O ever-loving Lord.

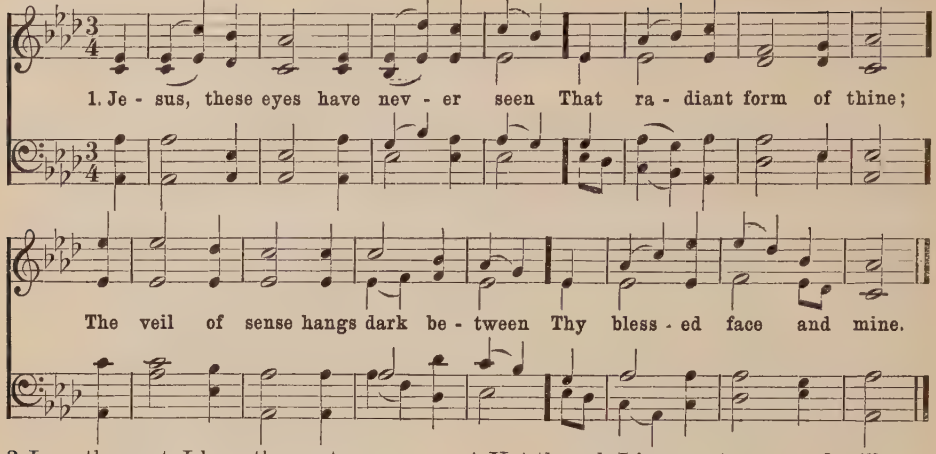
5 E'en so I love thee, and will love,
And in thy praise will sing;
Solely because thou art my God,
And my eternal King.

Francis Xavier, 1552; Tr. by Edward Caswall, 1849.

(ALSO XAVIER, OPPOSITE.)

426 MONSON. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

BROWN.


1. Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - diant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark be - tween Thy bless - ed face and mine.

2 I see thee not, I hear thee not,
Yet art thou oft with me;
And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot
As where I meet with thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes unsought
When slumbers o'er me roll,
Thine image ever fills my thought,
And charms my ravished soul.

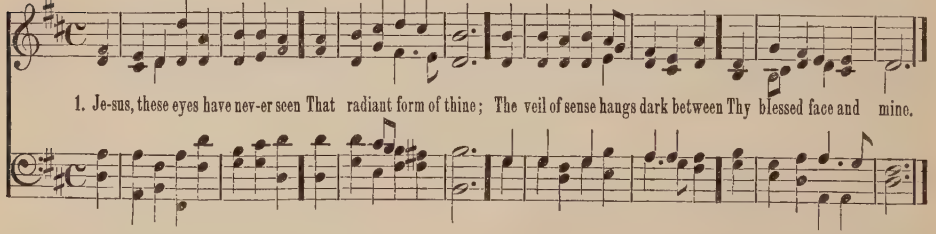
4 Yet though I have not seen, and still
Must rest in faith alone,
I love thee, dearest Lord, and will,
Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
And still this throbbing heart,
The rending veil shall thee reveal,
All-glorious as thou art.

Ray Palmer, 1858.

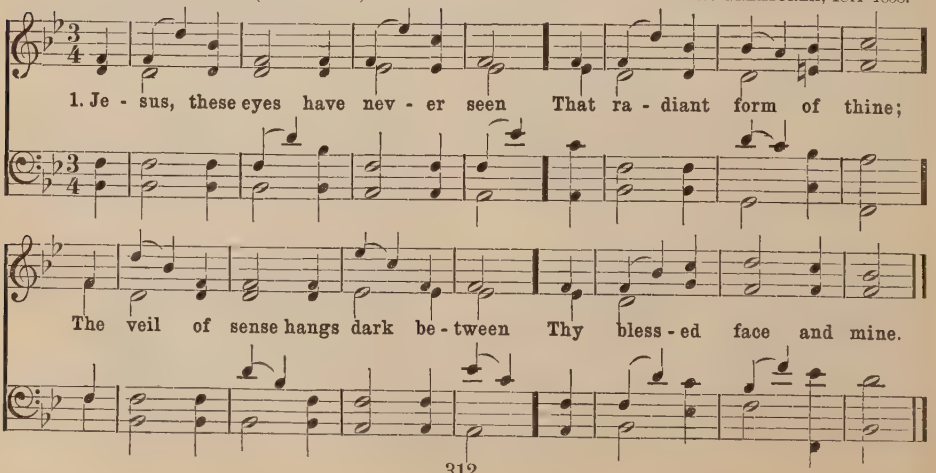
NORMANBY. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

RICHARD REDHEAD, 1820—.


1. Je-sus, these eyes have nev-er seen That radiant form of thine; The veil of sense hangs dark between Thy blessed face and mine.

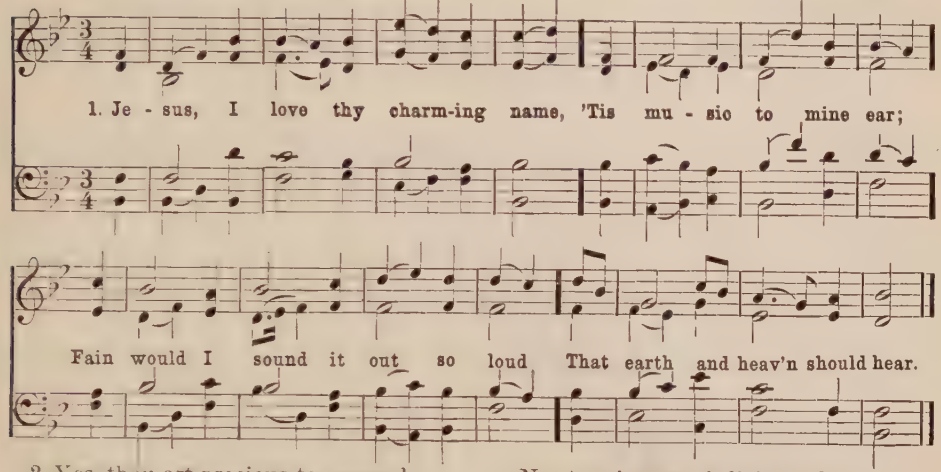
GEER. C. M. (*Third Tune.*)

H. W. GREATOREX, 1811–1858.


1. Je - sus, these eyes have nev - er seen That ra - diant form of thine;
The veil of sense hangs dark be - tween Thy bless - ed face and mine.

427 WILTSHIRE. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

SIR GEORGE THOMAS SMART, 1776–1867.



2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

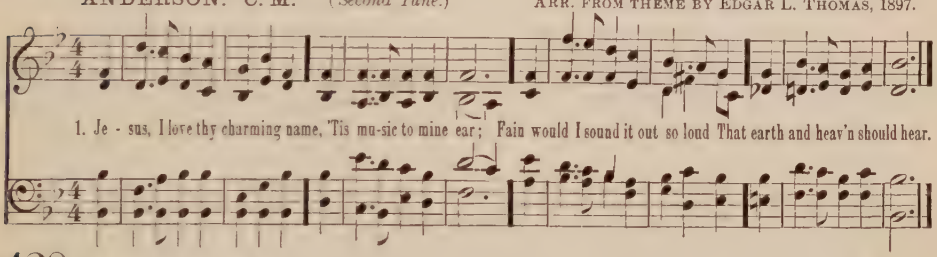
3 All my capacious powers can wish
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to mine eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there,—
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

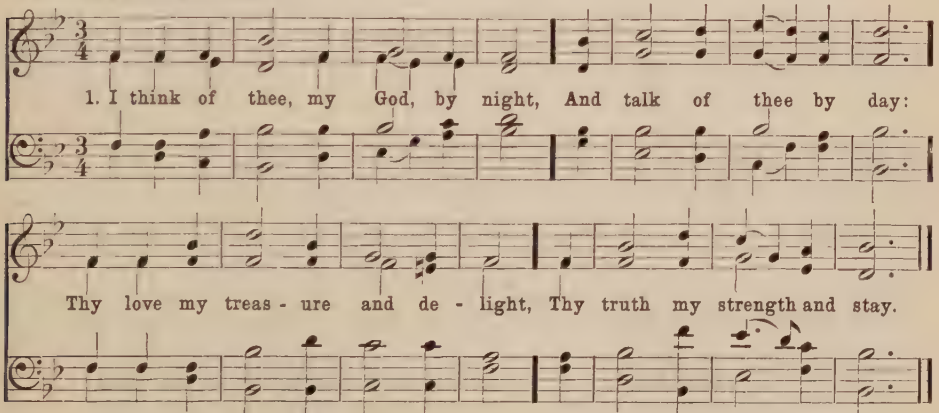
Philip Doddridge, 1755.

ANDERSON. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

ARR. FROM THEME BY EDGAR L. THOMAS, 1897.



428 BARTON. C. M.



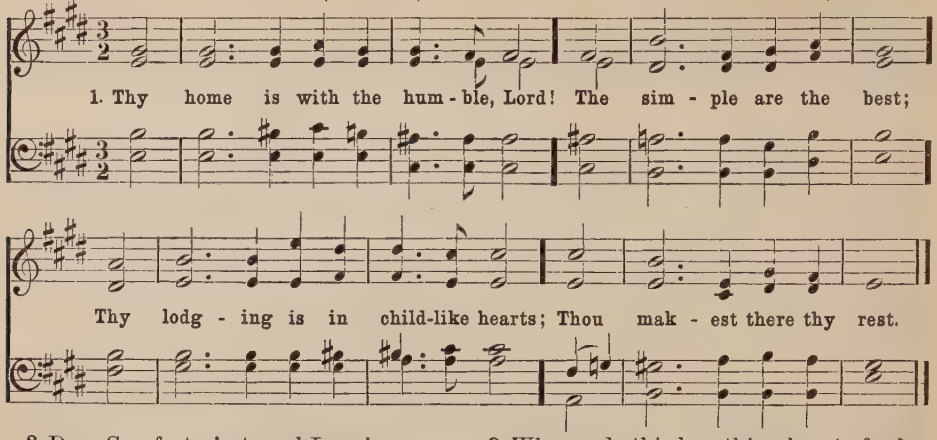
2 The day is dark, the night is long,
Unblest with thoughts of thee,
And dull to me the sweetest song,
Unless its theme thou be.

3 So all day long, and all the night,
Lord, let thy presence be,
Mine air, my breath, my shade, my light,
Myself absorbed in thee.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863.

429 SERENITY. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM W. V. WALLACE, 1815–1866.

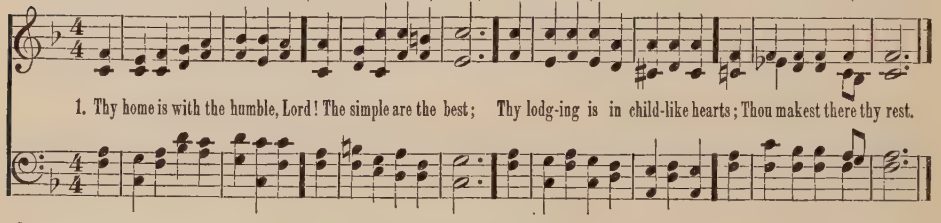


2 Dear Comforter! eternal Love!
If thou wilt stay with me,
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways,
I'll build a house for thee.

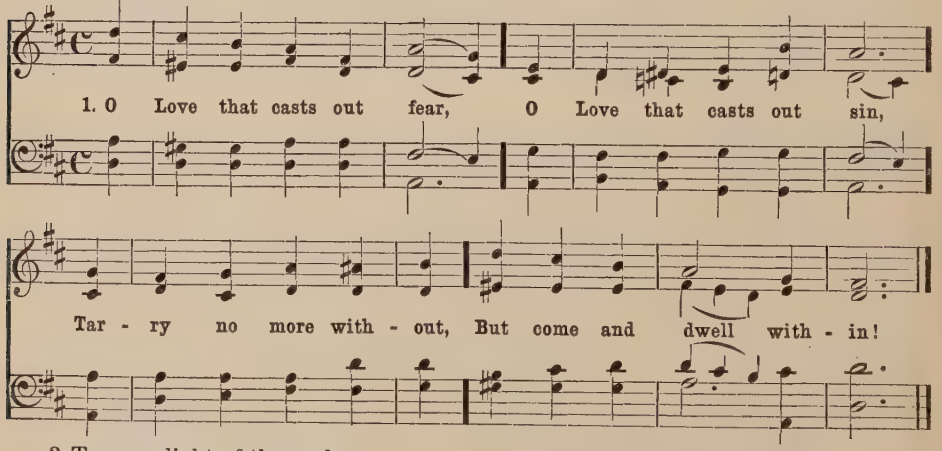
3 Who made this breathing heart of mine
But thou, my heavenly guest?
Let no one have it, then, but thee,
And let it be thy rest!

F. W. Faber, 1814–1863.

ST. JOHN'S. C. M. (WESTMINSTER.) (*Second Tune.*)

J. TURLE, 1862—.

430 ST. DENYS. 6s.

F. SPINNEY.



2 True sunlight of the soul,
Surround us as we go;
So shall our way be safe,
Our feet no straying know.

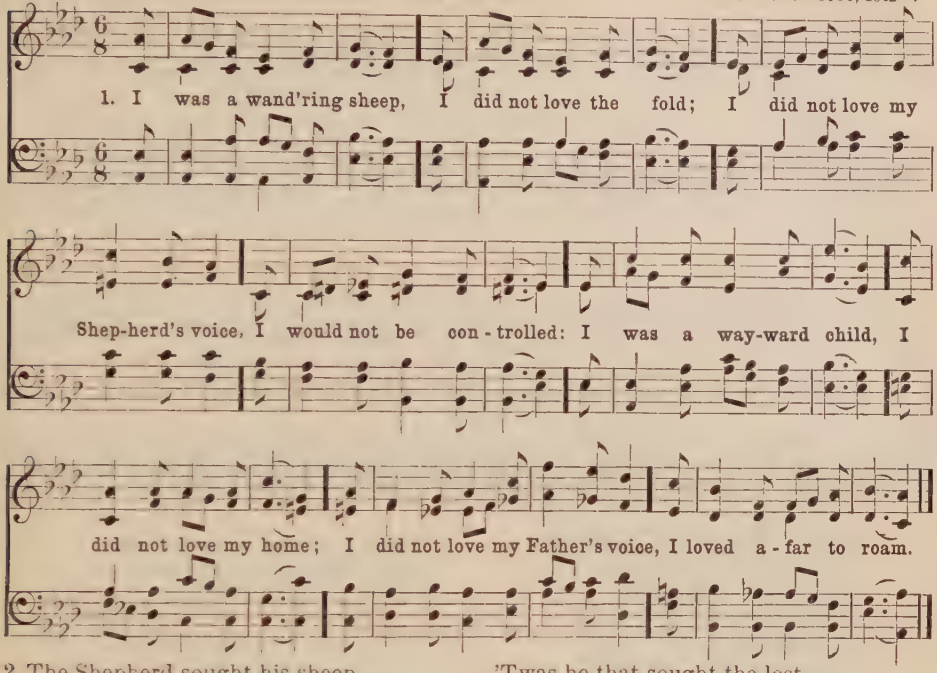
3 Great love of God come in!
Well-spring of heavenly peace;
Thou living water, come!
Spring up, and never cease.

4 Love of the living God,
Of Father and of Son;
Love of the Holy Ghost,
Fill thou each needy one.

H. Bonar, 1808–1889.

431 PASTOR BONUS. S. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

A. J. CALDICOTT, 1842—.


1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my
Shep-herd's voice, I would not be con-trolled: I was a way-ward child, I
did not love my home; I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a-far to roam.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint and lone;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

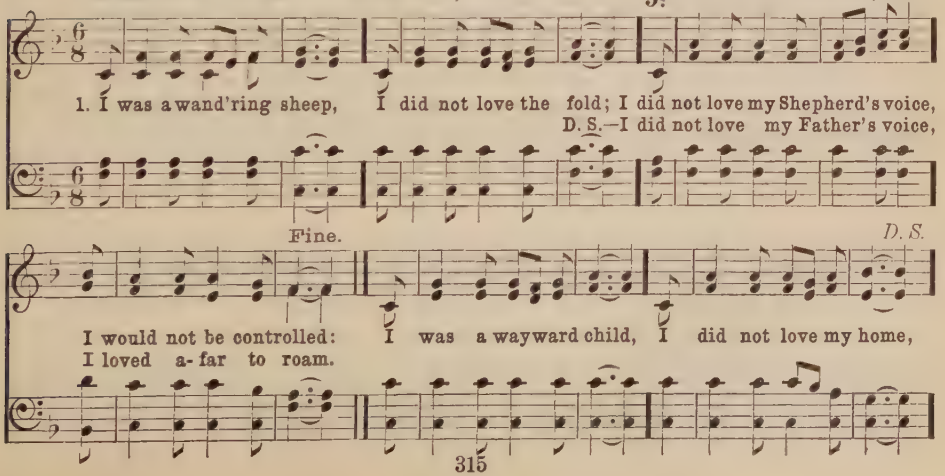
3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole;
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold,
'Tis he that still doth keep.

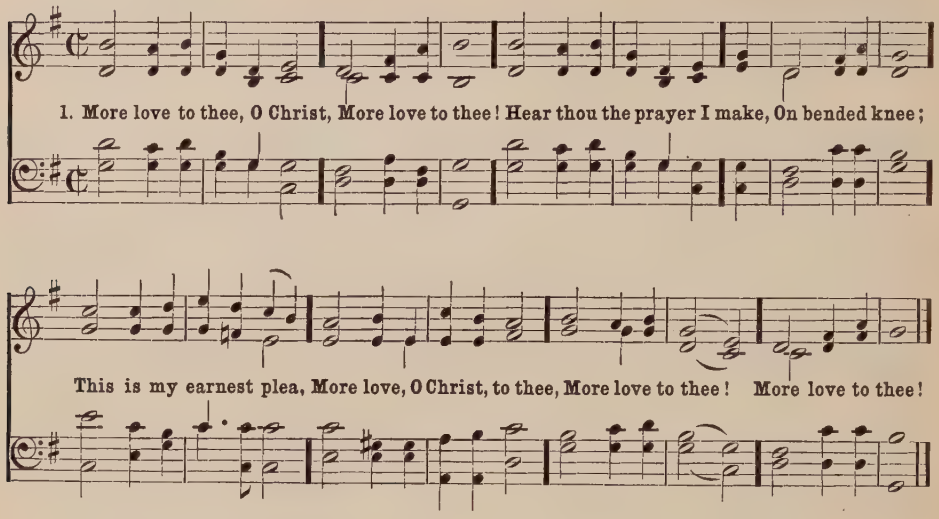
4 No more a wandering sheep,
I love to be controlled;
I love my tender Shepherd's voice,
I love the peaceful fold:
No more a wayward child,
I seek no more to roam;
I love my heavenly Father's voice,
I love, I love his home.

Horatius Bonar, 1843,

LEBANON. S. M. D. (*Second Tune.*)

J. ZUNDEL, 1855.


1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
D. S.—I did not love my Father's voice,
Fine.
D. S.
I would not be controlled: I was a wayward child, I did not love my home,
I loved a-far to roam.

432 PROPRIOR DEO. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4. (*First Tune.*) SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.

1. More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee! Hear thou the prayer I make, On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee! More love to thee!

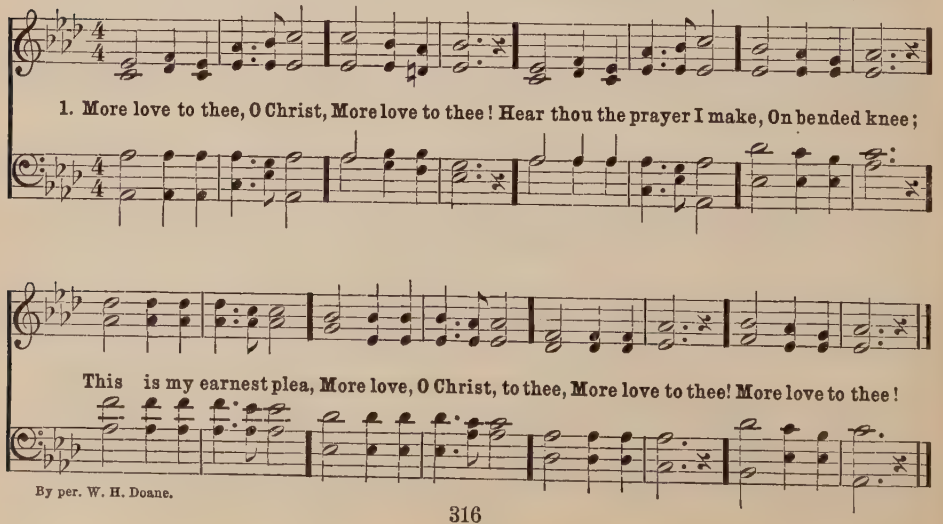
2 Once earthly joy I craved,
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek,
Give what is best:
This all my prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

3 Let sorrow do its work,
Send grief and pain;
Sweet are thy messengers,
Sweet their refrain,
When they can sing with me,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

4 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise,
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee,
More love to thee!

Elizabeth Prentiss, 1870.

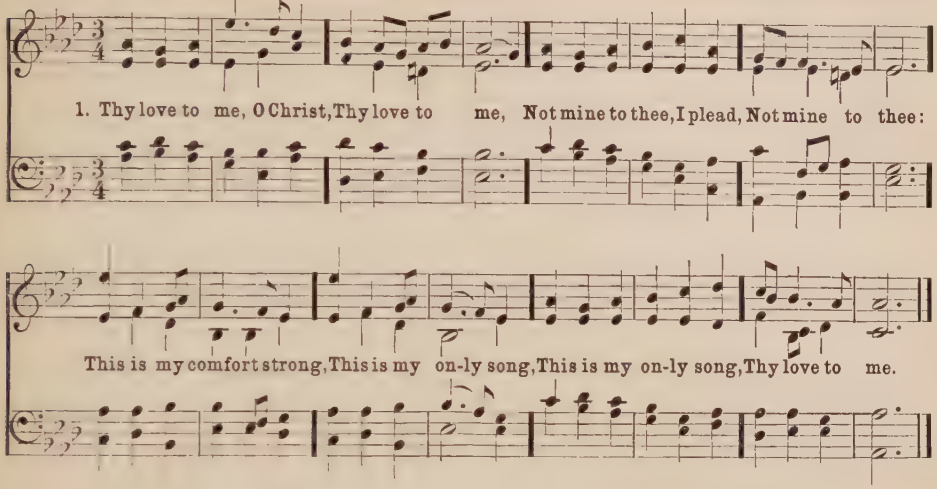
MORE LOVE TO THEE. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 4. (*Second Tune.*) W. H. DOANE, 1832—.


1. More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee! Hear thou the prayer I make, On bended knee;
This is my earnest plea, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee! More love to thee!

By per. W. H. Doane.

433 GREGORY. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM HANDEL, 1689–1759.


1. Thy love to me, O Christ, Thy love to me, Not mine to thee, I plead, Not mine to thee:
This is my comfort strong, This is my on-ly song, This is my on-ly song, Thy love to me.

1 Thy love to me, O Christ,
Thy love to me,
Not mine to thee, I plead,
Not mine to thee:
This is my comfort strong,
This is my only song,
Thy love to me.

2 Thy record I believe,
Thy word to me;
Thy love I now receive,
Full, changeless, free,—
Love from the sinless Son,
Love to the sinful one,
Thy love to me.

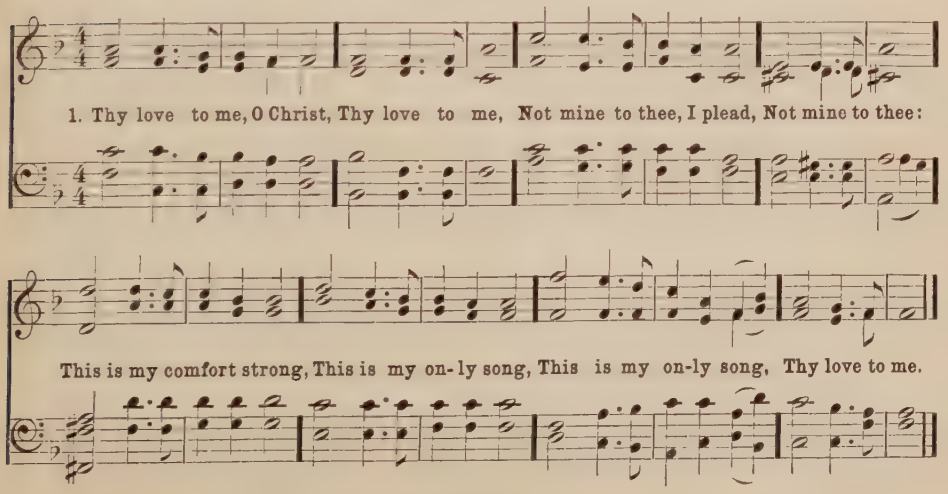
3 Immortal love of thine!
Thy sacrifice,
Infinite need of mine
Only supplies.
Streams of divinest power,
Flow to me, hour by hour,
Thy love to me.

4 Let me more clearly trace,
Thy love to me,
See in the Father's face,
His love to thee;
Know as he loves the Son,
So dost thou love thine own
Thy love to me.

Mrs. M. E. Gates, 1886.

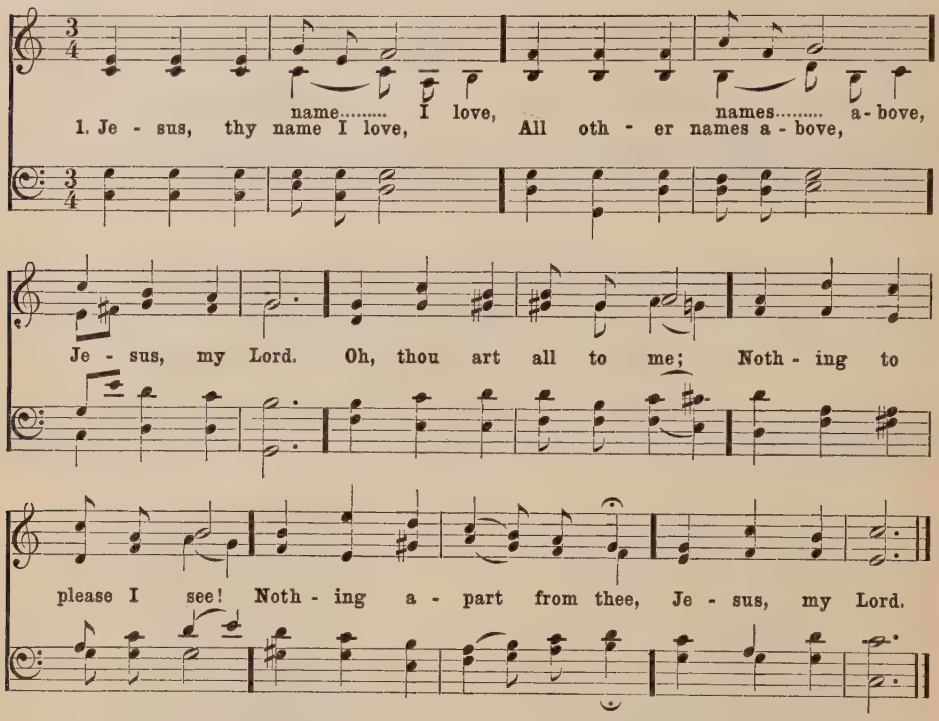
SEBASTIAN. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. (*Second Tune.*)

S. S. WESLEY, 1810–1876.


1. Thy love to me, O Christ, Thy love to me, Not mine to thee, I plead, Not mine to thee:
This is my comfort strong, This is my on-ly song, This is my on-ly song, Thy love to me.

434 ATHERTON. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

E. H. JOHNSON, 1896.


1. Je - sus, thy name I love, name..... I love, All oth - er names a - bove, names..... a - bove,
Je - sus, my Lord. Oh, thou art all to me; Noth - ing to
please I see! Noth - ing a - part from thee, Je - sus, my Lord.

2 Thou blessed Son of God,
Hast bought me with thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord.
Oh, wondrous is thy love,
All other loves above,
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord!

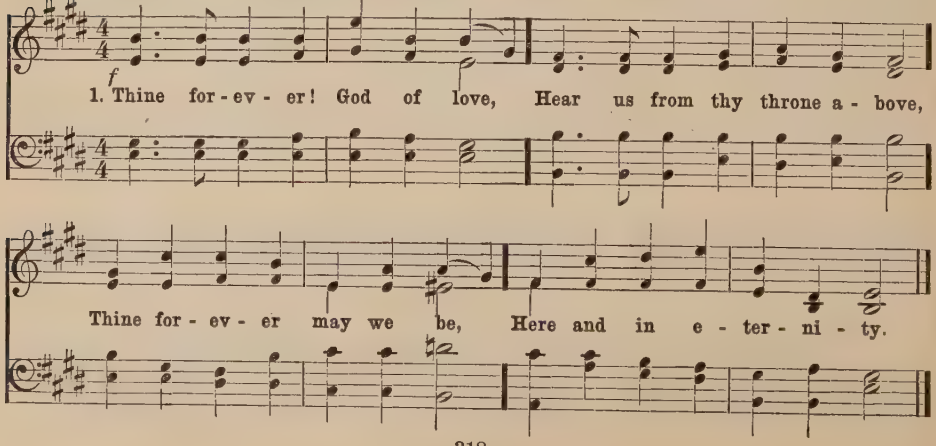
3 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord.
What need I now to fear?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near?
Jesus, my Lord.

J. G. Deck, 1853.

(ALSO OLIVET, No. 408.)

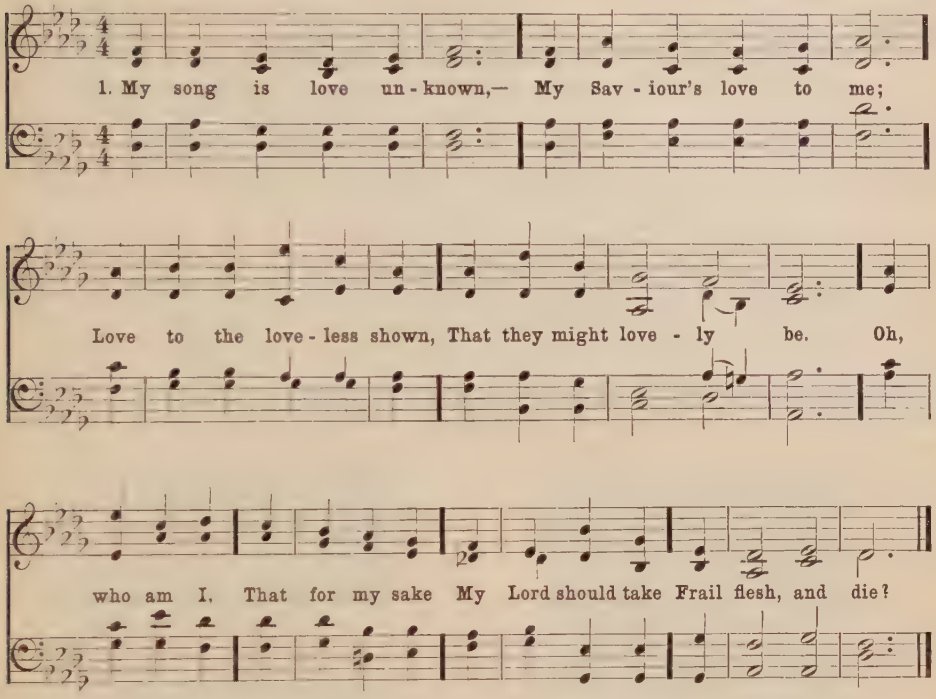
SIDNEY. 7s. (*For No.* 436.)

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.



435 ST. JOHN. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

J. B. CALKIN, 1827—.


1. My song is love un-known,— My Sav-iour's love to me;
Love to the love-less shown, That they might love-ly be. Oh,
who am I, That for my sake My Lord should take Frail flesh, and die?

2 He came from his blest throne
Salvation to bestow:
But men made strange, and none
The longed-for Christ would know;
But Oh, my friend!
My friend, indeed,
Who at my need
His life did spend.

3 Sometimes they strew his way,
And his sweet praises sing;
Resounding all the day
Hosannas to their King.
Then "Crucify!"
Is all their breath;
And for his death
They thirst and cry.

4 Why, what hath my Lord done?
What makes this rage and spite?
He made the lame to run,
He gave the blind their sight.
Sweet injuries!
Yet they at these
Themselves displease,
And 'gainst him rise.

5 In life, no house, no home
My Lord on earth might have;
In death, no friendly tomb,
But what a stranger gave.
What may I say?
Heaven was his home;
But mine the tomb
Wherein he lay.

S. Crossman, 1624-1683.

(ALSO HADDAM, No. 292.)

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436 SIDNEY. *(Opposite.)*

1 Thine forever! God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above,
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

2 Thine forever! Oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest!
Saviour, Guardian, heavenly Friend,
O defend us to the end.

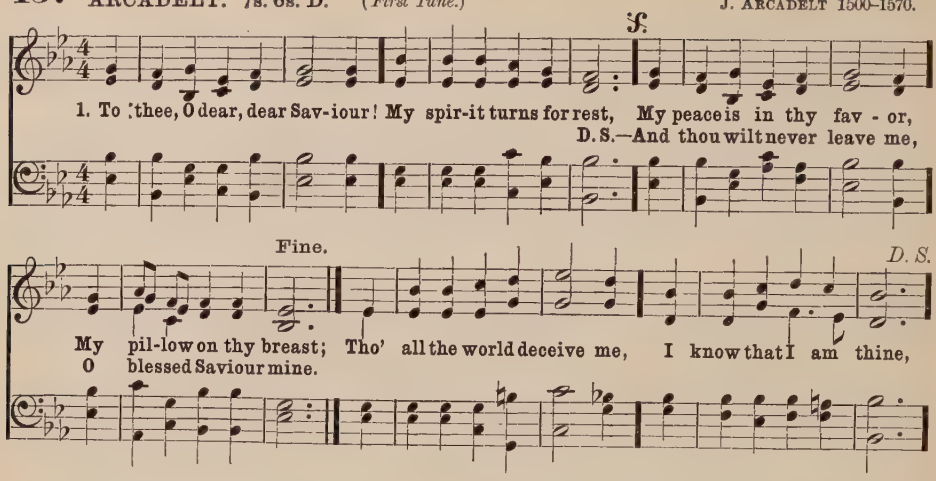
3 Thine forever! Saviour, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

4 Thine forever! thou our guide
All our wants by thee supplied,
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven.

Mary F. Maude, 1848.

437 ARCADELT. 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. ARCADELT 1500–1570.


f.
1. To thee, O dear, dear Sav-iour! My spir-it turns for rest, My peace is in thy fav - or,
D.S.—And thou wilt never leave me,
Fine.
D. S.
My pil-low on thy breast; Tho' all the world deceive me, I know that I am thine,
O blessed Saviour mine.

2 In thee my trust abideth,
On thee my hope relies,
O thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies;
O thou whose mercy found me,
From bondage set me free,
And then for ever bound me
With threefold cords to thee.

3 My grief is in the dulness
With which this sluggish heart
Doth open to the fulness
Of all thou wouldst impart;
My joy is in thy beauty
Of holiness Divine,
My comfort in the duty
That binds my life in thine.

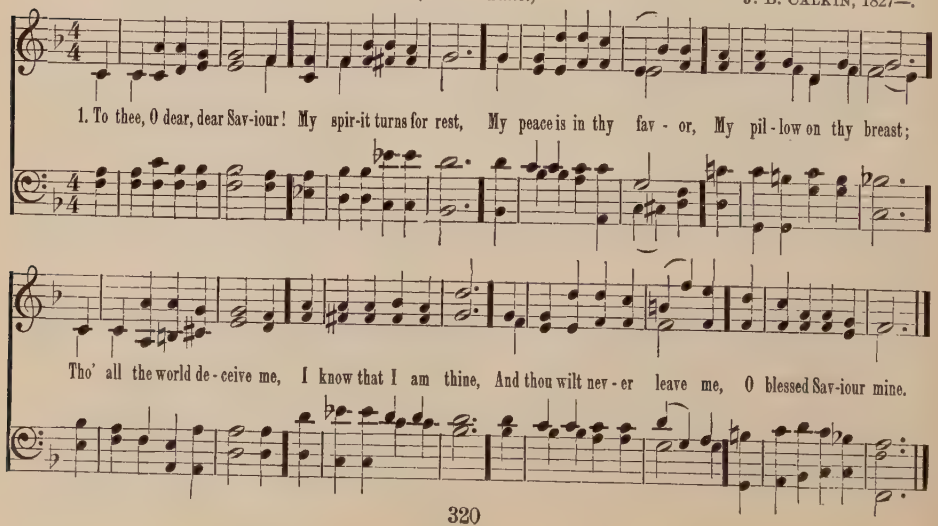
4 Alas! that I should ever
Have failed in love to thee,
The only One who never
Forgat or slighted me.
Oh, for a heart to love thee
More truly as I ought,
And nothing place above thee
In deed, or word, or thought!

5 Oh, for that choicest blessing
Of living in thy love,
And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above!
Oh, for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose!

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863.

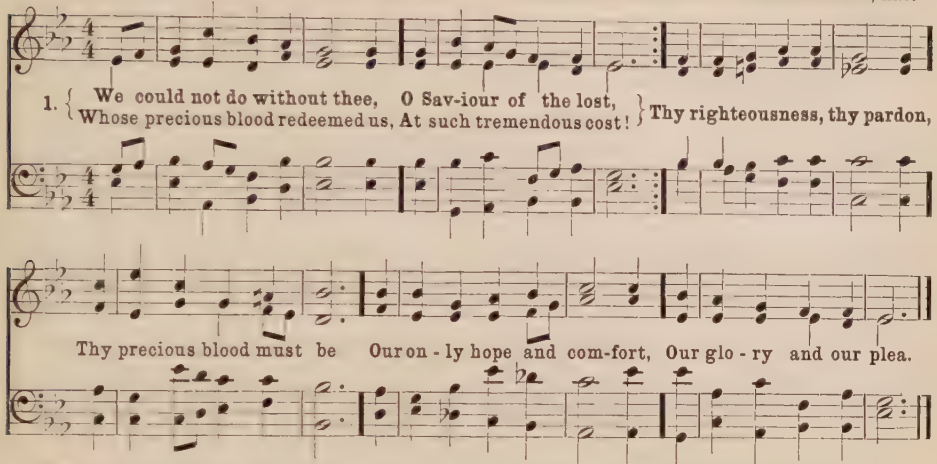
SAVOY CHAPEL. 7s. 6s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

J. B. CALKIN, 1827—.


1. To thee, O dear, dear Sav-iour! My spir-it turns for rest, My peace is in thy fav - or, My pil - low on thy breast;
Tho' all the world de - ceive me, I know that I am thine, And thou wilt nev - er leave me, O blessed Sav-iour mine.

438 MUNICH. 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. HERMANN, 1620; ARR. BY MENDELSSOHN, ALT.


1. We could not do without thee, O Sav-iour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed us, At such tremendous cost!
Thy righteousness, thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be Our on - ly hope and com-fort, Our glo - ry and our plea.

2 We could not do without thee,
We can not stand alone,
We have no strength or goodness,
No wisdom of our own.
How could we do without thee?
We do not know the way;
Thou knowest and thou leadest,
And wilt not let us stray.

3 We could not do without thee,
O Jesus, Saviour dear;
E'en when our eyes are holden,
We know that thou art near.
How dreary and how lonely
This changeful life would be,
Without the sweet communion,
The secret rest in thee.

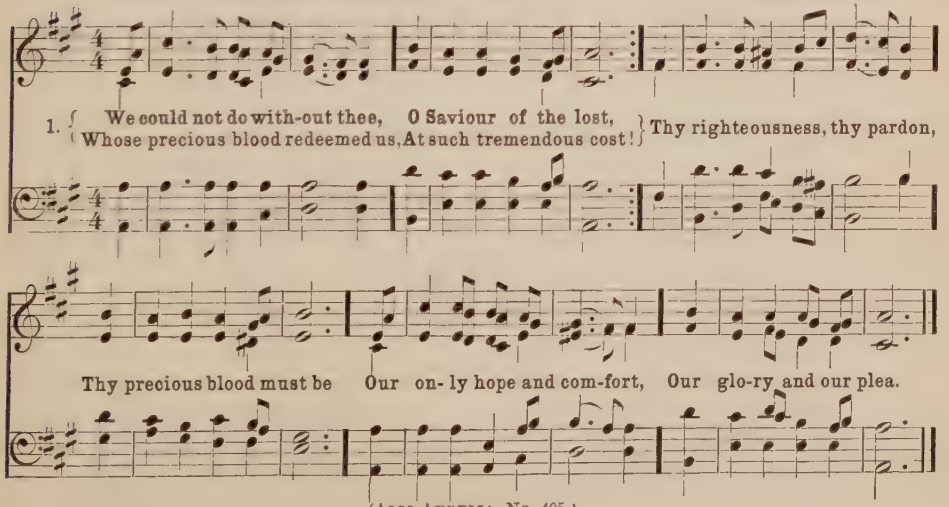
4 We could not do without thee;
No other friend can read
The spirit's strange deep longings,
Interpreting its need;
No human heart could enter
Each dim recess of mine,
And soothe, and hush, and calm it,
O blessèd Lord, but thine.

5 We could not do without thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon in solemn loneliness
The river must be passed;
But thou wilt never leave me,
And though the waves roll high,
I know thou wilt be near me,
And whisper, "It is I."

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836–1879.

MEHUL. 7s. 6s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

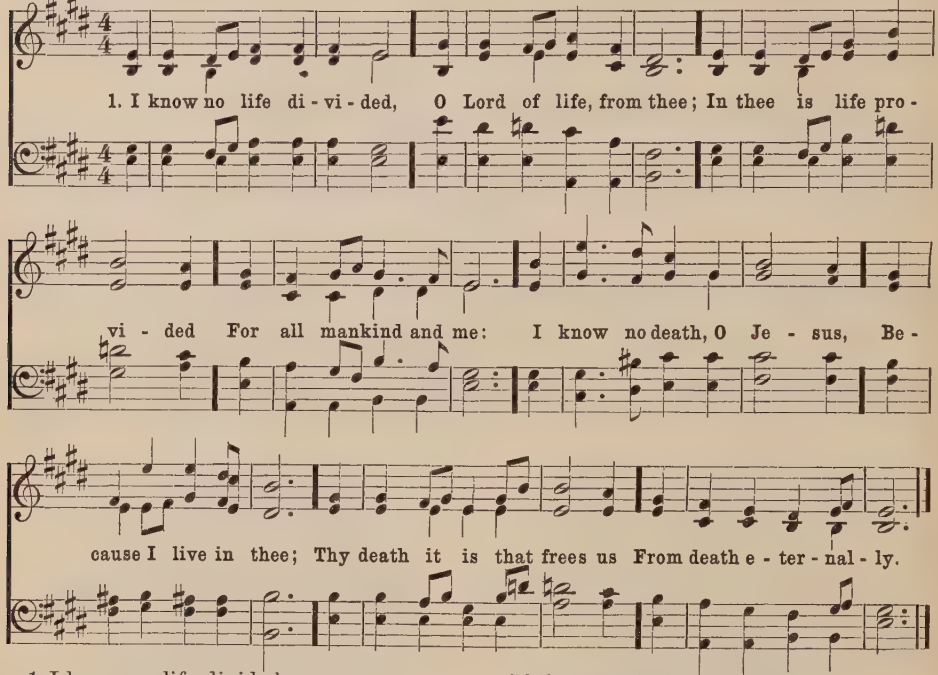
E. H. MEHUL, 1763–1817.


1. We could not do with-out thee, O Saviour of the lost,
Whose precious blood redeemed us, At such tremendous cost!
Thy righteousness, thy pardon,
Thy precious blood must be Our on- ly hope and com-fort, Our glo-ry and our plea.

(ALSO AURELIA, No. 405.)

439 ST. HILDA. 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

ALT. FROM E. HUSBAND, 1843—.


1. I know no life di - vi - ded, O Lord of life, from thee; In thee is life pro -
vi - ded For all mankind and me: I know no death, O Je - sus, Be -
cause I live in thee; Thy death it is that frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly.

1 I know no life divided,
O Lord of life, from thee;
In thee is life provided
For all mankind and me:
I know no death, O Jesus,
Because I live in thee;
Thy death it is that frees us
From death eternally.

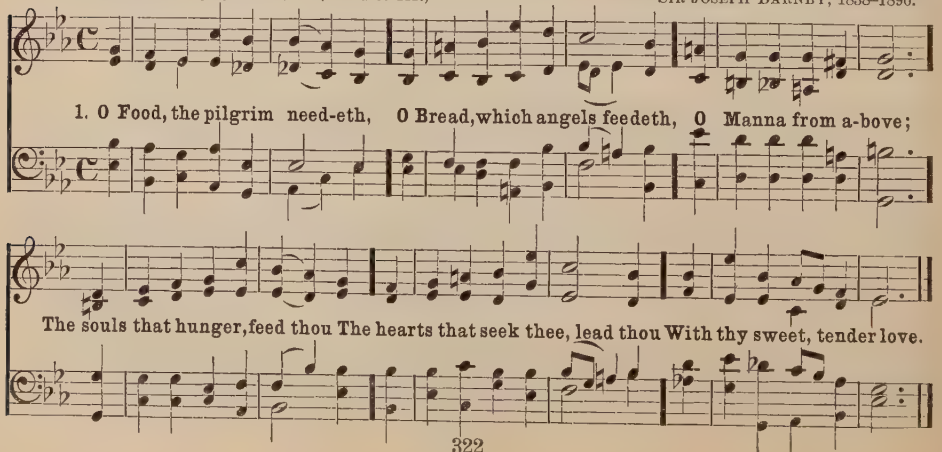
2 I fear no tribulation,
Since, whatsoe'er it be,
It makes no separation
Between my Lord and me.
If thou my God and Teacher,
Vouchsafe to be my own,
Though poor, I shall be richer
Than monarch on his throne.

3 If, while on earth I wander,
My heart is right and blest,
Ah, what shall I be yonder,
In perfect peace and rest?
Oh, blessèd thought! in dying
We go to meet the Lord,
Where there shall be no sighing,
A kingdom our reward.

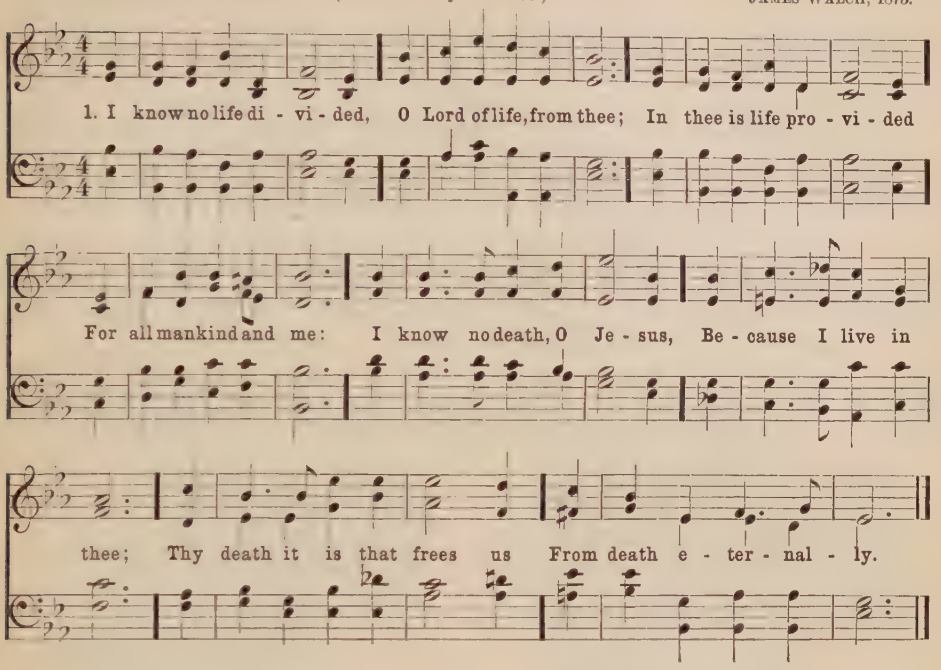
Tr. Richard Massie, 1800–1887.

MANNA. 7. 7. 6. D. (*For No.* 441.)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.

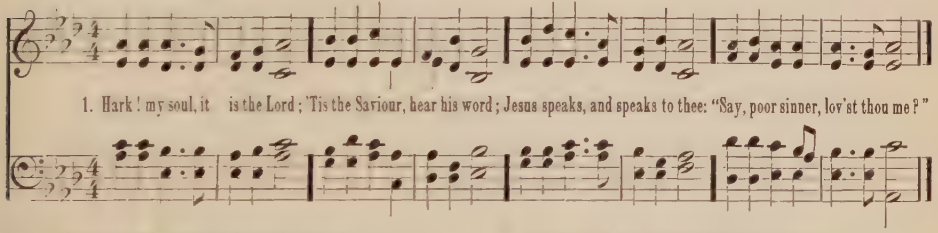

1. O Food, the pilgrim need-eth, O Bread, which angels feedeth, O Manna from a-bove;
The souls that hunger, feed thou The hearts that seek thee, lead thou With thy sweet, tender love.

BOLTON. 7s. 6s. D. (*Second Tune for No.* 439.) JAMES WALCH, 1875.


1. I know no life di - vi - ded, O Lord of life, from thee; In thee is life pro - vi - ded
For all mankind and me: I know no death, O Je - sus, Be - cause I live in
thee; Thy death it is that frees us From death e - ter - nal - ly.

440 ST. BEES. 7s.

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



2 "I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 "Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 "Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love thee and adore;
Oh, for grace to love thee more!"

William Cowper, 1768.

(ALSO SOLITUDE, No. 296.)

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441 MANNA. (*Opposite.*)

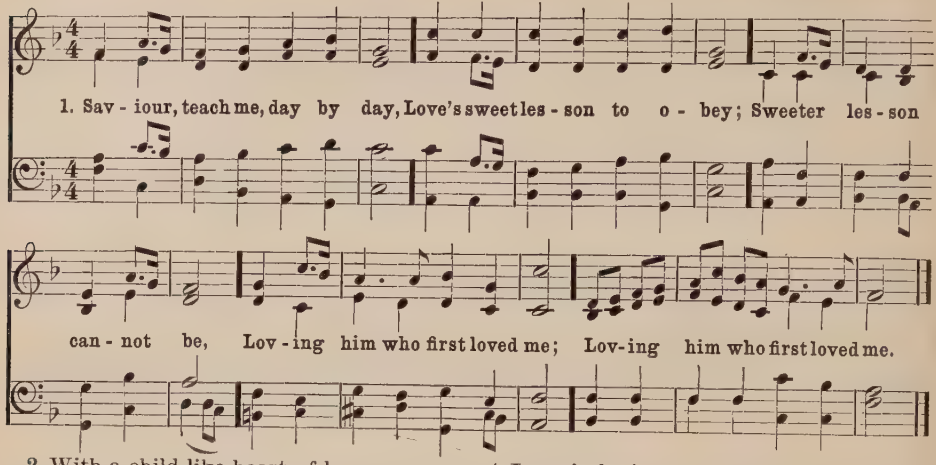
2 O Fount of love redeeming,
O River ever streaming
From Jesus' holy side;
Come thou, thyself bestowing
On thirsty souls, and flowing
Till all are satisfied.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
Thy word of truth believing,
We thee unseen adore:
Grant, when the veil is rended,
That we, to heaven ascended,
May see thee evermore.

P. Schaff, 1819–1893.

442 ST. EUSTACE. 7s. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM MENDELSSOHN, 1809–1847.


1. Sav - iour, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet les - son to o - bey; Sweeter les - son
can - not be, Lov - ing him who first loved me; Lov-ing him who first loved me.

2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

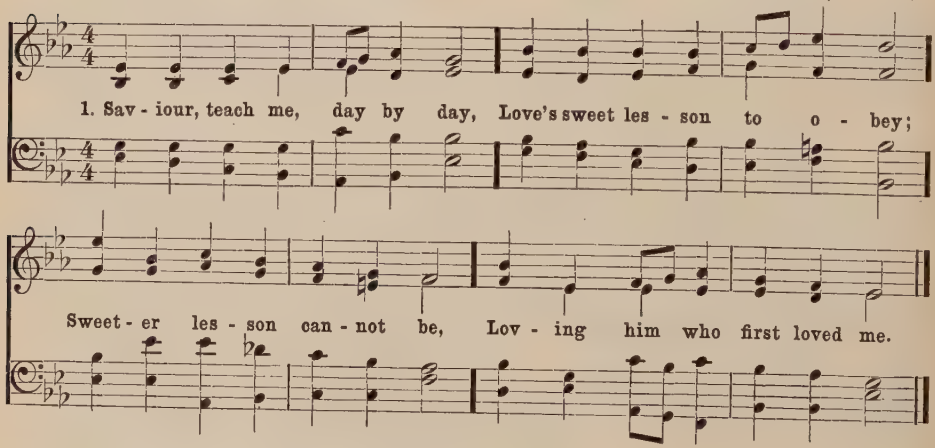
4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

5 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing, till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

Jane E. Leeson, 1842

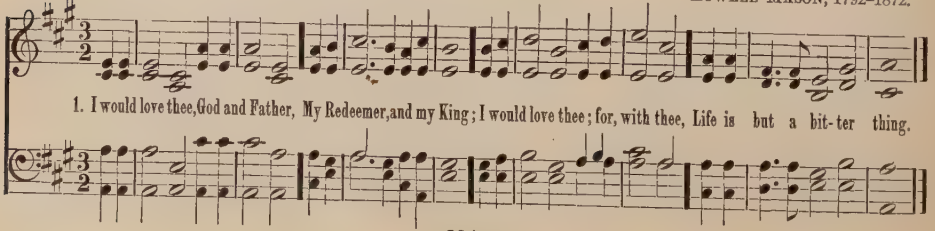
STRATTNER. 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

G. C. STRATTNER, 1650–1705.



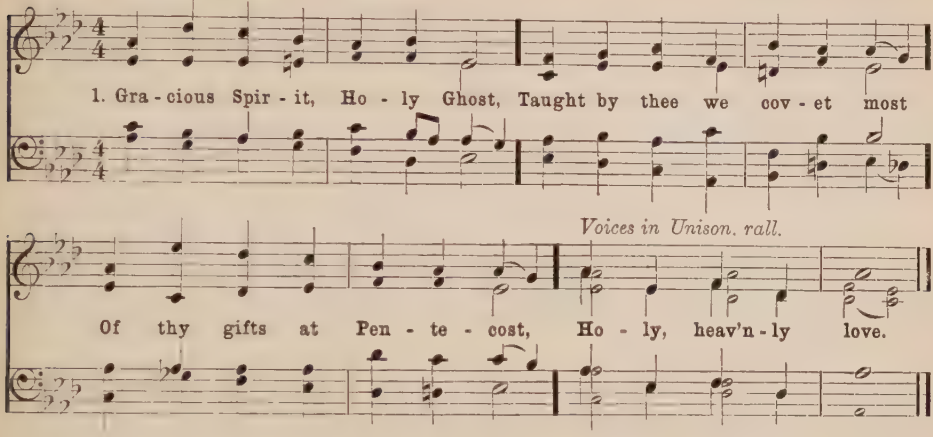
OVIO. 8s. 7s. (*Second Tune for No.* 444.)

LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872.



443 BOURNE. 7.7.7.5. (*First Tune.*)

SIR J. STAINER, 1868.


1. Gra - cious Spir - it, Ho - ly Ghost, Taught by thee we cov - et most
Voices in Unison. rall.
Of thy gifts at Pen - te - cost, Ho - ly, heav'n - ly love.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love than death itself more strong;
Therefore, give us love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay;
Therefore, give us love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, give us love.

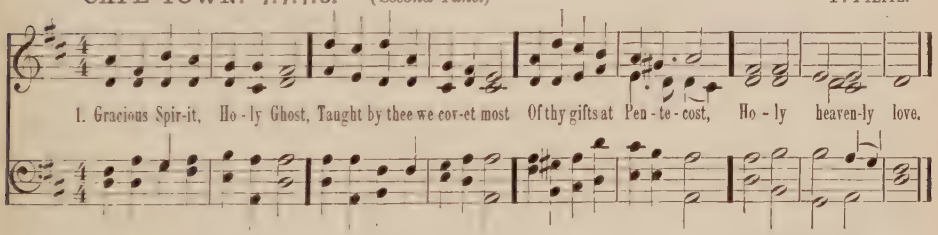
5 Faith and hope and love we see,
Joining hand in hand, agree,
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is love.

6 From the overshadowing
Of thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us who to thee sing,
Holy, heavenly love.

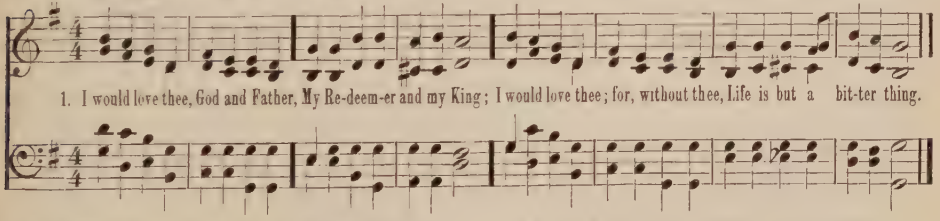
C. Wordsworth, 1862.

CAPE TOWN. 7.7.7.5. (*Second Tune.*)

F. FILITZ.



444 MERTON. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

CHARLOTTE A. BARNARD, 1830–1869.

2 I would love thee; every blessing
Flows to me from out thy throne:
I would love thee; he who loves thee
Never feels himself alone.

3 I would love thee; look upon me;
Ever guide me with thine eye;
I would love thee; if not nourished
By thy love, my soul would die.

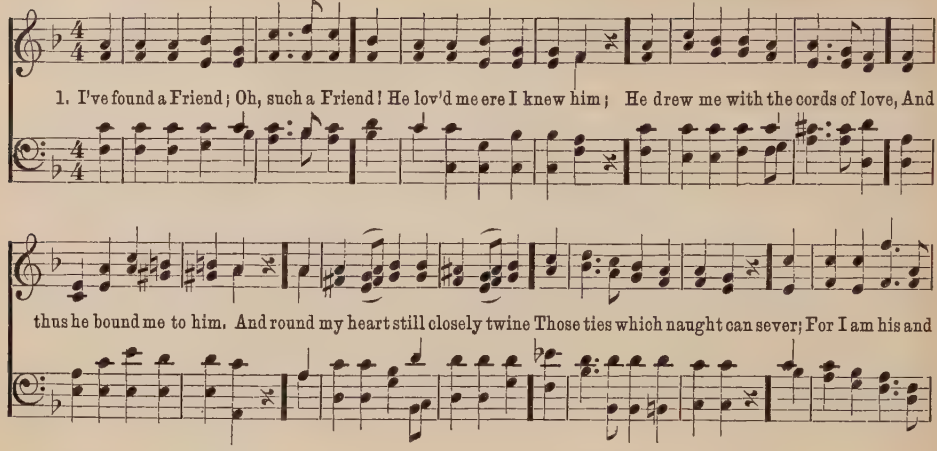
4 I would love thee; I have vowed it;
On thy love my heart is set:
While I love thee, I will never
My Redeemer's blood forget.

Madame J. M. B. Guyon, 1648–1717.

(ALSO OVIO, OPPOSITE.)

445 CONSTANCE. 8s. 7s. D

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.


1. I've found a Friend; Oh, such a Friend! He lov'd me ere I knew him; He drew me with the cords of love, And
thus he bound me to him. And round my heart still closely twine Those ties which naught can sever; For I am his and
he is mine, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.

2 I've found a Friend; Oh, such a Friend!
He bled, he died to save me;
And not alone the gift of life,
But his own self he gave me.
Naught that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver;
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are his, and his forever.

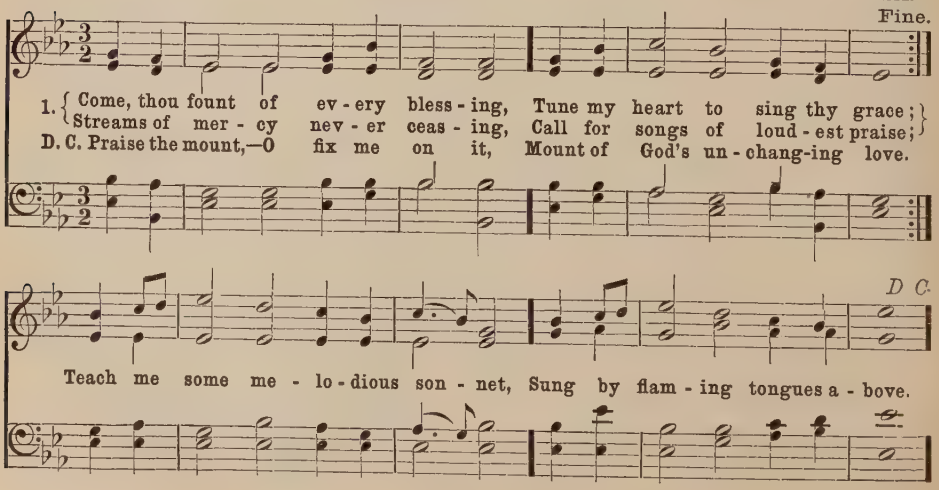
3 I've found a Friend; Oh, such a Friend!
All power to him is given,
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven:
Eternal glory gleams afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor:
So now to watch, to work, to war;
And then to rest forever.

4 I've found a Friend: Oh, such a Friend!
So kind and true and tender;
So wise a Counselor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender!
From him who loves me now so well,
What power my soul shall sever?
Shall life or death, shall earth or hell?
No; I am his forever.

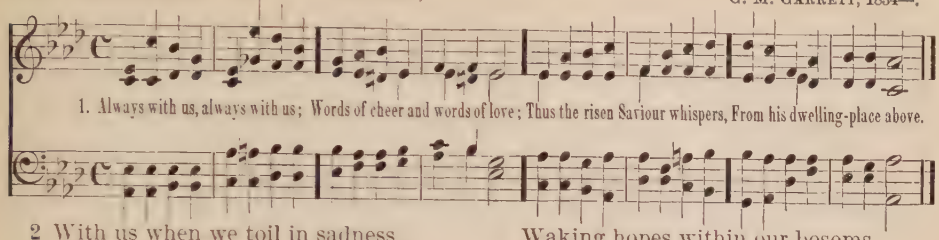
J. G. Small, 1866.

NETTLETON. 8s. 7s. D. *(Second Tune for No. 447.)*

J. WYETH'S COLL. 1812.


Fine.
1. Come, thou fount of ev - ery bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise;
D. C. Praise the mount,—O fix me on it, Mount of God's un - chang-ing love.
D. C.
Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove.

446 ST. GILES. 8s. 7s. (*First Tune.*) G. M. GARRETT, 1834—.


1. Always with us, always with us; Words of cheer and words of love; Thus the risen Saviour whispers, From his dwelling-place above.

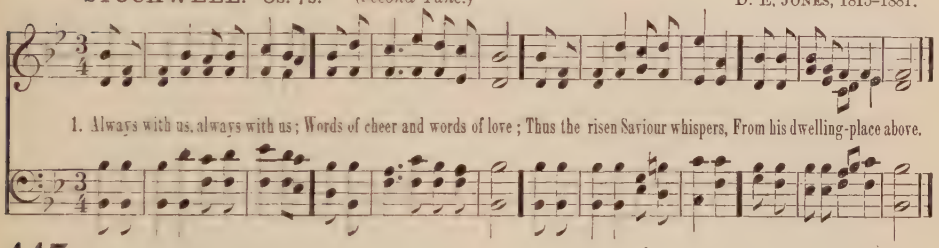
2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future
Golden harvests shall be won.

3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hopes within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.

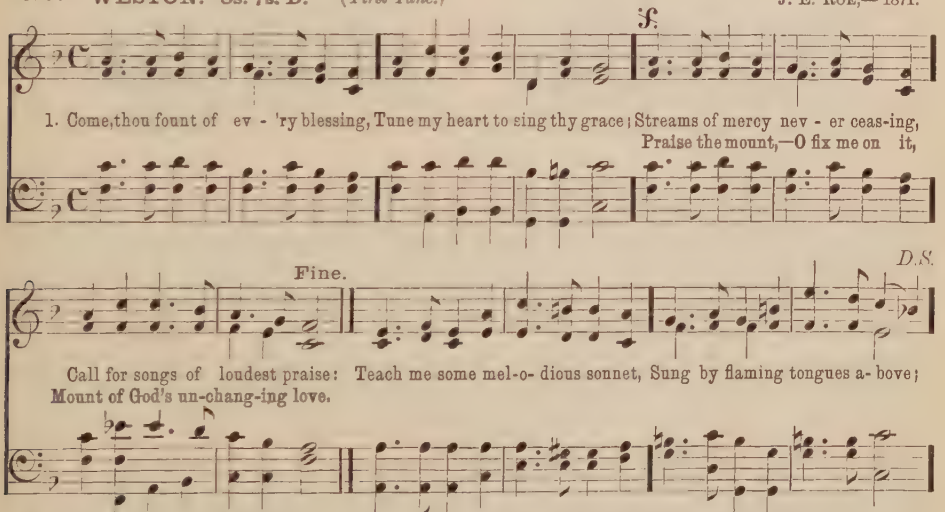
4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory
With salvation's radiant beam.

E. H. Nevin, 1858.

STOCKWELL. 8s. 7s. (*Second Tune.*) D. E. JONES, 1815–1881.


1. Always with us, always with us; Words of cheer and words of love; Thus the risen Saviour whispers, From his dwelling-place above.

447 WESTON. 8s. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*) J. E. ROE,— 1871.


1. Come, thou fount of ev - 'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; Streams of mercy nev - er ceas-ing,
Praise the mount,—O fix me on it,
Fine.
D.S.
Call for songs of loudest praise: Teach me some mel-o- dious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues a- bove;
Mount of God's un-chang-ing love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

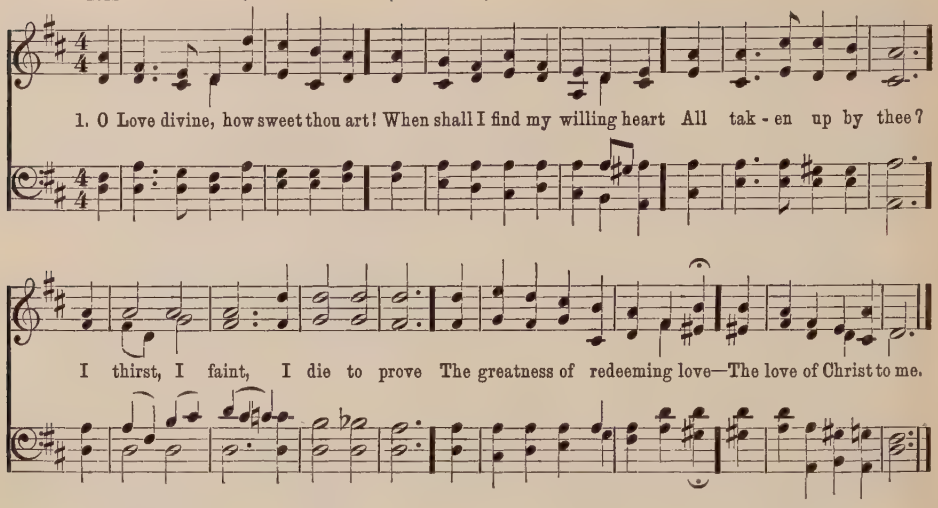
3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; Lord, take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.

Robert Robinson, 1757.

(ALSO NETTLETON, OPPOSITE.)

448 RAVENDALE. 8.8.6.D. (*First Tune.*)

W. STOKES, 1847—.


1. O Love divine, how sweet thou art! When shall I find my willing heart All tak - en up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of redeeming love—The love of Christ to me.

1 O Love divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love—
The love of Christ to me.

2 Oh, that I could for ever sit,
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice,—
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice!

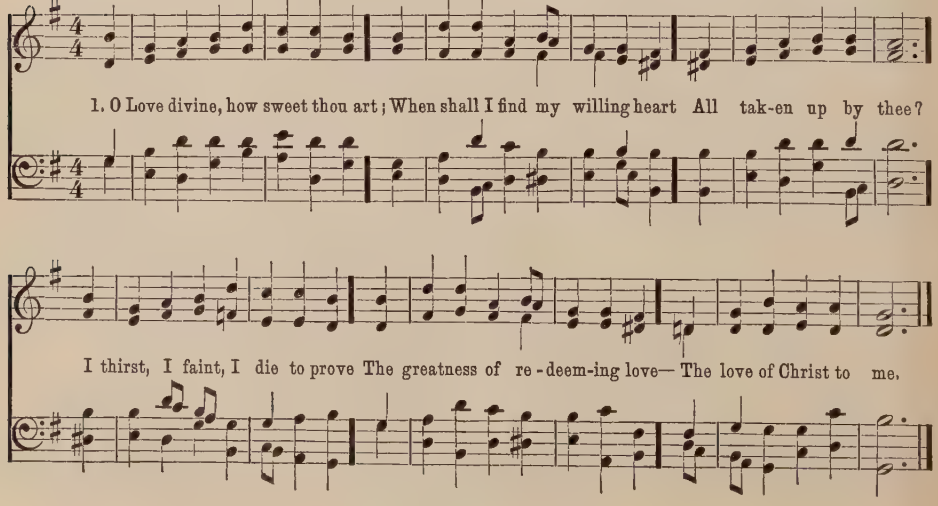
3 Oh, that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast;
From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest!

4 God only knows the love of God;
Oh, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For this I sigh; for thee I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine the better part!

Charles Wesley, 1708–1788.

INNSBRUCK. 8.8.6.D. (*Second Tune.*)

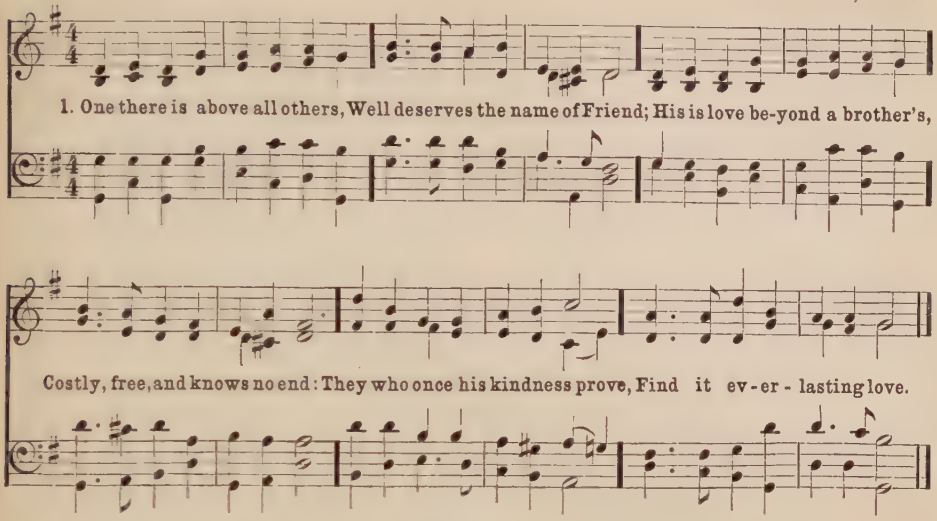
HEINRICH ISAAC, C., 1490.


1. O Love divine, how sweet thou art; When shall I find my willing heart All tak-en up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of re-deem-ing love— The love of Christ to me.

(ALSO MERIBAH, No. 767.)

449 ST. AUSTELL. 8.7.8.7.7.7. (*First Tune.*)

A. H. Brown, 1830—.


1. One there is above all others, Well deserves the name of Friend; His is love be-yond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end: They who once his kindness prove, Find it ev-er-lasting love.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God:
This was boundless love indeed;
Jesus is a Friend in need.

3 When he lived on earth abasèd,
"Friend of sinners" was his name;
Now above all glory raisèd,
He rejoices in the same;
Still he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.

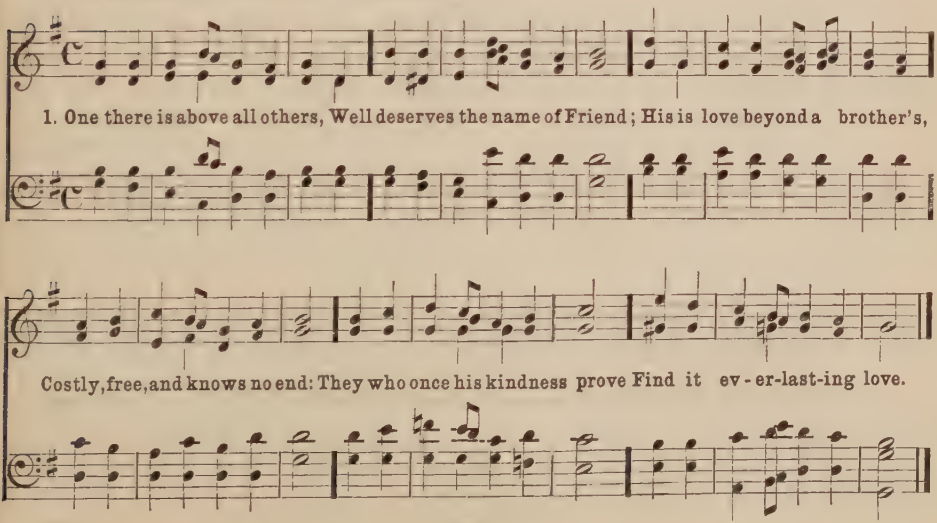
4 Could we bear from one another
What he daily bears from us?
Yet this glorious Friend and Brother
Loves us though we treat him thus:
Though for good we render ill,
He accounts us brethren still.

5 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above:
But when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

John Newton, 1779.

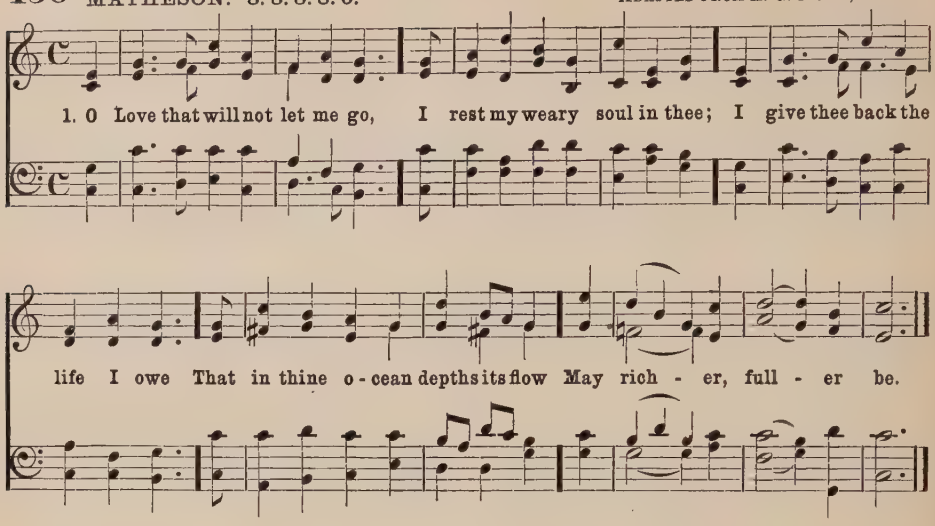
MURIEL. 8.7.8.7.7.7. (*Second Tune.*)

Ch. Gounod, 1818–1893.


1. One there is above all others, Well deserves the name of Friend; His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end: They who once his kindness prove Find it ev-er-last-ing love.

450 MATHESON. 8.8.8.8.6.

ADAPTED FROM E. G. MONK, 1819—.


1. O Love that will not let me go, I rest my weary soul in thee; I give thee back the
life I owe That in thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.

1 O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in thee;
I give thee back the life I owe
That in thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

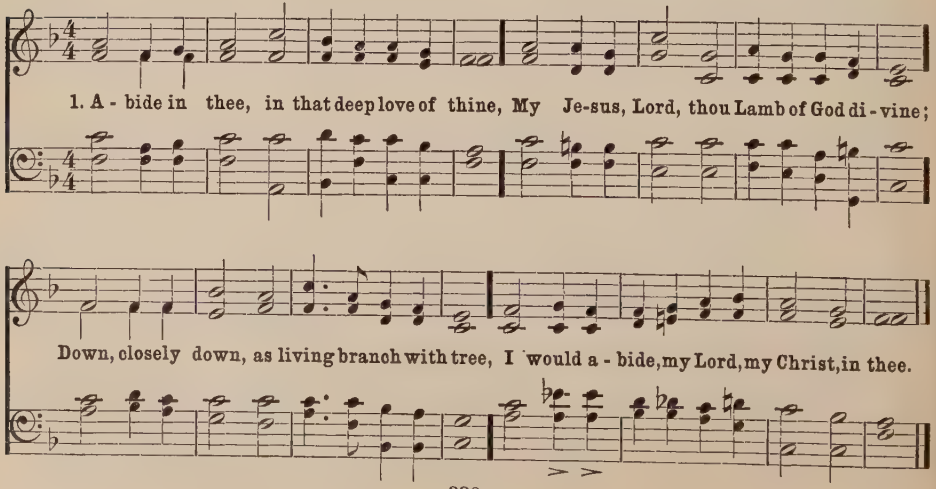
3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

George Matheson, 1882.

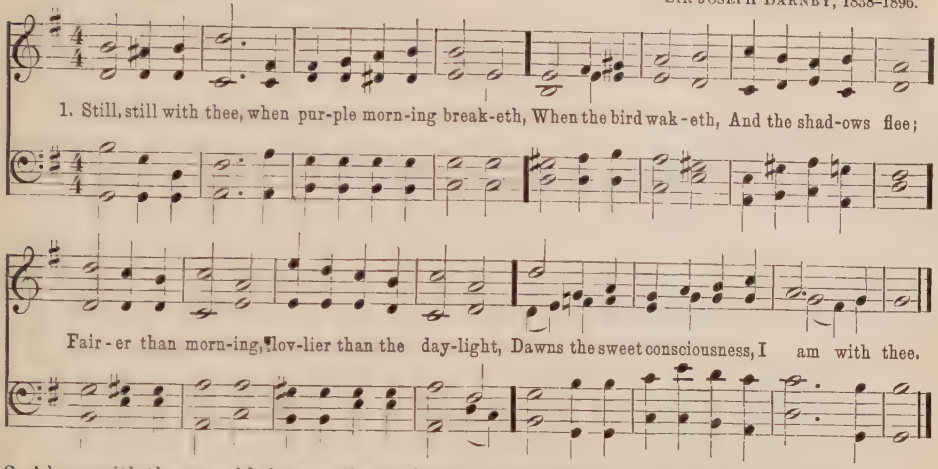
LANGRAN. 10s. (*Second Tune for No.* 452.)

J. LANGRAN, 1862.


1. A - bide in thee, in that deep love of thine, My Je-sus, Lord, thou Lamb of God di - vine;
Down, closely down, as living branch with tree, I would a - bide, my Lord, my Christ, in thee.

451 WINDSOR FOREST. 11s. 10s.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. Still, still with thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird wak-eth, And the shad-ows flee;
Fair-er than morn-ing, lov-lier than the day-light, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee.

2 Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with thee, in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

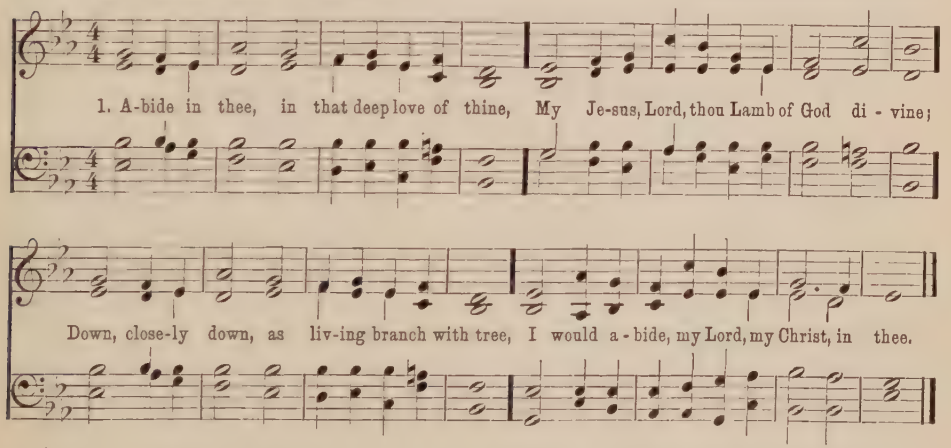
3 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath thy wings o'er-shadowing,
But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

4 So shall it be at last in that bright morning
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee;
Oh, in that hour, and fairer than day's dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee!

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, 1811–1896.

452 LIVORNO. 10s. *(First Tune.)*

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1874.


1. A-bide in thee, in that deep love of thine, My Je-sus, Lord, thou Lamb of God di-vine;
Down, close-ly down, as liv-ing branch with tree, I would a-bide, my Lord, my Christ, in thee.

2 Abide in thee, my Saviour God, I know
How love of thine, so vast in me may flow
My empty vessel running o'er with joy,
Now overflows to thee, without alloy.

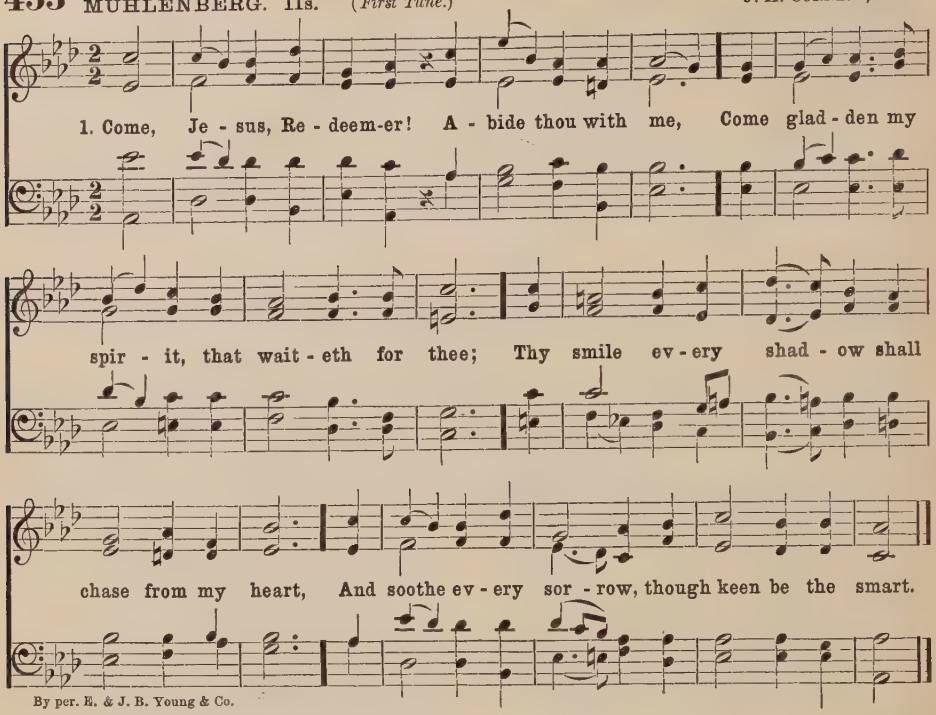
3 Abide in thee, nor doubt, nor self, nor sin,
Can e'er prevail with thy blest life within;
Joined to thyself, communing deep, my soul
Knows naught beside its motions to control.

4 Abide in thee, 'tis thus I only know
The secrets of thy mind e'en while below;
All joy and peace, and knowledge of thy word,
All pow'r and fruit, and service for the Lord.

Joseph Denham Smith, 1860.

(ALSO LANGRAN, OPPOSITE, AND EVENTIDE, NO. 73.)

453 MUHLENBERG. 11s. (*First Tune.*) J. H. CORNELL, 1872.


1. Come, Je - sus, Re - deem-er! A - bide thou with me, Come glad - den my
spir - it, that wait - eth for thee; Thy smile ev - ery shad - ow shall
chase from my heart, And soothe ev - ery sor - row, though keen be the smart.

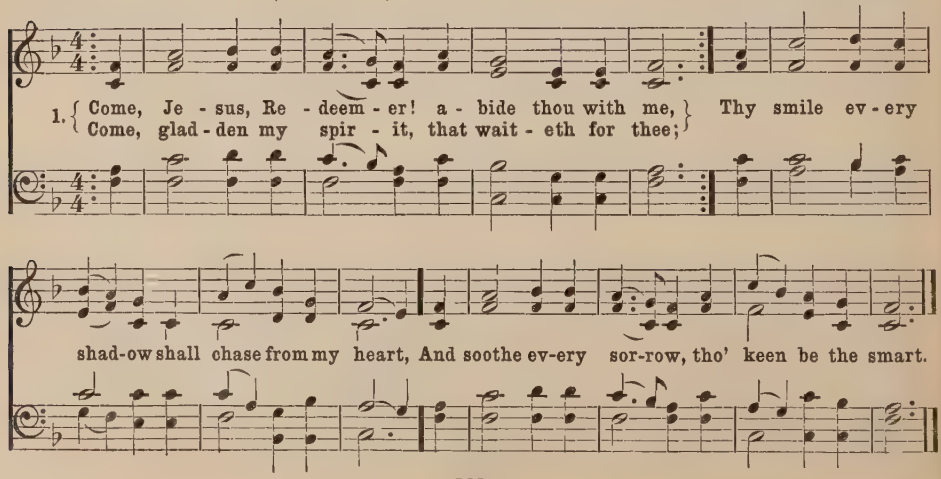
By per. E. & J. B. Young & Co.

2 Without thee but weakness, with thee I am strong;
By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.

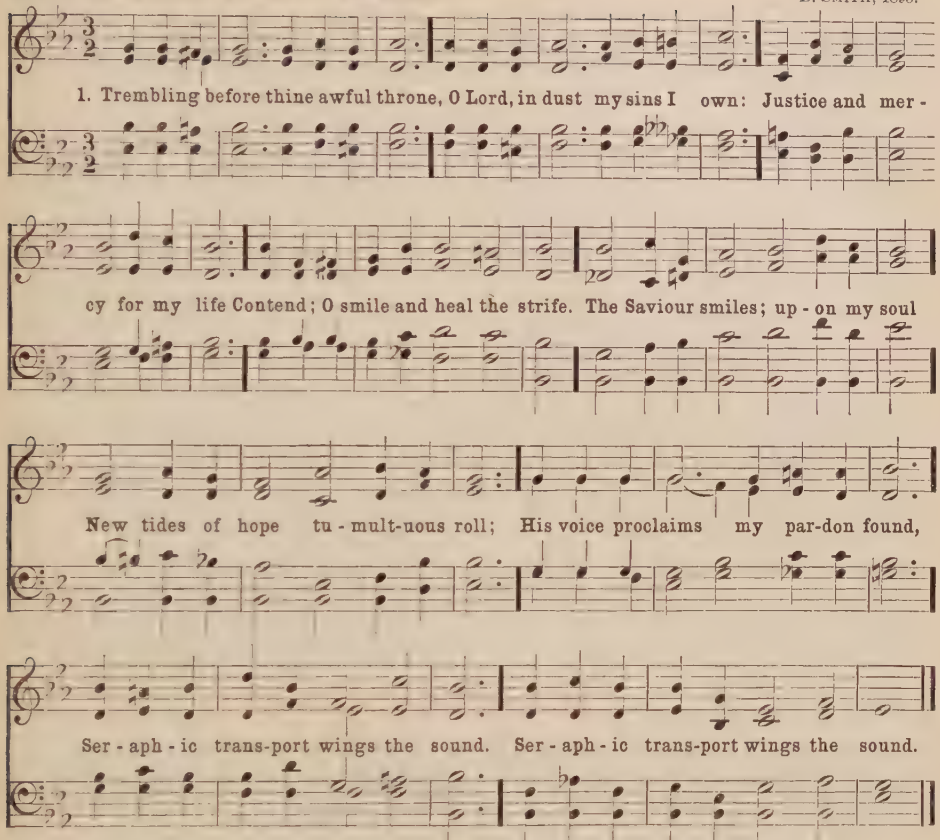
3 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace,
From restless, vain wishes bid thou my heart cease;
In thee all its longings henceforward shall end
Till glad to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

Ray Palmer, 1865.

GORDON. 11s. (*Second Tune.*) A. J. GORDON, 1836–1895.


1. { Come, Je - sus, Re - deem - er! a - bide thou with me, } Thy smile ev - ery
{ Come, glad - den my spir - it, that wait - eth for thee; }
shad-ow shall chase from my heart, And soothe ev-ery sor-row, tho' keen be the smart.

454 CLIFTON. L. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

B. Smith, 1895.

1. Trembling before thine awful throne, O Lord, in dust my sins I own: Justice and mer -
cy for my life Contend; O smile and heal the strife. The Saviour smiles; up - on my soul
New tides of hope tu - mult-uous roll; His voice proclaims my par-don found,
Ser - aph - ic trans-port wings the sound. Ser - aph - ic trans-port wings the sound.

1 Trembling before thine awful throne,
O Lord, in dust my sins I own:
Justice and mercy for my life
Contend; O smile and heal the strife.
The Saviour smiles; upon my soul
New tides of hope tumultuous roll;
His voice proclaims my pardon found,
Seraphic transport wings the sound.

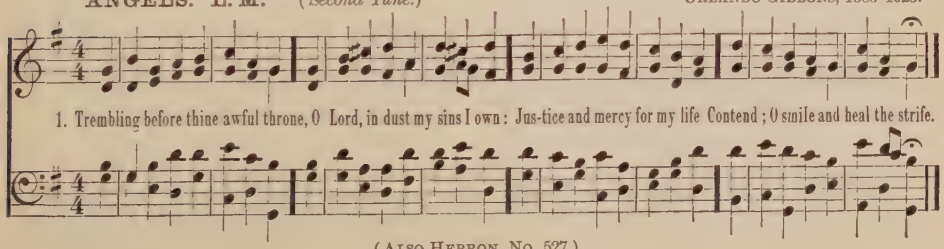
2 Earth has a joy unknown in heaven,
The new-born peace of sins forgiven;
Tears of such pure and deep delight,
Ye angels, never dimmed your sight.
Ye saw of old, on chaos rise
The beauteous pillars of the skies:
Ye know where morn exulting springs,
And evening folds her drooping wings.

3 Bright heralds of th' Eternal Will,
Abroad his errands ye fulfill;
Or, throned in floods of beamy day,
Symphonious in his presence play.
But I amid your choirs shall shine,
And all your knowledge shall be mine:
Ye on your harps must lean to hear
A secret chord which mine will bear.

A. L. Hillhouse, 1816.

ANGELS. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

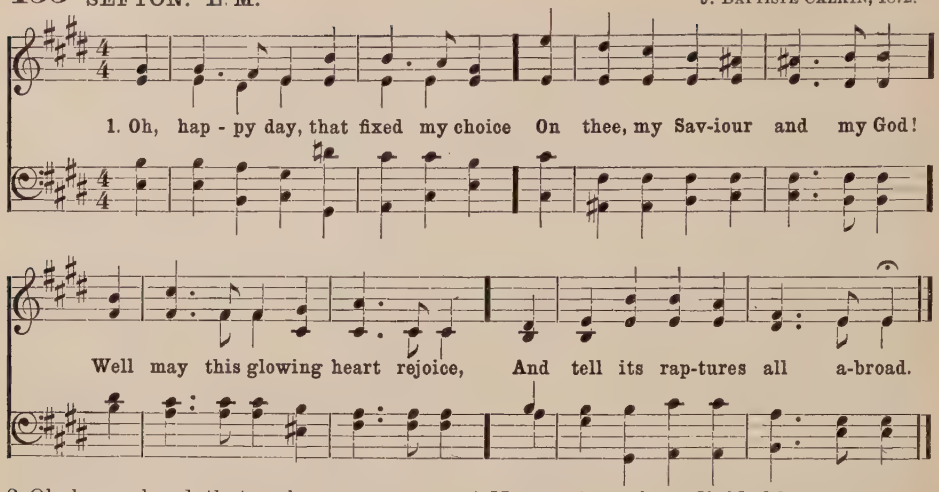
Orlando Gibbons, 1583–1625.


1. Trembling before thine awful throne, O Lord, in dust my sins I own: Jus-tice and mercy for my life Contend; O smile and heal the strife.

(Also Hebron, No. 527.)

455 SEFTON. L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1872.


1. Oh, hap - py day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Sav-iour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done,—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

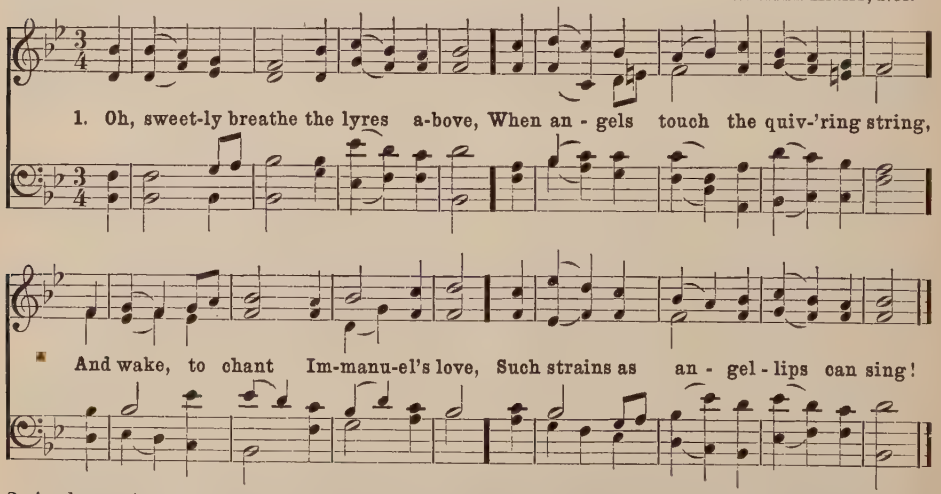
4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

5 High heaven that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

456 ALL SAINTS. L. M.

William Knapp, 1738.


1. Oh, sweet-ly breathe the lyres a-bove, When an - gels touch the quiv-'ring string,
And wake, to chant Im-manu-el's love, Such strains as an - gel - lips can sing!

2 And sweet, on earth, the choral swell,
From mortal tongues, of gladsome lays;
When pardoned souls their raptures tell,
And, grateful, hymn Immanuel's praise.

3 Jesus, thy name our souls adore;
We own the bond that makes us thine;
And carnal joys that charmed before,
For thy dear sake we now resign.

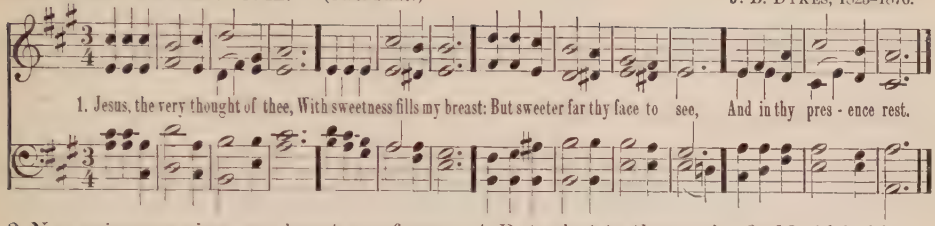
4 Our hearts, by dying love subdued,
Accept thine offered grace to-day;
Beneath the cross, with blood bedewed,
We bow, and give ourselves away.

5 In thee we trust,—on thee rely;
Though we are feeble, thou art strong;
O keep us till our spirits fly
To join the bright, immortal throng.

Ray Palmer, 1808–1887.

457 ST. AGNES. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.



2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek;
To those who fall, how kind thou art.
How good, to those who seek!

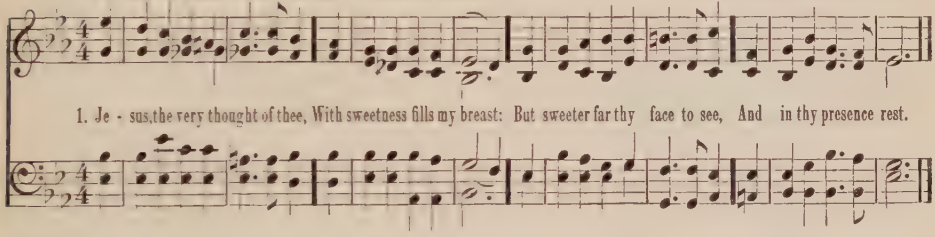
4 But what to those who find? Ah! this,
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And though eternity.

Bernard of Clairvaux, 1153; Tr. by E. Caswall, 1849.

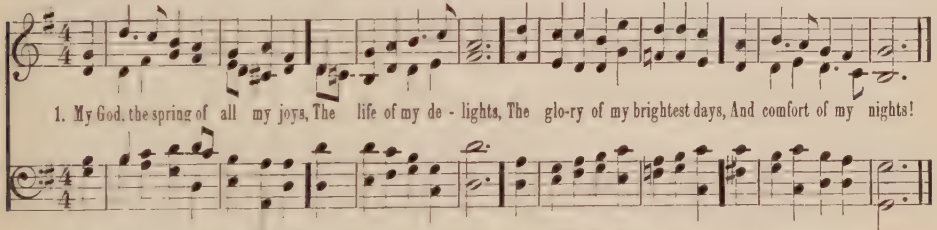
HOLY TRINTY. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1861.



458 ST. OSWIN. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.



2 In darkest shades, if he appear,
My dawning is begun;
He is my soul's bright morning star,
And he my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows me he is mine,
And whispers I am his.

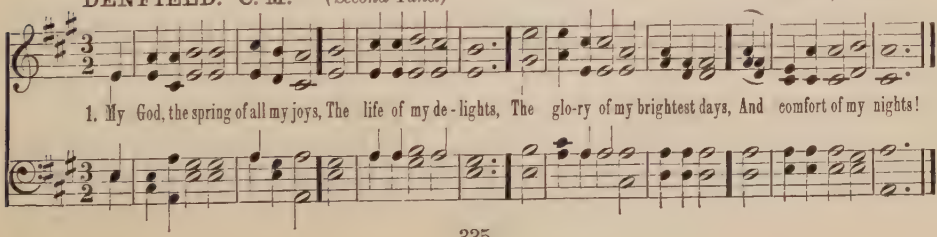
4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way
To embrace my dearest Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe:
The wings of love and arms of faith
Should bear me conqueror through.

Isaac Watts, 1707, alt.

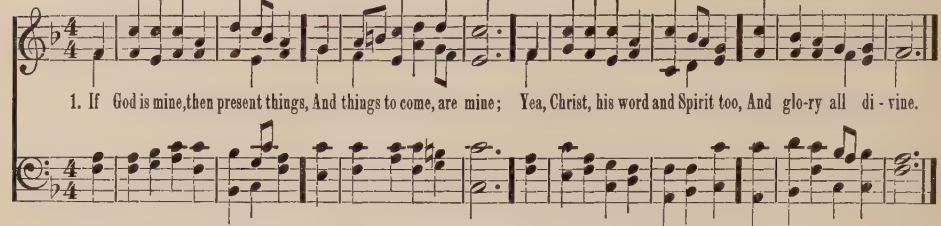
DENFIELD. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

C. G. Gläser, 1784–1829.



459 HERMANN. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

NICHOLAS HERMANN, 1495–1561.



2 If he is mine, then from his love,
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends.

3 If he is mine, let friends forsake,
Let wealth and honor flee:
Sure he who giveth me himself,
Is more than these to me.

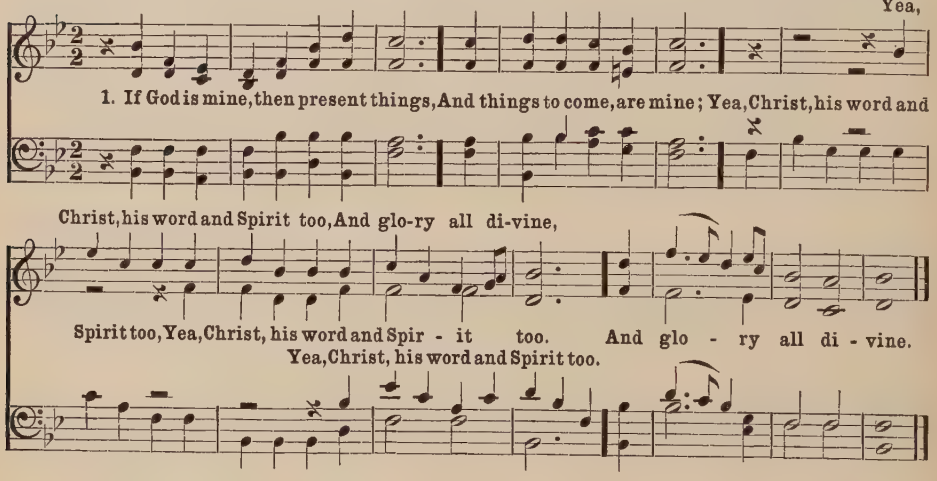
4 If he is mine, I'll fearless pass
Through death's tremendous vale;
He'll be my Comfort and my Stay
When heart and flesh shall fail.

5 Oh, tell me, Lord, that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live,
When all the streams are dried.

Benjamin Beddome, 1800.

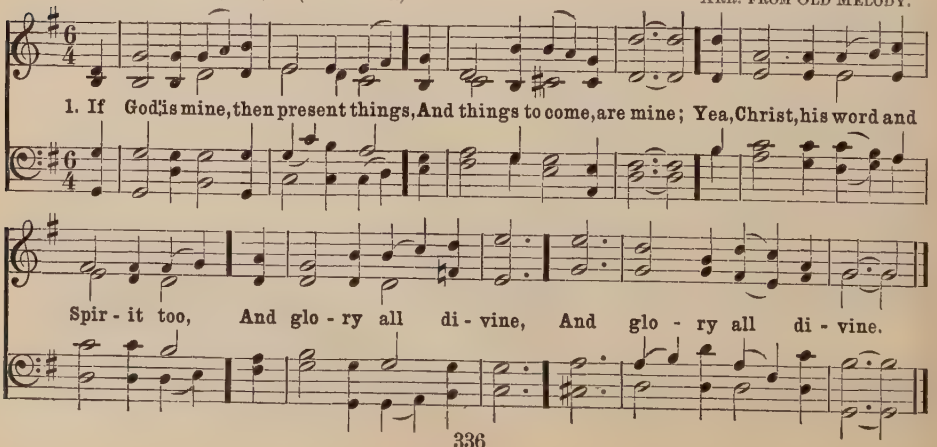
NORTHFIELD. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. INGALLS, 1764–1828.


Yea,
1. If God is mine, then present things, And things to come, are mine; Yea, Christ, his word and
Christ, his word and Spirit too, And glo-ry all di-vine,
Spirit too, Yea, Christ, his word and Spir - it too. And glo - ry all di - vine.
Yea, Christ, his word and Spirit too.

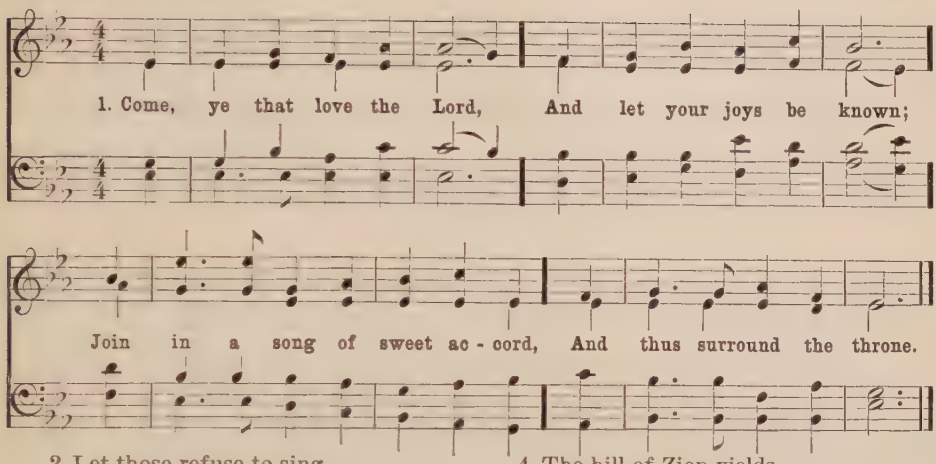
OURANOS. C. M. (*Third Tune.*)

ARR. FROM OLD MELODY.


1. If God is mine, then present things, And things to come, are mine; Yea, Christ, his word and
Spir - it too, And glo - ry all di - vine, And glo - ry all di - vine.

460 SWAINSTHORPE. S. M.

J. Booth, 1852—.



2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God,
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

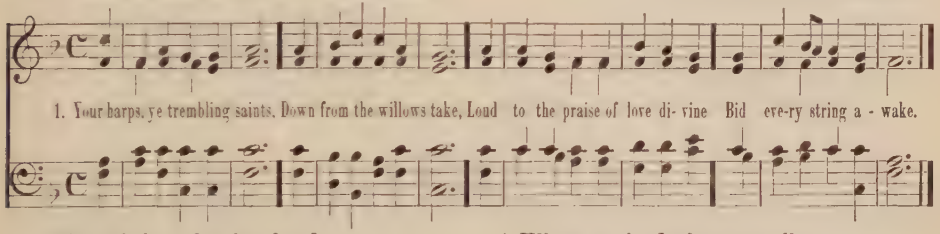
5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

(Also St. Thomas, No. 15)

461 NEWLAND. S. M. *(First Tune.)*

H. J. Gauntlett, 1805–1876.



2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our Father's house
We every moment come.

3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

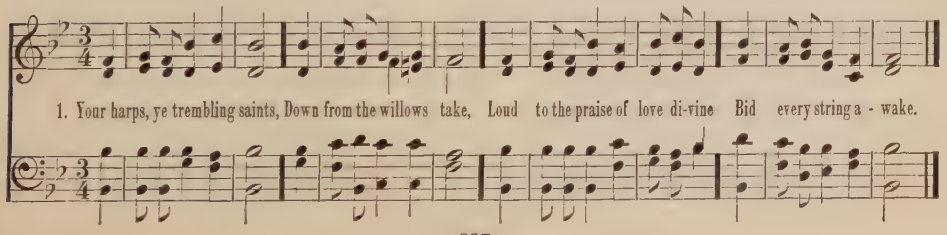
4 When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

5 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

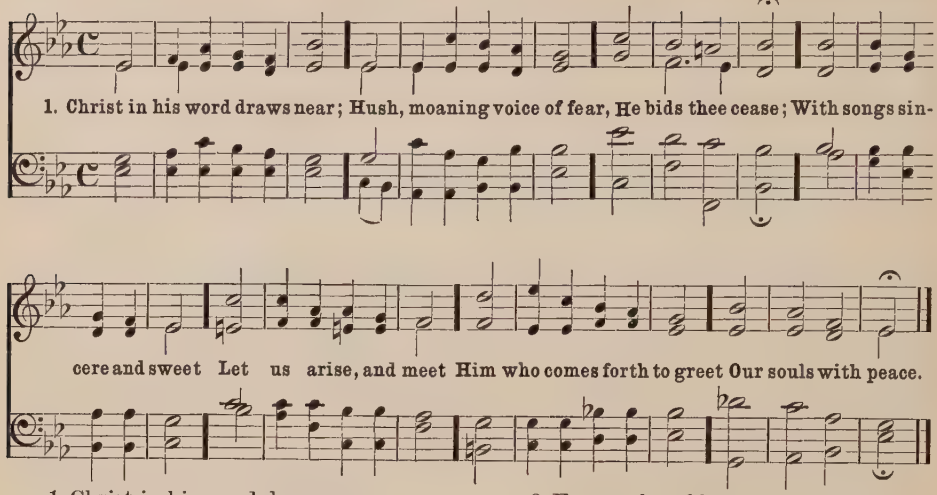
A. M. Toplady, 1772.

OLMUTZ. S. M. *(Second Tune.)*

Arr. from Gregorian by L. Mason, 1824.



462 ST. AMBROSE. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*First Tune.*) W. H. MONK, 1823–1889.


1. Christ in his word draws near; Hush, moaning voice of fear, He bids thee cease; With songs sin-
cere and sweet Let us arise, and meet Him who comes forth to greet Our souls with peace.

1 Christ in his word draws near;
Hush, moaning voice of fear,
He bids thee cease;
With songs sincere and sweet
Let us arise, and meet
Him who comes forth to greet
Our souls with peace.

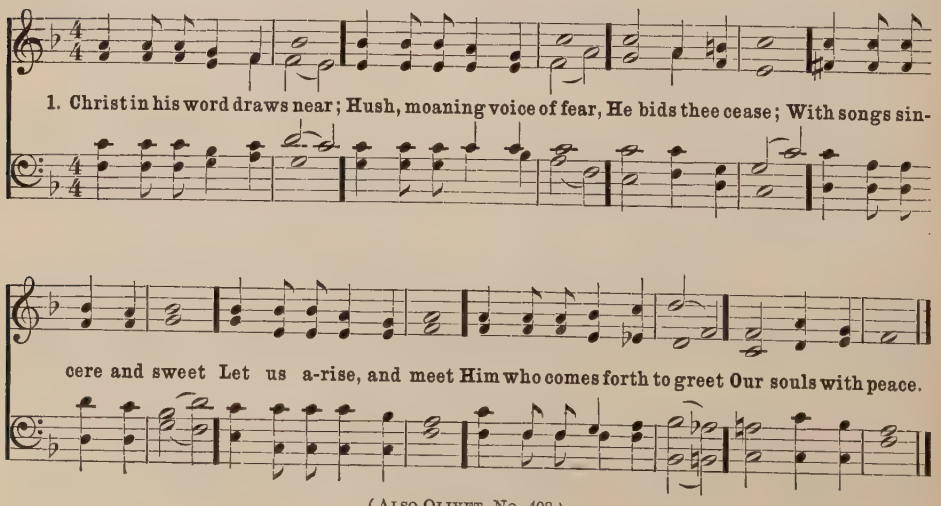
2 Rising above thy care,
Meet him as in the air,
O weary heart:
Put on joy's sacred dress;
Lo, as he comes to bless,
Quite from thy weariness
Set free thou art.

3 For works of love and praise
He brings thee summer days,
Warm days and bright;
Winter is past and gone
Now he, salvation's Sun,
Shineth on every one
With mercy's light.

4 From the bright sky above,
Clad in his robes of love,
'Tis he, our Lord!
Dim earth itself grows clear,
As his light draweth near:
Oh, let us hush and hear
His holy word!

T. T. Lynch, 1855.

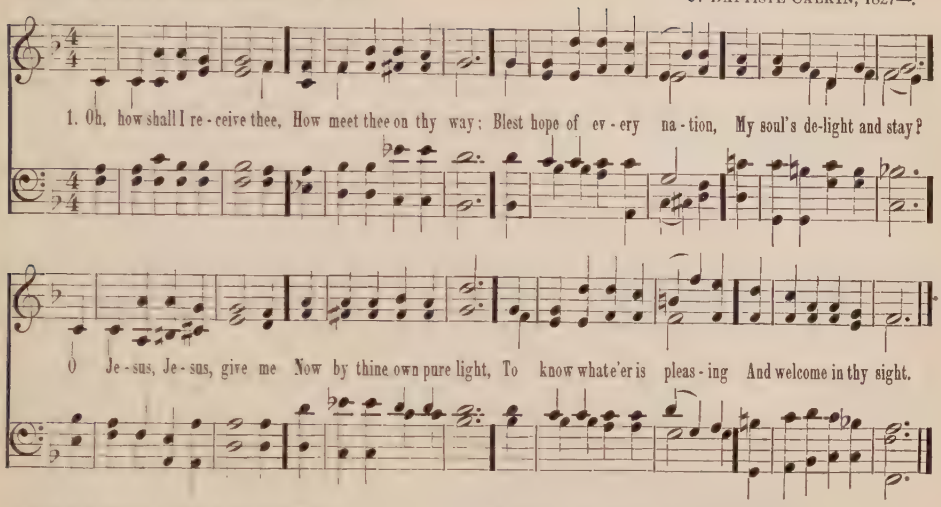
KIRBY BEDON. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*Second Tune.*) Edward Bunnett, 1887.


1. Christ in his word draws near; Hush, moaning voice of fear, He bids thee cease; With songs sin-
cere and sweet Let us a-rise, and meet Him who comes forth to greet Our souls with peace.

(ALSO OLIVET, No. 408.)

463 SAVOY CHAPEL. 7s. 6s. D.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1827—.


1. Oh, how shall I re - ceive thee, How meet thee on thy way; Blest hope of ev - ery na - tion, My soul's de-light and stay?
O Je - sus, Je - sus, give me Now by thine own pure light, To know whate'er is pleas - ing And welcome in thy sight.

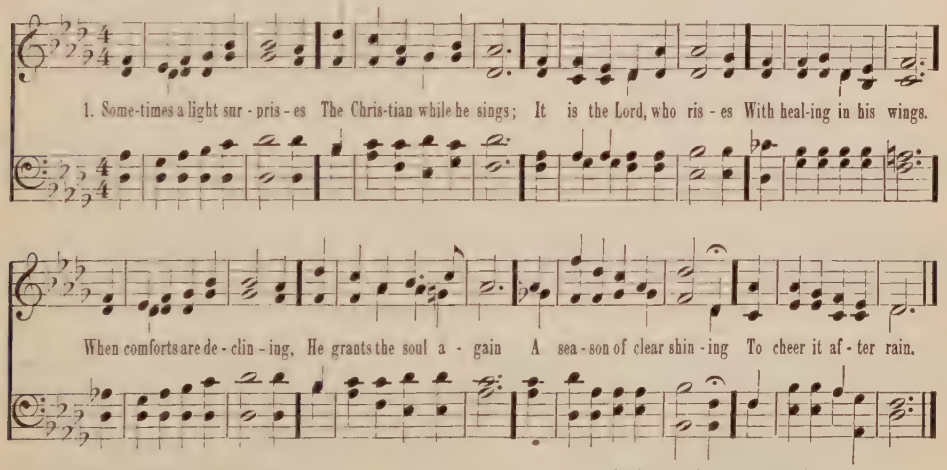
2 Thy Zion palms is strewing,
And branches fresh and fair;
My soul in praise awaking,
Her anthem shall prepare.
Perpetual thanks and praises
Forth from my heart shall spring;
And to thy name the service
Of all my powers I bring.

3 Ye, who with guilty terror
Are trembling, fear no more:
With love and grace the Saviour
Shall you to hope restore.
He comes, who contrite sinners
Will with the children place,
The children of his Father,
The heirs of life and grace.

Paul Gerhardt, 1653. Tr. A. T. Russell, 1851.

464 BENTLY. 7s. 6s. D.

JOHN HULLAH, 1867.


1. Some-times a light sur - pris - es The Chris-tian while he sings; It is the Lord, who ris - es With heal-ing in his wings.
When comforts are de - clin - ing, He grants the soul a - gain A sea - son of clear shin - ing To cheer it af - ter rain.

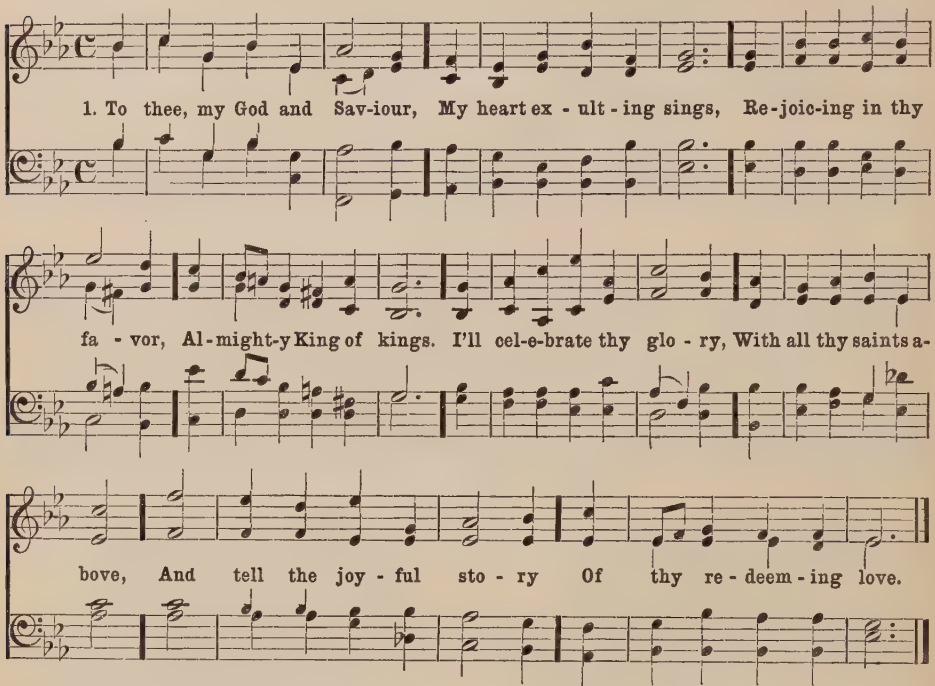
2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too.
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.

William Cowper, 1799.

465 HAWEIS. 7s. 6s. D.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. To thee, my God and Sav-iour, My heart ex - ult - ing sings, Re-joic-ing in thy
fa - vor, Al-might-y King of kings. I'll cel-e-brate thy glo - ry, With all thy saints a-
bove, And tell the joy - ful sto - ry Of thy re - deem - ing love.

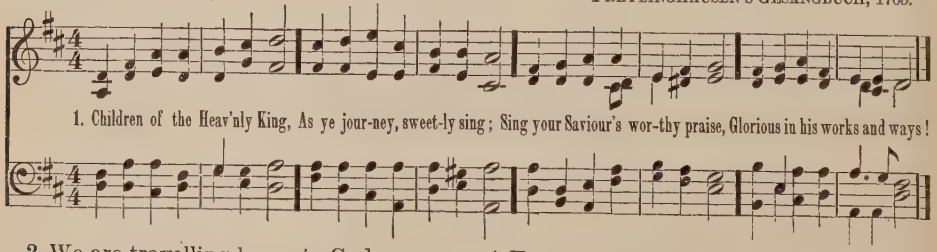
2 Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast,
My voice in supplication,
Well pleased, thou shalt hear;
O grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted
Up to their bright abode;
There cast my crown before thee,
Now all my conflicts o'er,
And day and night adore thee—
What can an angel more?

Thomas Haweis, 1732–1820.

466 LUBECK. 7s.

FREYLINGHAUSEN'S GESANGBUCH, 1705.


1. Children of the Heav'nly King, As ye jour-ney, sweet-ly sing; Sing your Saviour's wor-thy praise, Glorious in his works and ways!

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the Fathers trod;
They are happy now; and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

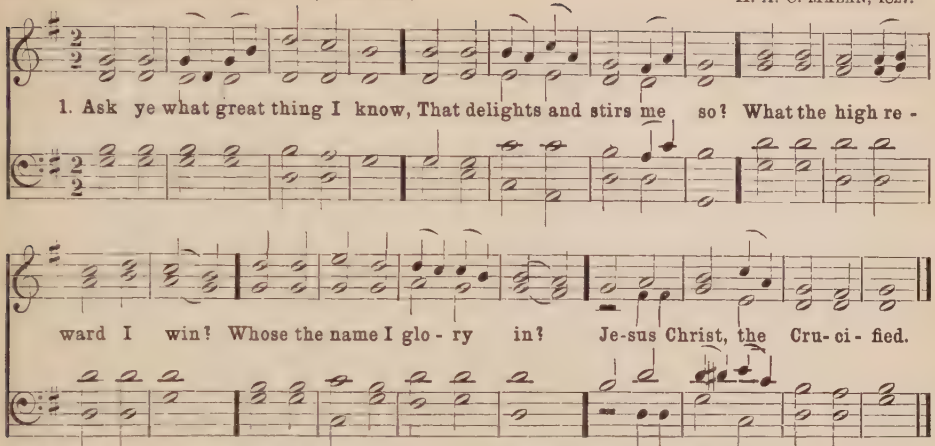
5 Lord! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

J. Cennick, 1742.

(ALSO PLEYEL'S HYMN, OPPOSITE.)

467 HENDON. 7s. 5 l. (*First Tune.*)

H. A. C. Malan, 1827.


1. Ask ye what great thing I know, That delights and stirs me so? What the high re -
ward I win? Whose the name I glo - ry in? Je-sus Christ, the Cru- ci - fied.

1 Ask ye what great thing I know,
That delights and stirs me so?
What the high reward I win?
Whose the name I glory in?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

2 What is faith's foundation strong?
What awakes my lips to song?
He who bore my sinful load,
Purchased for me peace with God—
Jesus Christ the Crucified.

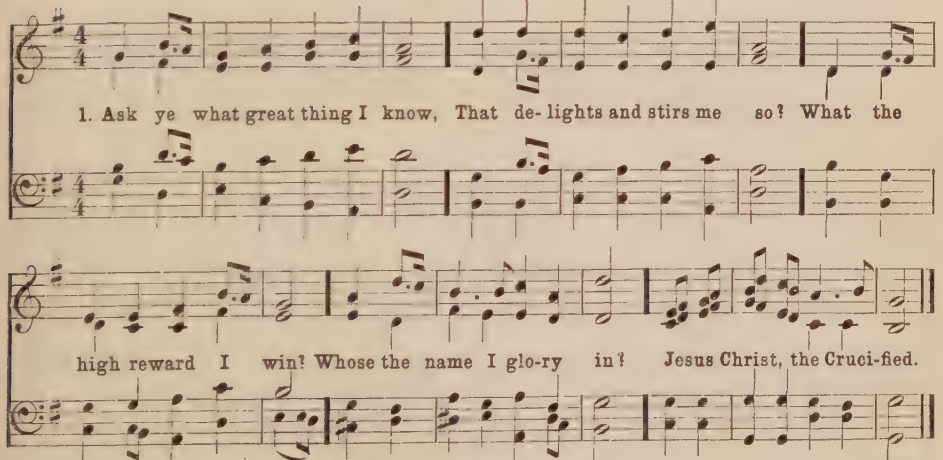
3 Who is life, in life to me?
Who the death of death will be?
Who will place me on his right
With the countless hosts of light?
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

4 This is that great thing I know;
This delights and stirs me so;
Faith in him who died to save,
Him who triumphed o'er the grave—
Jesus Christ, the Crucified.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863.

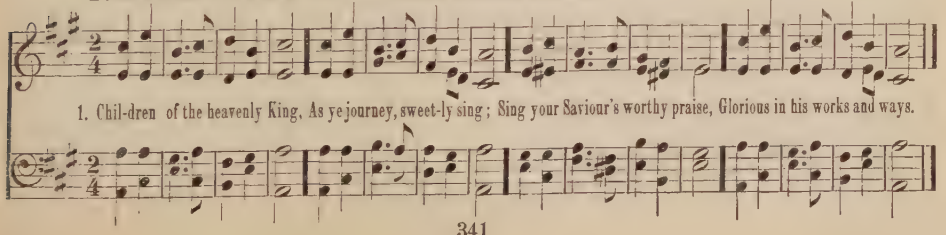
ST. EUSTACE. 7s. 5 l. (*Second Tune.*)

Arr. from Mendelssohn, 1809–1847.


1. Ask ye what great thing I know, That de- lights and stirs me so? What the
high reward I win? Whose the name I glo-ry in? Jesus Christ, the Cruci-fied.

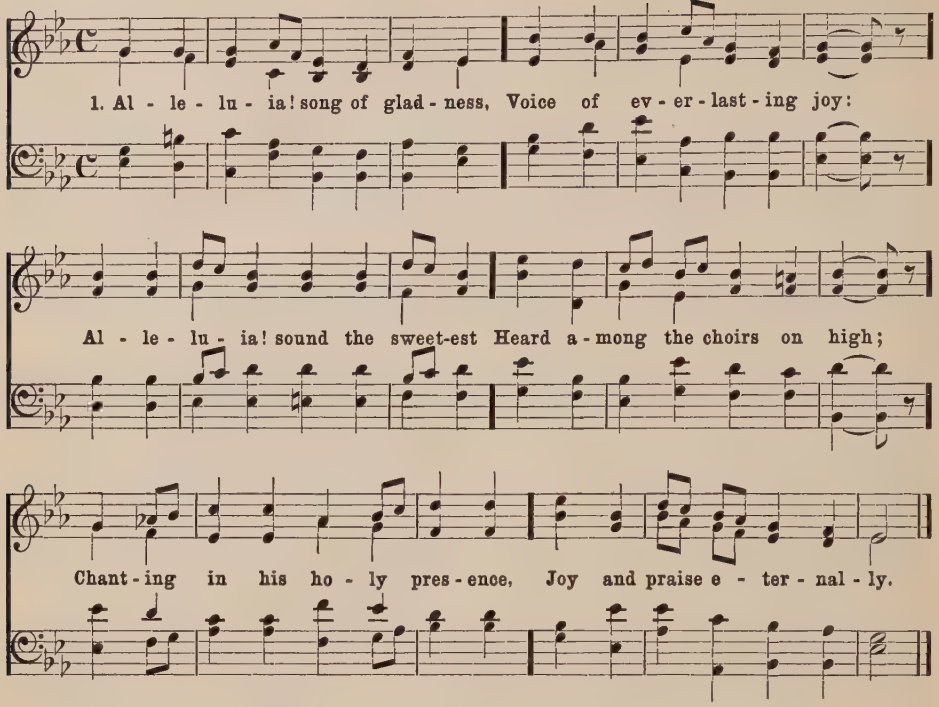
PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. (*Second Tune For No.* 466.)

I. Pleyel, 1790.


1. Chil-dren of the heavenly King, As ye journey, sweet-ly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

468 MONTALEMBERT. 8s. 7s. 6 l. (*First Tune.*)

C. F. GOUNOD, 1872.


1. Al - le - lu - ia! song of glad - ness, Voice of ev - er - last - ing joy:
Al - le - lu - ia! sound the sweet-est Heard a - mong the choirs on high;
Chant - ing in his ho - ly pres - ence, Joy and praise e - ter - nal - ly.

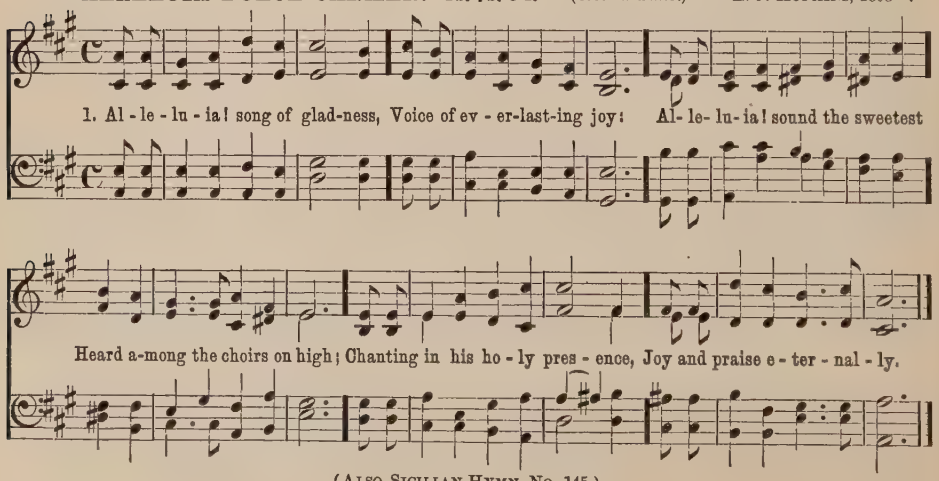
2 Alleluia! Oh, how faintly
Mortal tongues its raptures raise!
Here our joy is mixed with sadness,
Clouding oft our brightest days;
Here our sweetest songs can never
Give to Jesus worthy praise.

3 But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to thee;
Bring us to thy blissful presence,
Make us all thy joys to see;
Then we'll sing our hallelujah,—
Sing to all eternity.

13th century.

ALLELUIA DULCE CARMEN. 8s. 7s. 6 l. (*Second Tune.*)

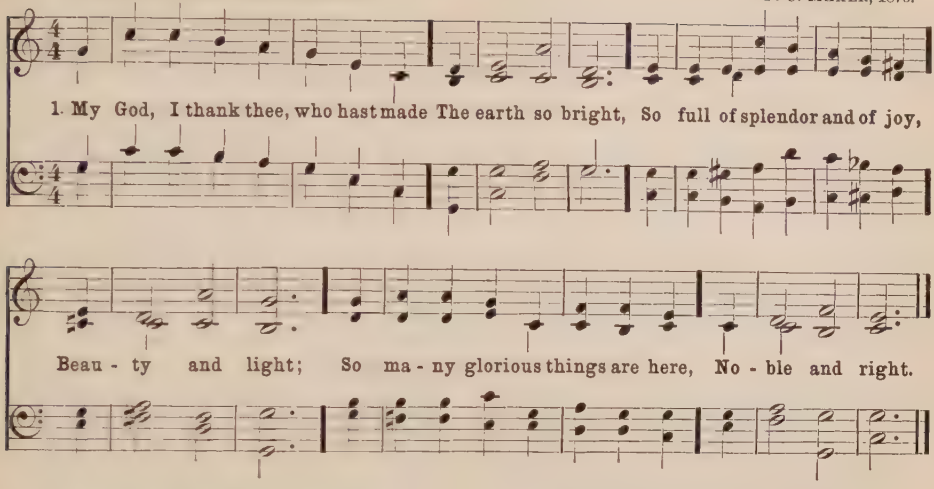
E. J. HOPKINS, 1808—.


1. Al - le - lu - ia! song of glad-ness, Voice of ev - er-last-ing joy: Al- le- lu- ia! sound the sweetest
Heard a-mong the choirs on high; Chanting in his ho - ly pres - ence, Joy and praise e - ter - nal - ly.

(ALSO SICILIAN HYMN, No. 145.)

469 WENTWORTH. 8s. 4s. 61.

F. C. MAKER, 1876.


1. My God, I thank thee, who hast made The earth so bright, So full of splendor and of joy,
Beau - ty and light; So ma - ny glorious things are here, No - ble and right.

2 I thank thee more that all our joy
Is touched with pain,
That shadows fall on brightest hours,
That thorns remain;
So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
And not our chain.

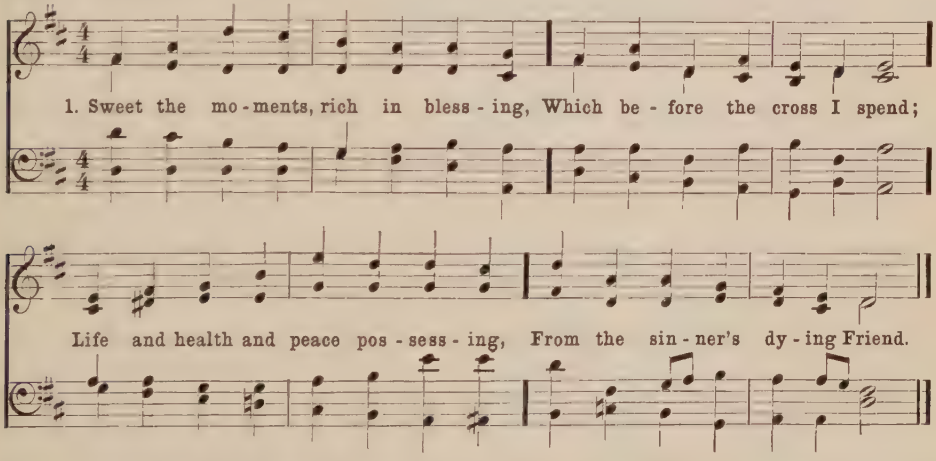
3 I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
The best in store;
We have enough, yet not too much
To long for more:
A yearning for a deeper peace
Not known before.

4 I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
Though amply blest,
Can never find, although they seek,
A perfect rest;
Nor ever shall, until they lean
On Jesus' breast.

Adelaide A. Procter, 1858.

470 WICLIF. 8s. 7s.

SIR J. STAINER, 1840—.


1. Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing Friend.

2 Love and grief, my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

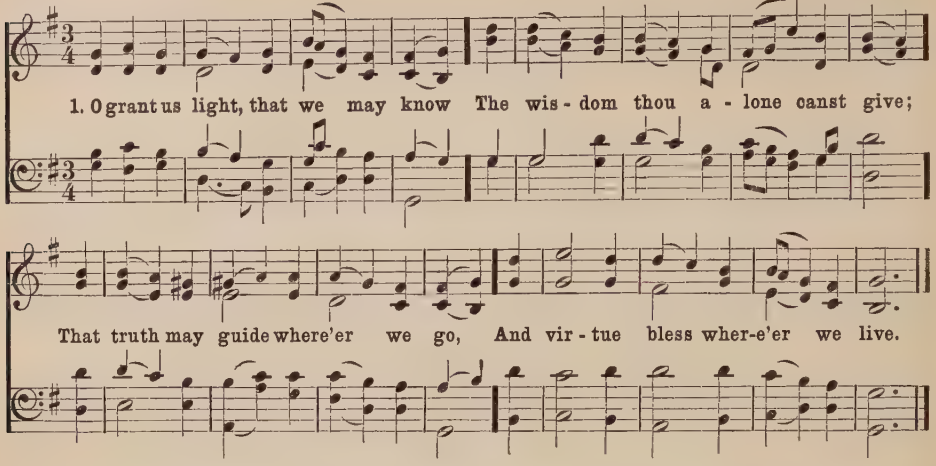
4 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood;
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace with God,

James Allen, 1757; Alt. by Walter Shirley, 1776.

(ALSO OVIO, No. 444.)

471 WHITELAND. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

ADAPTED FROM C. G. NEEFE, 1748–1798.


1. O grant us light, that we may know The wis - dom thou a - lone canst give;
That truth may guide where'er we go, And vir - tue bless wher-e'er we live.

2 O grant us light, that we may see
Where error lurks in human lore,
And turn our doubting minds to thee,
And love thy simple word the more.

3 O grant us light, that we may learn
How dead is life from thee apart,
How sure is joy for all who turn
To thee an undivided heart.

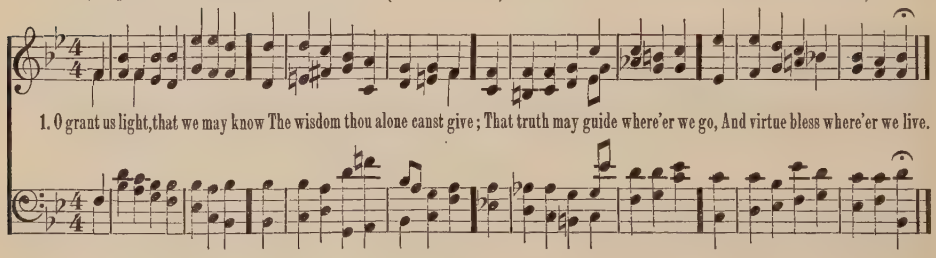
4 O grant us light, in grief and pain,
To lift our burdened hearts above,
And count the very cross a gain,
And bless our Father's hidden love.

5 O grant us light, when, soon or late,
All earthly scenes shall pass away,
In thee to find the open gate
To deathless home and endless day.

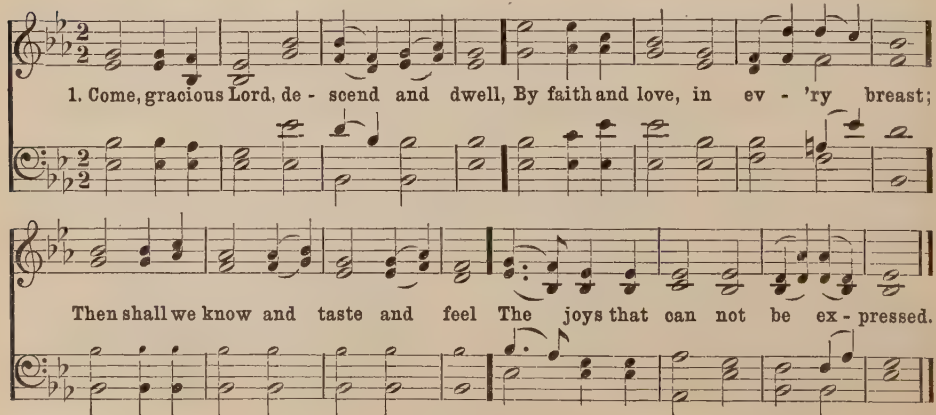
Laurence Tuttiett, 1864.

VEXILLA REGIS. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

G. M. GARRETT, 1872.

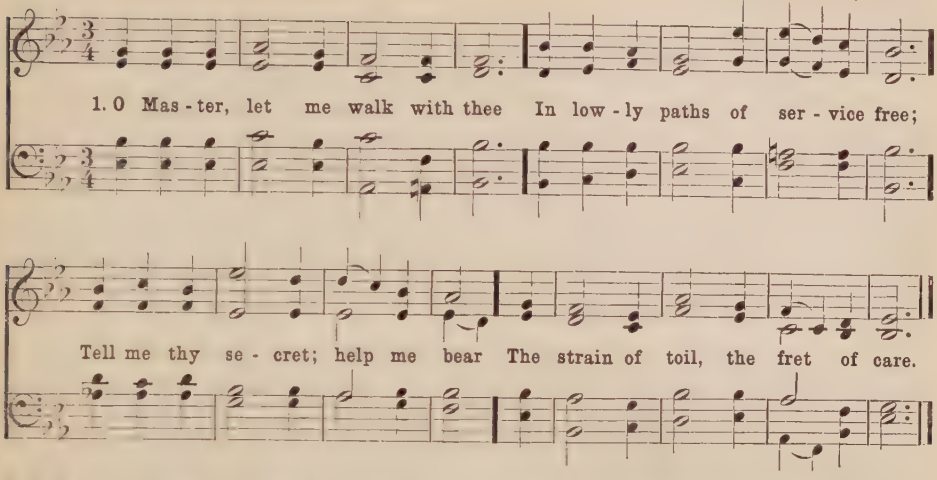

1. O grant us light, that we may know The wisdom thou alone canst give; That truth may guide where'er we go, And virtue bless where'er we live.

BERA. L. M. (*For No.* 473.)

J. E. GOULD, 1849.

1. Come, gracious Lord, de - scend and dwell, By faith and love, in ev - 'ry breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel The joys that can not be ex - pressed.

472 MARYTON. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

H. Percy Smith, 1825—.


1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with thee In low - ly paths of ser - vice free;
Tell me thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.

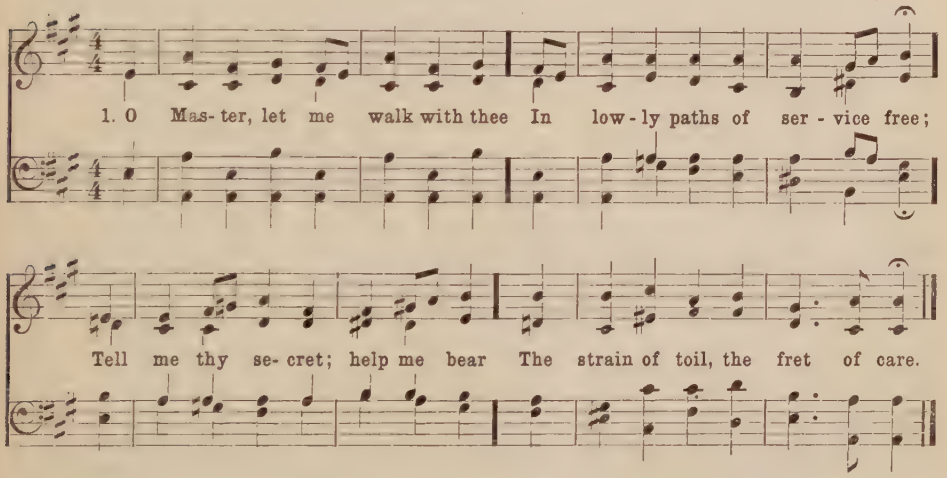
2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me thy patience! still with thee
In closer, dearer company.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

4 In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live.

Washington Gladden, 1879.

HAGERSTOWN. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

E. E. Ayres, 1895.

1. O Mas - ter, let me walk with thee In low - ly paths of ser - vice free;
Tell me thy se - cret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.

473 BERA. (*Opposite.*)

1 Come, gracious Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know and taste and feel
The joys that can not be expressed.

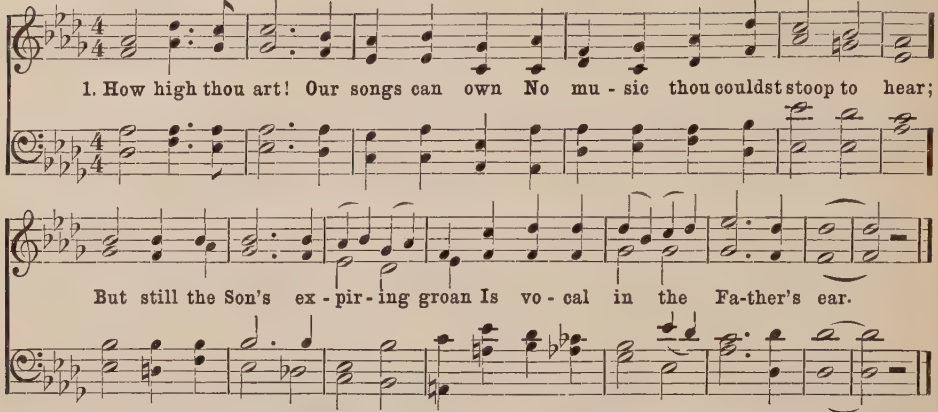
2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,
Make our enlargèd souls possess,
And learn the height and breadth and length
Of thine eternal love and grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts and wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

474 BROWNING. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

E. E. AYRES, 1897.


1. How high thou art! Our songs can own No mu - sic thou couldst stoop to hear;
But still the Son's ex - pir - ing groan Is vo - cal in the Fa-ther's ear.

2 How pure thou art! Our hands are dyed
With curses red with murder's hue;
But he hath stretched his hands to hide
The sin, that pierced them, from thy view.

3 How strong thou art! We tremble lest
The thunders of thine arm be moved;
But he is lying on thy breast,
And thou must clasp thy Best-beloved!

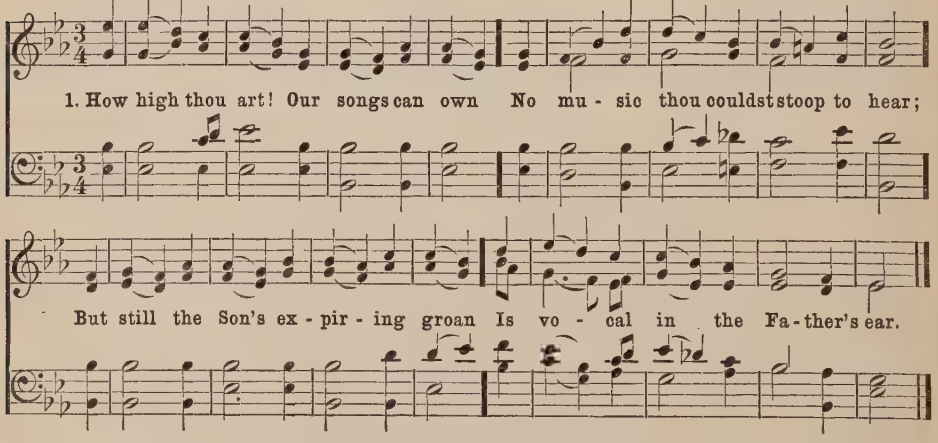
4 How kind thou art! Thou didst not choose
To joy in him forever so;
But that embrace thou wouldst not lose
For vengeance, didst for love forego!

5 High God, and pure, and strong, and kind!
The low, the foul, the feeble, spare!
The brightness in his face we find,—
Behold our darkness only there!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 1809–1861.

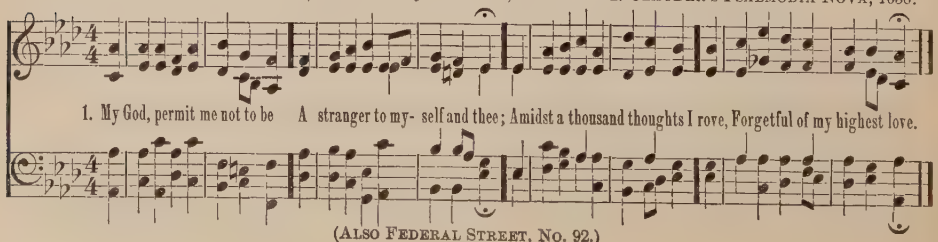
DAYBREAK. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

JOHN ZUNDEL, 1815–1882.


1. How high thou art! Our songs can own No mu - sic thou couldst stoop to hear;
But still the Son's ex - pir - ing groan Is vo - cal in the Fa-ther's ear.

BRESLAU. L. M. (*Second Tune for No.* 476.)

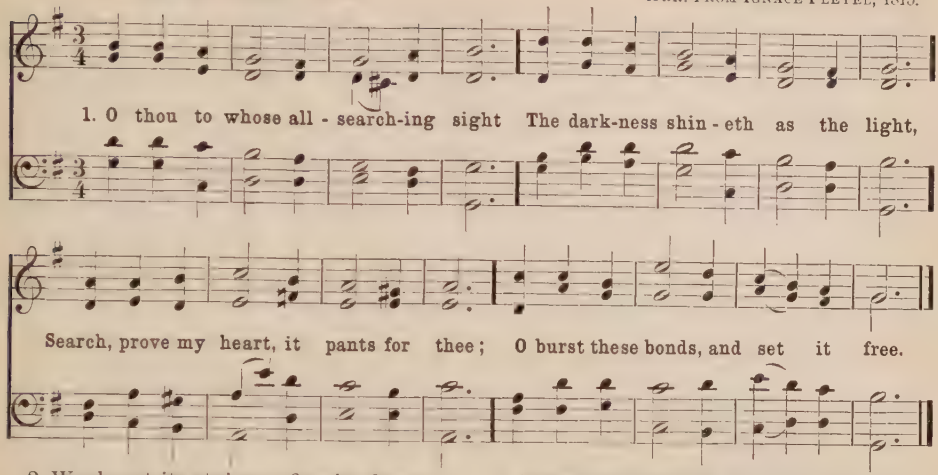
I. CLAUDER'S PSALMODIA NOVA, 1630.



(ALSO FEDERAL STREET, No. 92.)

475 GRACE CHURCH. L. M.

ARR. FROM IGNACE PLEYEL, 1815.


1. O thou to whose all - search-ing sight The dark-ness shin - eth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee; O burst these bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross;
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.

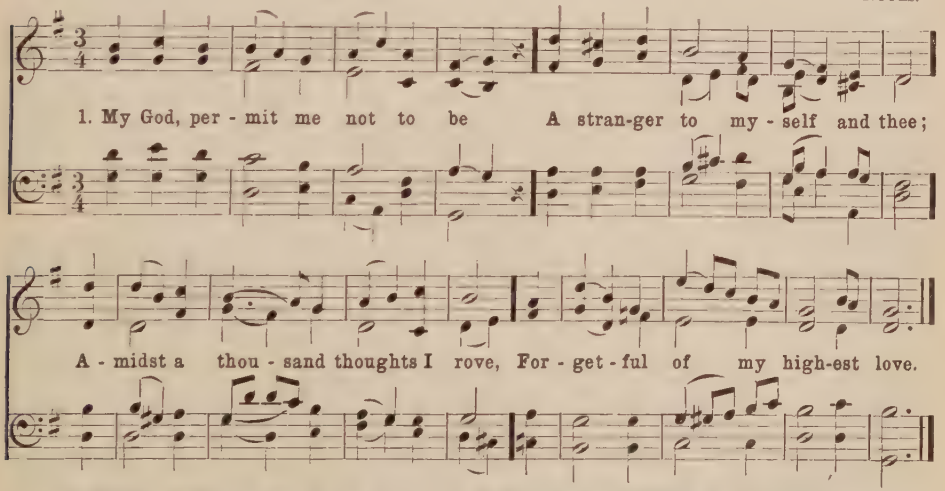
4 When rising floods my head o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee:
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

Count Zinzendorf, 1721. v. 4, J. Frelinghausen, 1704. Tr. J. Wesley, 1738, alt.

476 LOWTH. L. M. *(First Tune.)*

NOYES.



1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

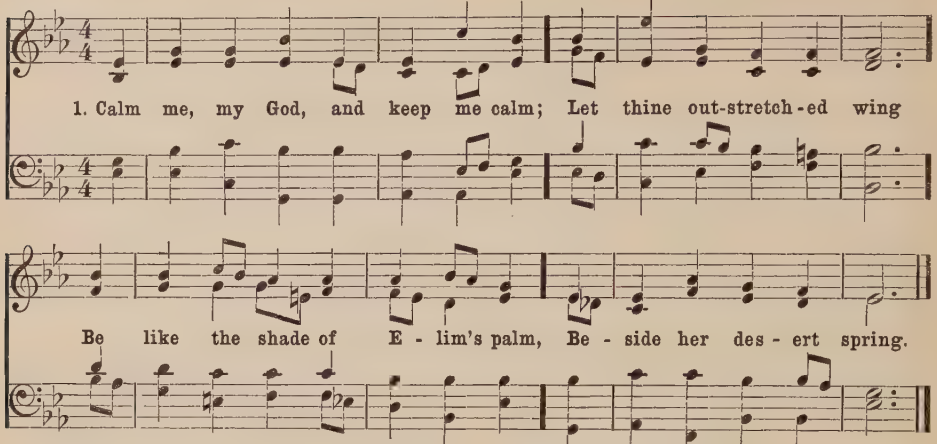
3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

(ALSO BRESLAU, OPPOSITE.)

477 SOUTHWELL. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

HERBERT S. IRONS, 1834—.

2 Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street,—

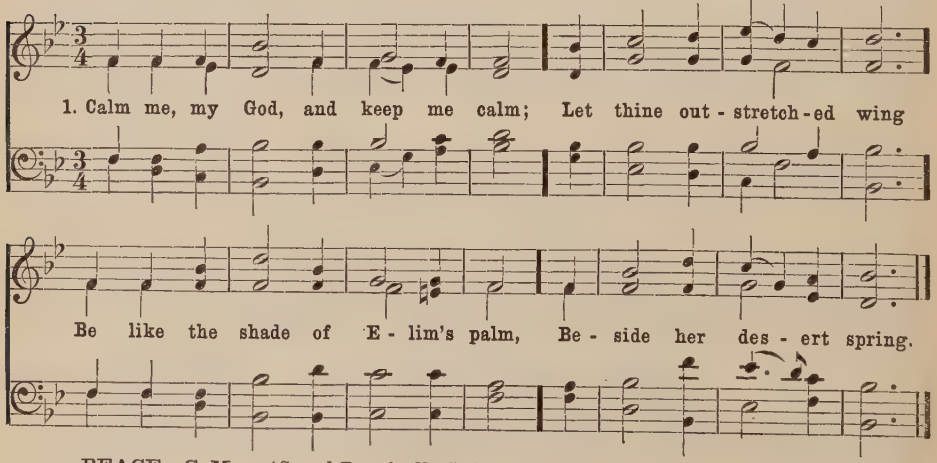
3 Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain,—

4 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame,
Calm'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate thy holy name.

5 Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast;
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

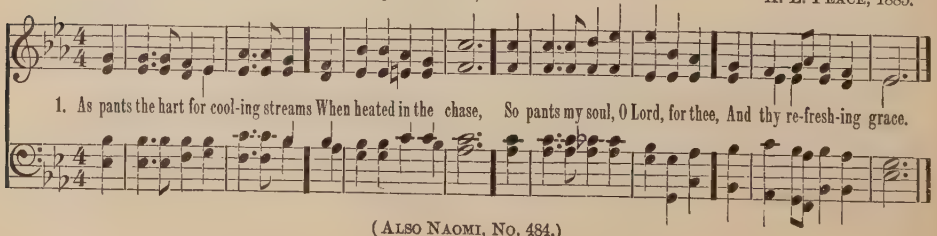
Horatius Bonar, 1808–1889.

BARTON. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)



PEACE. C. M. (*Second Tune for No.* 479.)

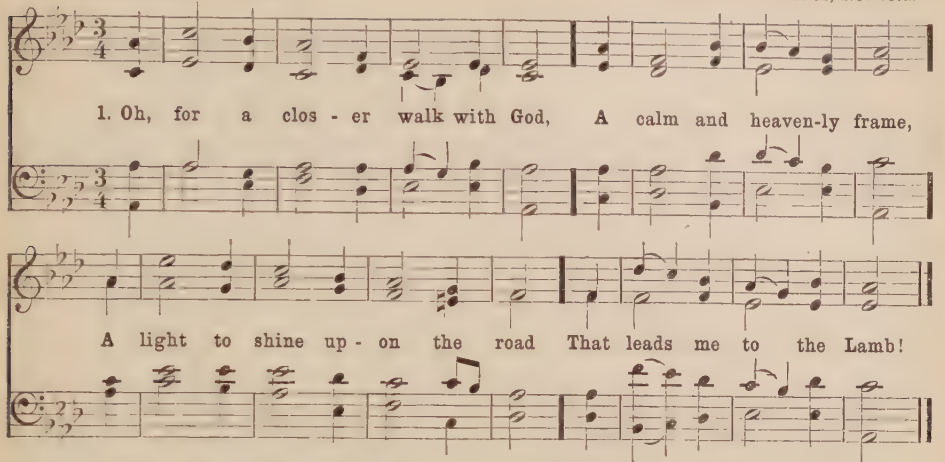
A. L. PEACE, 1885.



(ALSO NAOMI, No. 484.)

478 ROMBERG. C. M.

ARR. BY T. HASTINGS, 1784–1872.



2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

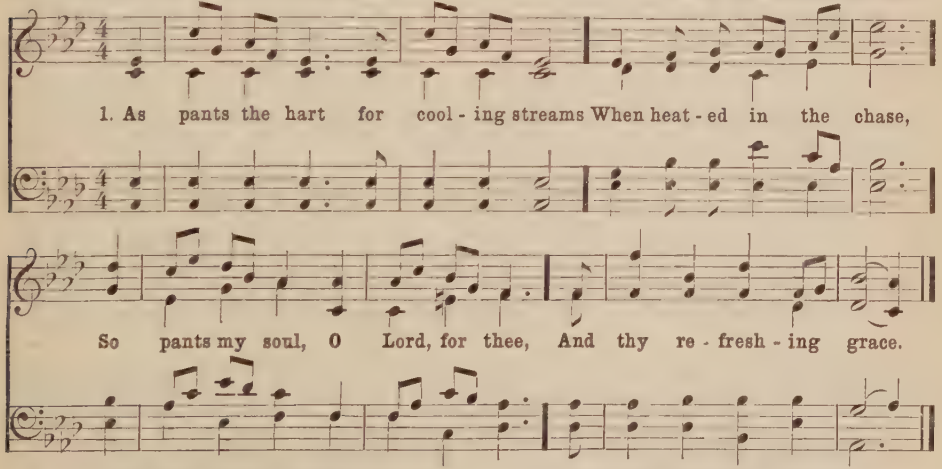
6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper, 1779.

(ALSO MEAR, No. 823.)

479 TRENT. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

H. W. GREATOREX, 1811–1855.



1 As pants the hart for cooling streams
When heated in the chase,
So pants my soul, O Lord, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine?

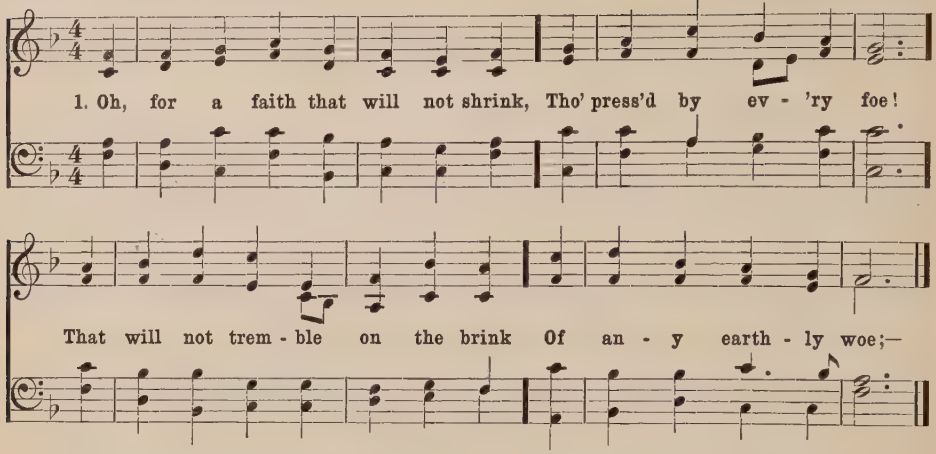
3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find him still
Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady, 1696.

(ALSO PEACE, OPPOSITE.)

480 ST. ETHELDREDA. C. M.

THOMAS TURTON, 1862.



2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.

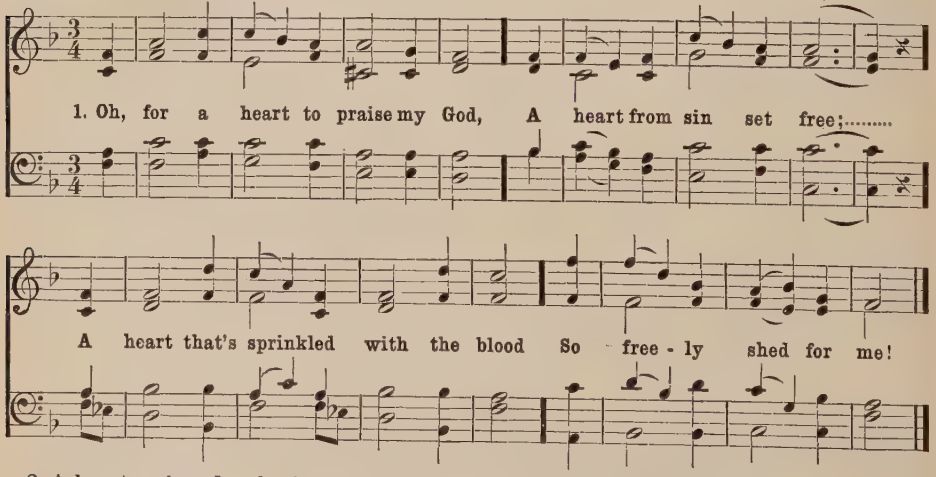
4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last spark is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

5 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I taste e'en now the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

W. H. Bathurst, 1831.

481 SALZBURGH. C. M.

J. M. HAYDN, 1737–1808.



2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone;

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;

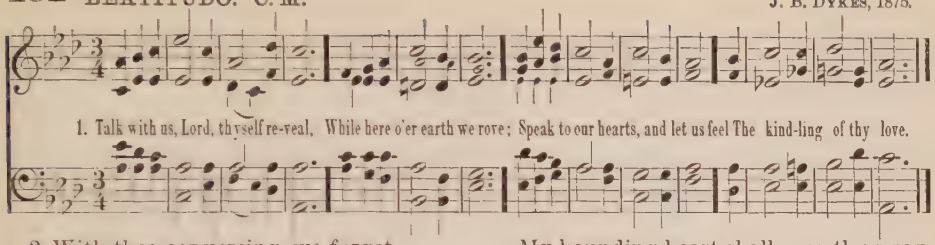
4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

C. Wesley, 1742, alt.

482 BEATITUDO. C. M.

J. B. DYKES, 1875.



2 With thee conversing, we forget
All time and toil and care;
Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.

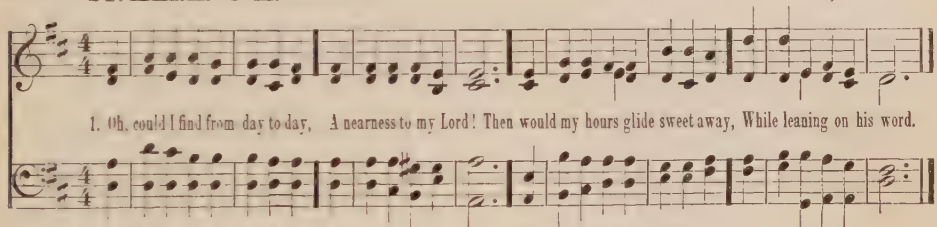
3 Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Let this mine every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see,
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.

Charles Wesley, 1708–1788.

483 ST. MARK. C. M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1806–1876.



1 Oh, could I find from day to day,
A nearness to my Lord!
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

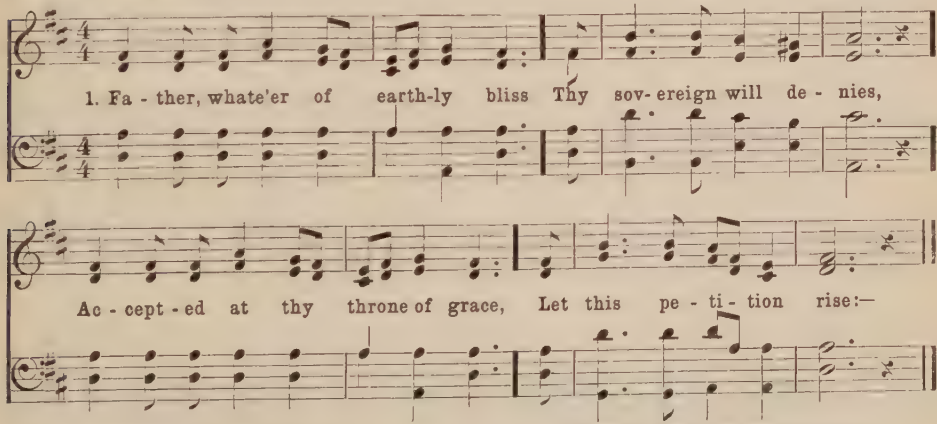
2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day.
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

Benjamin Cleveland, 1792.

484 NAOMI. C. M.

ARR. BY LOWELL MASON, 1836.



1 Father, what'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

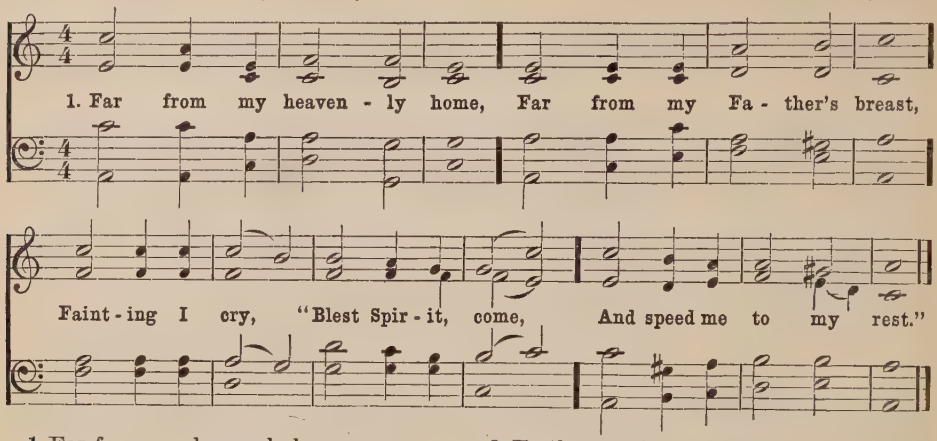
2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele, 1760.

485 LYTE. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. WILKES, 1861.



1 Far from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest."

2 My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee;
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

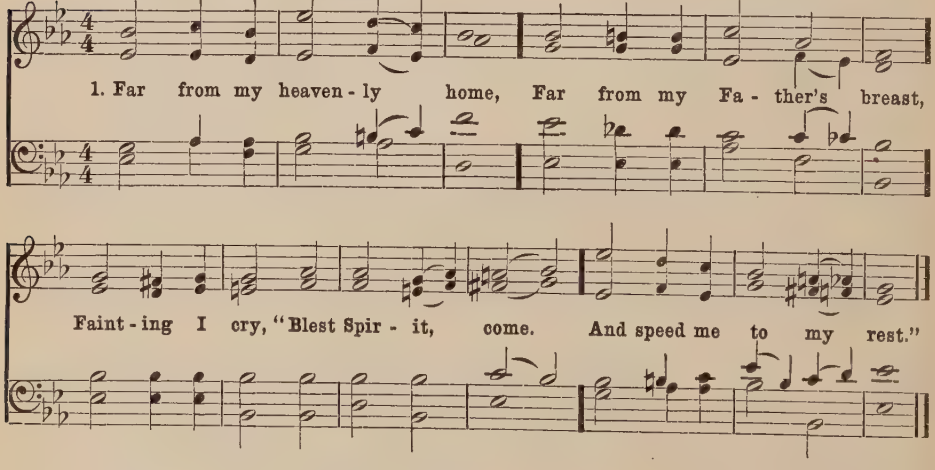
3 To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

4 God of my life, be near:
On thee my hopes I cast;
O guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

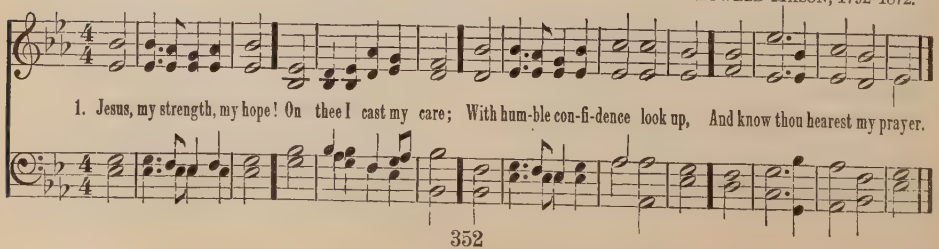
SIENNA. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. H. DEANE, 1824-1881.



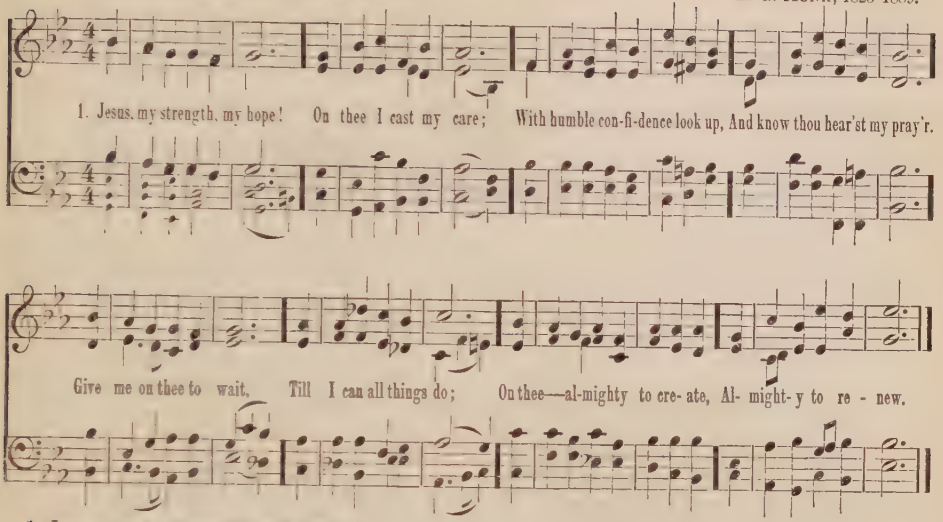
OLNEY. S. M. (*Third Tune for No.* 486.)

LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.



486 LEEDS. S. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

E. G. Monk, 1823–1889.


1. Jesus, my strength, my hope! On thee I cast my care; With humble con-fi-dence look up, And know thou hear'st my pray'r.
Give me on thee to wait, Till I can all things do; On thee—al-mighty to cre-ate, Al-might-y to re-new.

1 Jesus, my strength, my hope!
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee—almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

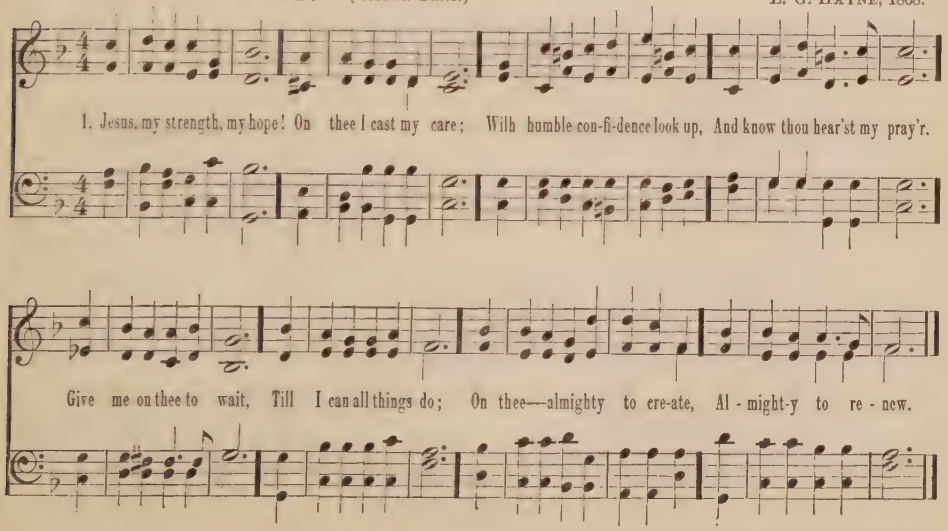
2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care;
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

C. Wesley, 1742.

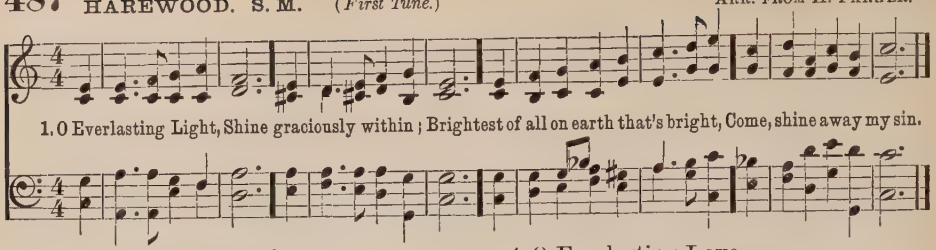
CHALVEY. S. M. D. (*Second Tune.*)

L. G. Hayne, 1868.


1. Jesus, my strength, my hope! On thee I cast my care; With humble con-fi-dence look up, And know thou hear'st my pray'r.
Give me on thee to wait, Till I can all things do; On thee—almighty to cre-ate, Al-might-y to re-new.

487 HAREWOOD. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM H. PARKER.



2 O Everlasting Truth,
Truest of all that's true,
Sure guide of erring age and youth,
Lead me, and teach me too.

3 O Everlasting Strength,
Uphold me in the way;
Bring me, in spite of foes, at length
To joy and light and day.

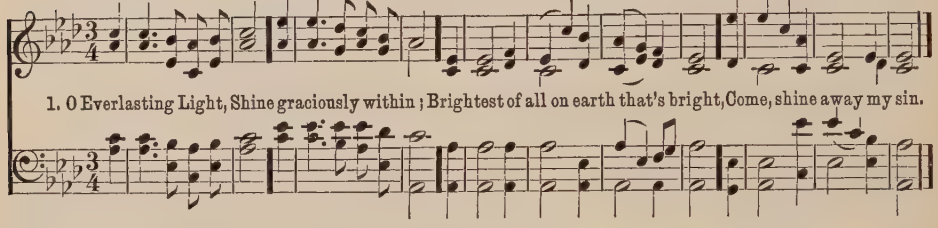
4 O Everlasting Love,
Wellspring of grace and peace,
Pour down thy fulness from above,
Bid doubt and trouble cease.

5 O Everlasting Rest,
Lift off life's load of care;
Relieve, revive this burdened breast,
And every sorrow bear.

Horatius Bonar, 1861.

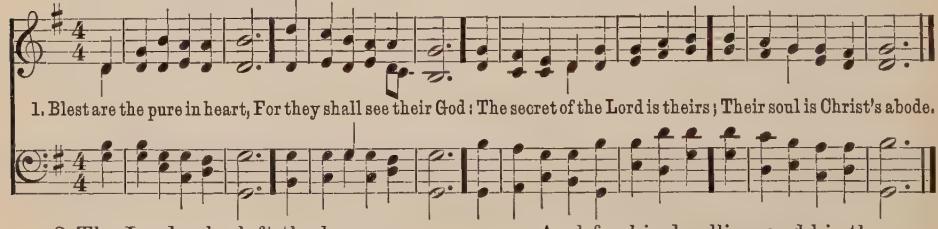
AHIRA. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

H. W. GREATOREX, 1849.



488 ST. MICHAEL. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

JOHN DAYE, 1522–1588.



2 The Lord, who left the heavens,
Our life and peace to bring,
To dwell in lowliness with men,
Their pattern and their King;

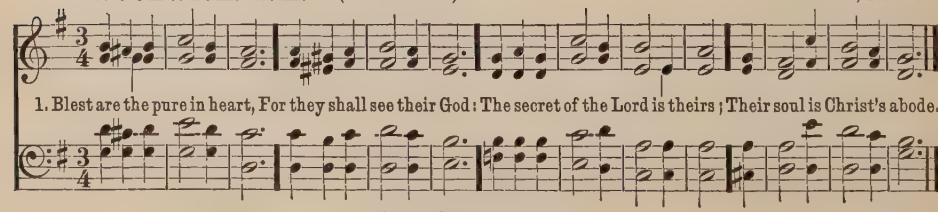
3 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his dwelling and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

4 Lord, we thy presence seek;
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,
A temple meet for thee.

John Keble, 1827.

WOOLWICH. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

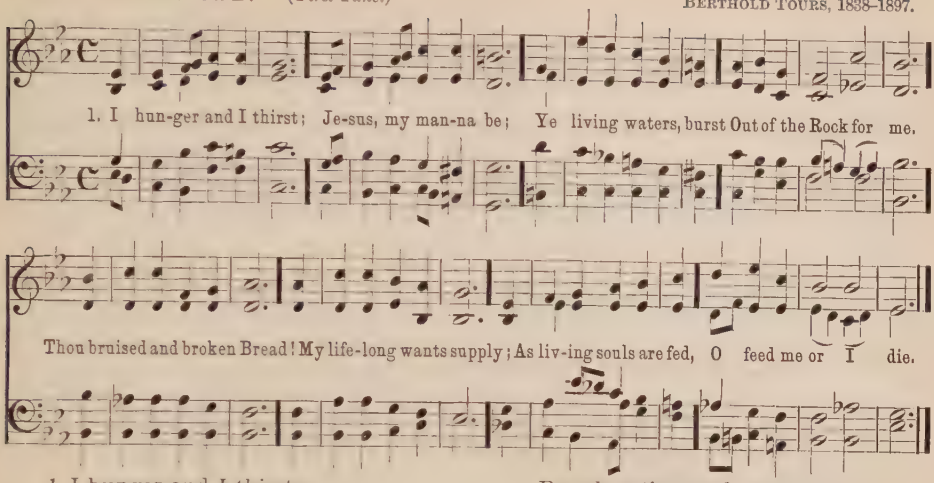
C. E. KETTLE, 1833—.



(ALSO OLNEY, No. 486.)

489 AYTON. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

BERTHOLD TOURS, 1838–1897.


1. I hun-ger and I thirst; Je-sus, my man-na be; Ye living waters, burst Out of the Rock for me.
Thou bruised and broken Bread! My life-long wants supply; As liv-ing souls are fed, O feed me or I die.

1 I hunger and I thirst;
Jesus, my manna be;
Ye living waters, burst
Out of the Rock for me.
Thou bruised and broken Bread!
My life-long wants supply;
As living souls are fed,
O feed me or I die.

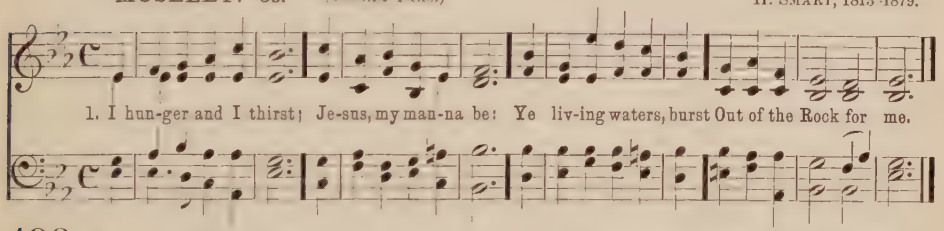
2 Thou true life-giving Vine!
Let me thy sweetness prove;
Renew my life with thine,
Refresh my soul with love.
Rough paths my feet have trod,
Since their first course began;
Feed me, thou Bread of God!
Help me, thou Son of Man!

3 For still the desert lies
My thirsting soul before,
O Living Waters rise
Within me evermore.
To Father, and to Son,
And Holy Ghost, to thee,
Eternal Three in One,
Eternal glory be.

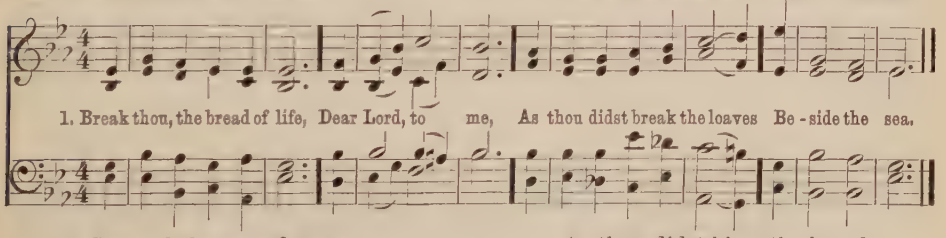
J. S. B. Monsell, 1811–1875.

MOSELEY. 6s. (*Second Tune.*)

H. SMART, 1813–1879.



490 WOODFORD. 6s. 4s.

ADAPTED FROM SIR J. BARNBY, 1838–1896.

2 Beyond the sacred page
I seek thee, Lord;
My spirit pants for thee,
O living Word.

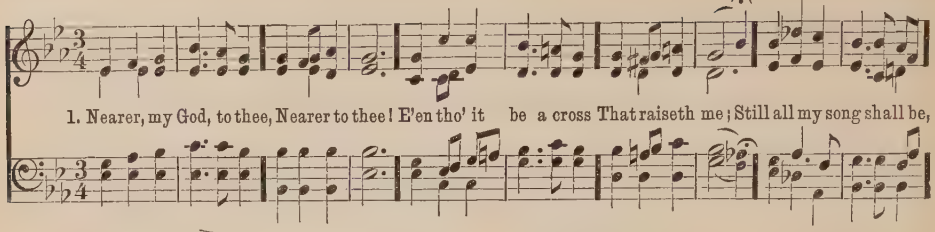
3 Bless thou the truth, dear Lord,
To me—to me—
As thou didst bless the bread
By Galilee.

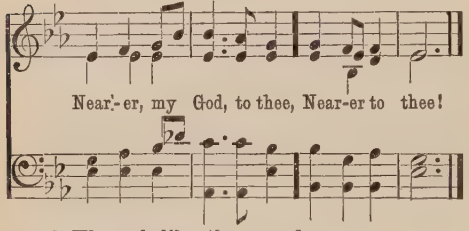
4 Then shall all bondage cease,
All fetters fall;
And I shall find my peace,
My All-in-All.

Mary A. Lathbury, 1841—.

491 HORBURY. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES 1823–1876.





2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

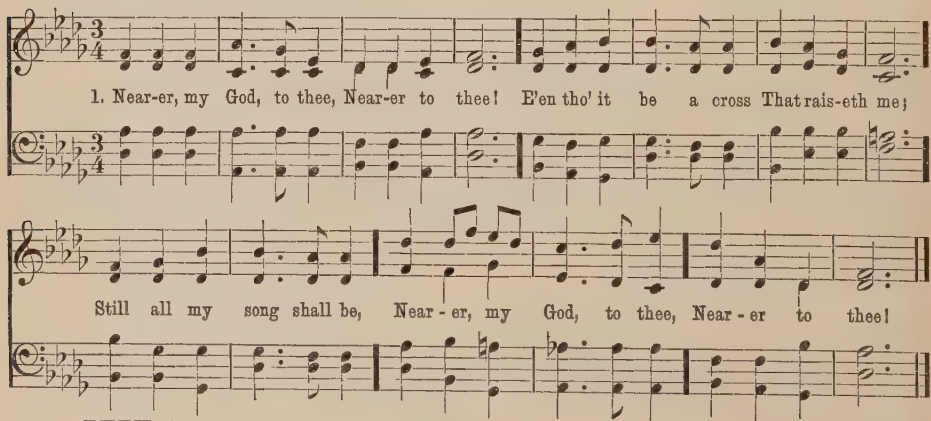
4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Sarah Flower Adams, 1841.

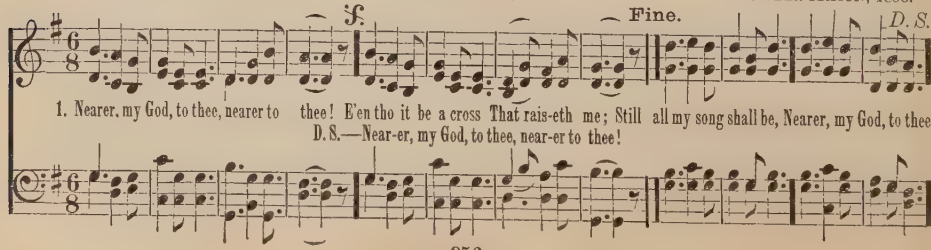
LEWELLYN. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. (*Second Tune.*)

H. S. CUTLER, 1824—.


1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me;
Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!

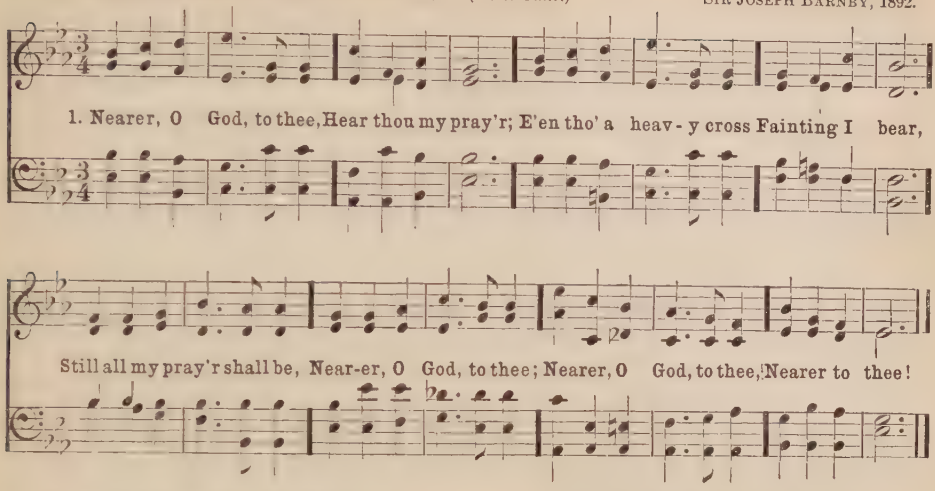
BETHANY. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4. (*Third Tune.*)

LOWELL MASON, 1856.


f.
Fine.
D. S.
1. Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee! E'en tho it be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee
D. S.—Near-er, my God, to thee, near-er to thee!

492 WINTERTON. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1892.


1. Nearer, O God, to thee, Hear thou my pray'r; E'en tho' a heav-y cross Fainting I bear,
Still all my pray'r shall be, Near-er, O God, to thee; Nearer, O God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

2 If where they led my Lord,
I too am borne,
Planting my steps in his,
Weary and worn;
There even let me be
Nearer, O God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 If thou the cup of pain
Givest to drink,
Let not my trembling lip
From the draught shrink;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, O God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

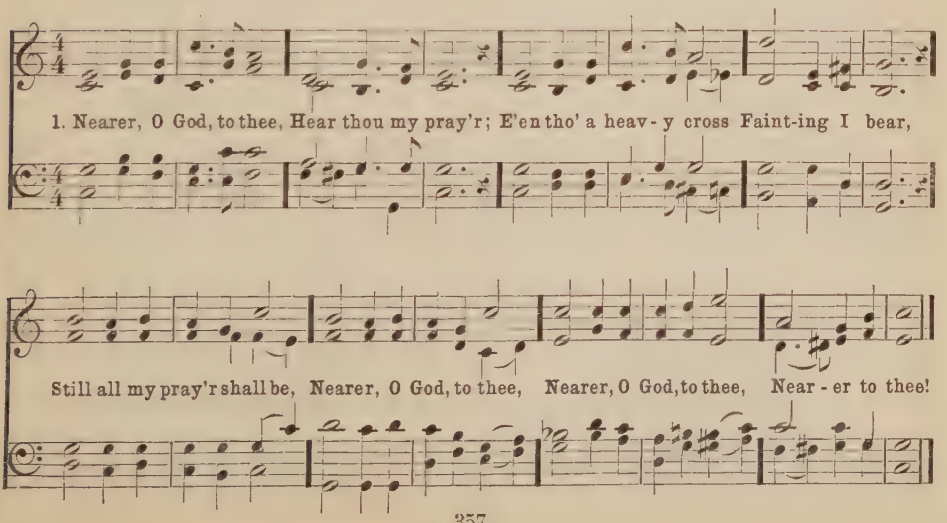
4 Though the great battle rage
Hotly around,
Still where my Captain fights
Let me be found;
Through toils and strife to be
Nearer, O God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

5 And when thou, Lord, once more
Glorious shalt come,
Oh, for a dwelling-place,
In thy bright home!
Through all eternity
Nearer, O God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

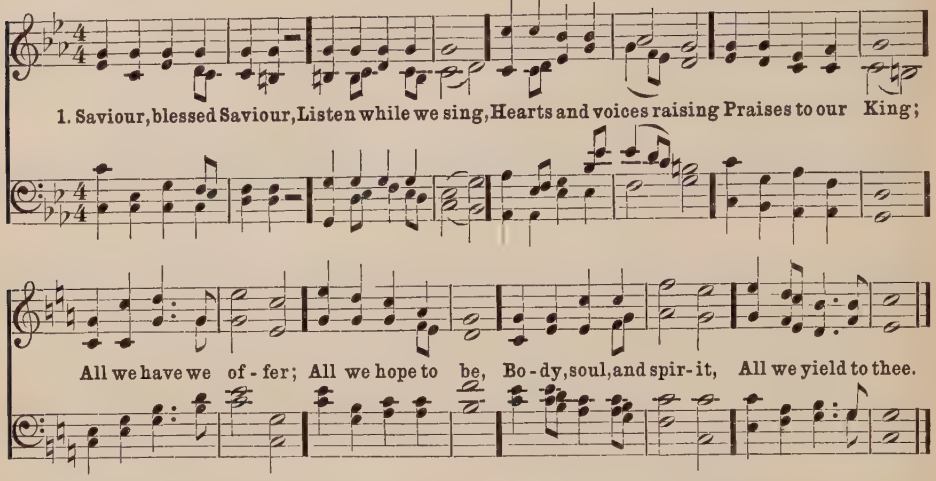
W. W. How, 1864.

LAPHAM. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*Second Tune.*)

J. E. HENRY, 1881.


1. Nearer, O God, to thee, Hear thou my pray'r; E'en tho' a heav-y cross Faint-ing I bear,
Still all my pray'r shall be, Nearer, O God, to thee, Nearer, O God, to thee, Near-er to thee!

493 ST. ANDREW. 6s. 5s. D. (*First Tune.*) J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. Saviour, blessed Saviour, Listen while we sing, Hearts and voices raising Praises to our King;
All we have we of - fer; All we hope to be, Bo - dy, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to thee.

2 Nearer, ever nearer,
Christ, we draw to thee,
Deep in adoration
Bending low the knee:
Thou for our redemption,
Cam'st on earth to die;
Thou, that we might follow,
Hast gone up on high.

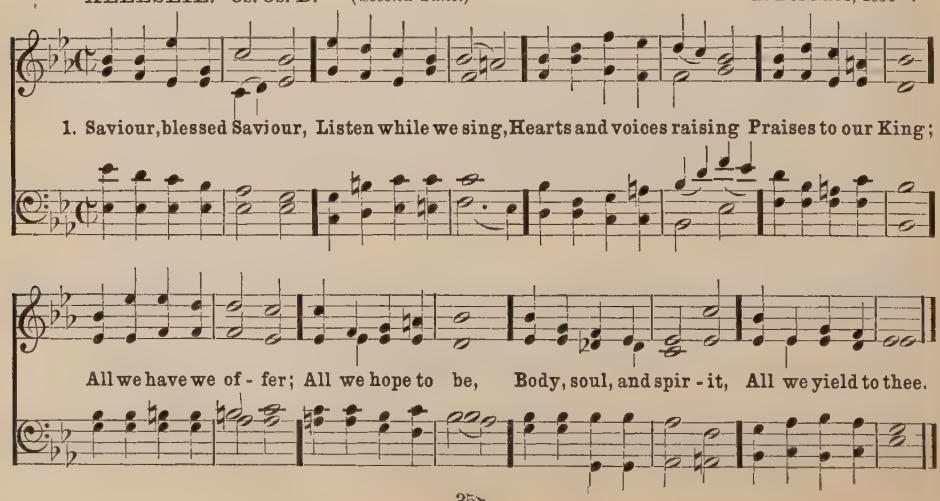
3 Great and ever greater
Are thy mercies here,
True and everlasting
Are the glories there,
Where no pain nor sorrow,
Toil nor care is known;
Where the angel-legions
Circle round thy throne.

4 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

5 Higher then and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

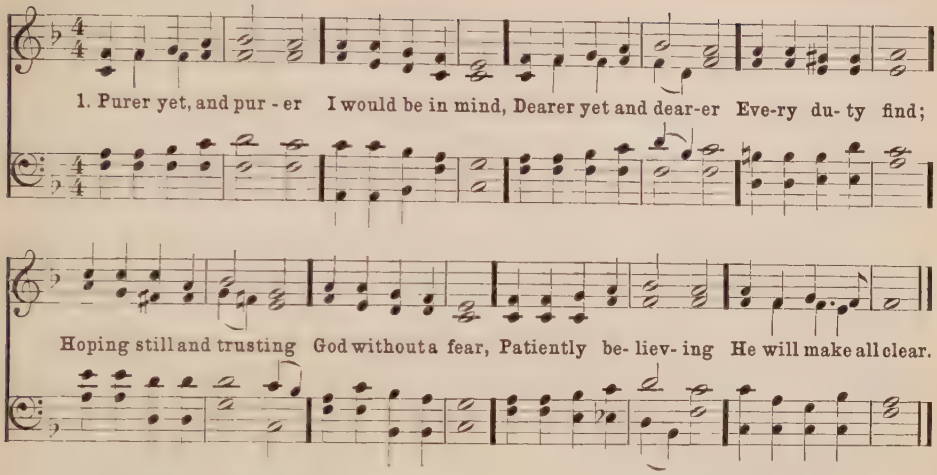
Godfrey Thring, 1862.

ALLESLIE. 6s. 5s. D. (*Second Tune.*) E. BUNNETT, 1834—.


1. Saviour, blessed Saviour, Listen while we sing, Hearts and voices raising Praises to our King;
All we have we of - fer; All we hope to be, Body, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to thee.

494 DERWENT. 6s. 5s. D.

J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.


1. Purer yet, and purer I would be in mind, Dearer yet and dearer Every duty find;
Hoping still and trusting God without a fear, Patiently believing He will make all clear.

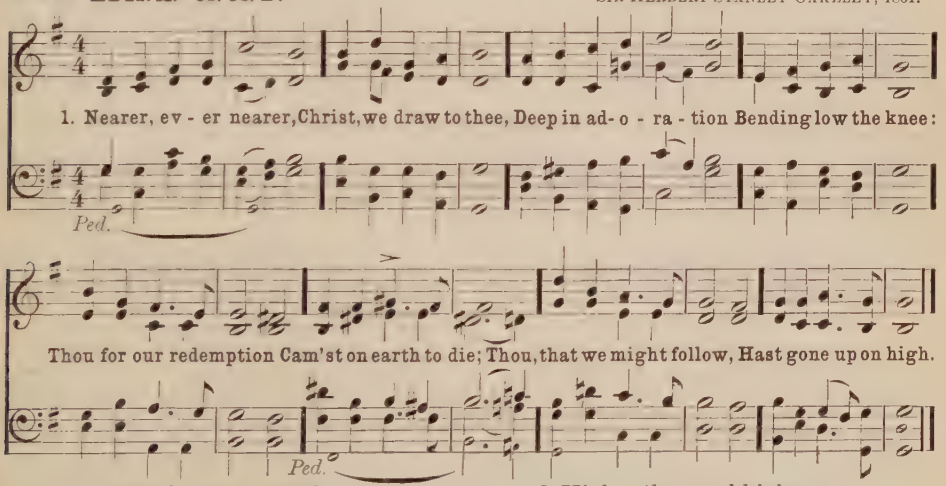
2 Calmer yet and calmer
Trials bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart and will and mind.

3 Higher yet and higher
Out of clouds and night,
Nearer yet and nearer
Rising to the light—
Oft these earnest longings
Swell within my breast,
Yet their inner meaning
Ne'er can be expressed.

J. W. von Goethe, 1749–1832.

495 EDINA. 6s. 5s. D.

Sir Herbert Stanley Oakeley, 1861.


1. Nearer, ever nearer, Christ, we draw to thee, Deep in adoration Bending low the knee:
Ped.
Thou for our redemption Cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might follow, Hast gone up on high.
Ped.

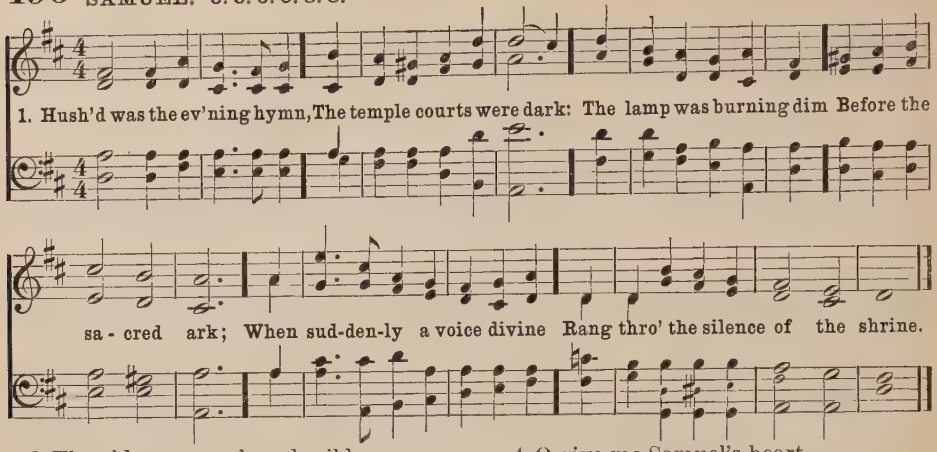
2 Onward, ever onward,
Journeying o'er the road
Worn by saints before us,
Journeying on to God;
Leaving all behind us
May we hasten on,
Backward never looking
Till the prize is won.

3 Higher then and higher
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgotten,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where in joys unthought of
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary raising
Praises to their King.

Godfrey Thring, 1823—.

496 SAMUEL. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.


1. Hush'd was the ev'ning hymn, The temple courts were dark: The lamp was burning dim Before the
sa - cred ark; When sud-den-ly a voice divine Rang thro' the silence of the shrine.

2 The old man, meek and mild,
The priest of Israel, slept;
His watch the temple-child,
The little Levite, kept;
And what from Eli's sense was sealed,
The Lord to Hannah's son revealed.

3 O give me Samuel's ear,
The open ear, O Lord,
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of thy word;
Like him to answer at thy call,
And to obey thee first of all.

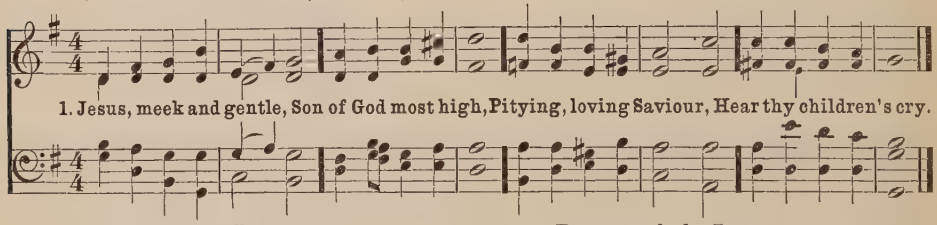
4 O give me Samuel's heart,
A lowly heart, that waits
Where in thy house thou art,
Or watches at thy gates;
By day and night, a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of thy will.

5 O give me Samuel's mind,
A sweet, unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To thee in life and death;
That I may read with child-like eyes
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

James Drummond Burns, 1856.

497 PRYNNE. 6s. 5s. (*First Tune.*)

G. A. HARDACRE, 1867.



2 Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains;
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

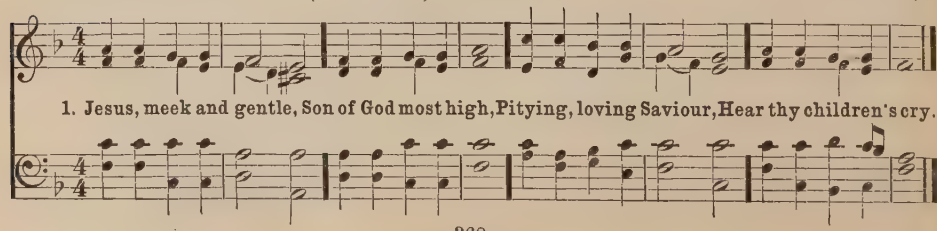
3 Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love,
Draw us, holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

4 Lead us on our journey:
Be thyself the way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

George Rundle Prynne, 1856.

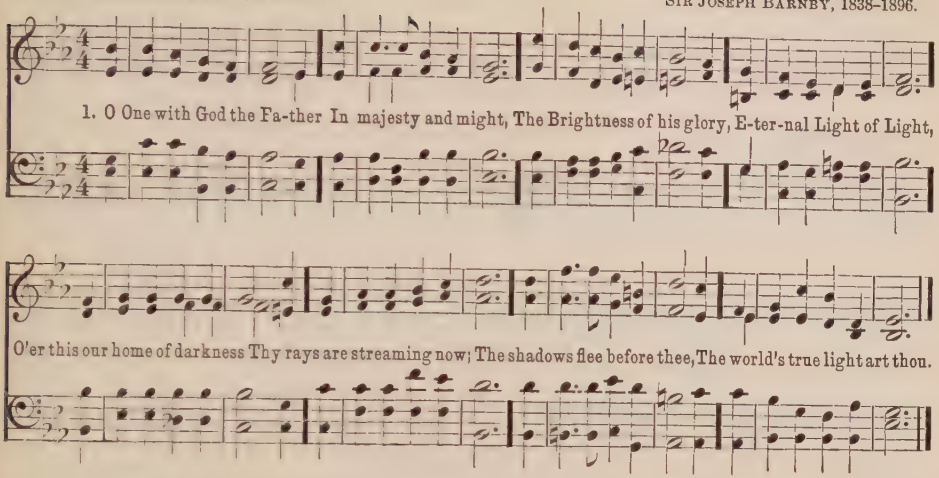
HARLOW. 6s. 5s. (*Second Tune.*)

GERMAN. ARR. BY W. H. MONK.



498 WALSHAM. 7s. 6s. D.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.

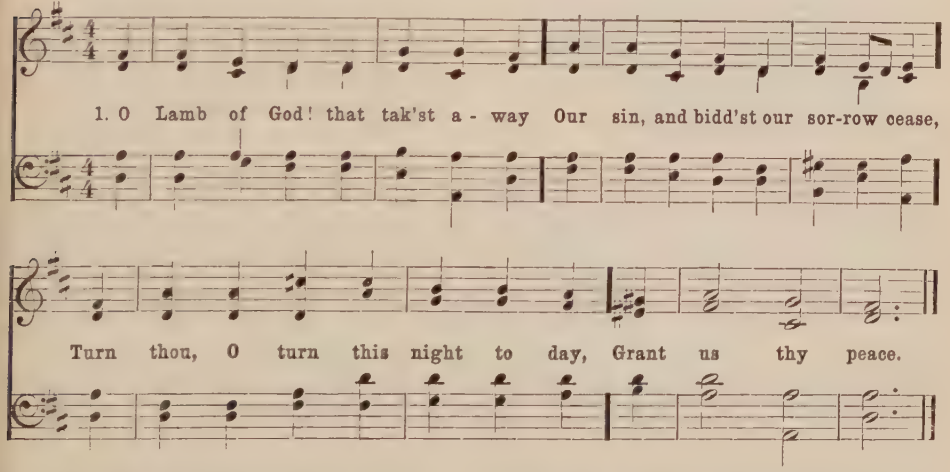

1. O One with God the Fa-ther In majesty and might, The Brightness of his glory, E-ter-nal Light of Light,
O'er this our home of darkness Thy rays are streaming now; The shadows flee before thee, The world's true light art thou.

2 Yet, Lord, we see but darkly:
O heavenly light, arise,
Dispel these mists that shroud us,
And hide thee from our eyes.
We long to track the footprints
That thou thyself hast trod;
We long to see the pathway
That leads to thee our God.

3 O Jesus, shine around us
With radiance of thy grace;
O Jesus, turn upon us
The brightness of thy face.
We need no star to guide us,
As on our way we press,
If thou thy light vouchsafest,
O Sun of Righteousness.

W. W. How, 1871.

499 IN MEMORIAM. 8.8.8.4.

F. C. MAKER, 1876.

2 The troubled world hath war without;
The restless, wayward heart within
Hath fear and weariness and doubt,
And death and sin.

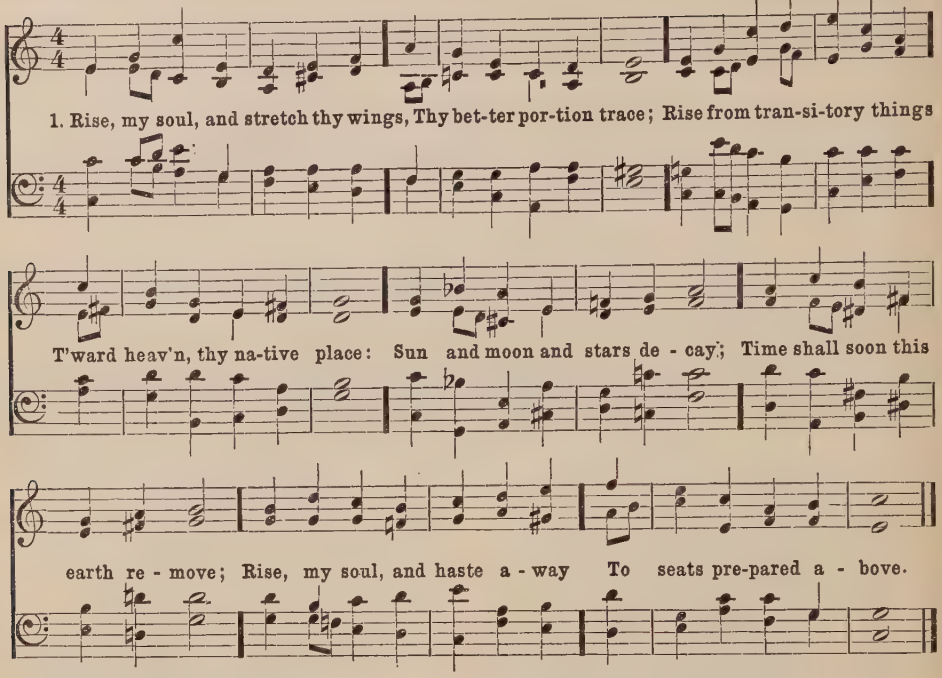
3 And there are needs that none can know,
And tears no eyes but thine can see;
Hopes naught can satisfy below;
We look to thee.

4 May we, amid the toil and strife,
And storms that never end below,
Through all the chance and change of life,
Thy peace yet know:

5 The peace that is not ours, but thine,—
Oh safe and true and deathless thus!—
'Gainst which all storms in vain combine,
Grant, grant to us.

Alessie Faussett, alt., 1841—.

500 STRATTAN. 7.6.7.6.7.7.6. *(First Tune.)* C. E. STEPHENS, 1865.

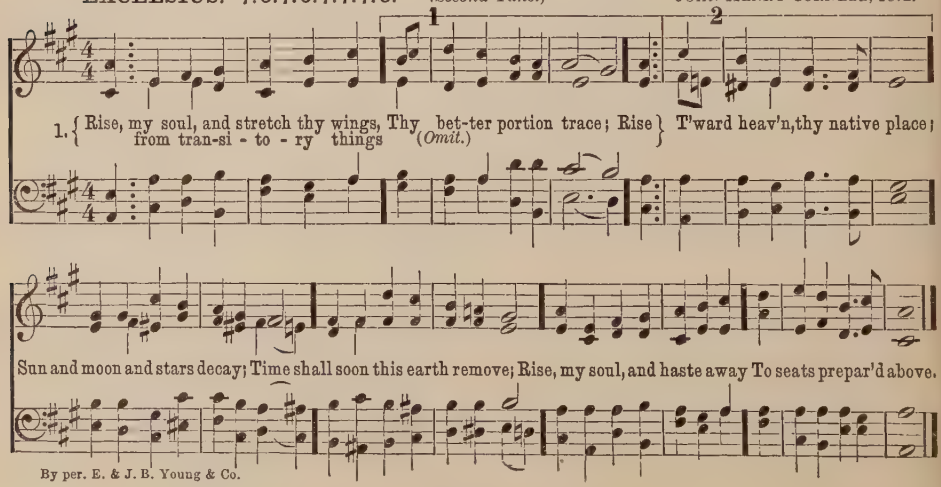

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter por-tion trace; Rise from tran-si-tory things
T'ward heav'n, thy na-tive place: Sun and moon and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this
earth re - move; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats pre-pared a - bove.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God
Pants to view his glorious face,
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace,

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies;
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given,
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

Robert Seagrave, 1742.

EXCELSIUS. 7.6.7.6.7.7.6. *(Second Tune.)* JOHN HENRY CORNELL, 1872.

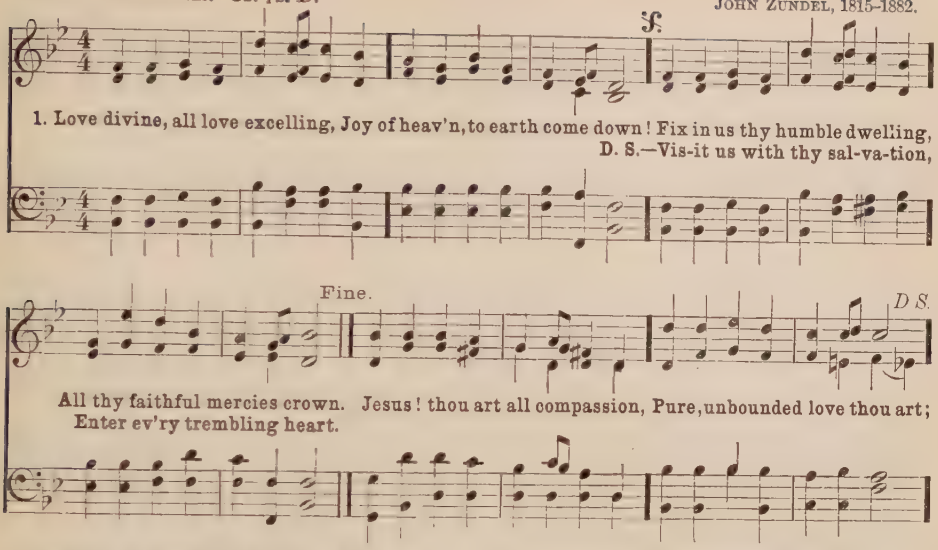

1
2
1. { Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy bet-ter portion trace; Rise from tran-si - to - ry things (Omit.) } T'ward heav'n, thy native place;
Sun and moon and stars decay; Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepar'd above.

By per. E. & J. B. Young & Co.

(ALSO AMSTERDAM, OPPOSITE.)

501 BEECHER. 8s. 7s. D.

JOHN ZUNDEL, 1815–1882.


1. Love divine, all love excelling, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
D. S.—Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion,
Fine.
D.S.
All thy faithful mercies crown. Jesus! thou art all compassion, Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Enter ev'ry trembling heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast.
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest;
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning!
Set our hearts at liberty.

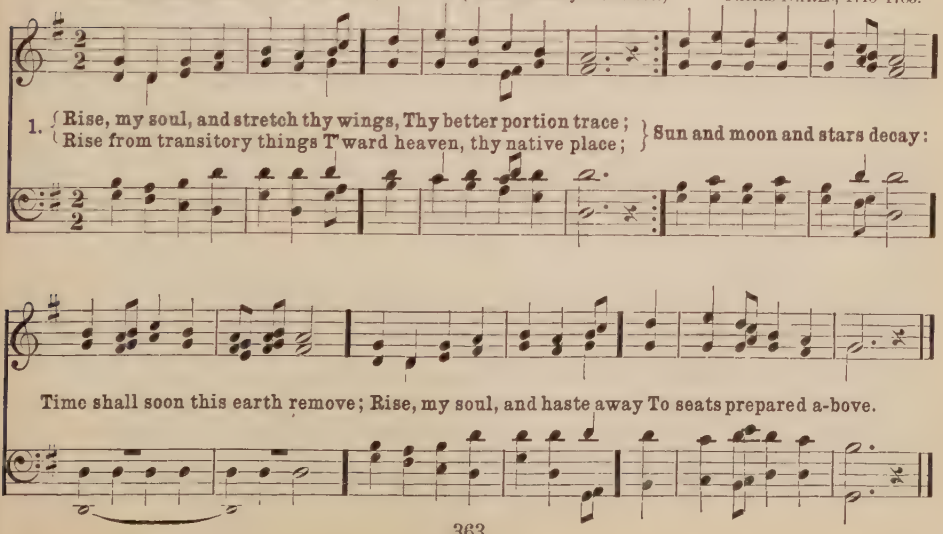
3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive!
Speedily return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.

4 Finish then thy new creation,
Pure, unspotted may we be:
Let us see our whole salvation,
Perfectly secured by thee!
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley, 1708–1788.

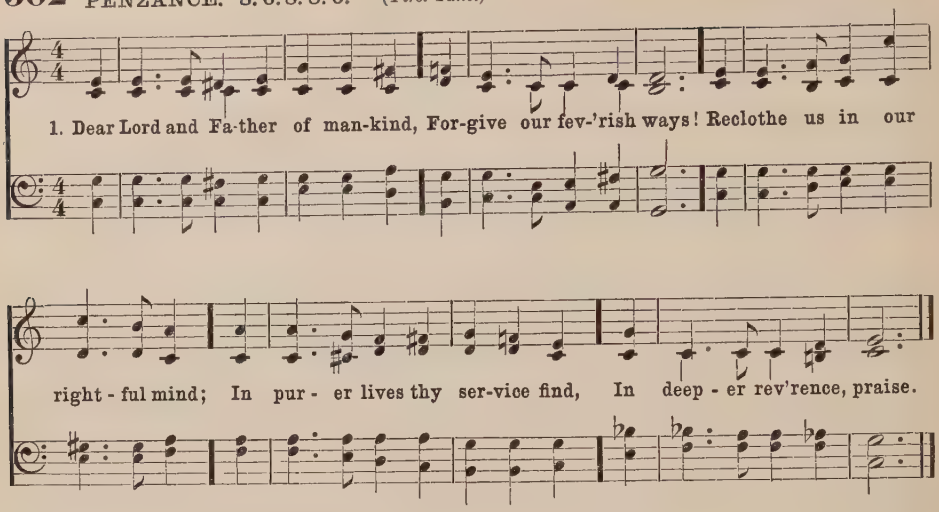
AMSTERDAM. 7.6.7.6.7.7.7.6. (*Third Tune for No. 500.*)

JAMES NARES, 1715–1783.


1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things T'ward heaven, thy native place;
Sun and moon and stars decay:
Time shall soon this earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste away To seats prepared a-bove.

502 PENZANCE. 8.6.8.8.6. (*First Tune.*)

F. C. Maker, 1844.—


1. Dear Lord and Fa-ther of man-kind, For-give our fev-'rish ways! Reclothe us in our
right-ful mind; In pur-er lives thy ser-vice find, In deep-er rev'rence, praise.

1 Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

2 In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
Rise up and follow thee.

3 Oh, Sabbath rest by Galilee!
Oh, calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

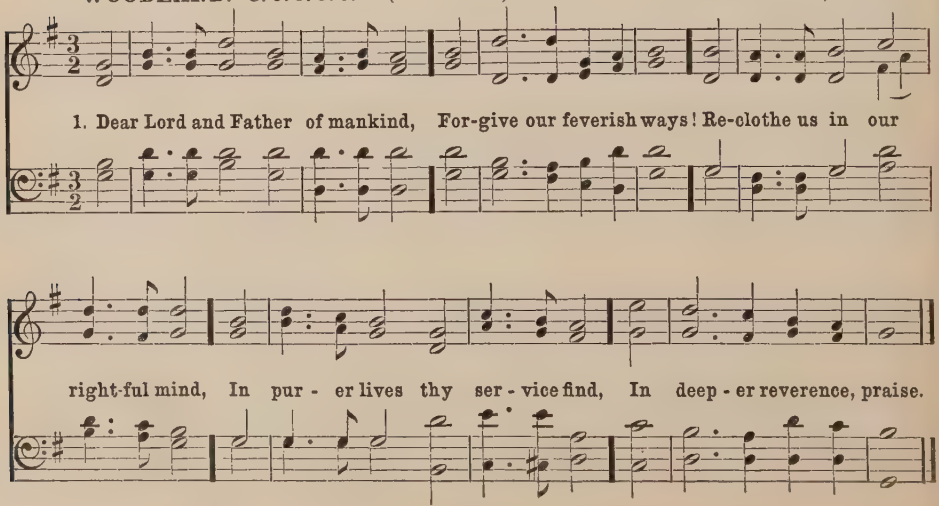
4 With that deep hush subduing all,
Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of thy call,
As noiseless let thy blessing fall
As fell thy manna down.

5 Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress;
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

J. G. Whittier, 1807–1892.

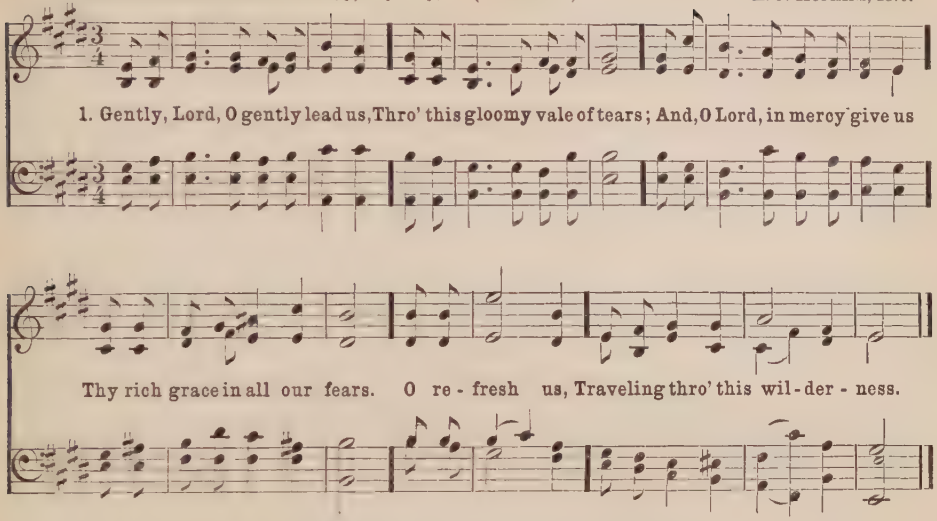
WOODLAND. 8.6.8.8.6. (*Second Tune.*)

N. D. Gould, 1781–1864.


1. Dear Lord and Father of mankind, For-give our feverish ways! Re-clothe us in our
right-ful mind, In pur-er lives thy ser-vice find, In deep-er reverence, praise.

503 WILDERSMOUTH. 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*First Tune.*)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1879.


1. Gently, Lord, O gently lead us, Thro' this gloomy vale of tears; And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears. O re - fresh us, Traveling thro' this wil - der - ness.

1 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this gloomy vale of tears;
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

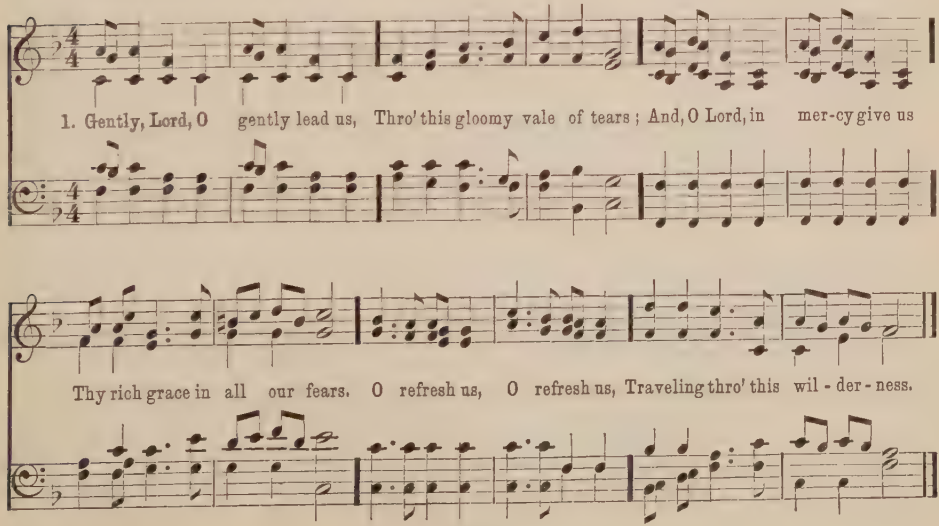
3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

4 When this mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till, by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.
O refresh us, O refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

Thomas Hastings, 1832.

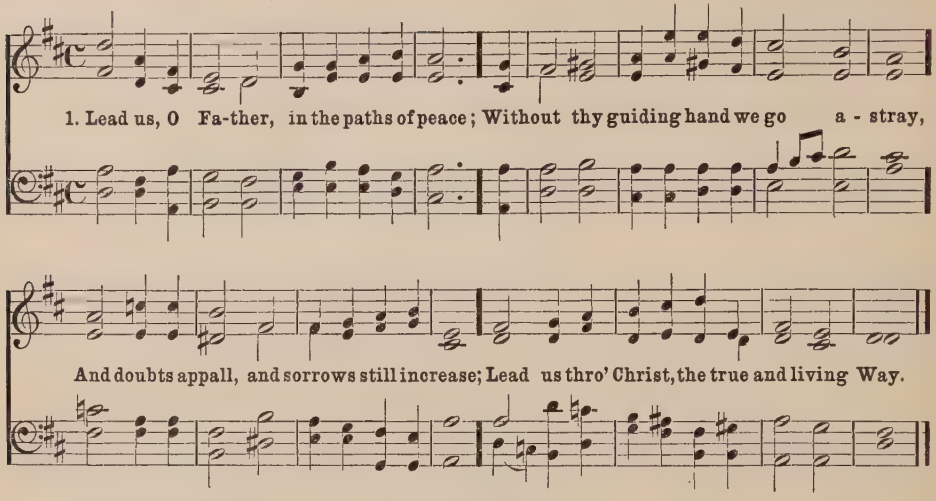
SEVERN. 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*Second Tune.*)

FROM "CHORAL FRIEND," 1852.


1. Gently, Lord, O gently lead us, Thro' this gloomy vale of tears; And, O Lord, in mer-cy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears. O refresh us, O refresh us, Traveling thro' this wil - der - ness.

504 DIRIGE. 10s. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838-1896.


1. Lead us, O Fa-ther, in the paths of peace; Without thy guiding hand we go a - stray,
And doubts appall, and sorrows still increase; Lead us thro' Christ, the true and living Way.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by thee, in error's maze we grope,
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.

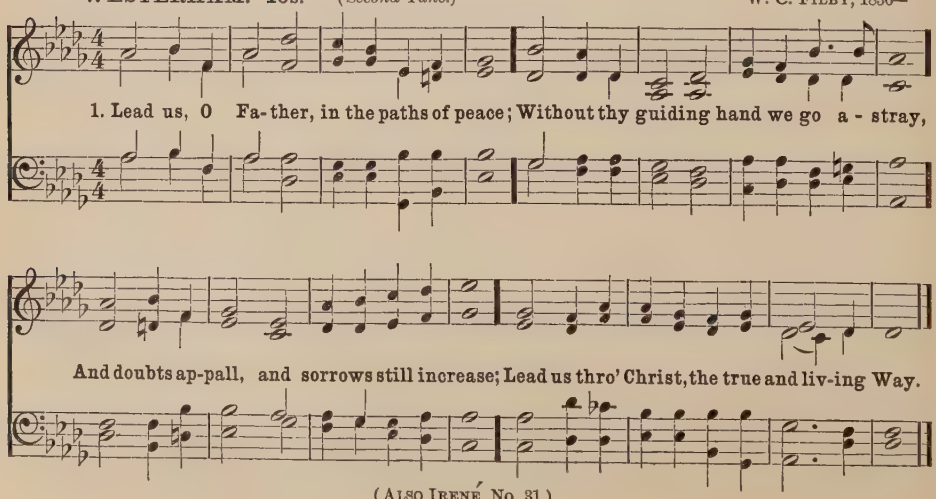
3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a moral night;
Only with thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to thy heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be;
Through joy or sorrow, as thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in thee.

W. H. Burleigh, 1868.

WESTERHAM. 10s. (*Second Tune.*)

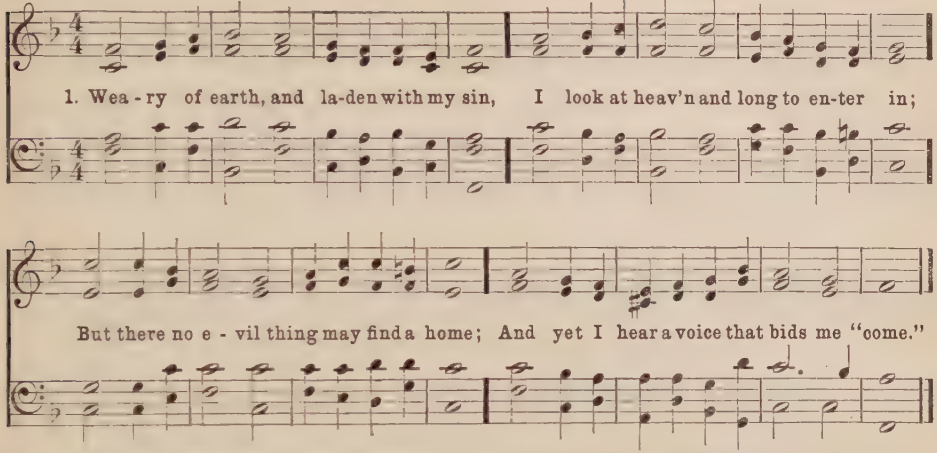
W. C. FILBY, 1836–


1. Lead us, O Fa-ther, in the paths of peace; Without thy guiding hand we go a - stray,
And doubts ap-pall, and sorrows still increase; Lead us thro' Christ, the true and liv-ing Way.

(ALSO IRENÉ, No. 31.)

505 NAVARRE. 10s.

ARR. FROM C. GOUDIMEL, 16th. cent.


1. Wea - ry of earth, and la-den with my sin, I look at heav'n and long to en-ter in;
But there no e - vil thing may find a home; And yet I hear a voice that bids me "come."

2 Sinful I am; how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

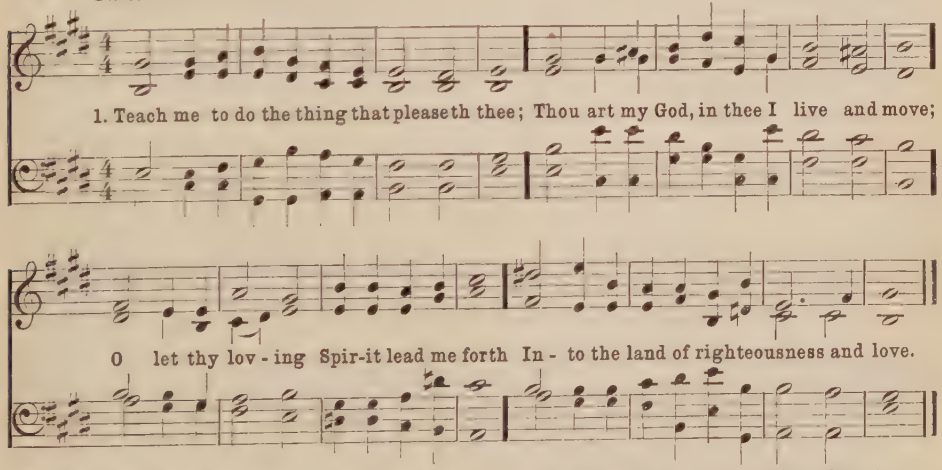
3 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear;
His are the hands stretched out to draw me near,
And his the blood that can for all atone,
And set me faultless there before the throne.

4 O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,
That in the Father's courts my glorious dress
May be the garment of thy righteousness.

S. J. Stone, 1865.

506 OSWALD. 10s.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.


1. Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth thee; Thou art my God, in thee I live and move;
O let thy lov - ing Spir-it lead me forth In - to the land of righteousness and love.

2 Thy love the law and impulse of my soul,
Thy righteousness its fitness and its plea,
Thy loving Spirit mercy's sweet control
To make me liker, draw me nearer thee.

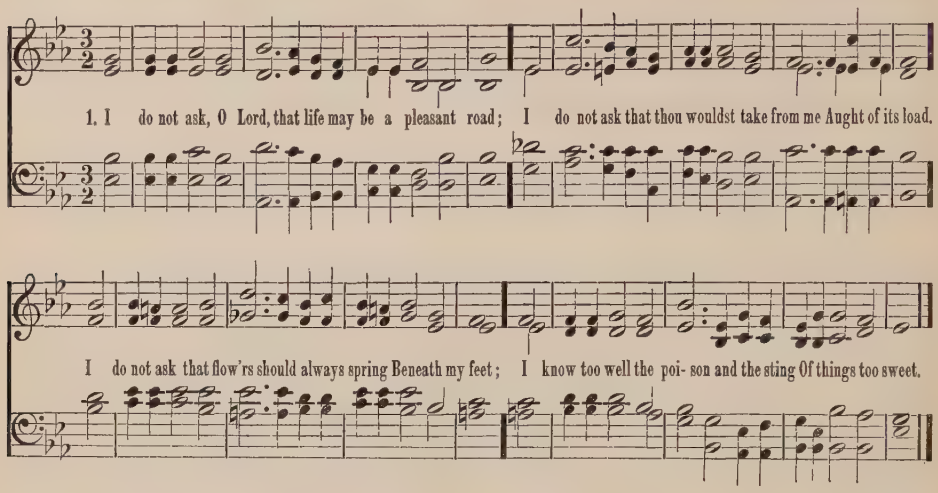
3 My highest hope to be where, Lord, thou art,
To lose myself in thee my richest gain,
To do thy will the habit of my heart,
To grieve the Spirit my severest pain.

4 Thy smile my sunshine, all my peace from thence,
From self alone what could that peace destroy?
Thy joy my sorrow at the least offence,
My sorrow that I am not more thy joy.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1811–1875.

507 AD LUCEM. 10s. 4s. D. (*First Tune.*)

ADAPTED FROM J. B. CALKIN, 1827—.


1. I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be a pleasant road; I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me Aught of its load.
I do not ask that flow'rs should always spring Beneath my feet; I know too well the poi- son and the sting Of things too sweet.

1 I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load.
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

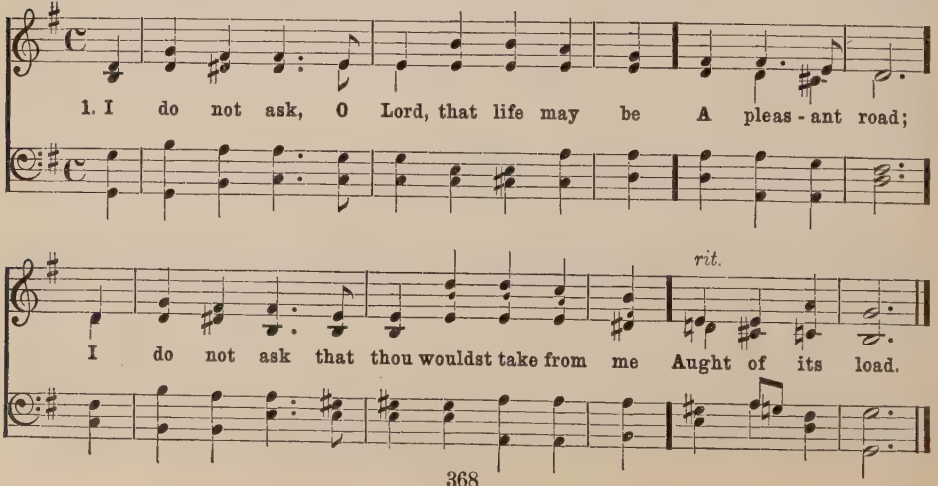
2 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead;
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed,
Through peace to light.
I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.

3 I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow thee.
Joy is like restless day; but peace divine
Like quiet night:
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine,
Through peace to light.

Adelaide A. Procter, 1862.

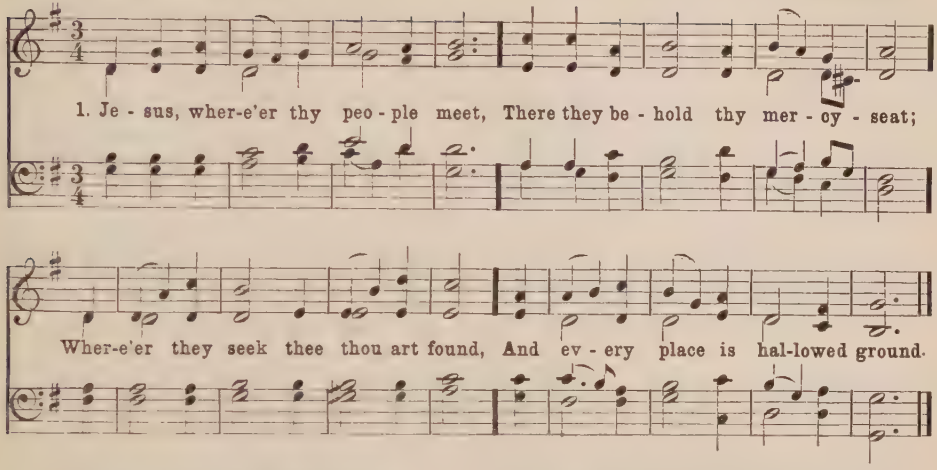
PER PACEM. 10s. 4s. (*Second Tune.*)

G. C. MARTIN, 1844—.



508 VIA BONA. L. M.

J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.


1. Je - sus, wher-e'er thy peo - ple meet, There they be - hold thy mer - cy - seat;
Wher-e'er they seek thee thou art found, And ev - ery place is hal-lowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And going, take thee to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

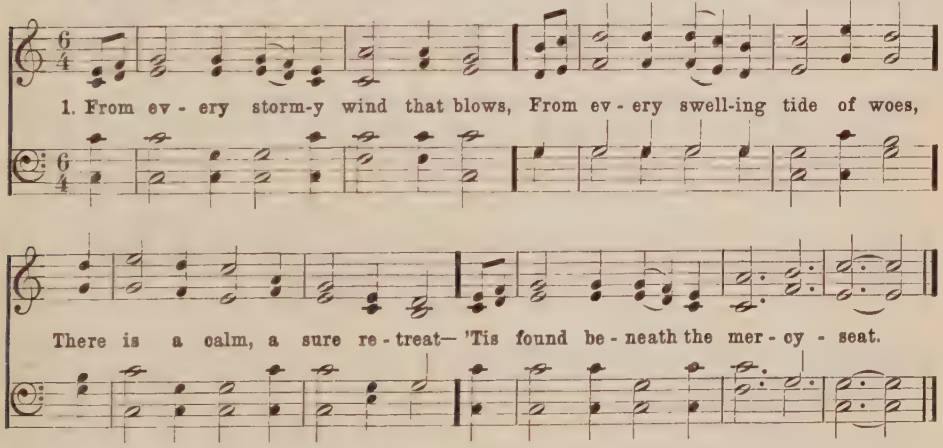
4 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

5 Lord, we are few, but thou art near
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;
O rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own.

William Cowper, 1731–1800.

509 RETREAT. L. M.

Thos. Hastings, 1842.


1. From ev - ery storm-y wind that blows, From ev - ery swell-ing tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure re - treat— 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

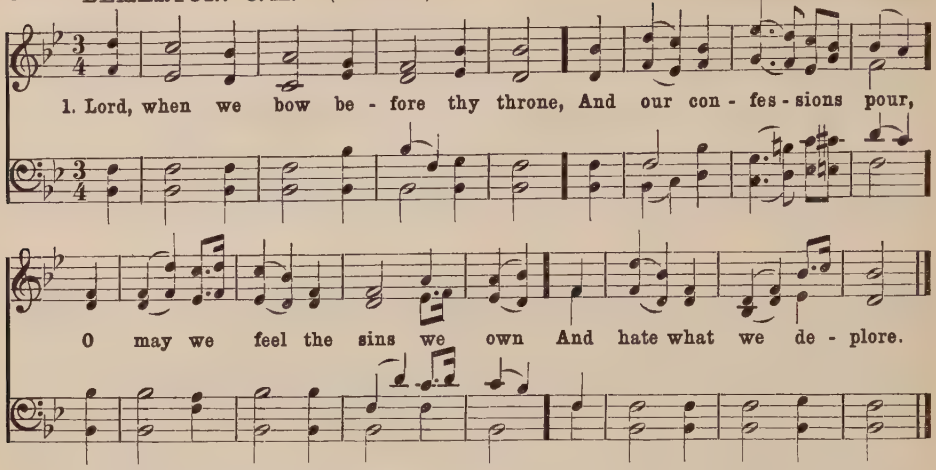
3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Hugh Stowell, 1832.

510 BEMERTON. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

H. W. GREATOREX, 1811-1858.



1 Lord, when we bow before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O may we feel the sins we own
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits, pitying, see;
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

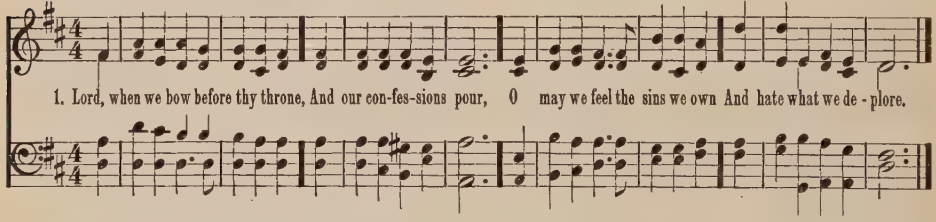
3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O let our wills resign,
And not a thought our bosom share
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies,
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness, still
That grants it, or denies.

Joseph D. Carlyle, 1805.

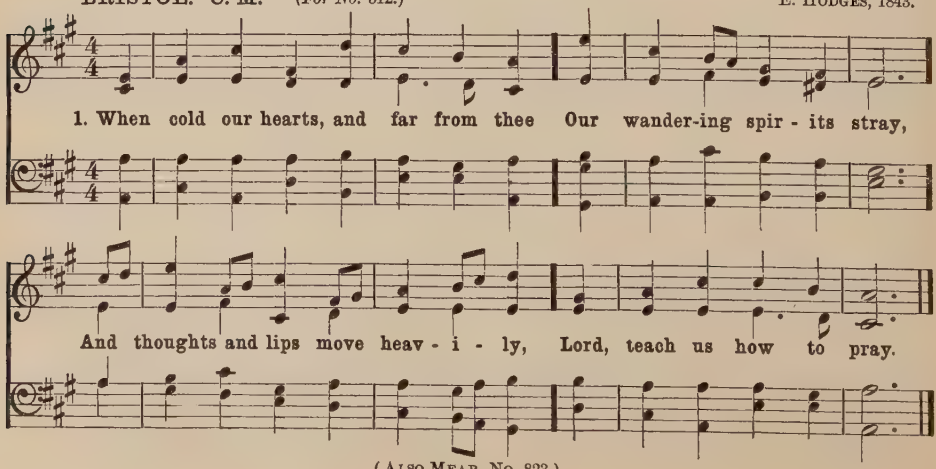
ST. MARK. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876.



BRISTOL. C. M. (*For No.* 512.)

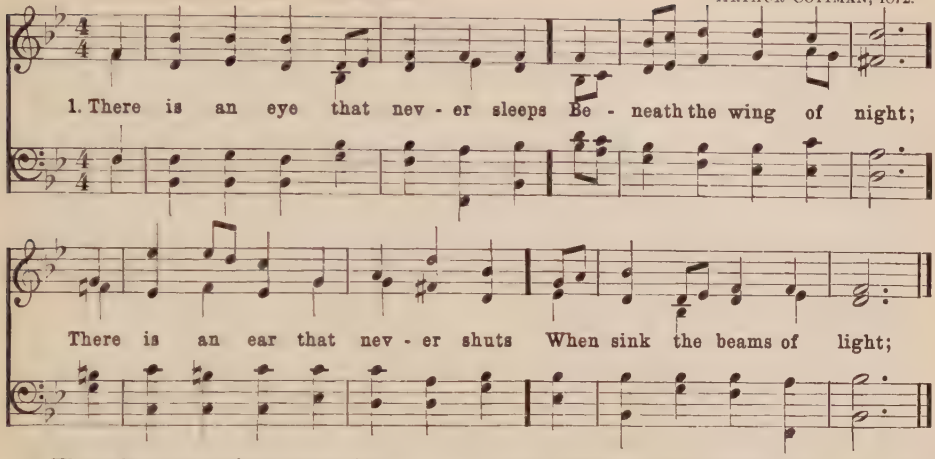
E. HODGES, 1843.


1. When cold our hearts, and far from thee Our wander-ing spir - its stray,
And thoughts and lips move heav - i - ly, Lord, teach us how to pray.

(ALSO MEAR, No. 823.)

511 MIRFIELD. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

ARTHUR COTTMAN, 1872.



2 There is an arm that never tires
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

3 That eye is fixed on seraph throngs;
That arm upholds the sky;
That ear is filled with angel songs;
That love is throned on high.

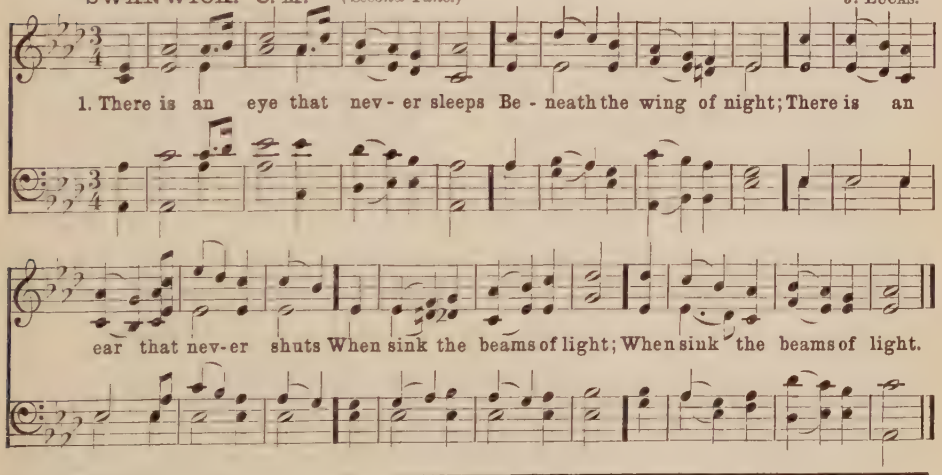
4 But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain.

That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus, to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

J. C. Wallace, 1793–1841.

SWANWICK. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. LUCAS.


1. There is an eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night; There is an
ear that nev-er shuts When sink the beams of light; When sink the beams of light.

512 BRISTOL. (*Opposite.*)

1 When cold our hearts, and far from thee
Our wandering spirits stray,
And thoughts and lips move heavily,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

2 Too vile to venture near thy throne,
Too poor to turn away;
Our only voice,—thy Spirit's groan,—
Lord, teach us how to pray.

3 We know not how to seek thy face,
Unless thou lead the way;
We have no words, unless thy grace,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

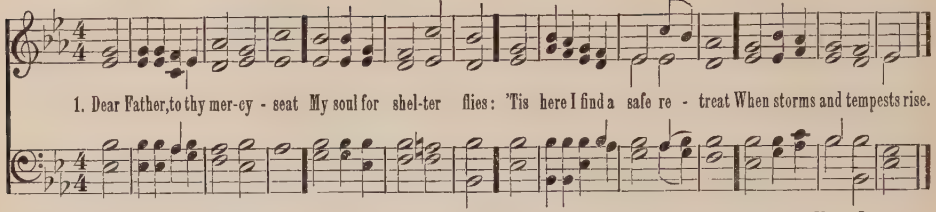
4 Here every thought and fond desire
We on thine altar lay;
And when our souls have caught thy fire,
Lord, teach us how to pray.

J. B. S. Monsell, 1837.

(ALSO CORINTH, No. 357.)

513 EWART. C. M.

S. P. TUCKERMAN, 1819–1890.



1 Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

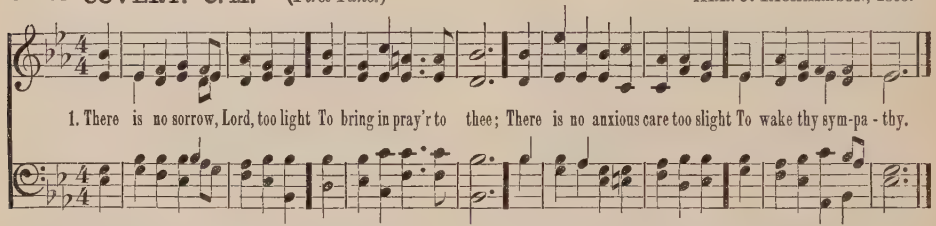
3 My great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
O let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 O never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

Anne Steele, 1760.

514 COVERT. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. J. RICHARDSON, 1863.



1 There is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake thy sympathy.

2 Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

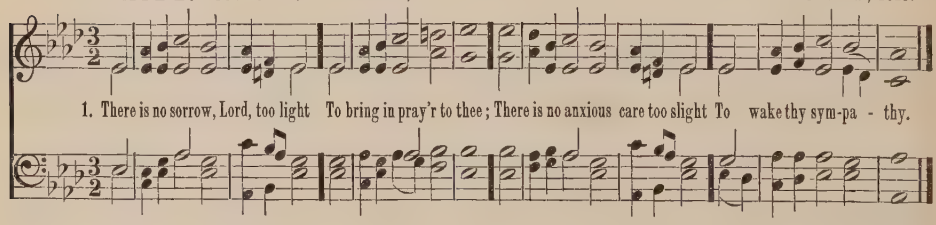
3 There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets thine ear divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

4 Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

Jane Crewdson, 1860.

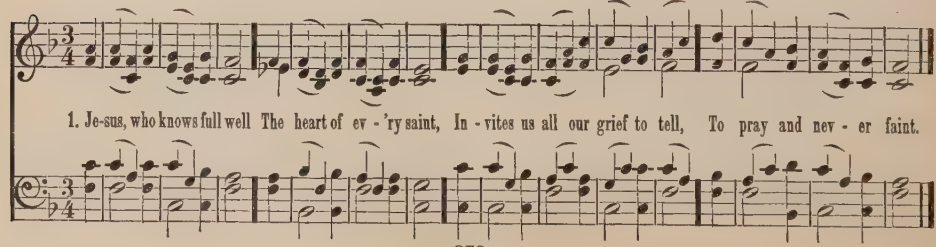
MELODY. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

A. CHAPIN, 1813.



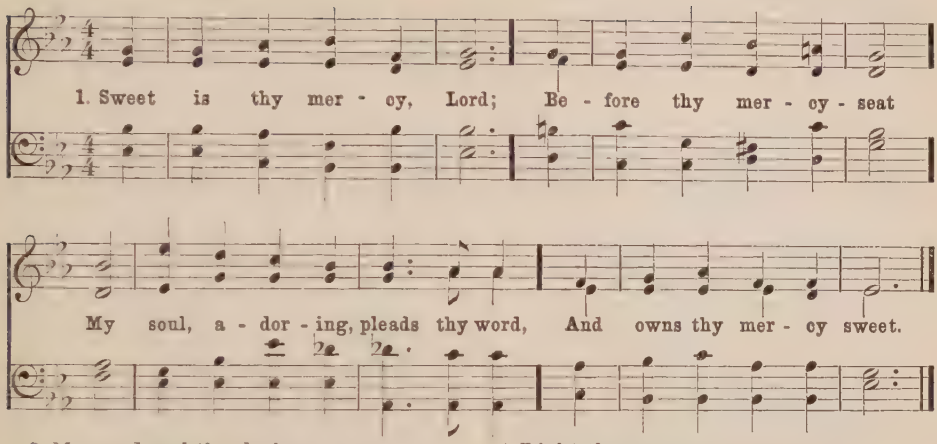
DENNIS. S. M. (*Second Tune for No.* 516.)

ARR. FROM J. G. NÄGELI, 1768–1836, BY L. MASON, 1845.



515 MONSELL. S. M.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1866.



2 My need and thy desires
Are all in Christ complete;
Thou hast the justice truth requires,
And I thy mercy sweet.

3 Where'er thy name is blest,
Where'er thy people meet,
There I delight in thee to rest,
And find thy mercy sweet.

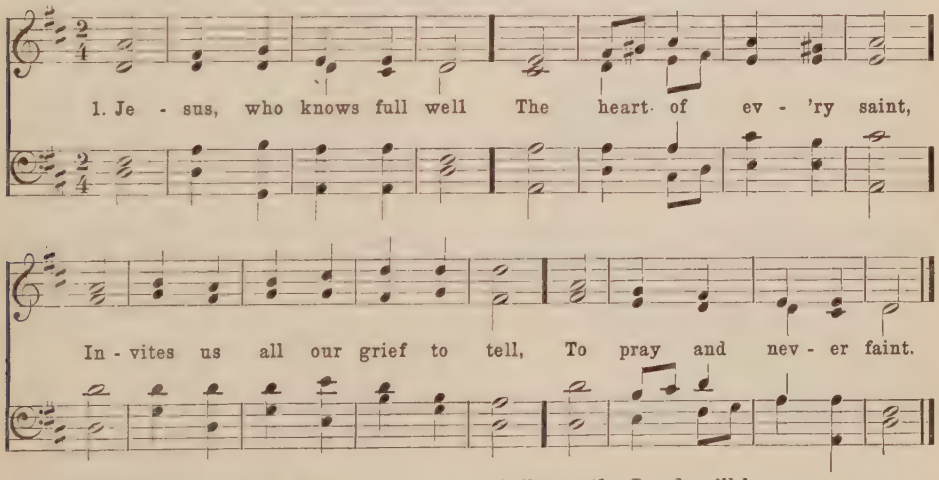
4 Light thou my weary way,
Lead thou my wandering feet,
That while I stay on earth I may
Still find thy mercy sweet.

5 Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all my songs repeat
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
My joy, thy mercy sweet.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1862.

516 SWABIA. S. M. *(First Tune.)*

ARR. FROM GERMAN BY W. H. HAVERGAL, 1849.



1 Jesus, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our grief to tell,
To pray and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear;
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
He'll help them from on high.

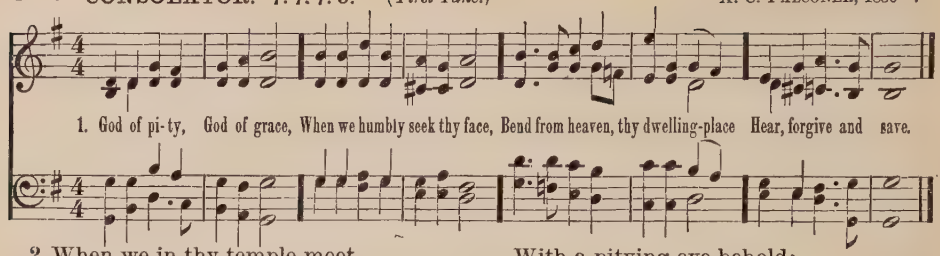
4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and from on high
Will make our cause his care.

John Newton, 1779.

(ALSO DENNIS, OPPOSITE.)

517 CONSOLATOR. 7.7.7.5. (*First Tune.*)

A. C. FALCONER, 1850—.



2 When we in thy temple meet,
Spread our wants before thy feet,
Pleading at the mercy-seat:
Look from heaven and save.

3 When thy love our hearts shall fill
And we long to do thy will,
Turning to thy holy hill;
Lord, accept and save.

4 Should we wander from thy fold,
And our love to thee grow cold,
With a pitying eye behold;
Lord, forgive and save.

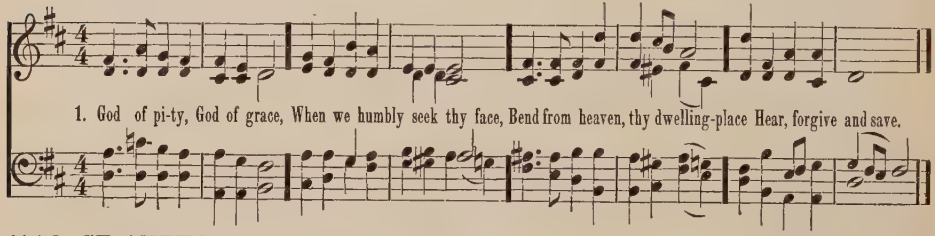
5 Should the hand of sorrow press,
Earthly care and want distress,
May our souls thy peace possess:
Jesus, hear and save.

6 And whate'er our cry may be,
When we lift our hearts to thee,
From our burden set us free:
Hear, forgive, and save.

Eliza F. Morris, 1821.—

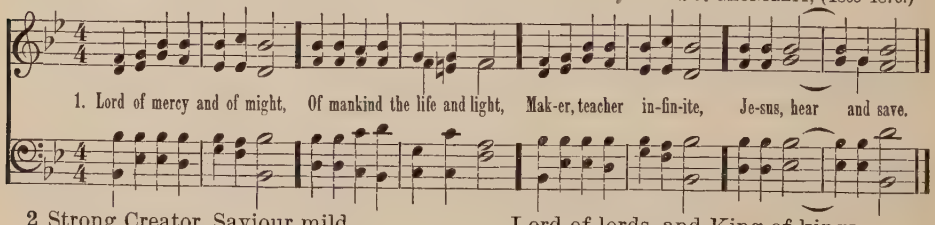
MINSHALL. 7.7.7.5. (*Second Tune.*)

E. MINSHALL, 1845.—



518 ST. ANTHONY. 7.7.7.5. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM GREGORIAN, BY H. J. GAUNTLETT, (1805–1876.)



2 Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, reviled,
Jesus, hear and save,

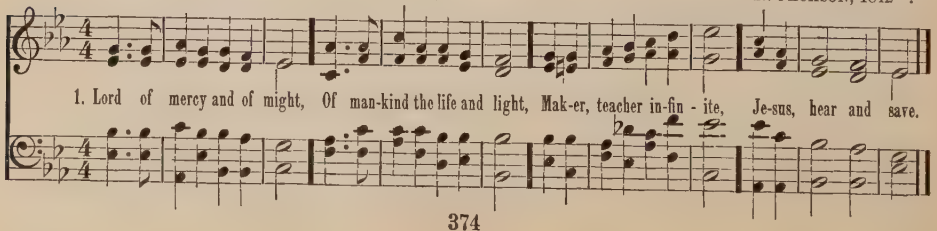
3 Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels' wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings,
Jesus, hear and save.

4 Soon to come to earth again,
Judge of angels and of men,
Hear us now, and hear us then.
Jesus, hear and save.

Reginald Heber, 1811.

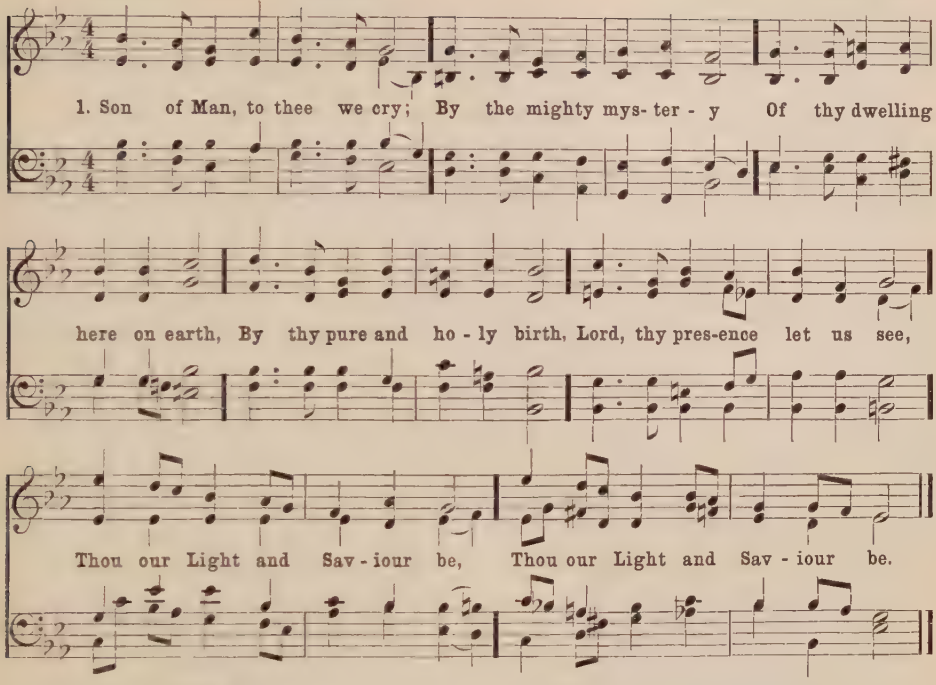
ANGELA. 7.7.7.5. (*Second Tune.*)

R. JACKSON, 1842—.



519 LESLIE. 7s. 6l. (*First Tune.*)

H. D. LESLIE, 1872.


1. Son of Man, to thee we cry; By the mighty mys- ter - y Of thy dwelling
here on earth, By thy pure and ho - ly birth, Lord, thy pres-ence let us see,
Thou our Light and Sav - iour be, Thou our Light and Sav - iour be.

2 Lamb of God, to thee we cry;
By thy bitter agony,
By thy pangs, to us unknown,
By thy spirit's parting groan,
Lord, thy presence let us see,
Thou our Light and Saviour be.

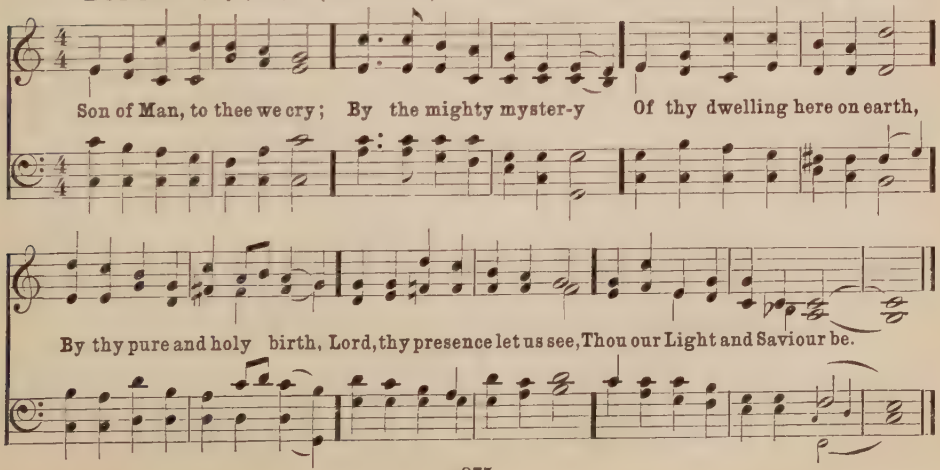
3 Prince of Life, to thee we cry;
By thy glorious majesty,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power to help and save,
Lord, thy presence let us see,
Thou our Light and Saviour be.

4 Lord of glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With thy love our bosom fill;
Help us to perform thy will;
Then thy glory we shall see,
Thou wilt bring us home to thee.

Richard Mant, 1828, alt.

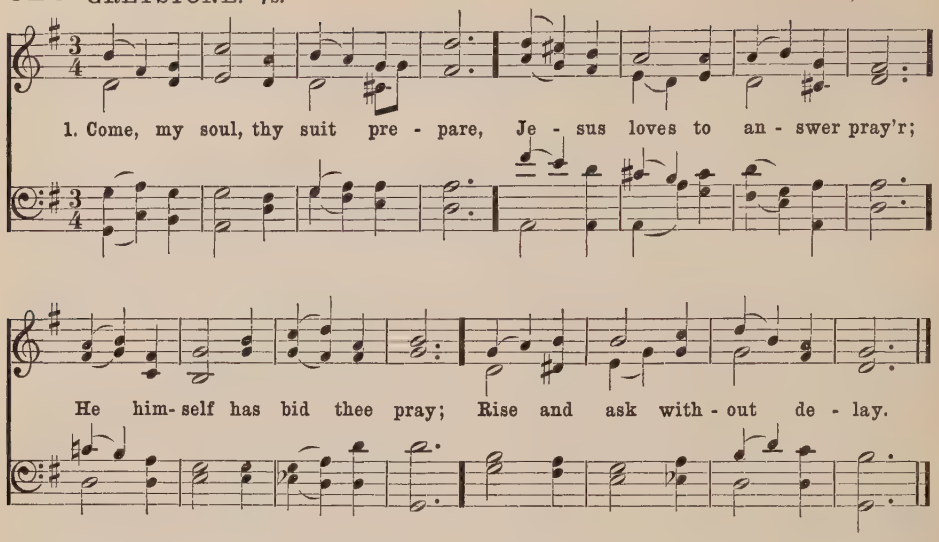
BUNHILL. 7s. 6l. (*Second Tune.*)

ADAPTED FROM J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


Son of Man, to thee we cry; By the mighty myster-y Of thy dwelling here on earth,
By thy pure and holy birth, Lord, thy presence let us see, Thou our Light and Saviour be.

520 GREYSTONE. 7s.

PHILIP ARMES, 1836—.



1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray;
Rise and ask without delay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

3 With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin:
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

4 Lord, I come to thee for rest;
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

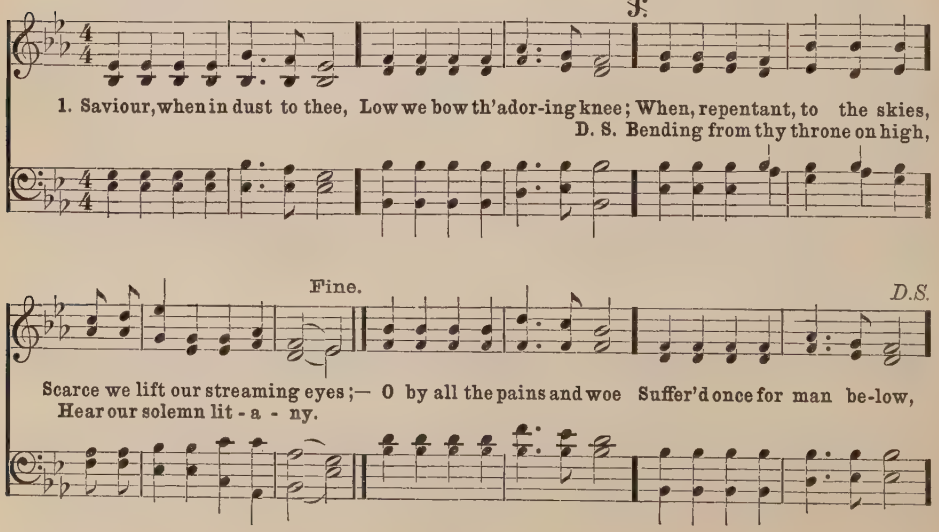
John Newton, 1779.

(ALSO NUREMBURG, No. 135.)

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.

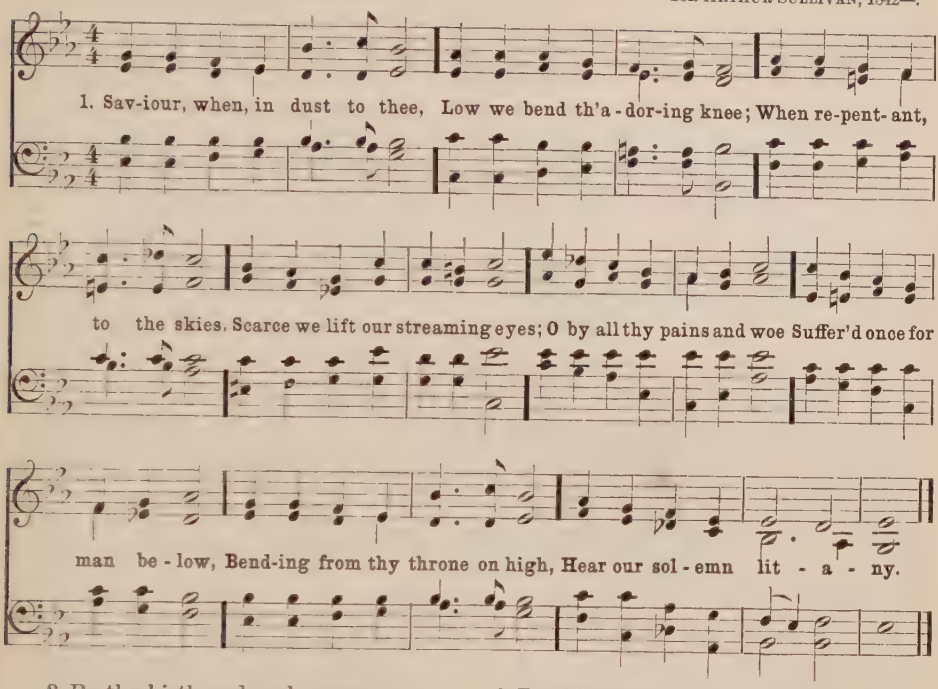
(*Third Tune For No.* 521.)

ARR. FROM SAMUEL WEBBE, 1792.


1. Saviour, when in dust to thee, Low we bow th'ador-ing knee; When, repentant, to the skies,
D. S. Bending from thy throne on high,
Fine.
D.S.
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;— O by all the pains and woe Suffer'd once for man be-low,
Hear our solemn lit - a - ny.

521 LEIGH. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*)

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.


1. Sav-iour, when, in dust to thee, Low we bend th'a-dor-ing knee; When re-pent-ant,
to the skies, Scarce we lift our streaming eyes; O by all thy pains and woe Suffer'd once for
man be-low, Bend-ing from thy throne on high, Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny.

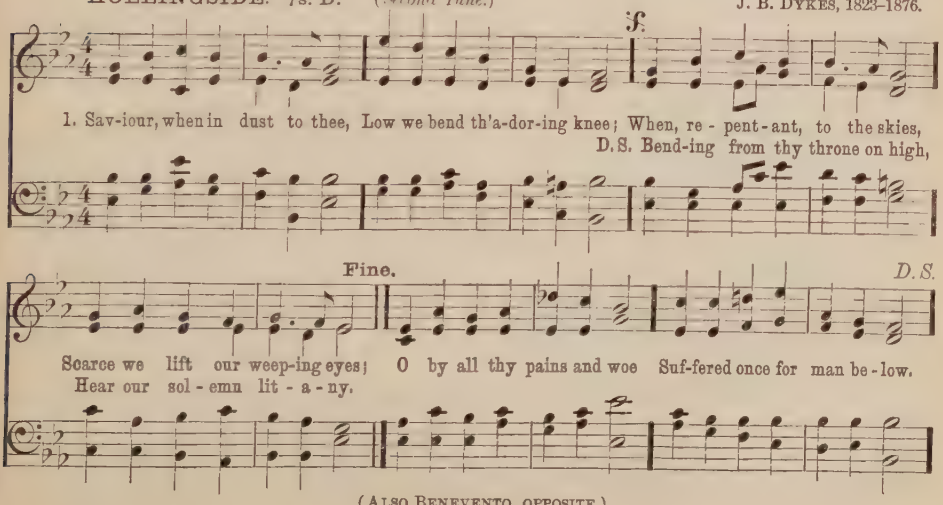
2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness:
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By thy purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorn,
By thy cross—thy pangs and cries;
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

Sir Robert Grant, 1815.

HOLLINGSIDE. 7s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.

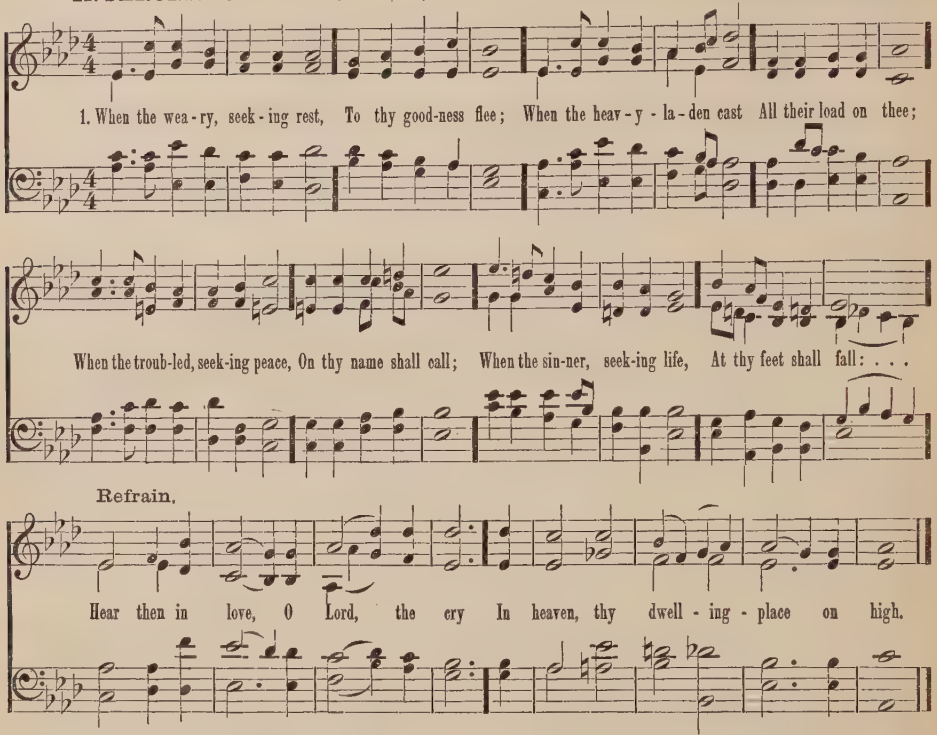

f.
1. Sav-iour, when in dust to thee, Low we bend th'a-dor-ing knee; When, re-pent-ant, to the skies,
D.S. Bend-ing from thy throne on high,
Fine.
D.S.
Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes; O by all thy pains and woe Suf-fered once for man be-low,
Hear our sol-emn lit-a-ny.

(ALSO BENEVENTO, OPPOSITE.)

522 INTERCESSION NEW. 7s. 5s. D. (*First Tune.*) *With Refrain.*

W. H. Callcott, 1867.

Refrain from Mendelssohn, 1846.


1. When the wea - ry, seek - ing rest, To thy good-ness flee; When the heav - y - la - den cast All their load on thee;
When the troub-led, seek-ing peace, On thy name shall call; When the sin-ner, seek-ing life, At thy feet shall fall: . . .
Refrain.
Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry In heaven, thy dwell - ing - place on high.

2 When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To his Father's love;
When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To thy throne of grace: *Ref.*

3 When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee;
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to thee; *Ref.*

4 When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd Name: *Ref.*

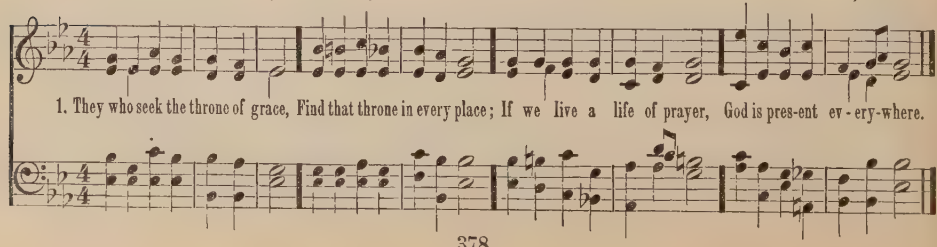
5 When the child, with grave, fresh lips,
Youth or maiden fair;
When the agèd, weak and gray,
Seek thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to thee
All his orphan woe: *Ref.*

Horatius Bonar, 1866.

(Also Solway, opposite.

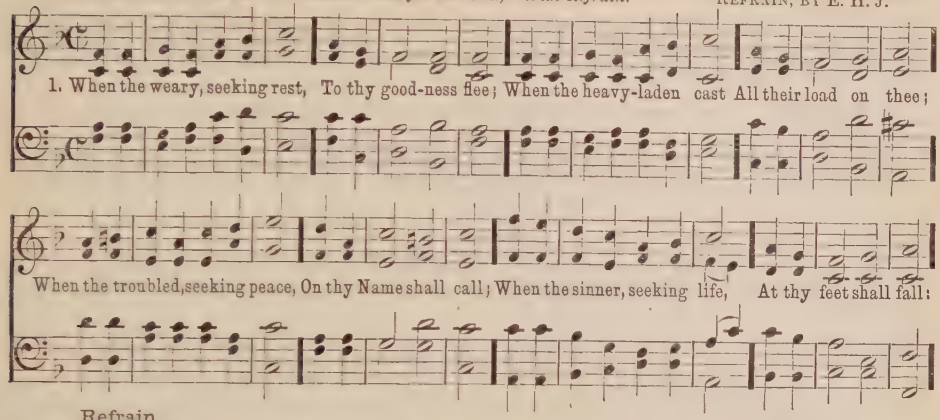
LODDON. 7s. (*For No.* 524.)

W. H. Birch, 1826—.

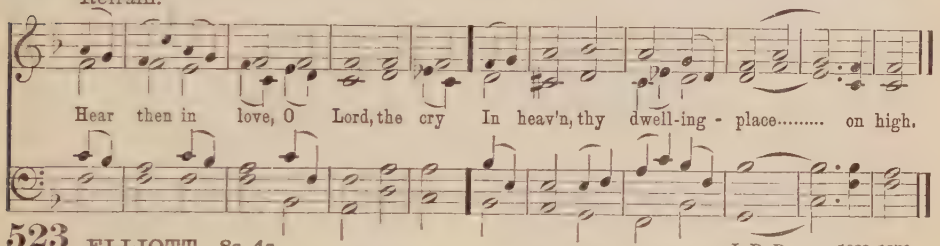


SOLWAY. 7s. 5s. D. (*Second Tune for No. 522.*) *With Refrain.*

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1835–1896, REFRAIN, BY E. H. J.

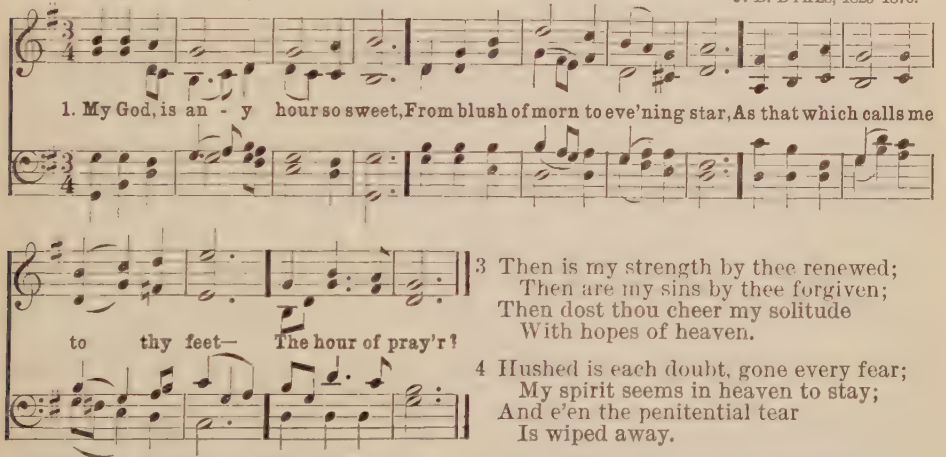

1. When the weary, seeking rest, To thy good-ness flee; When the heavy-laden cast All their load on thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace, On thy Name shall call; When the sinner, seeking life, At thy feet shall fall:

Refrain.



523 **ELLIOTT.** 8s. 4s.

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



2 Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that solemn hour of eve,
When, on the wings of prayer upborne,
The world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude
With hopes of heaven.

4 Hushed is each doubt, gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay;
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

5 Lord, till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to thee. Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

524 **LODDON.** (*Opposite.*)

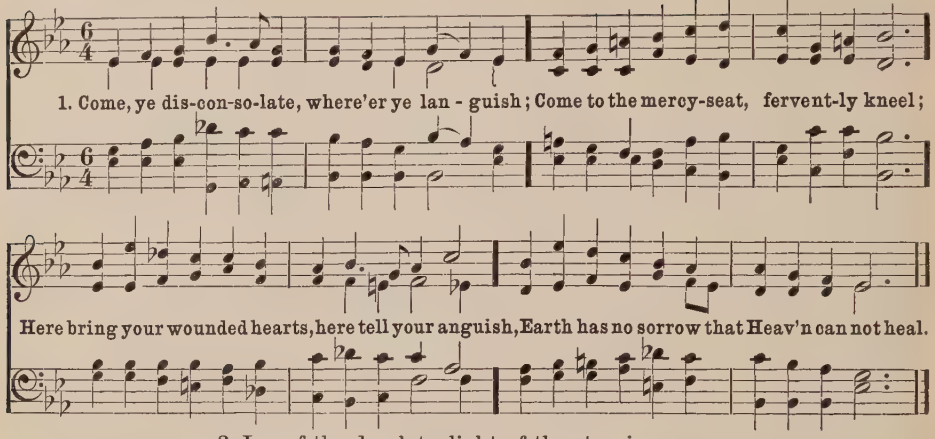
2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'T is the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.

4 Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer:
God is present everywhere.

(ALSO HENDON, No. 467.) Oliver Holden.

525 ROSENTHAL. 11s. 10s. (*First Tune.*) J. W. ELLIOTT, 1823—.

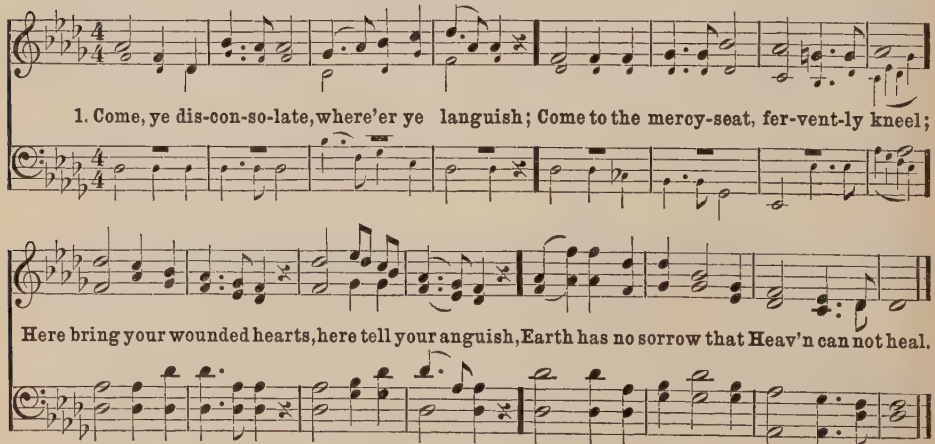

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan - guish; Come to the mercy-seat, fervent-ly kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish, Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n can not heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven can not cure.

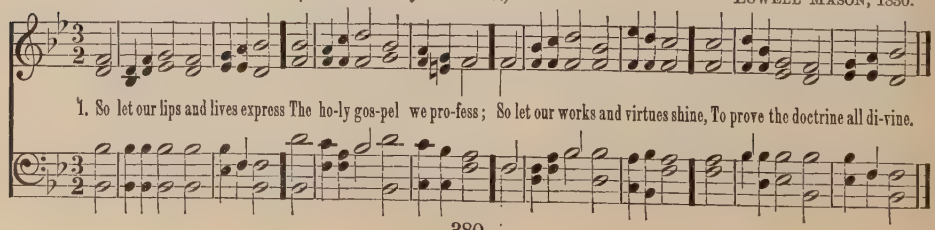
3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

Thomas Moore, 1816; v. 3, Thomas Hastings, 1830.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s. 10s. (*Second Tune.*) S. WEBBE, 1740–1816.

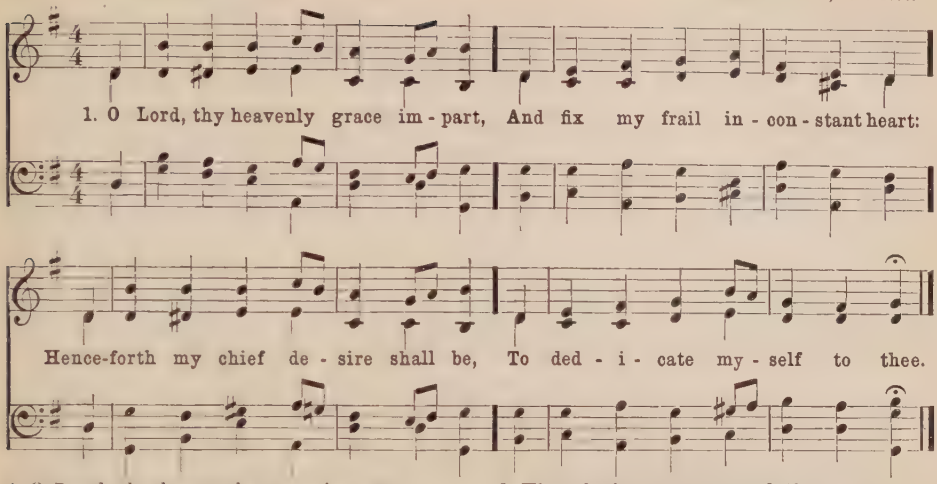

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye languish; Come to the mercy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish, Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n can not heal.

HEBRON. L. M. (*Second Tune for No.* 527.) LOWELL MASON, 1830.


1. So let our lips and lives express The ho-ly gos-pel we pro-fess; So let our works and virtues shine, To prove the doctrine all di-vine.

526 CANONBURY. L. M.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, 1810–1856.


1. O Lord, thy heavenly grace im - part, And fix my frail in - con - stant heart:
Hence-forth my chief de - sire shall be, To ded - i - cate my - self to thee.

1 O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.

3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.

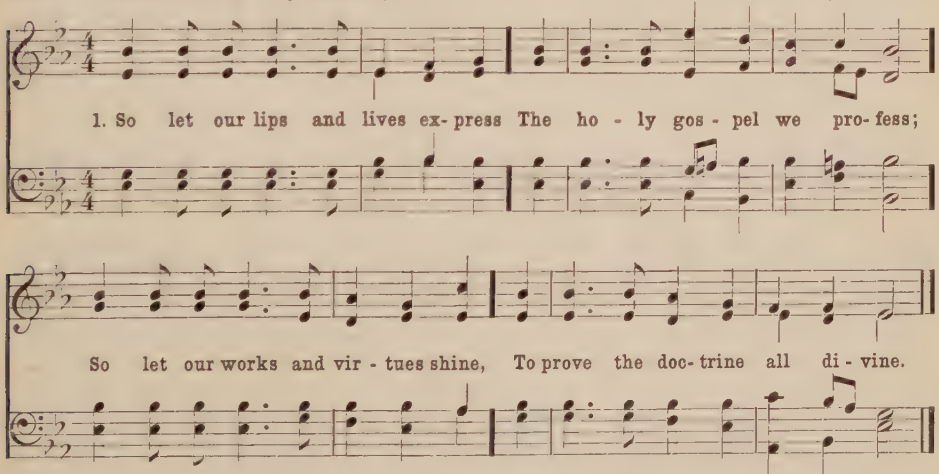
4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.

J. F. Oberlin, 1820. Tr. Mrs. Daniel Wilson, 1830.

(ALSO WARD, No. 111.)

527 ATHEY. L. M. *(First Tune.)*

WILLIAM BOYCE, 1710–1779.


1. So let our lips and lives ex-press The ho - ly gos - pel we pro-fess;
So let our works and vir - tues shine, To prove the doc-trine all di - vine.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

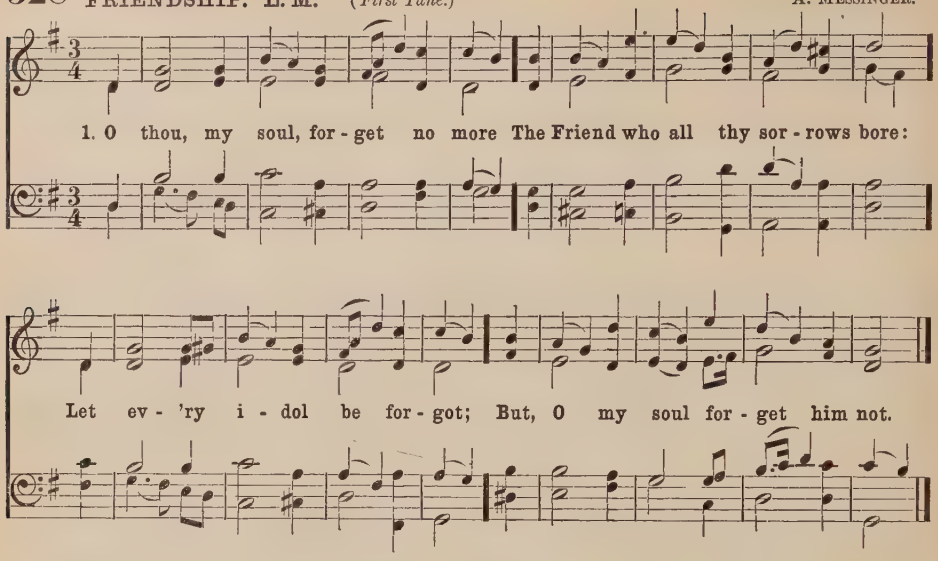
3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord,—
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

(ALSO HEBRON, OPPOSITE.)

528 FRIENDSHIP. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

A. MESSINGER.



1 O thou, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not.

2 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

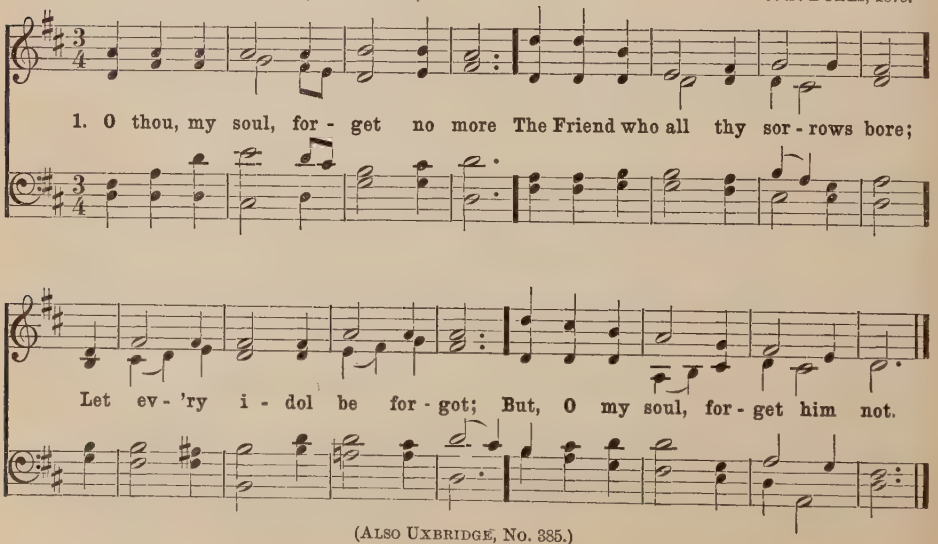
3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms forget?

4 Oh, no! till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

Krishna Pal, 1764–1822. Tr. by J. Marshman, 1801.

RIVAULX. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

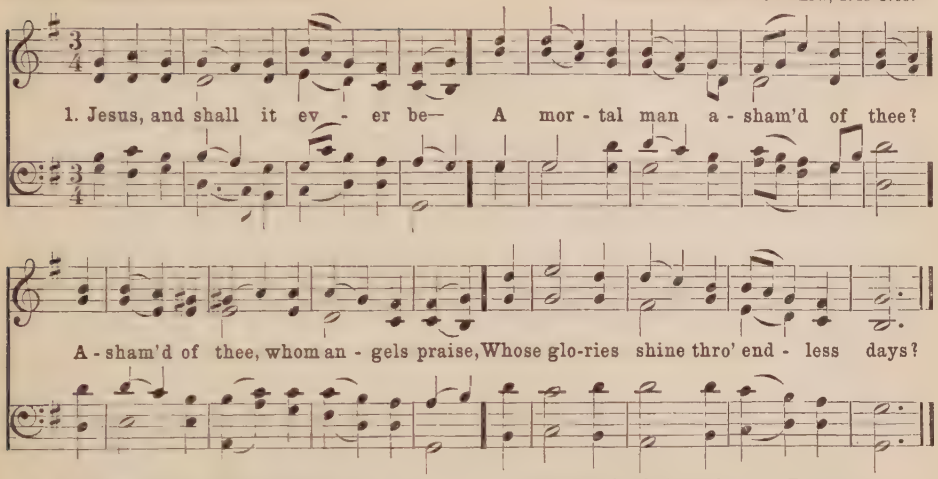
J. B. DYKES, 1875.



(ALSO UXBRIDGE, No. 385.)

529 WHITELAND. L. M.

ADAPTED FROM C. G. NEEFE, 1748–1795.


1. Jesus, and shall it ev - er be— A mor - tal man a - sham'd of thee?
A - sham'd of thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo-ries shine thro' end - less days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

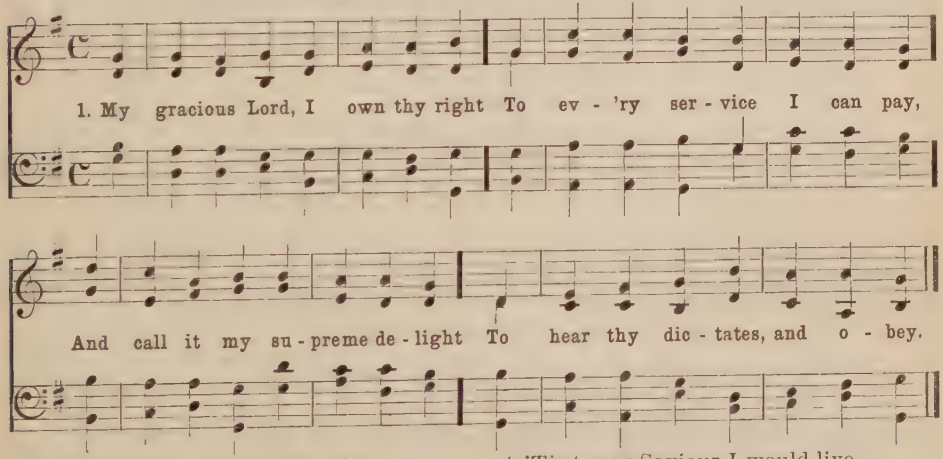
5 Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
And oh, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg, 1765. Alt. by Benjamin Francis, 1787.

(ALSO FEDERAL STREET, No. 92, AND WOODWORTH, No. 381.)

530 TALLIS' CANON. L. M.

THOMAS TALLIS, 1520–1585.



2 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend.

3 I would not sigh for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good,
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

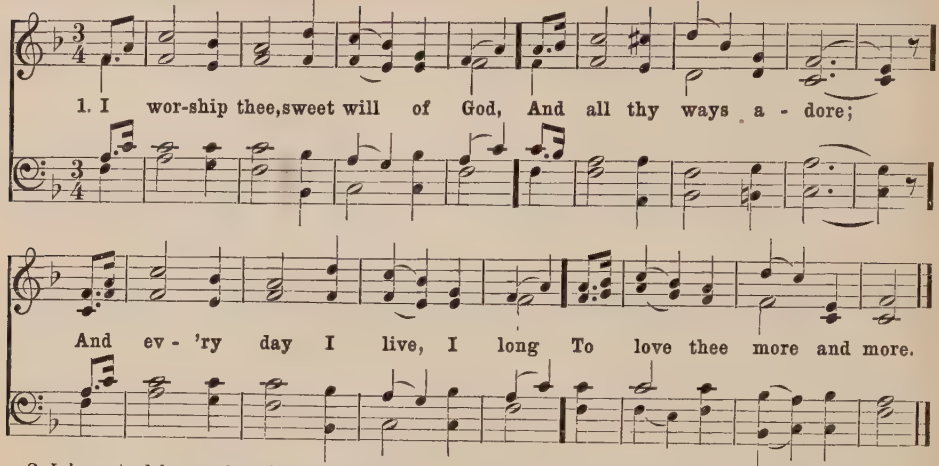
4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

5 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

531 GENTLENESS. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

OLIVER SHAW, 1778–1848.



2 I love to kiss each print where thou
Hast set thine unseen feet;
I can not fear thee, blessed will,
Thine empire is so sweet.

3 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

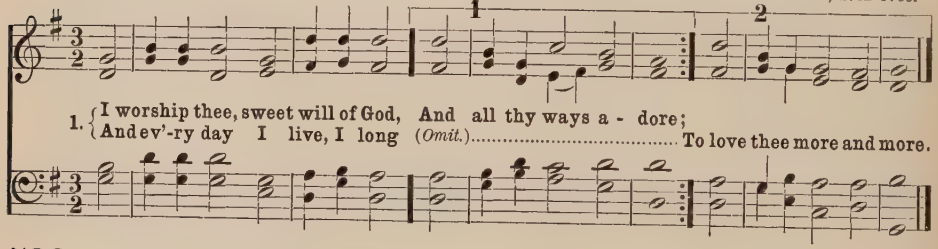
4 Ill, that he blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be his sweet will.

5 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

F. W. Faber, 1832.

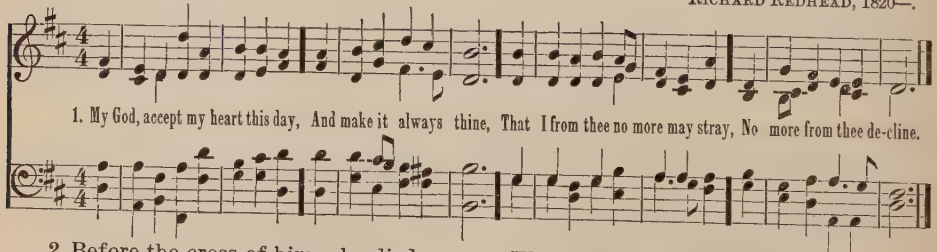
MARLOW. C. M. D. (*Second Tune.*)

JOHN CHETHAM, 1701–1760.



532 NORMANBY. C. M.

RICHARD REDHEAD, 1820—.



2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,
Let Christ be all in all,

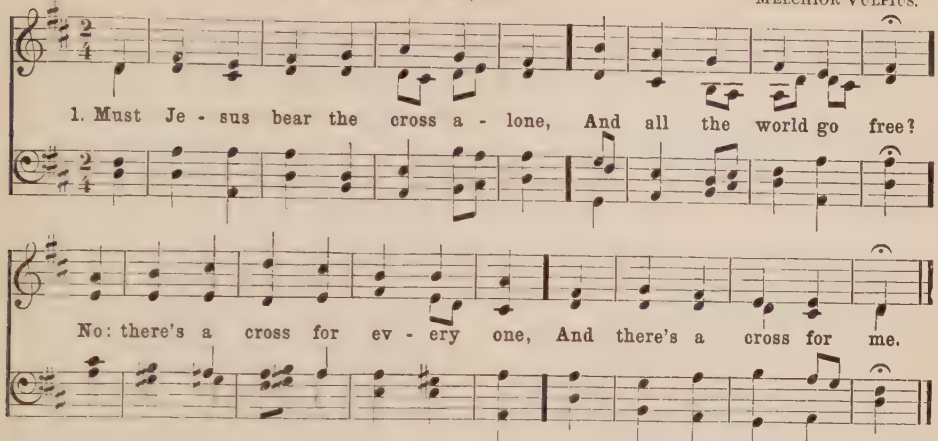
2 Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,
Adopt me for thine own,
That I may see thy glorious face,
And worship at thy throne.

4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges, 1848.

533 HEIDELBERG. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

MELCHIOR VULPIUS.



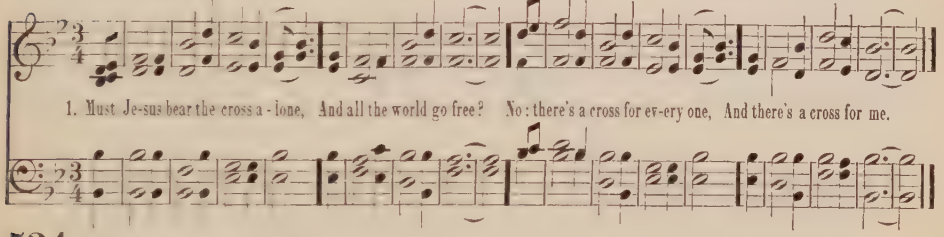
2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

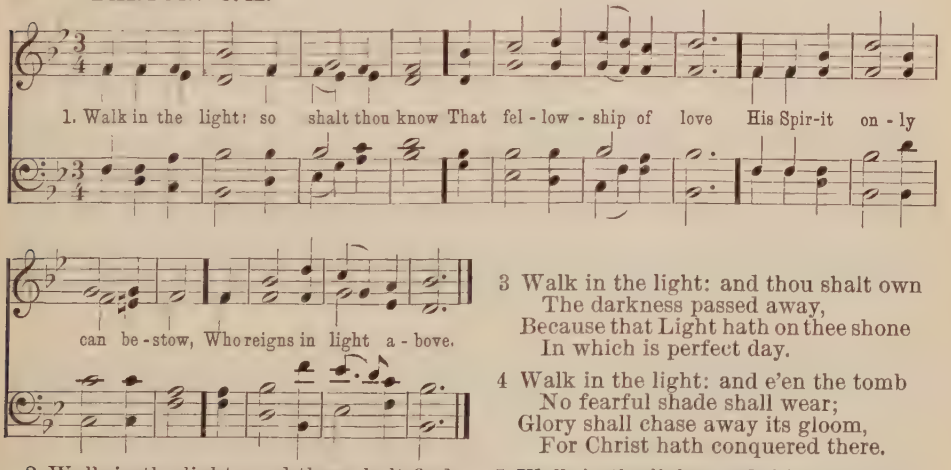
G. N. Allen, 1852.

MAITLAND. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

G. N. ALLEN, 1812-1877.



534 BARTON. C. M.



2 Walk in the light: and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

3 Walk in the light: and thou shalt own
The darkness passed away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

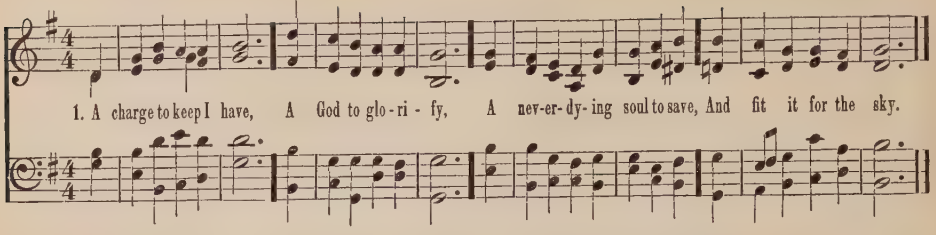
4 Walk in the light: and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

5 Walk in the light: and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is Light.

Bernard Barton, 1826.

535 ST. MICHAEL. S. M.

DAYE'S PSALTER, 1562.



1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill—
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

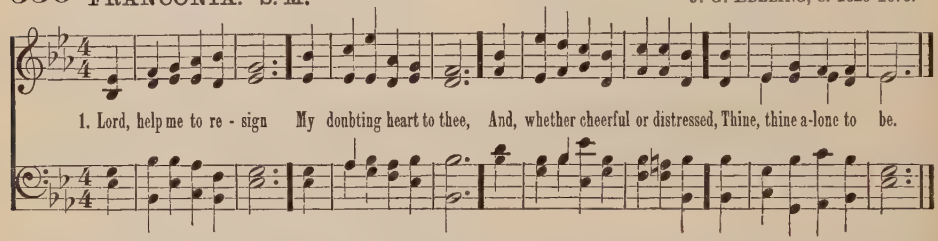
4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

Charles Wesley, 1707.

(ALSO ST. THOMAS, NO. 15.)

536 FRANCONIA. S. M.

J. G. EBELING, C. 1620–1676.



2 My only aim be this,
Thy purpose to fulfill,
In thee rejoice with all my strength,
And do thy holy will.

3 Lord, thine all-seeing eye
Keeps watch with sleepless care;
Thy great compassion never fails;
Thou hear'st my humble prayer.

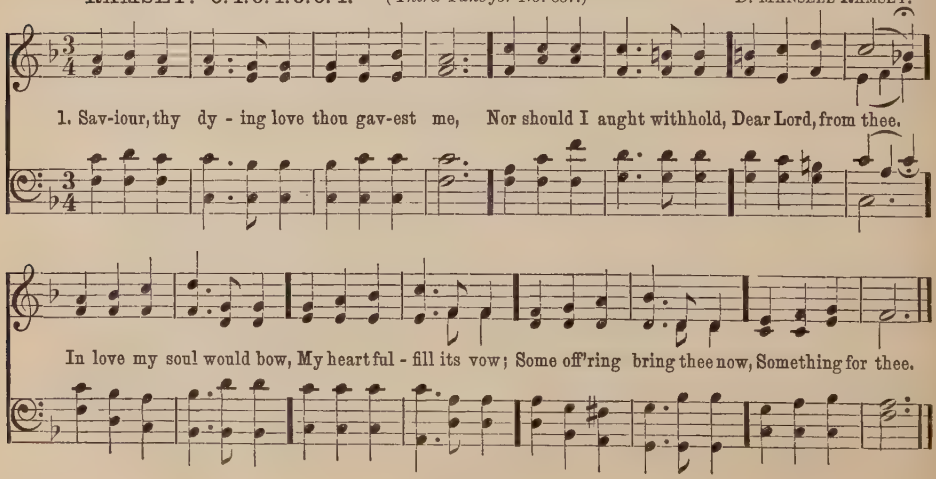
4 So will I firmly trust
That thou wilt guide me still,
And guard me safe throughout the way
That leads to Zion's hill.

Anon.

RAMSEY. 6.4.6.4.6.6.4.

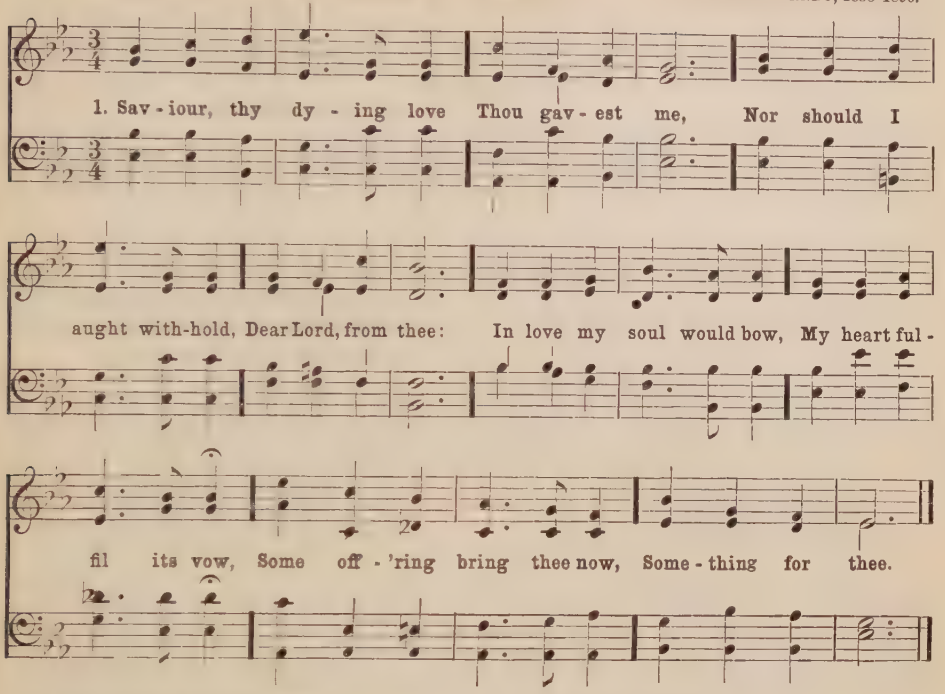
(*Third Tune for No.* 537.)

D. MANSELL RAMSEY.


1. Sav-iour, thy dy - ing love thou gav-est me, Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from thee.
In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fill its vow; Some off'ring bring thee now, Something for thee.

537 WINTERTON. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838-1896.


1. Sav - iour, thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart ful -
fil its vow, Some off - 'ring bring thee now, Some - thing for thee.

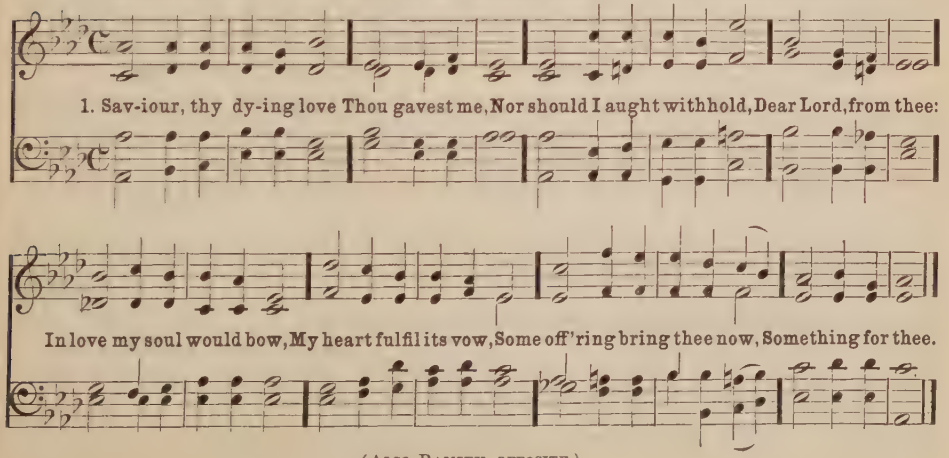
2 Give me a faithful heart—
Likeness to thee—
That each departing day
Henceforth may see
Some work of love begun,
Some deed of kindness done,
Some wanderer sought and won,
Something for thee.

3 All that I am and have—
Thy gifts so free—
In joy, in grief, through life,
My Lord, for thee!
And when thy face I see,
My ransomed soul shall be,
Through all eternity,
Something for thee.

S. D. Phelps, 1862.

PILGRIMAGE. 6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4. (*Second Tune.*)

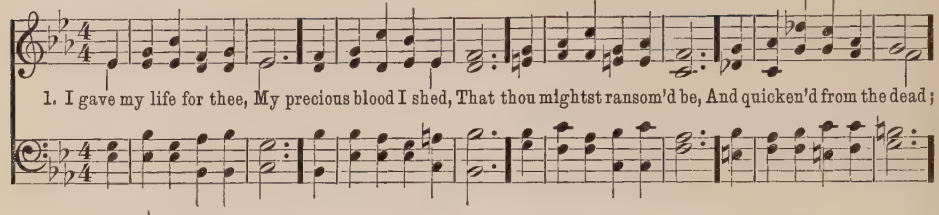
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.

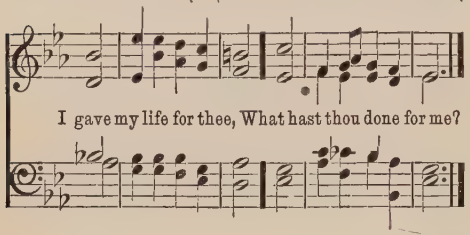

1. Sav-iour, thy dy-ing love Thou gavest me, Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from thee:
In love my soul would bow, My heart fulfil its vow, Some off'ring bring thee now, Something for thee.

(ALSO RAMSEY, OPPOSITE.)

538 LIDDON. 6s. 6l. (*First Tune.*)

J. E. Henry, 1896.





2 My Father's house of light,
My glory-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone,
I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for me?

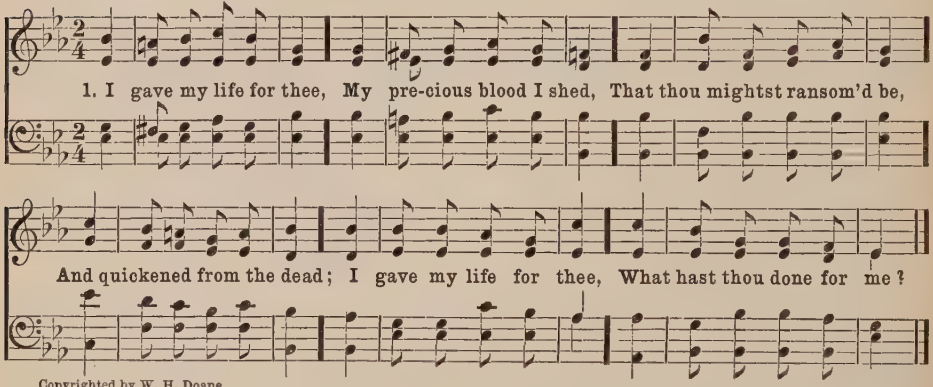
3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to me?

F. R. Havergal, 1832—.

THIS I DID FOR THEE. 6. 7. (*Second Tune.*)

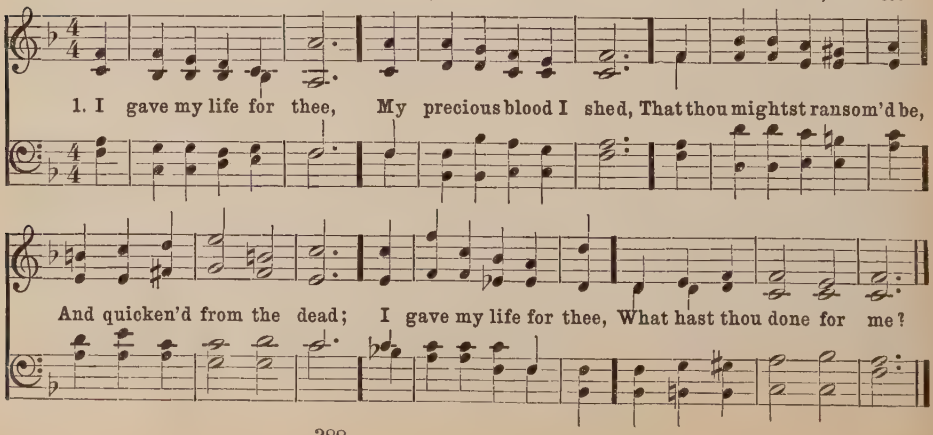
W. H. Doane, 1832—.


1. I gave my life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed, That thou mightst ransom'd be,
And quickened from the dead; I gave my life for thee, What hast thou done for me?

Copyrighted by W. H. Doane.

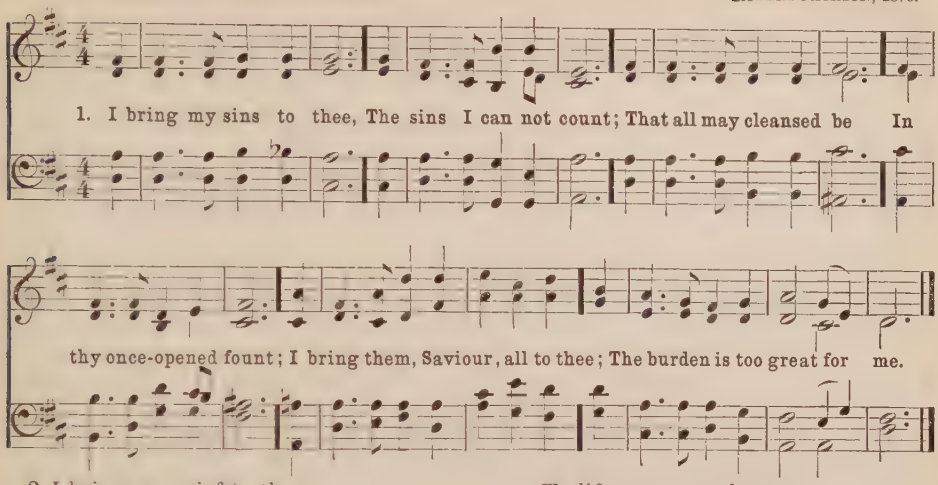
ST. OLAVE. 6s. 6l. (*Third Tune.*)

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896.


1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou mightst ransom'd be,
And quicken'd from the dead; I gave my life for thee, What hast thou done for me?

539 WAVERTON. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

ROBERT JACKSON, 1876.


1. I bring my sins to thee, The sins I can not count; That all may cleansed be In
thy once-opened fount; I bring them, Saviour, all to thee; The burden is too great for me.

2 I bring my grief to thee,
The grief I can not tell;
No words shall needed be,
Thou knowest all so well:
I bring the sorrow laid on me,
O suffering Saviour, all to thee.

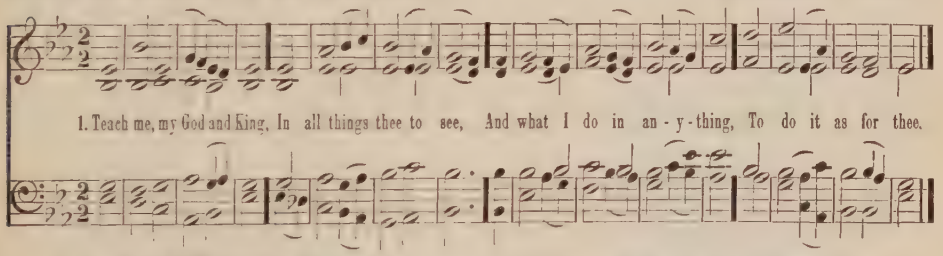
3 My joys to thee I bring,
The joys that love has given,
That each may be a wing
To lift me nearer heaven:
I bring them, Saviour, all to thee,
Who hast procured them all for me.

4 My life I bring to thee;
I would not be my own;
O Saviour, let me be
Thine ever, thine alone;
My heart, my life, my all I bring
To thee, my Saviour and my King.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836–1879.

540 CARLISLE. C. M. *(First Tune.)*

C. LOCKHART, 1745–1815.



2 To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend:
In all I do be thou the Way,
In all be thou the End.

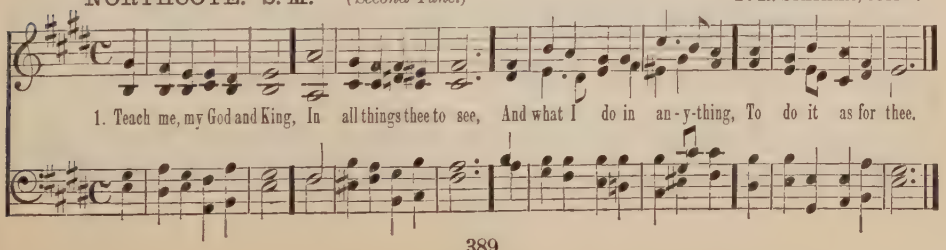
3 All may of thee partake;
Nothing so small can be
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee;

4 If done to obey thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

George Herbert, 1633, alt. by John Wesley, 1738.

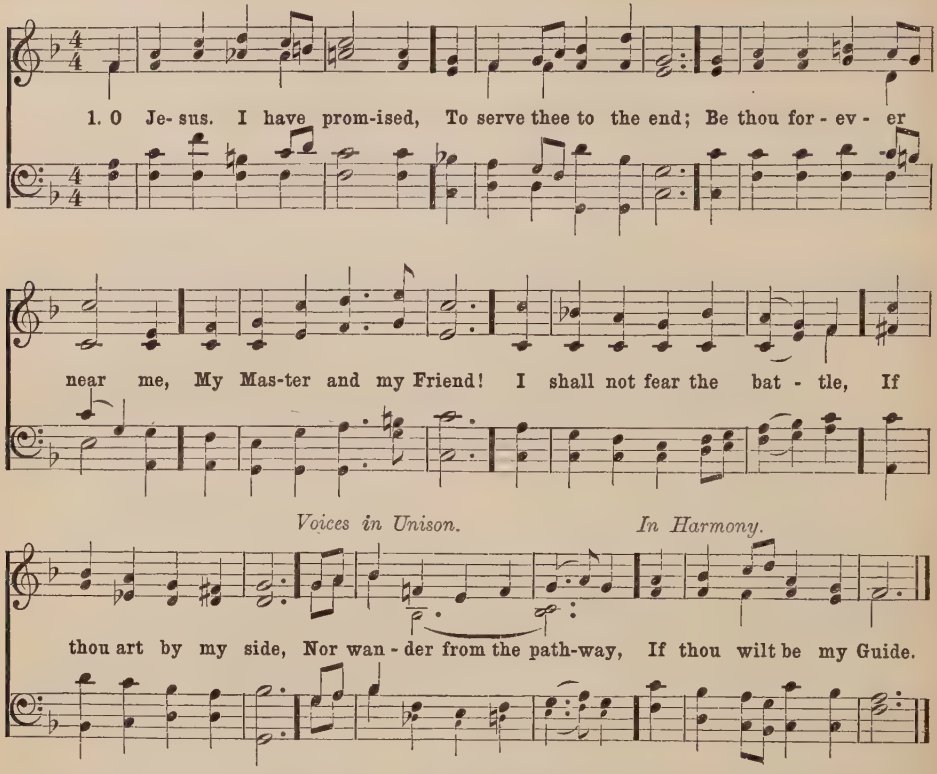
NORTHCOTE. S. M. *(Second Tune.)*

F. R. STATHAM, 1844—.



541 DAY OF REST. 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. W. ELLIOTT, 1833—.


1. O Je- sus. I have prom-ised, To serve thee to the end; Be thou for - ev - er
near me, My Mas-ter and my Friend! I shall not fear the bat - tle, If
Voices in Unison.
In Harmony.
thou art by my side, Nor wan - der from the path-way, If thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel thee near me—
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear.
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

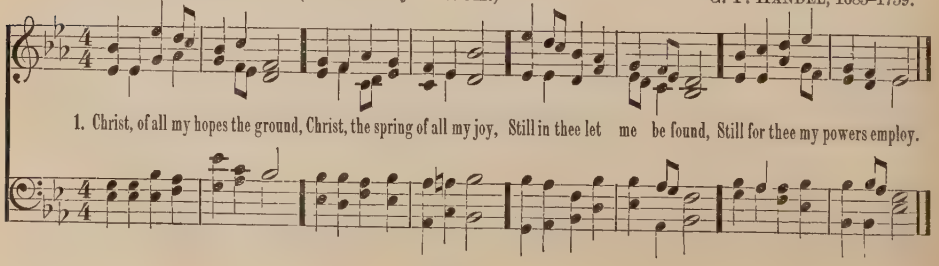
3 O Jesus, thou hast promised
To all who follow thee,
That where thou art in glory,
There shall thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

4 O let me see thy foot-marks,
And in them plant mine own,
My hope to follow duly
Is in thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

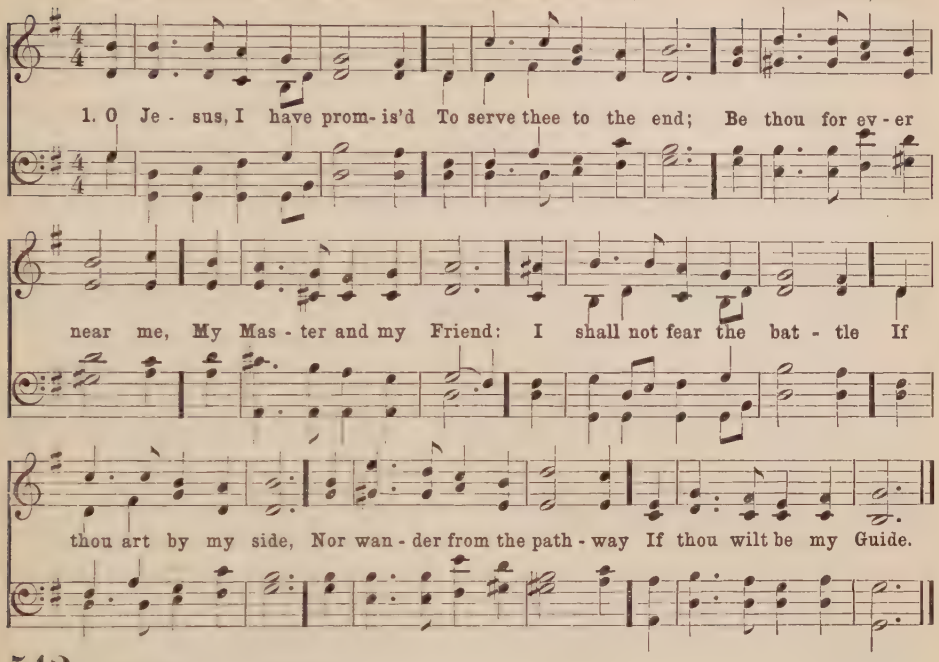
J. E. Bode, 1816–1874.

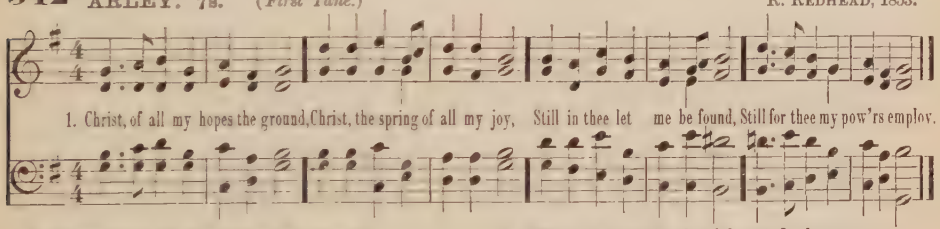
THEODORA. 7s. (*Third Tune for No.* 542.)

G. F. HANDEL, 1685–1759.


1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy, Still in thee let me be found, Still for thee my powers employ.

ANGEL'S STORY. 7s. 6s. D. (*Second Tune for No.* 541.) A. H. MANN, 1883.


1. O Je - sus, I have prom- is'd To serve thee to the end; Be thou for ev - er
near me, My Mas - ter and my Friend: I shall not fear the bat - tle If
thou art by my side, Nor wan - der from the path - way If thou wilt be my Guide.

542 ARLEY. 7s. (*First Tune.*) R. REDHEAD, 1853.

1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy, Still in thee let me be found, Still for thee my pow'rs employ.

2 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from thy fullness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
Be it "Christ for me to live."

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound;
Safely I shall pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.

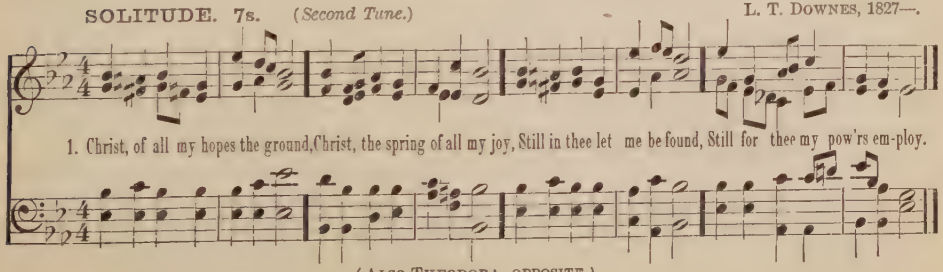
4 When I touch the blessèd shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll;
Death's dark stream shall nevermore
Part from thee my ravished soul.

5 Thus, oh, thus an entrance give
To the land of cloudless sky!
Having known it "Christ to live,"
Let me know it "gain to die."

Ralph Wardlaw, 1817.

(ALSO HENDON, No. 467.)

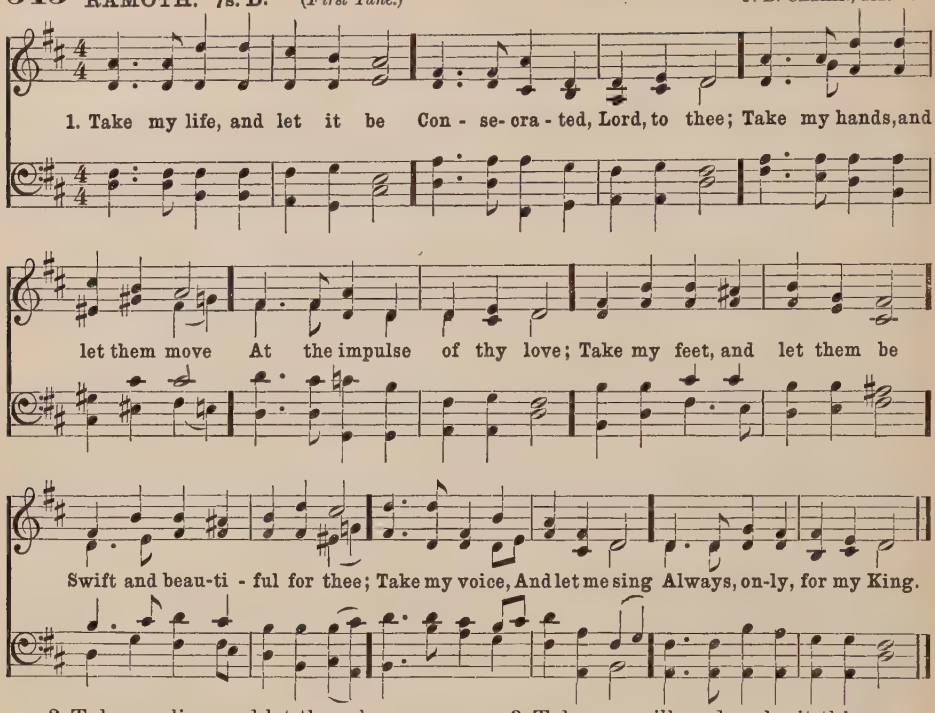
SOLITUDE. 7s. (*Second Tune.*) L. T. DOWNES, 1827—.


1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy, Still in thee let me be found, Still for thee my pow'rs em-ploy.

(ALSO THEODORA, OPPOSITE.)

543 RAMOTH. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. CALKIN, 1827—.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se- cra - ted, Lord, to thee; Take my hands, and
let them move At the impulse of thy love; Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beau-ti - ful for thee; Take my voice, And let me sing Always, on-ly, for my King.

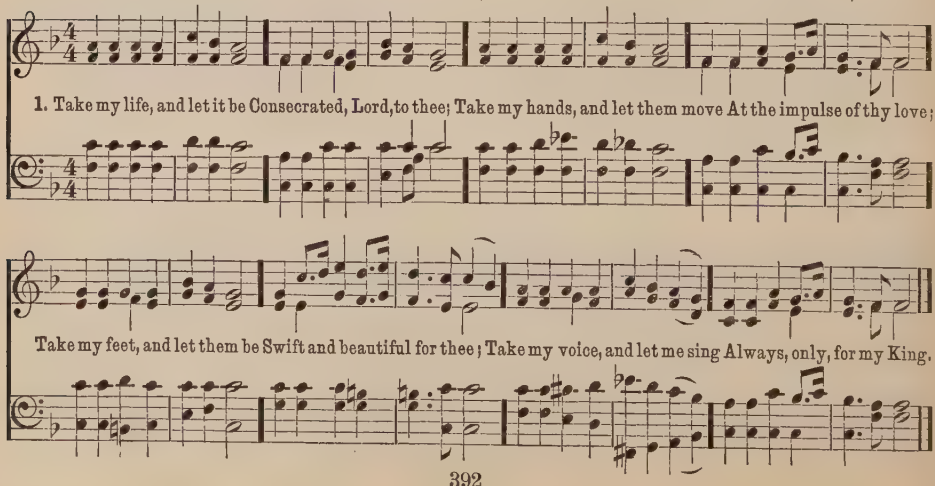
2 Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from thee;
Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise;
Take my intellect and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

3 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is thine own!
It shall be thy royal throne;
Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store;
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all, for thee!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836–1879.

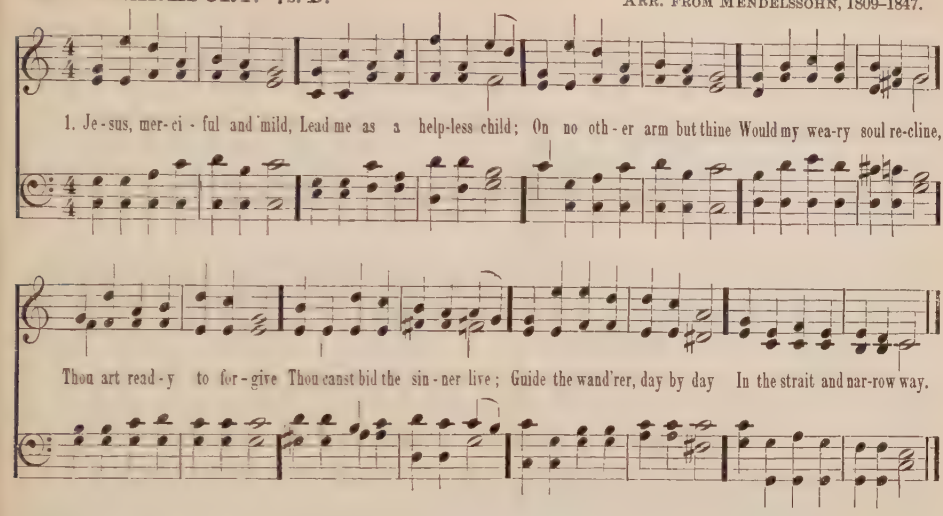
BLUMENTHAL. 7s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

J. BLUMENTHAL, 1829—.


1. Take my life, and let it be Consecrated, Lord, to thee; Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of thy love;
Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beautiful for thee; Take my voice, and let me sing Always, only, for my King.

544 FRANKFORT. 7s. D.

ARR. FROM MENDELSSOHN, 1809–1847.


1. Je - sus, mer - ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a help-less child; On no oth - er arm but thine Would my wea-ry soul re-cline,
Thou art read - y to for - give Thou canst bid the sin - ner live; Guide the wand'rer, day by day In the strait and nar-row way.

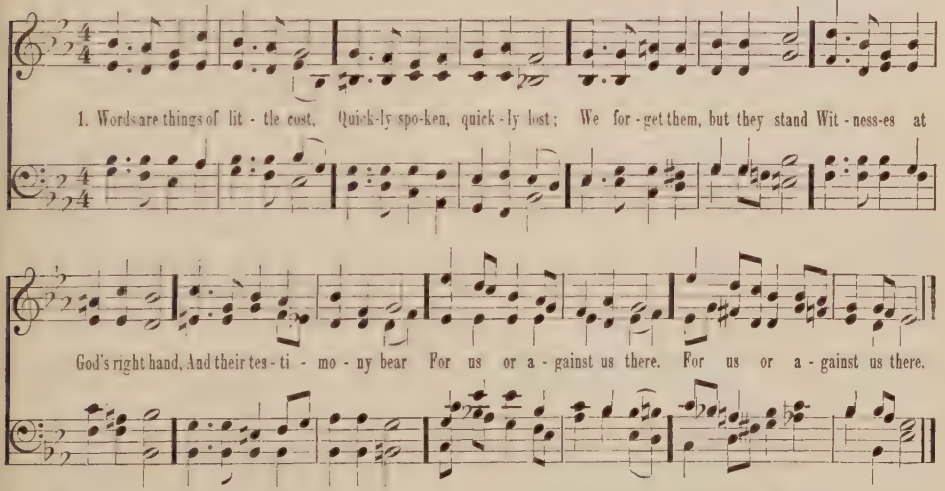
2 Thou canst fit me by thy grace
For the heavenly dwelling-place;
All thy promises are sure.
Ever shall thy love endure;
Then what more could I desire,
How to greater bliss aspire?
All I need, in thee I see;
Thou art all in all to me.

3 Jesus, Saviour, all Divine,
Hast thou made me truly thine?
Hast thou bought me by thy blood?
Reconciled my heart to God?
Hearken to my tender prayer,
Let me thine own image bear,
Let me love thee more and more
Till I reach heaven's blissful shore.

Thomas Hastings, 1858.

545 LESLIE. 7s. 6 l.

H. D. LESLIE, 1872.


1. Words are things of lit - tle cost, Quick-ly spo-ken, quick - ly lost; We for - get them, but they stand Wit - ness-es at
God's right hand, And their tes - ti - mo - ny bear For us or a - gainst us there. For us or a - gainst us there.

2 Oh, how often ours have been,
Idle words, and words of sin!
Words of anger, scorn and pride,
Or desire our faults to hide,
Envious tales, or strife unkind,
Leaving bitter thoughts behind.

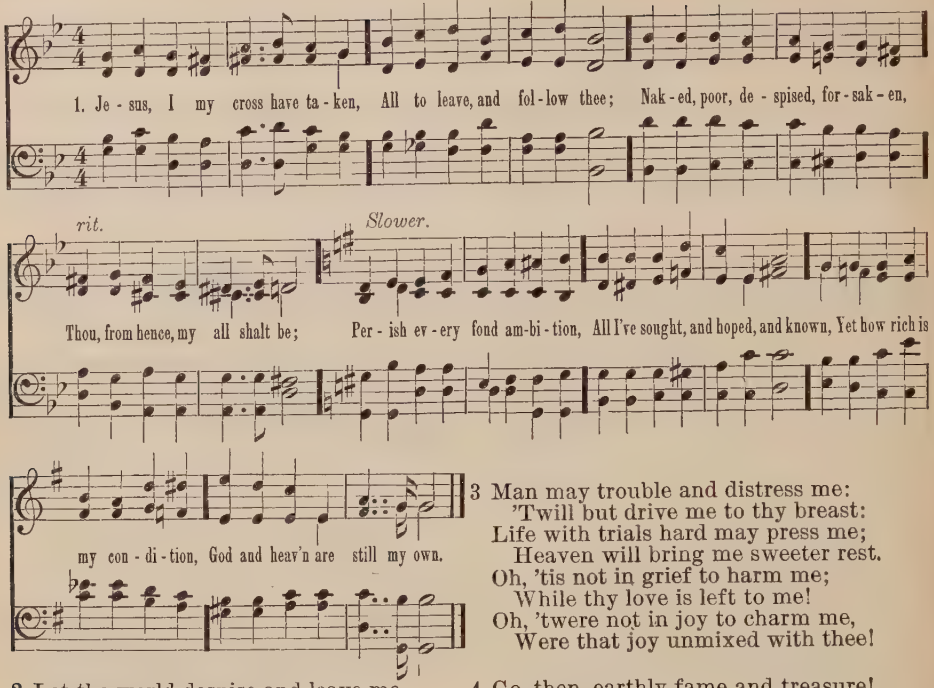
3 Grant us, Lord, from day to day,
Strength to watch and grace to pray,
May our lips, from sin set free,
Love to speak and sing of thee,
Till in heaven we learn to raise
Hymns of everlasting praise.

J. G. Fleet, 1818—.

(ALSO TOPLADY, No. 614.)

546 ST. FABIAN. 8s. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low thee; Nak - ed, poor, de - spised, for - sak - en,
rit.
Slower.
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be; Per - ish ev - ery fond am-bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known, Yet how rich is
my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.

3 Man may trouble and distress me:
'Twill but drive me to thy breast:
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me;
While thy love is left to me!
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee!

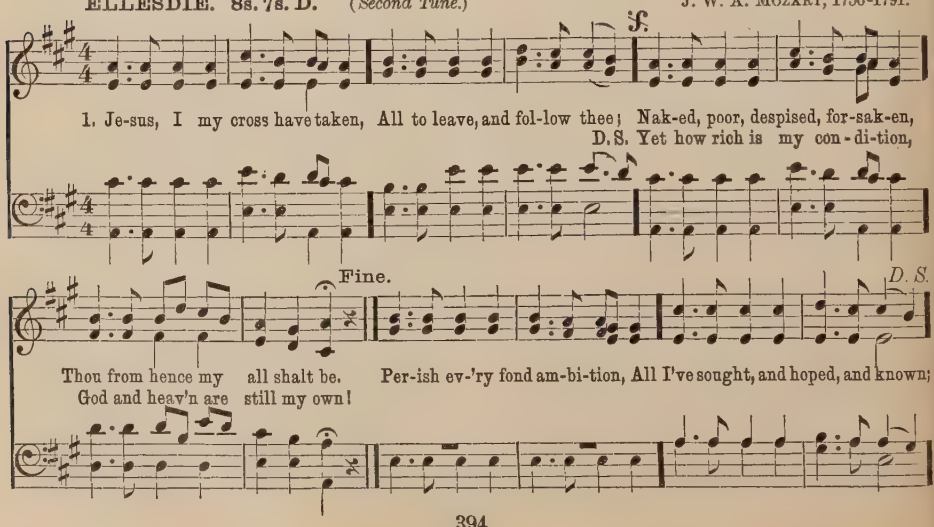
2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me;
Show thy face, and all is bright;

4 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee:
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

H. F. Lyte, 1827.

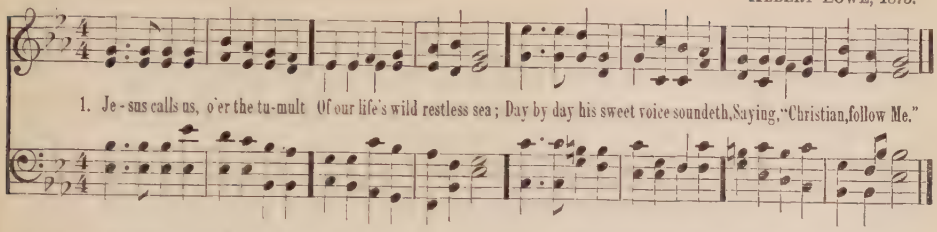
ELLESDIE. 8s. 7s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

J. W. A. MOZART, 1756-1791.


f.
1. Je-sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and fol-low thee; Nak-ed, poor, despised, for-sak-en,
D.S. Yet how rich is my con-di-tion,
Fine.
D. S.
Thou from hence my all shalt be. Per-ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
God and heav'n are still my own!

547 LOWE. 8s. 7s. (*First Tune.*)

ALBERT LOWE, 1875.


1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild restless sea; Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

2 Jesus calls us,—from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,—
Saying, Christian, love me more!

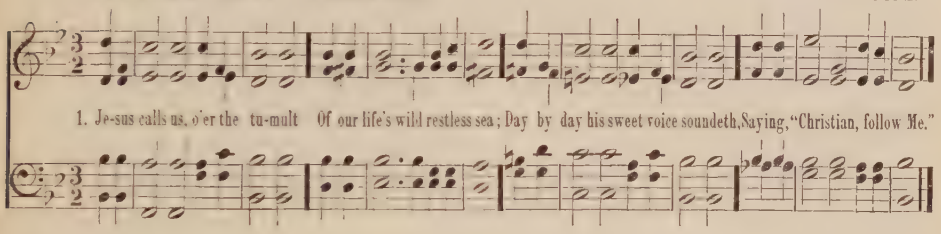
3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still he calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian, love me more than these."

4 Jesus calls us: by thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear thy call,
Give our hearts to thy obedience,
Serve and love thee best of all.

Cecil Frances Alexander, 1852.

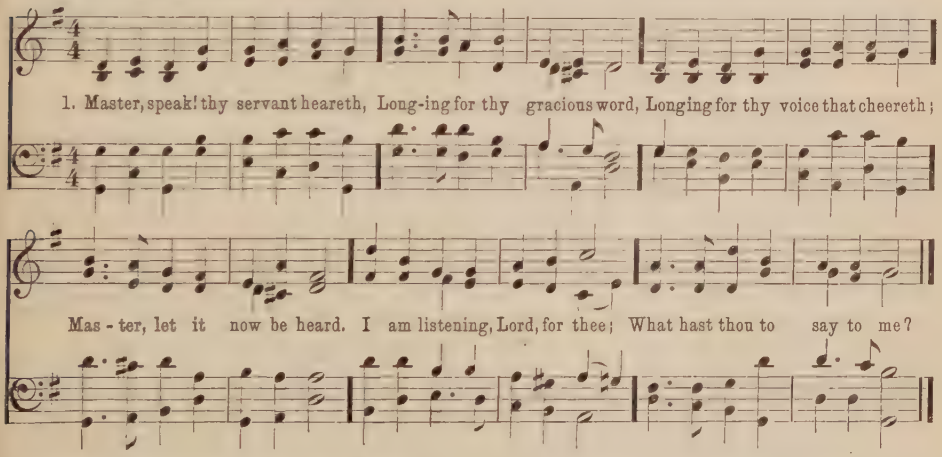
GALILEE. 8s. 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

W. H. JUDE.


1. Je-sus calls us, o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild restless sea; Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow Me."

548 ST. AUSTELL. 8.7.8.7.7.7.

ARTHUR HENRY BROWN, 1830—.


1. Master, speak! thy servant heareth, Long-ing for thy gracious word, Longing for thy voice that cheereth;
Mas - ter, let it now be heard. I am listening, Lord, for thee; What hast thou to say to me?

2 Often through my heart is pealing
Many another voice than thine;
Many an unwilled echo stealing
From the walls of this thy shrine.
Let thy longed-for accents fall;
Master, speak! and silence all.

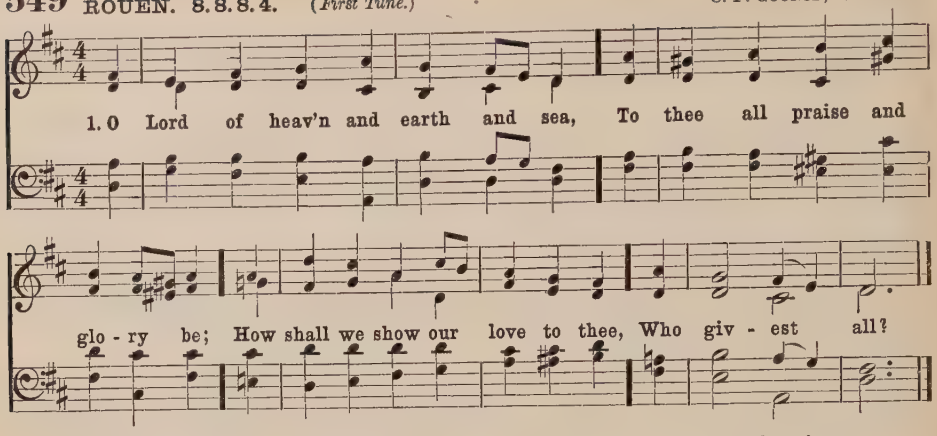
3 Master, speak! I do not doubt thee,
Though so tearfully I plead;
Saviour, Shepherd! oh, without thee
Life would be a blank indeed!
But I long for fuller light,
Deeper love and clearer sight.

4 Speak to me by name, O Master,
Let me know it is to me;
Speak, that I may follow faster,
With a step more firm and free,
Where the Shepherd leads the flock,
In the shadow of the rock!

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836–1879.

549 ROUEN. 8.8.8.4. (*First Tune.*)

C. F. GOUNOD, 1818–1893.



2 For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings earth displays,
We owe thee thankfulness and praise,
Who givest all.

3 Thou didst not spare thine only Son,
But gav'st him for a world undone,
And freely with that blessed One
Thou givest all.

4 For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to thee be given,
Who givest all?

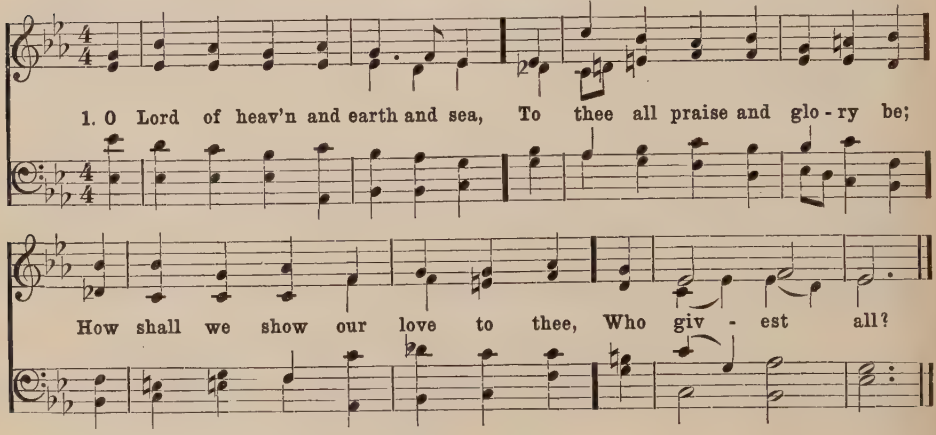
5 Whatever, Lord, we lend to thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be;
Then gladly will we give to thee,
Who givest all.

6 To thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
Oh, may we ever with thee live.
Who givest all!

Christopher Wordsworth, 1863.

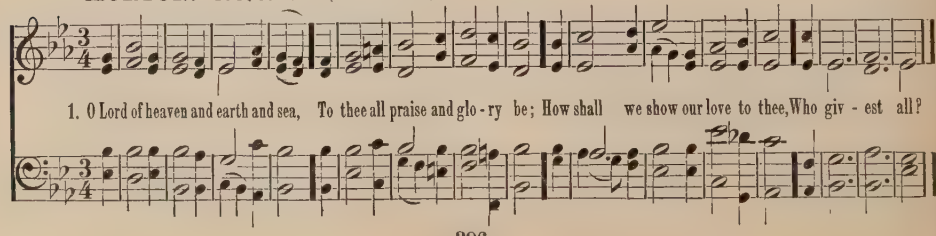
ST. GABRIEL. 8.8.8.4. (*Second Tune.*)

F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1868.



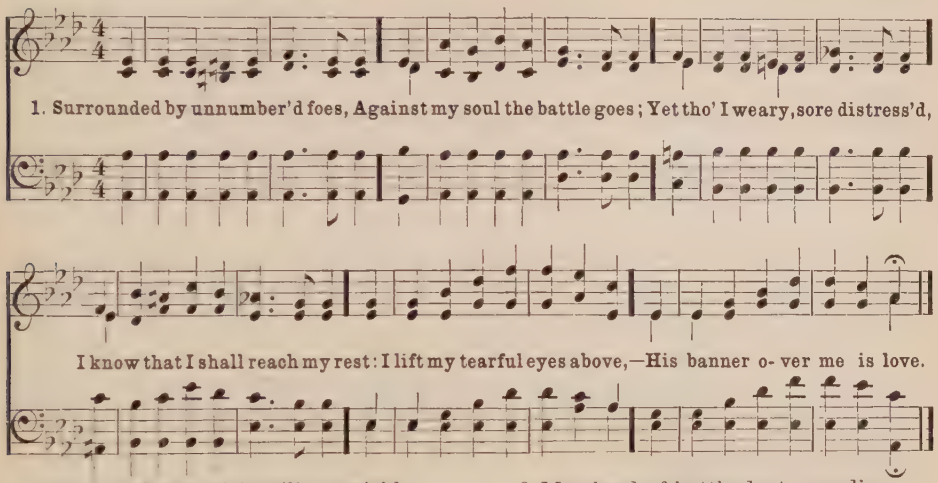
MORTON. 8.8.8.4. (*Third Tune.*)

S. S. WESLEY, 1810–1876.



550 DORTMUND. L. M. 61.

W. C. Filby, 1836—.


1. Surrounded by unnumber'd foes, Against my soul the battle goes; Yet tho' I weary, sore distress'd,
I know that I shall reach my rest: I lift my tearful eyes above,—His banner o- ver me is love.

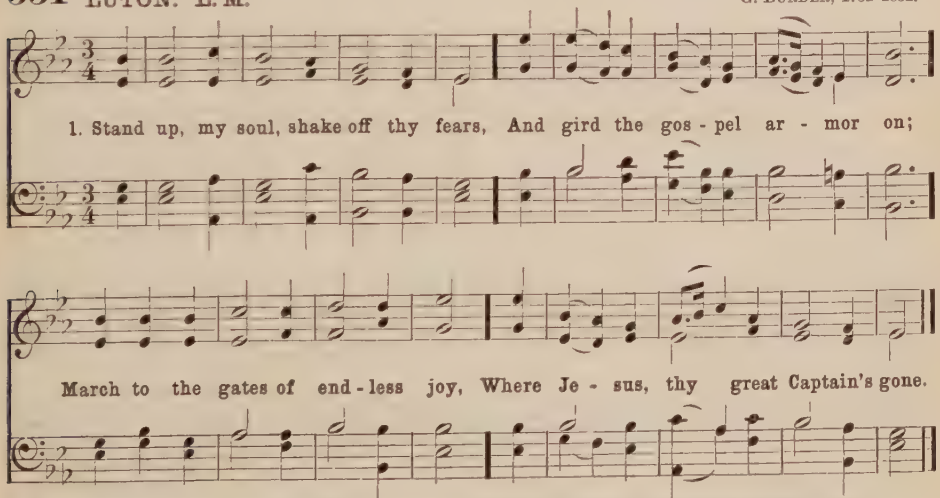
2 Its sword my spirit will not yield,
Though flesh may faint upon the field;
He waves before my fading sight
The branch of palm, the crown of light;
I lift my brightening eyes above,—
His banner over me is love.

3 My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
His veil of splendor curtain him;
And in the midnight of my fear
I may not feel him standing near:
But, as I lift mine eyes above,
His banner over me is love.

Gerald Massey, 1869.

551 LUTON. L. M.

G. Burder, 1752–1832.


1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gos - pel ar - mor on;
March to the gates of end - less joy, Where Je - sus, thy great Captain's gone.

1 Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

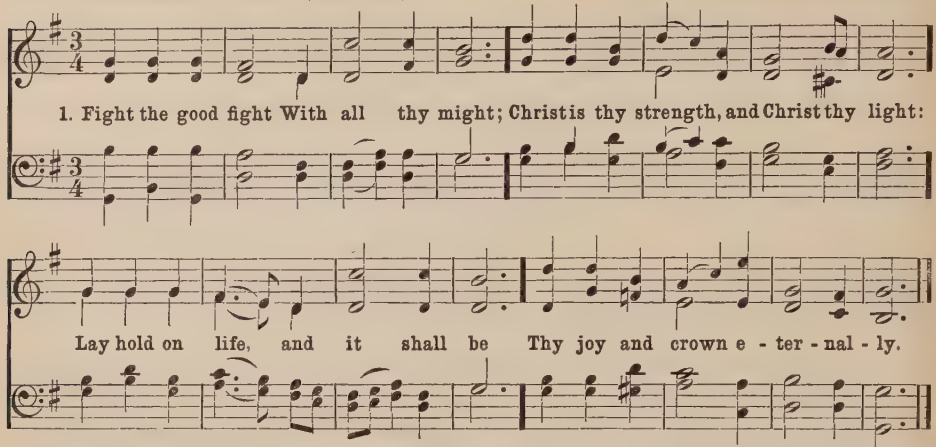
4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

(Also Duke Street, No. 87.)

552 ZELOTES. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM MOZART, 1756–1791.


1. Fight the good fight With all thy might; Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy light:
Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.

2 Run the straight race
Through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

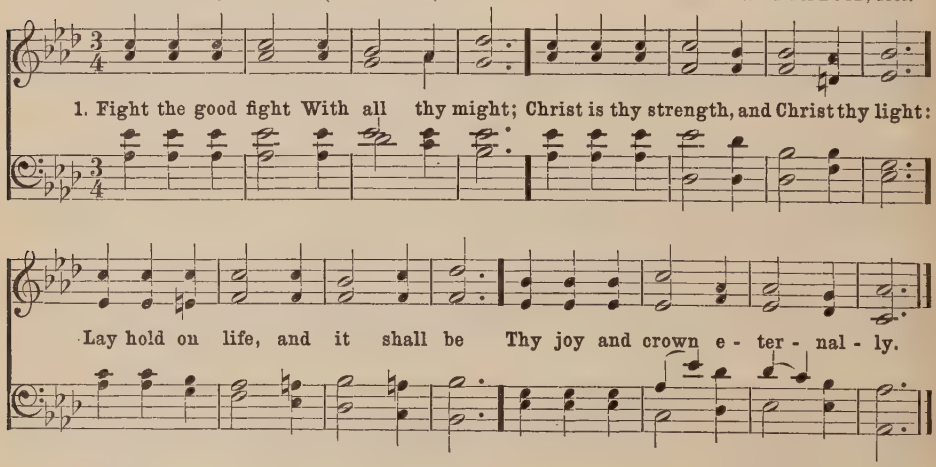
3 Cast care aside;
Upon thy Guide
Lean, and his mercy will provide;
Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove,
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not, nor fear,
His arms are near;
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is All in all to thee.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863.

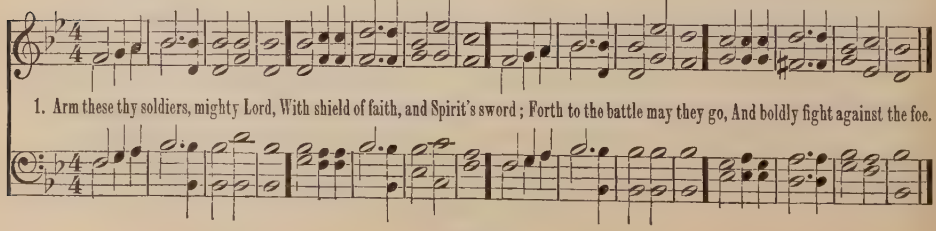
CHAMPLIN. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

WILLIAM BOYD, 1860.


1. Fight the good fight With all thy might; Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy light:
Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.

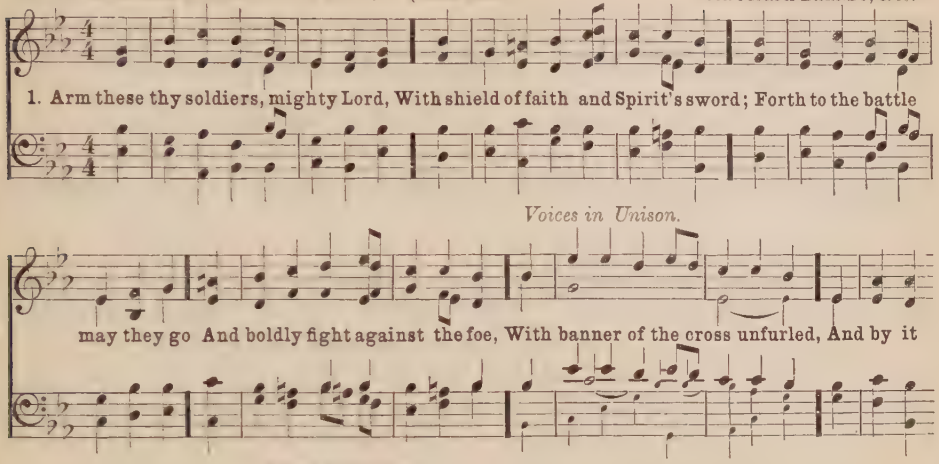
GILEAD. L. M. (*Third Tune for No.* 553.)

E. H. MEHUL, 1763–1817.


1. Arm these thy soldiers, mighty Lord, With shield of faith, and Spirit's sword; Forth to the battle may they go, And boldly fight against the foe.

553 WORDSWORTH. L. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.


1. Arm these thy soldiers, mighty Lord, With shield of faith and Spirit's sword; Forth to the battle
Voices in Unison.
may they go And boldly fight against the foe, With banner of the cross unfurled, And by it
Voices in Unison.
o-ver-come the world; And so at last receive from thee The palm and crown of vic-to - ry.

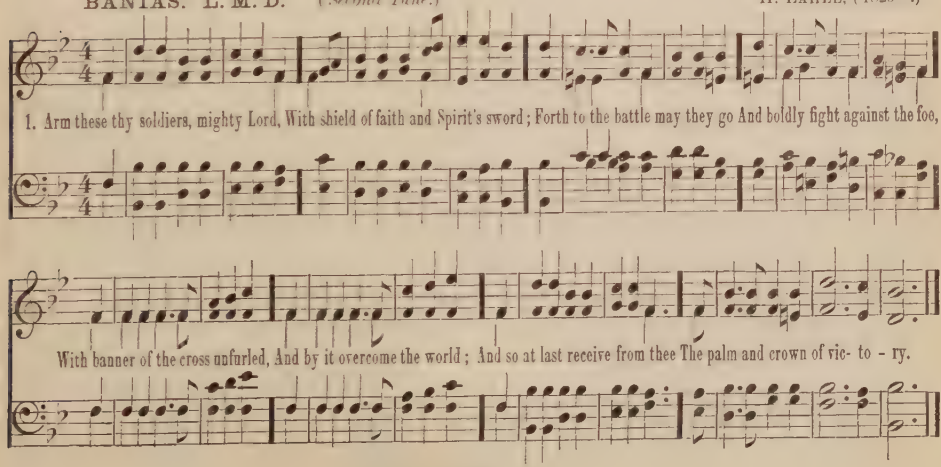
2 Come, ever-blessed Spirit, come,
And make thy servants' hearts thy home;
May each a living temple be
Hallowed forever, Lord, to thee.
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine,—
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness.

3 O Trinity in unity
One only God, and persons three
In whom, through whom, by whom we live,
To thee we praise and glory give;
O grant us so to use thy grace,
That we may see thy glorious face,
And ever with the heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

BANIAS. L. M. D. (*Second Tune.*)

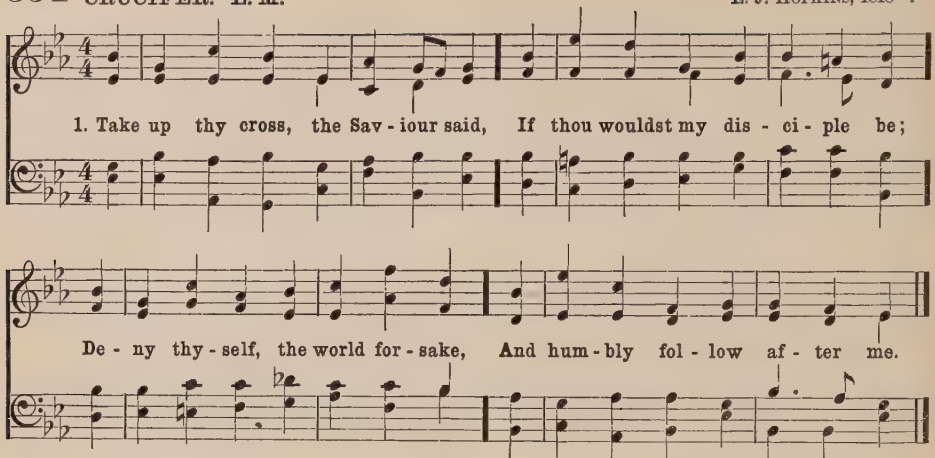
H. LAHEE, (1826—.)


1. Arm these thy soldiers, mighty Lord, With shield of faith and Spirit's sword; Forth to the battle may they go And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of the cross unfurled, And by it overcome the world; And so at last receive from thee The palm and crown of vic- to - ry.

(ALSO GILEAD, OPPOSITE.)

554 CRUCIFER. L. M.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818–.


1. Take up thy cross, the Sav - iour said, If thou wouldst my dis - ci - ple be;
De - ny thy - self, the world for - sake, And hum - bly fol - low af - ter me.

1 Take up thy cross, the Saviour said,
If thou wouldst my disciple be;
Deny thyself, the world forsake,
And humbly follow after me.

2 Take up thy cross, let not its weight
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm;
His strength shall bear thy spirit up,
And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

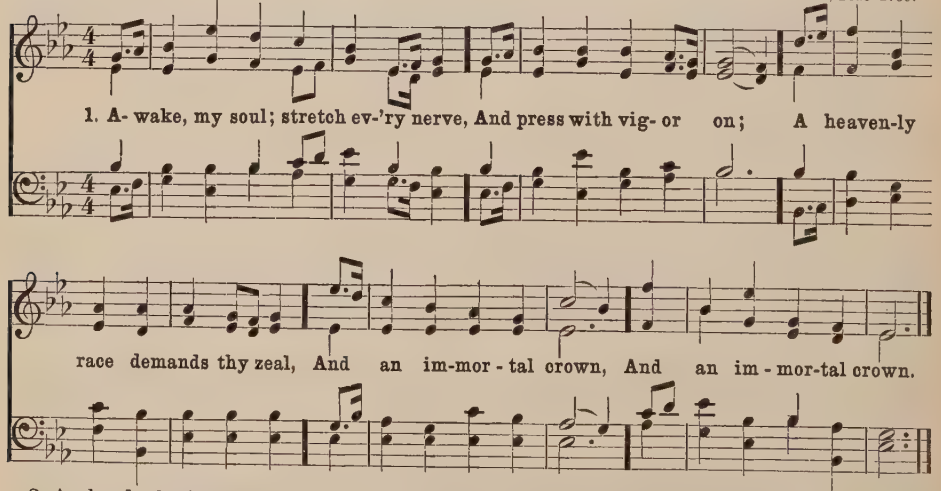
3 Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame;
Nor let thy foolish pride rebel;
Thy Lord for thee the cross endured,
To save thy soul from death and hell.

4 Take up thy cross, and follow Christ,
Nor think till death to lay it down;
For only he who bears the cross,
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

C. W. Everest, 1833.

555 CHRISTMAS. C. M.

G. F. HANDEL, 1685–1759.


1. A- wake, my soul; stretch ev-'ry nerve, And press with vig- or on; A heaven-ly
race demands thy zeal, And an im-mor - tal crown, And an im - mor-tal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye;—

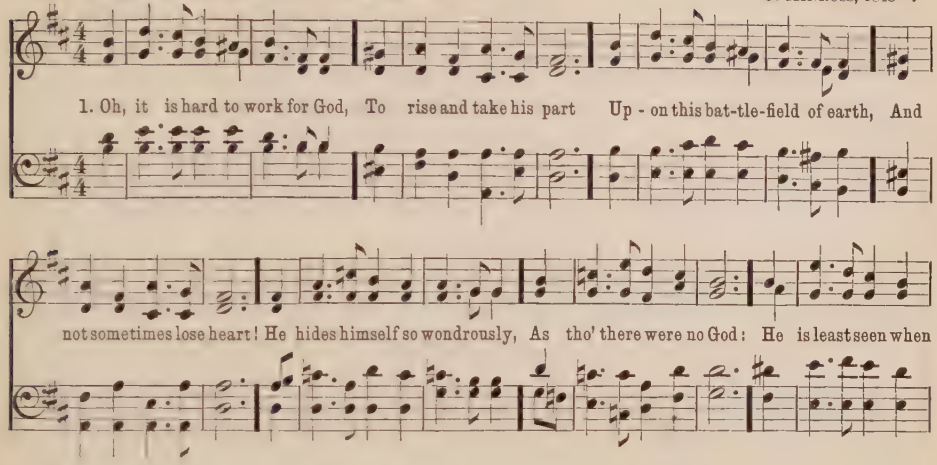
4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

556 KINROSS. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. KINROSS, 1848—.


1. Oh, it is hard to work for God, To rise and take his part Up - on this bat-tle-field of earth, And
not sometimes lose heart! He hides himself so wondrously, As tho' there were no God: He is least seen when
all the pow'rs Of ill are most a - broad.

2 Or he deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.
It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

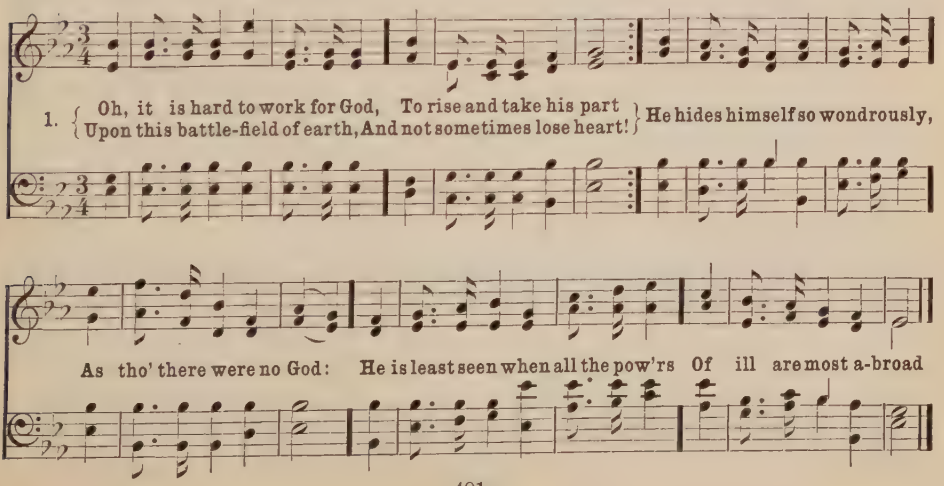
3 Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.
Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And, in the darkest battle-field,
Thou shalt know where to strike.

4 Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field, when he
Is most invisible.
For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win:
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

F. W. Faber, 1814–1863.

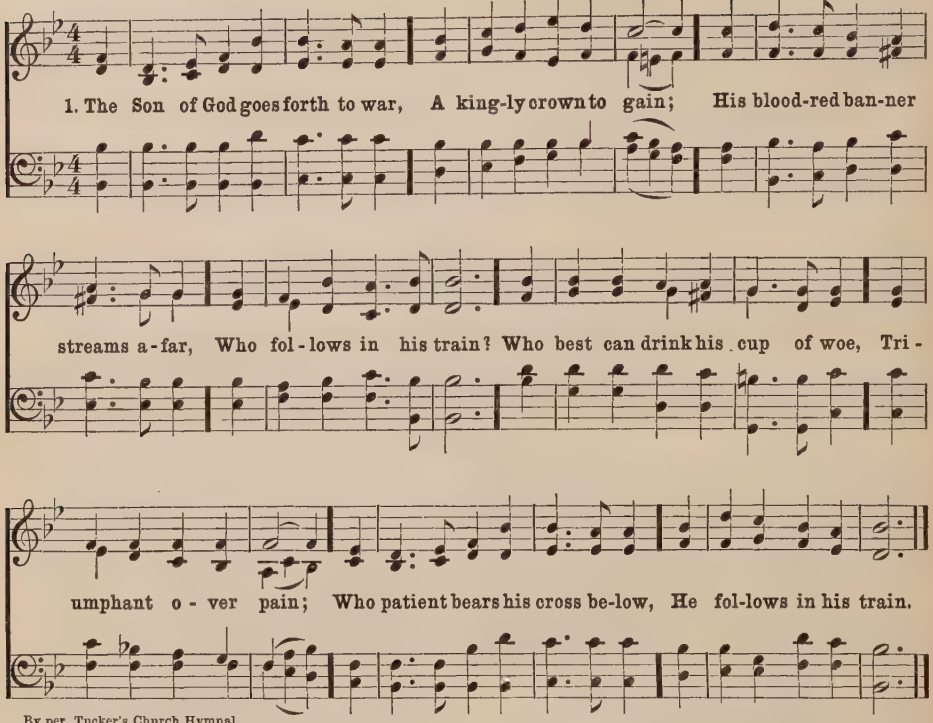
VARINA. C. M. D. (*Second Tune.*)

J. C. H. RINK, 1770–1846.


1. { Oh, it is hard to work for God, To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth, And not sometimes lose heart! } He hides himself so wondrously,
As tho' there were no God: He is least seen when all the pow'rs Of ill are most a-broad

557 EMULATION. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

H. S. CUTLER, 1871.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His blood-red ban-ner
streams a-far, Who fol-lows in his train? Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri-
umphant o-ver pain; Who patient bears his cross be-low, He fol-lows in his train.

By per. Tucker's Church Hymnal.

1 The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain:
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in his train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in his train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on him to save:
Like him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

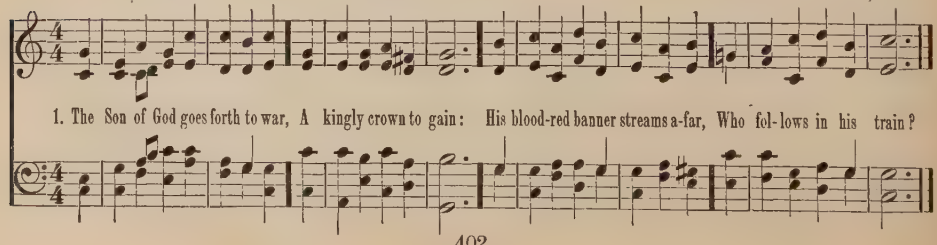
3 A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
And mocked the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane,
They bowed their necks, the death to feel!
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed:
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train.

Reginald Heber, 1827.

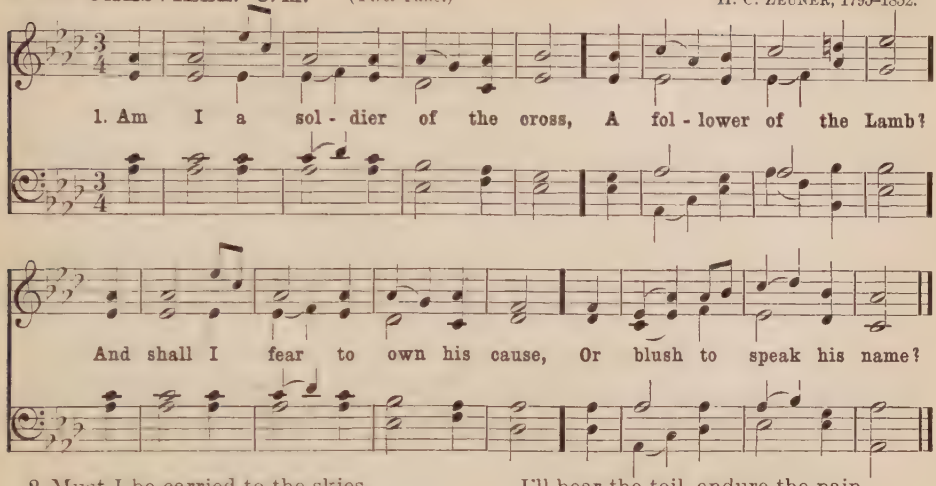
ST. ANN'S. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

WILLIAM CROFT, 1708.



558 OAKSVILLE. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

H. C. ZEUNER, 1795–1852.



2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

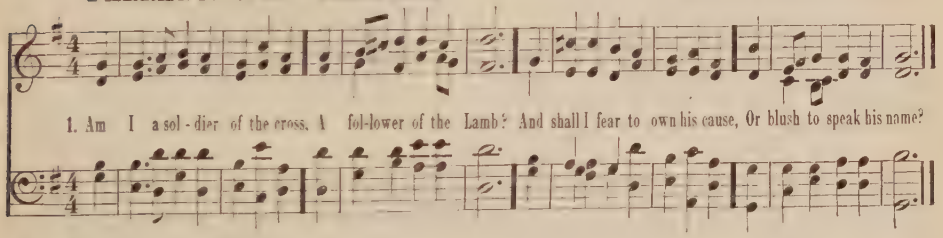
5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts, 1705.

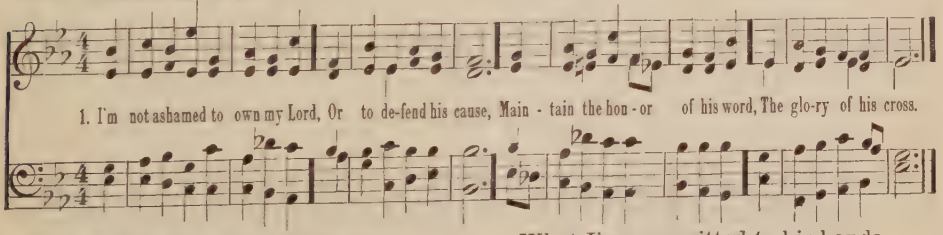
FARRANT. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

RICHARD FARRANT, 1530–1580.



559 IFFLEY. C. M.

M. G. GARRETT, 1872.



2 Jesus, my God, I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my soul be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

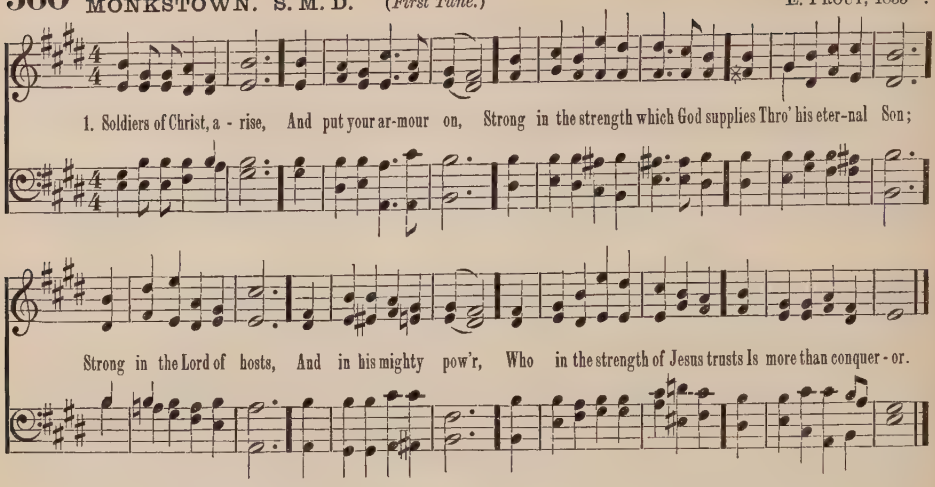
4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

(ALSO ARLINGTON, No. 400.)

560 MONKSTOWN. S. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

E. PROUT, 1835—.


1. Soldiers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar-mour on, Strong in the strength which God supplies Thro' his eter-nal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in his mighty pow'r, Who in the strength of Jesus trusts Is more than conquer - or.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God sup-
Through his Eternal Son; [plies
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;—
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone
And stand entire at last.

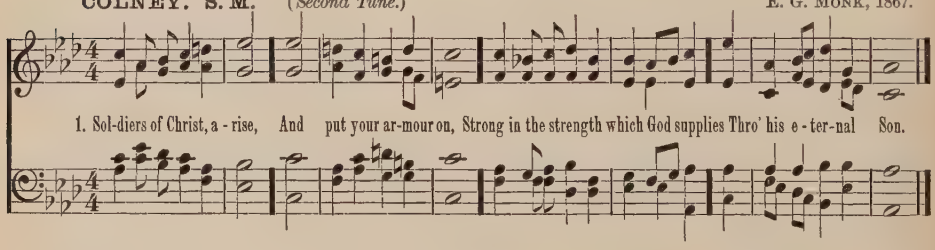
3 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul,
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.
To keep your armour bright,
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray,
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.
Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ the Lord descend from high,
And take the conquerors home.

C. Wesley, 1749.

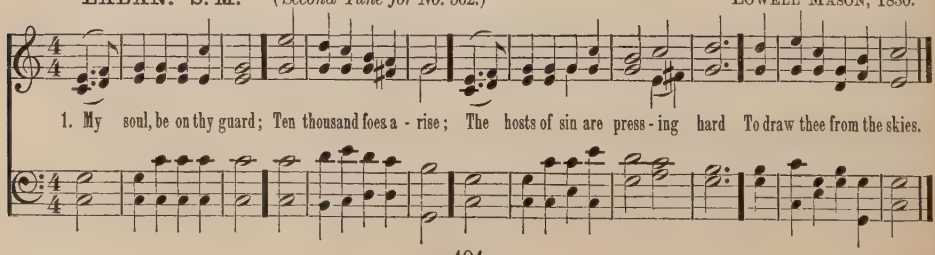
COLNEY. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

E. G. MONK, 1867.



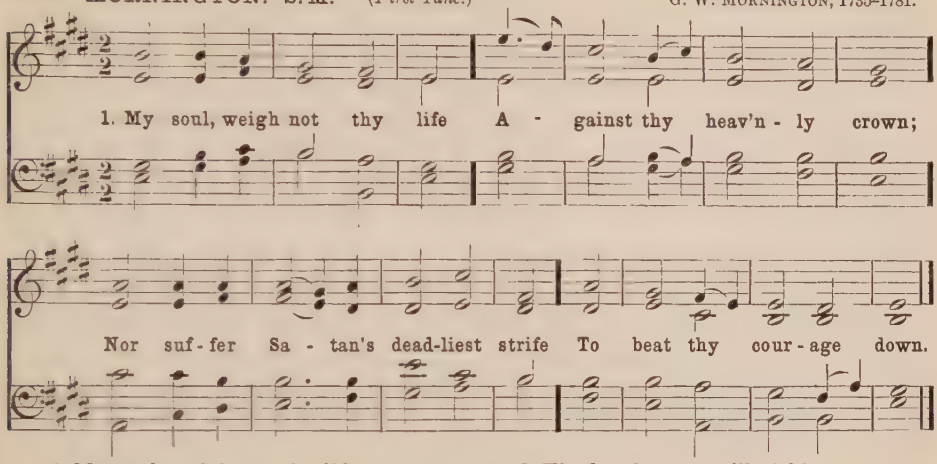
LABAN. S. M. (*Second Tune for No.* 562.)

LOWELL MASON, 1830.



561 MORNINGTON. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

G. W. Mornington, 1735–1781.



1 My soul, weigh not thy life
Against thy heavenly crown;
Nor suffer Satan's deadliest strife
To beat thy courage down.

2 With prayer and crying strong,
Hold on the fearful fight,
And let the breaking day prolong
The wrestling of the night.

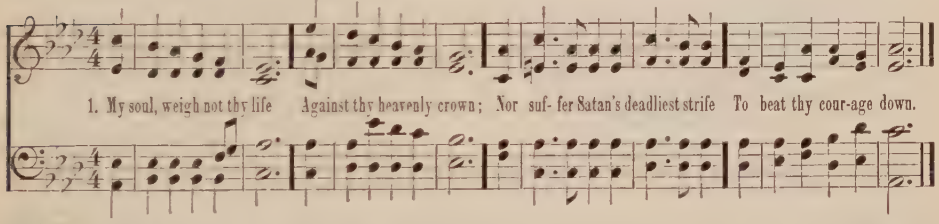
3 The battle soon will yield,
If thou thy part fulfill;
For strong as is the hostile shield,
Thy sword is stronger still.

4 Thine armor is divine,
Thy feet with victory shod;
And on thy head shall quickly shine
The diadem of God.

Leonard Swain, 1821–1869.

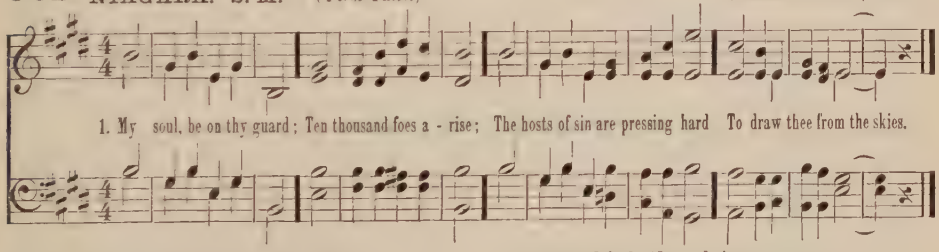
GRETA. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

Sir J. Goss, 1800–1880.



562 NIAGARA. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

"Choral Friend," 1852.



1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch and fight and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

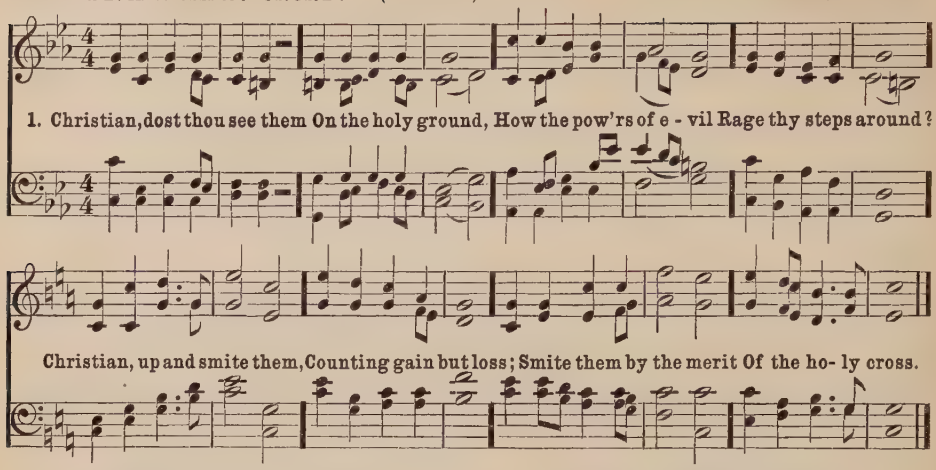
4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

George Heath, 1781.

(Also Laban, opposite.)

563 ST. ANDREW. 6s. 5s. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.


1. Christian, dost thou see them On the holy ground, How the pow'rs of e - vil Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss; Smite them by the merit Of the ho- ly cross.

1 Christian, dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of evil
Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
Smite them by the merit
Of the holy cross.

2 Christian, dost thou feel them
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading on to sin?
Christian, never tremble;
Never yield to fear:
Smite them by the virtue
Of unceasing prayer.

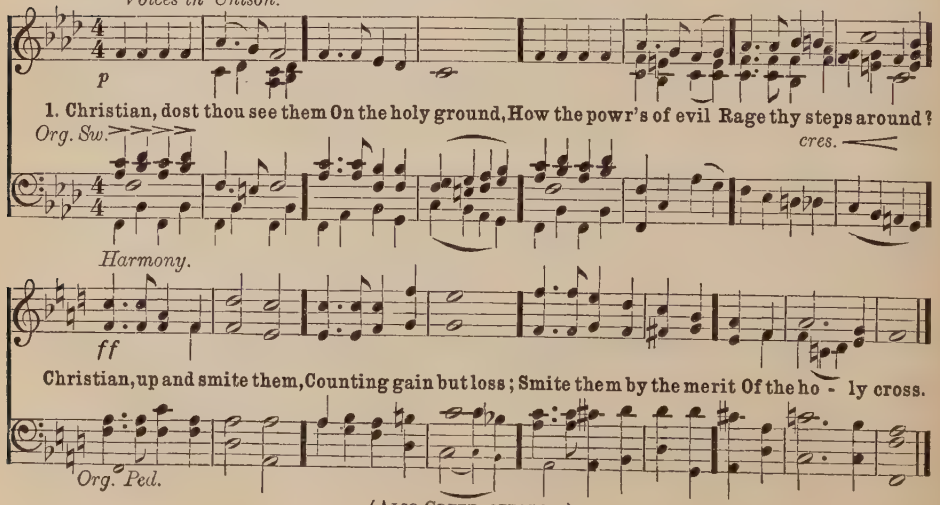
3 Christian, dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian, answer boldly:
"While I breathe, I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

4 Well I know thy trouble,
O my servant true;
Thou art very weary.—
I was weary too:
But that toil shall make thee
Some day all mine own;
And the end of sorrow
Shall be near my throne.

Andrew of Crete, 700; tr. J. M. Neale, 1862.

HOLY WAR. 6s. 5s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

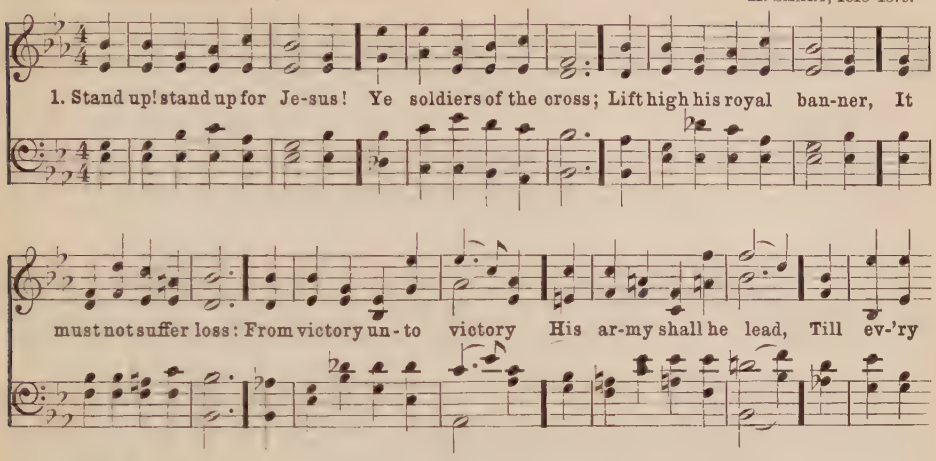
J. BOOTH, 1852—.


Voices in Unison.
p
1. Christian, dost thou see them On the holy ground, How the powr's of evil Rage thy steps around?
Org. Sw.
cres.
Harmony.
ff
Christian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss; Smite them by the merit Of the ho - ly cross.
Org. Ped.

(ALSO CRETE, OPPOSITE.)

564 LANCASHIRE. 7s. 6s. D.

H. SMART, 1813–1879.


1. Stand up! stand up for Je-sus! Ye soldiers of the cross; Lift high his royal ban-ner, It
must not suffer loss: From victory un-to victory His ar-my shall he lead, Till ev-'ry
foe is vanquish'd, And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day:
Ye that are men now serve him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

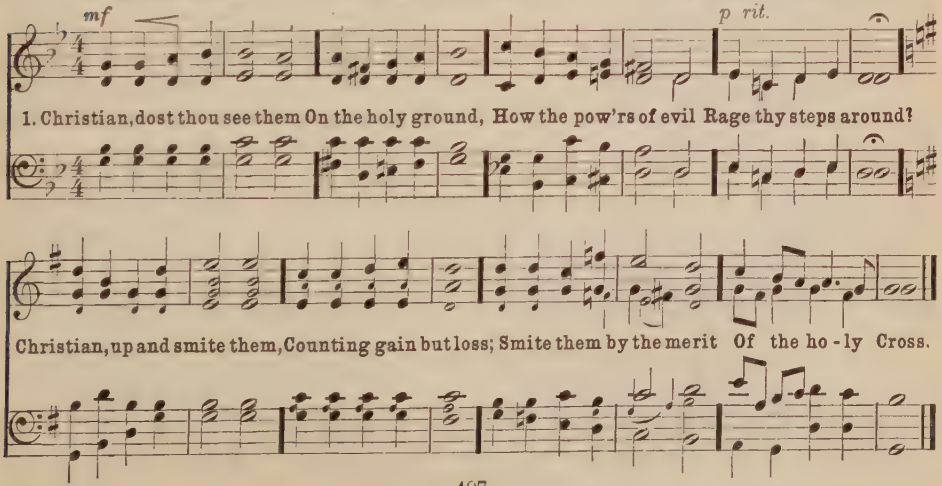
George Duffield, Jr., 1858.

(ALSO WEBB, No. 167.)

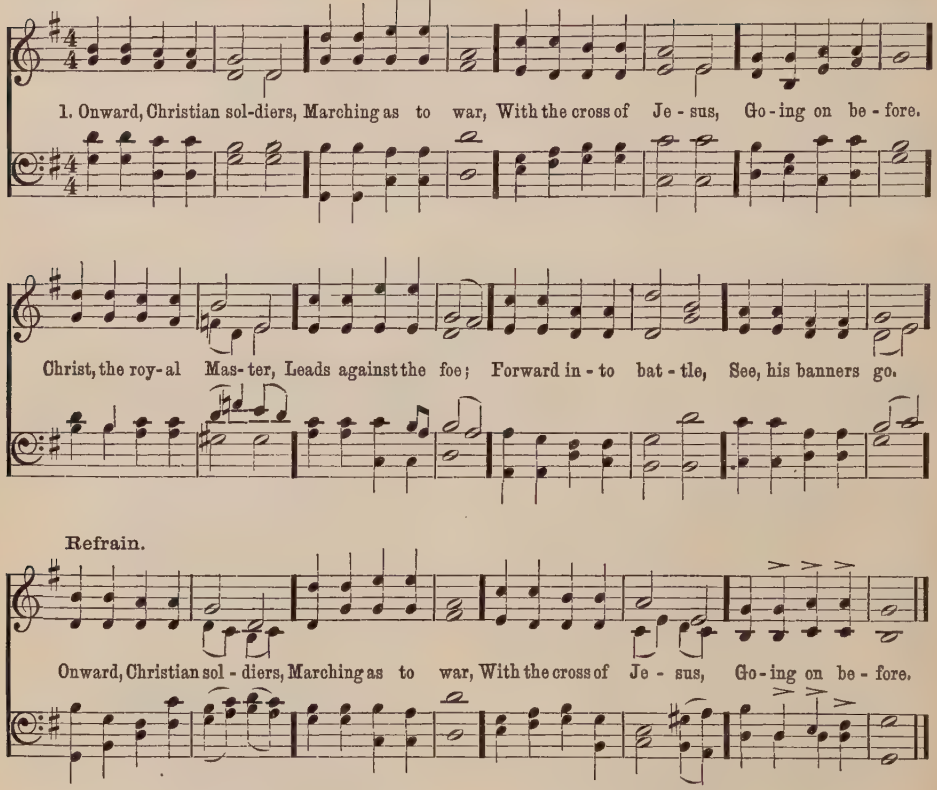
CRETE. 6s. 5s. D.

(Third Tune for No. 563.)

ANON. BARNBY'S HYMNARY, 1872.


mf
p rit.
1. Christian, dost thou see them On the holy ground, How the pow'rs of evil Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them, Counting gain but loss; Smite them by the merit Of the ho-ly Cross.

565 ST. ALBAN'S. 6s. 5s. D. (*First Tune.*) *With Refrain.* F. J. HAYDN, 1732–1809.


1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.
Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, his banners go.
Refrain.
Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

2 Like a mighty army,
Moves the Church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.—*Ref.*

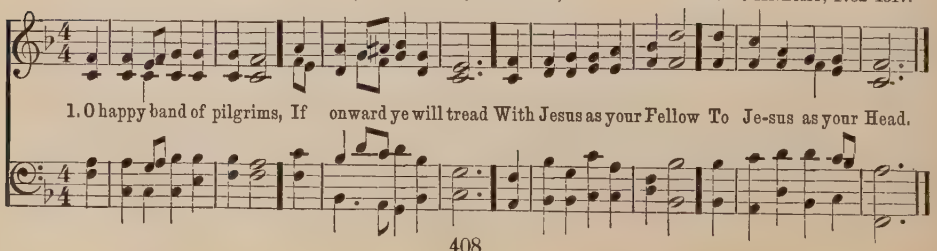
3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.—*Ref.*

4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor,
Unto Christ the King;
This through countless ages,
Men and angels sing.—*Ref.*

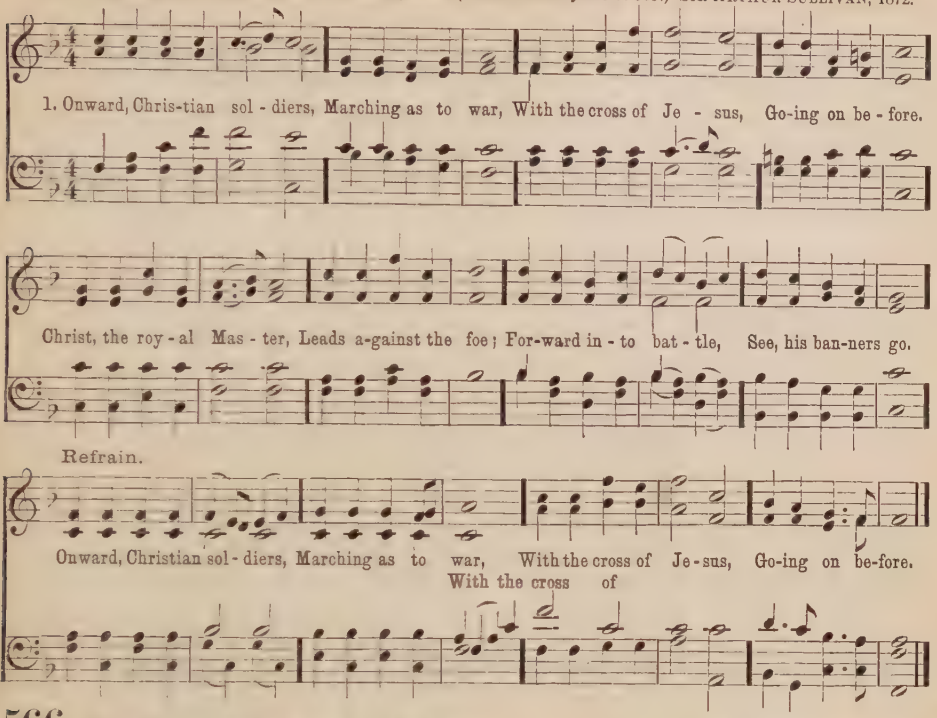
S. Baring-Gould, 1865.

(ALSO ST. GERTRUDE, OPPOSITE.)

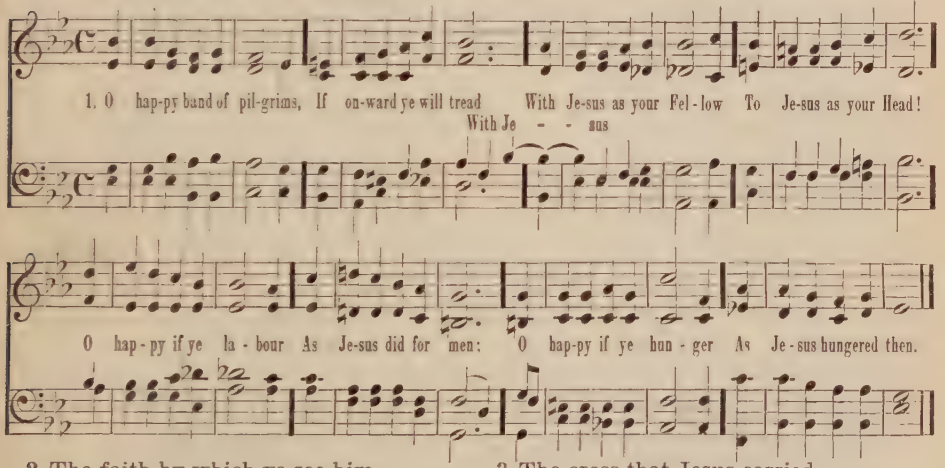
CHICHESTER. 7s. 6s. (*Second Tune for No.* 566.) J. H. KNECHT, 1752–1817.



ST. GERTRUDE. 6s. 5s. D. *With Refrain.* (*Second Tune for No.* 565.) SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1872.


1. Onward, Chris-tian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus, Go-ing on be - fore.
Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban-ners go.
Refrain.
Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus, Go-ing on be-fore.
With the cross of

566 PIERREPONT. 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*) SIR J. BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. O hap-py band of pil-grims, If on-ward ye will tread With Je-sus as your Fel-low To Je-sus as your Head!
With Je - - sus
O hap - py if ye la - bour As Je-sus did for men: O hap-py if ye hun - ger As Je - sus hungered then.

2 The faith by which ye see him,
The hope in which ye yearn,
The love that through all troubles
To him alone will turn;
What are they but his jewels,
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

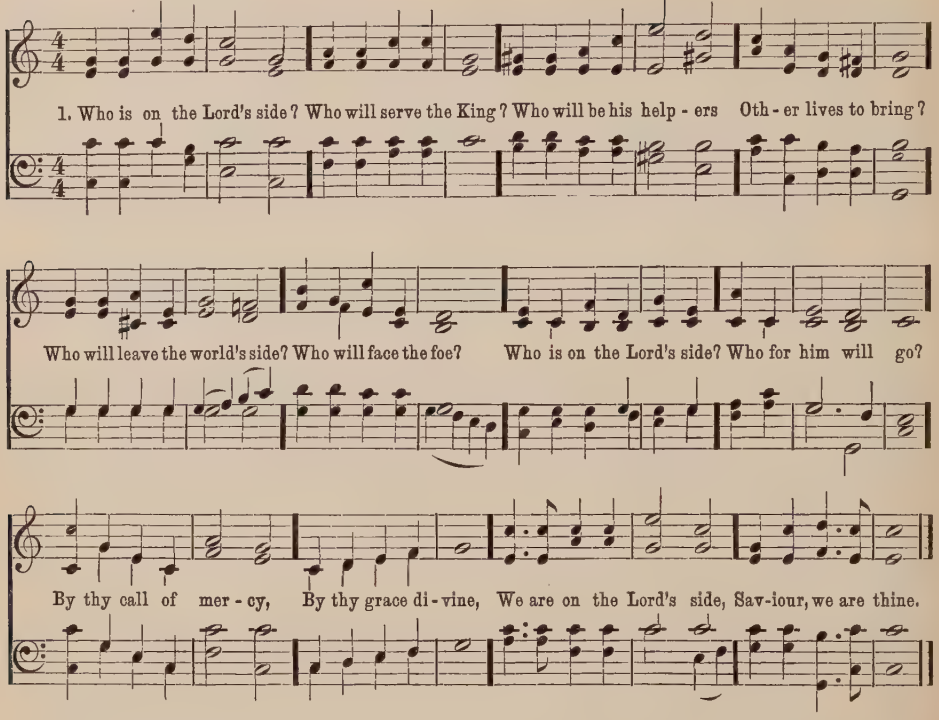
3 The cross that Jesus carried,
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth,
He weareth it for you.
O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies,
Where such a light affliction
Shall win so great a prize.

Joseph the Hymnographer, c. 820; tr. J. M. Neale, 1862.

(ALSO CHICHESTER, OPPOSITE.)

567 ARMAGEDDON. 6s. 5s. 12l

ARR. BY SIR JOHN GOSS, 1871.


1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his help - ers Oth - er lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go?
By thy call of mer - cy, By thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side, Sav - iour, we are thine.

2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom he died:
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on his side.
By thy love constraining,
By thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are thine.

3 Jesus, thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with thine own life-blood,
For thy diadem;
With thy blessing filling
Each who comes to thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By thy grand redemption,
By thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's Lord's side,
Saviour, we are thine.

F. R. Havergal, 1877.

(ALSO ROSLYN, OPPOSITE.)

568 CHENIES. (*Opposite.*)

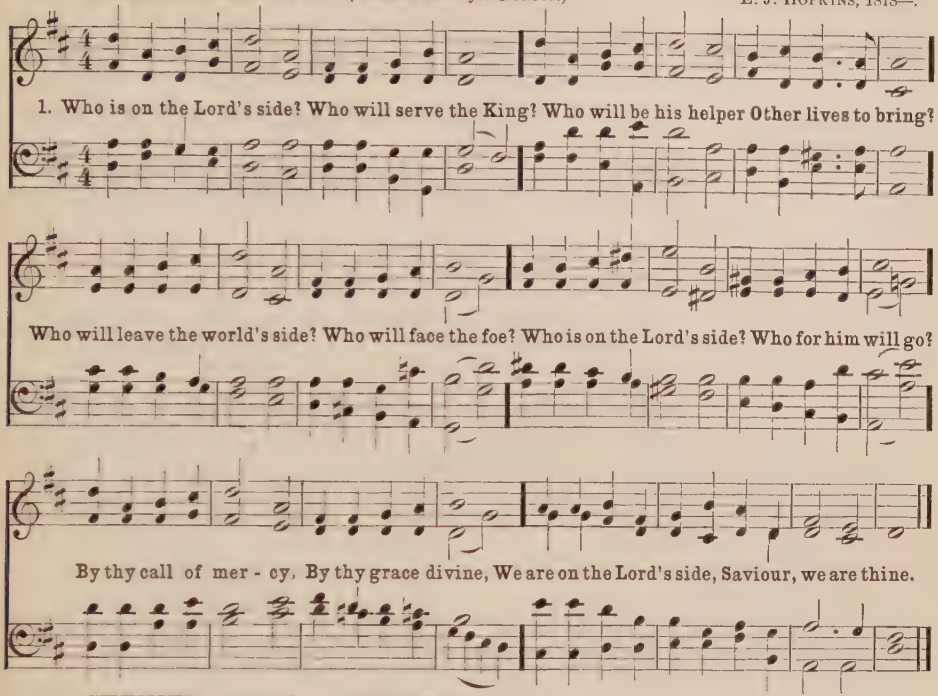
2 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the secret foe;
Far more o'er thee are watching
Than human eyes can know:
Trust only Christ, thy Captain;
Cease not to watch and pray;
Heed not the treacherous voices
That lure thy soul astray

3 Go forward, Christian soldier;
Nor dream of peaceful rest,
Till Satan's host is vanquished
And heaven is all possessed;
Till Christ himself shall call thee
To lay thine armour by,
And wear in endless glory
The crown of victory.

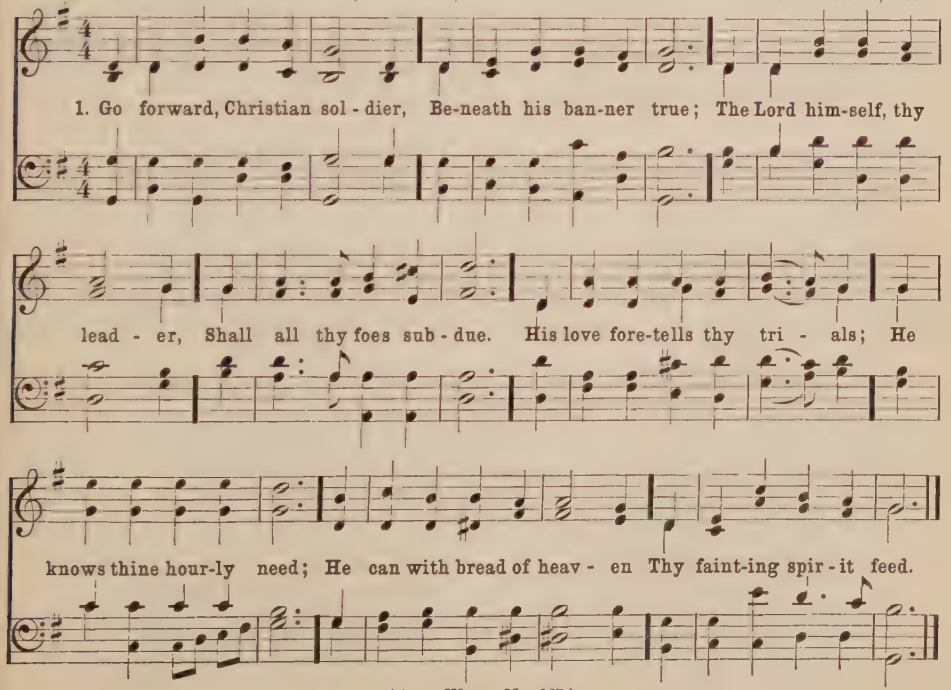
4 Go forward, Christian soldier!
Fear not the gathering night:
The Lord has been thy shelter;
The Lord will be thy light.
When morn his face revealeth,
Thy dangers all are past;
O pray that faith and virtue
May keep thee to the last.

L. Tuttiett, 1825.

ROSLYN. 6s. 5s. 12 l. (*Second Tune for No.* 567.) E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his helper Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go?
By thy call of mer - cy, By thy grace divine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are thine.

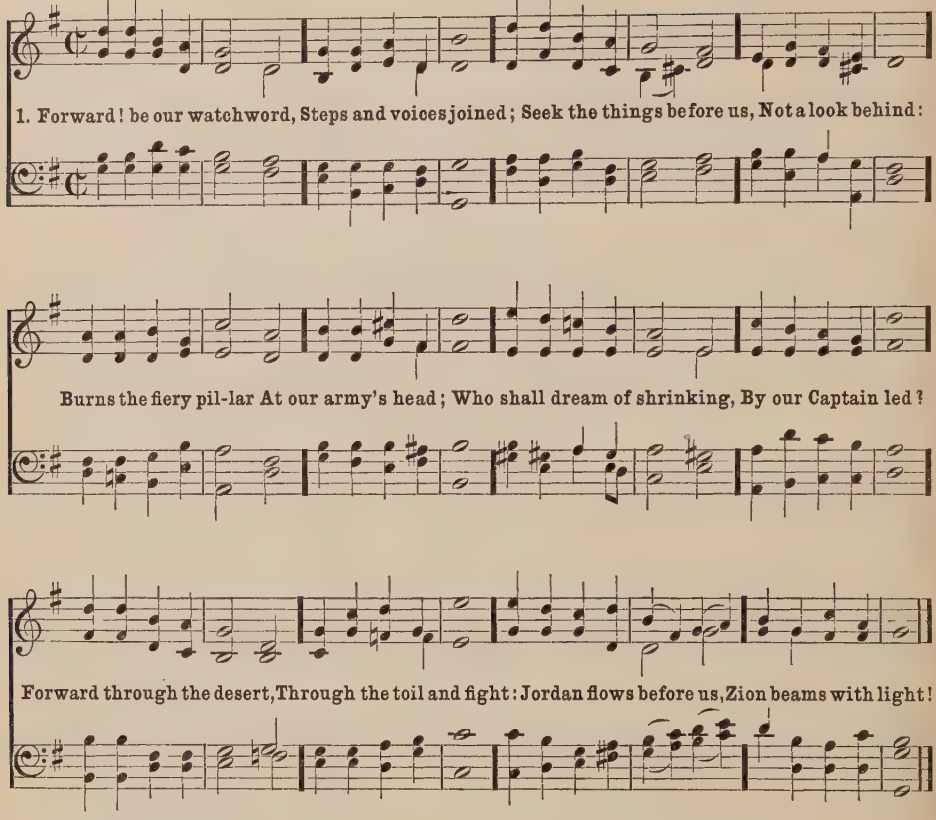
CHENIES. 7s. 6s. D. (*For No.* 568.) T. R. MATTHEWS, 1855.


1. Go forward, Christian sol - dier, Be-neath his ban-ner true; The Lord him-self, thy
lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due. His love fore-tells thy tri - als; He
knows thine hour-ly need; He can with bread of heav - en Thy faint-ing spir - it feed.

(ALSO WEBB, No. 167.)

569 ST. BOTOLPH. 6s. 5s. 12l.

HENRY SMART, 1813–1879.


1. Forward! be our watchword, Steps and voices joined; Seek the things before us, Not a look behind:
Burns the fiery pil-lar At our army's head; Who shall dream of shrinking, By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert, Through the toil and fight: Jordan flows before us, Zion beams with light!

2 Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth;
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth:
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray.
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night;
Forward, through the darkness
Forward, into light!

3 Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth;
That fair home is ours:
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold;
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might:
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light!

4 Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared.
By the souls that love him,
One day to be shared:
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word:
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

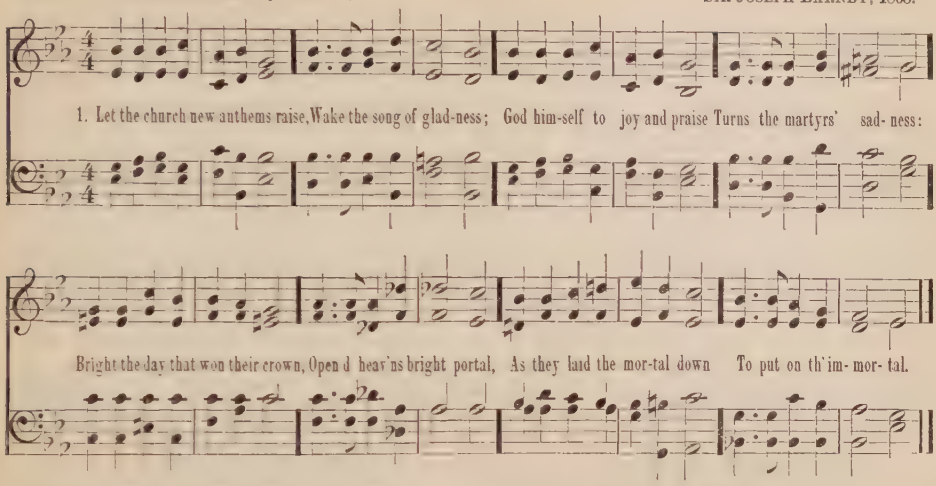
5 To the Eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord of Glory,
Blessed Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honor done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night:
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light!

Henry Alford, 1865.

(ALSO ST. ALBANS, NO. 565.)

570 STAUGHTON. 7s. 6s. D.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.


1. Let the church new anthems raise, Wake the song of glad-ness; God him-self to joy and praise Turns the martyrs' sad-ness:
Bright the day that won their crown, Open'd hear'ns bright portal, As they laid the mor-tal down To put on th'im-mor-tal.

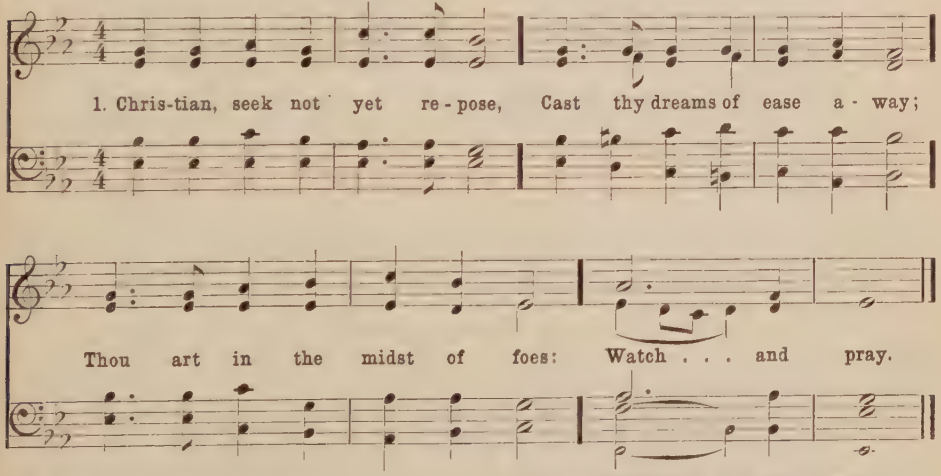
2 Never flinched they from the flame,
From the torture, never;
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
Satan's best endeavor;
For by faith they saw the land
Decked in all its glory,
Where triumphant now they stand
With the victor's story.

3 Up and follow, Christian men!
Press through toil and sorrow;
Spurn the night of fear, and then,
Oh, the glorious morrow!
Who will venture on the strife?
Blest who first begin it!
Who will grasp the land of life?
Warriors, up and win it!

Joseph the Hymnographer, 830; tr. J. M. Neale, 1862, alt.

571 VIGILATE. 7.7.7.3.

W. H. MONK, 1868.



2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours:
Watch and pray.

3 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim,
"Watch and pray."

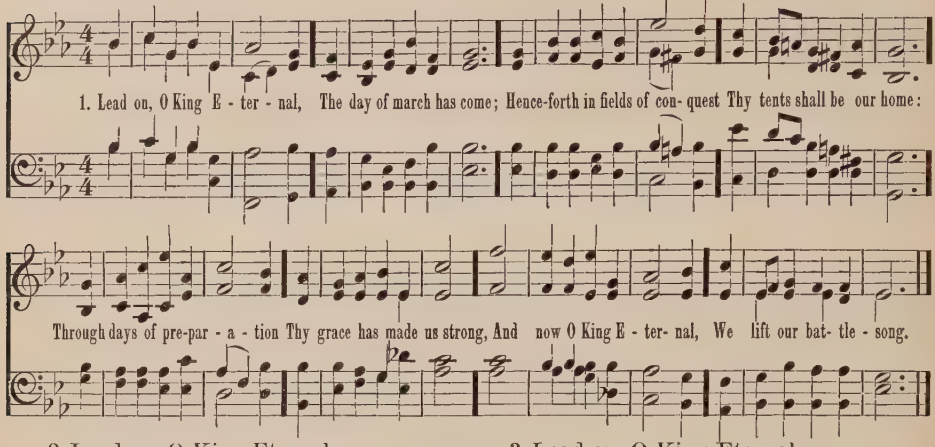
4 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart his word,
"Watch and pray."

5 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray.

Charlotte Elliott, 1839, alt.

572 EVANGELIST. 7s, 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.

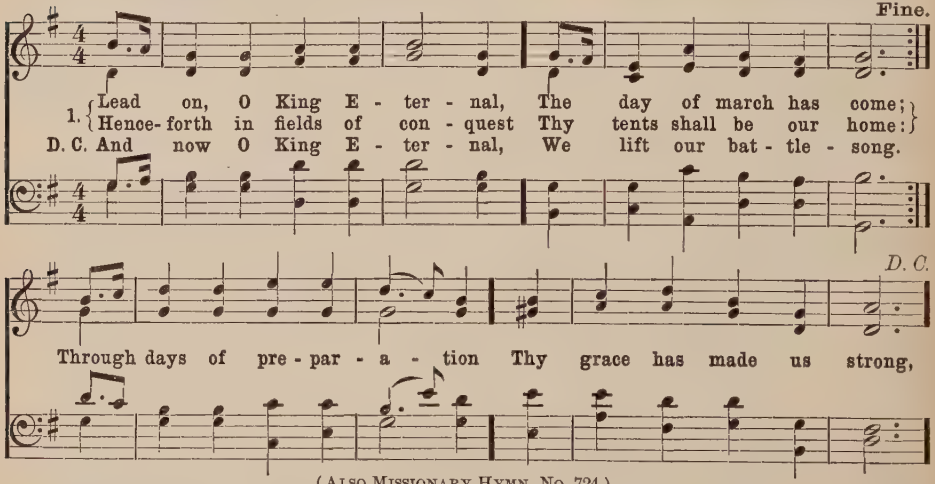

1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come; Hence-forth in fields of con- quest Thy tents shall be our home:
Through days of pre-par - a - tion Thy grace has made us strong, And now O King E - ter- nal, We lift our bat- tle - song.

2 Lead on, O King Eternal,
Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
And Holiness shall whisper
The sweet Amen of peace;
For not with swords loud clashing,
Nor roll of stirring drums,
But deeds of love and mercy,
The heavenly kingdom comes.

3 Lead on, O King Eternal:
We follow, not with fears;
For gladness breaks like morning
Where'er thy face appears;
Thy cross is lifted o'er us;
We journey in its light:
The crown awaits the conquest;
Lead on, O God of might.

E. W. Shurtleff, 1888.

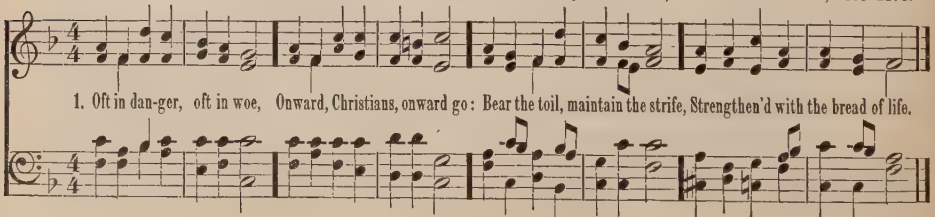
ENDSLEIGH. 7s. 6s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

S. SALVATORI.

Fine.
1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come;
Hence- forth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home:
D. C. And now O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle - song.
D. C.
Through days of pre - par - a - tion Thy grace has made us strong,

(ALSO MISSIONARY HYMN, No. 724.)

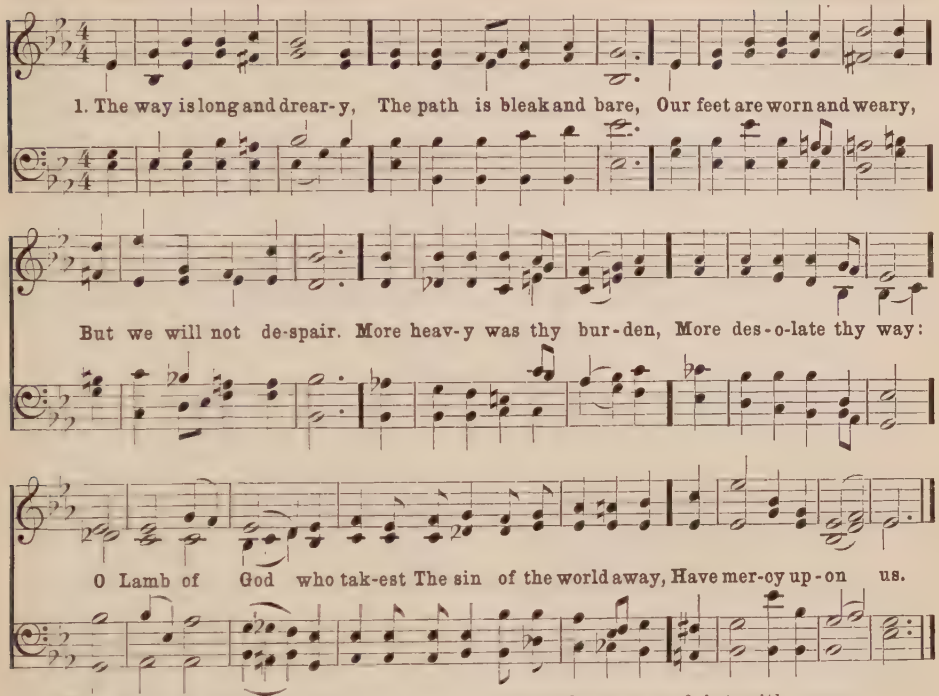
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7s. (*Second Tune for No.* 574.)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876.


1. Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, Onward, Christians, onward go: Bear the toil, maintain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life.

573 VIA CRUCIS. 7s. 6s. 9 l.

J. B. DYKES, 1874.

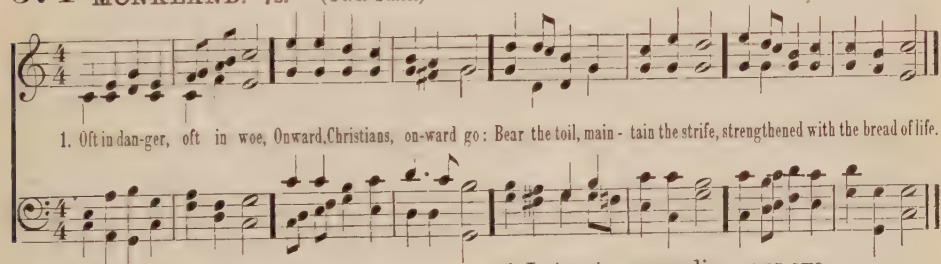

1. The way is long and drear-y, The path is bleak and bare, Our feet are worn and weary,
But we will not de-spair. More heav-y was thy bur-den, More des-o-late thy way:
O Lamb of God who tak-est The sin of the world away, Have mer-cy up-on us.

2 The snows lie thick around us
In the dark and gloomy night,
The tempest roars above us,
The stars have hid their light;
But blacker was the darkness
Round Calvary's cross that day:
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
Have mercy upon us.

3 Our hearts are faint with sorrow
Heavy and sad to bear;
We dread the bitter morrow,
But we will not despair.
Thou knowest all our anguish,
And thou wilt bid it cease:
O Lamb of God, who takest
The sin of the world away,
O give to us thy peace.

A. A. Procter, 1858.

574 MONKLAND. 7s. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. BY J. B. WILKES, 1861.

1. Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, Onward, Christians, on-ward go: Bear the toil, main-tain the strife, strengthened with the bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe:
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad:
March in heavenly armor clad:
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

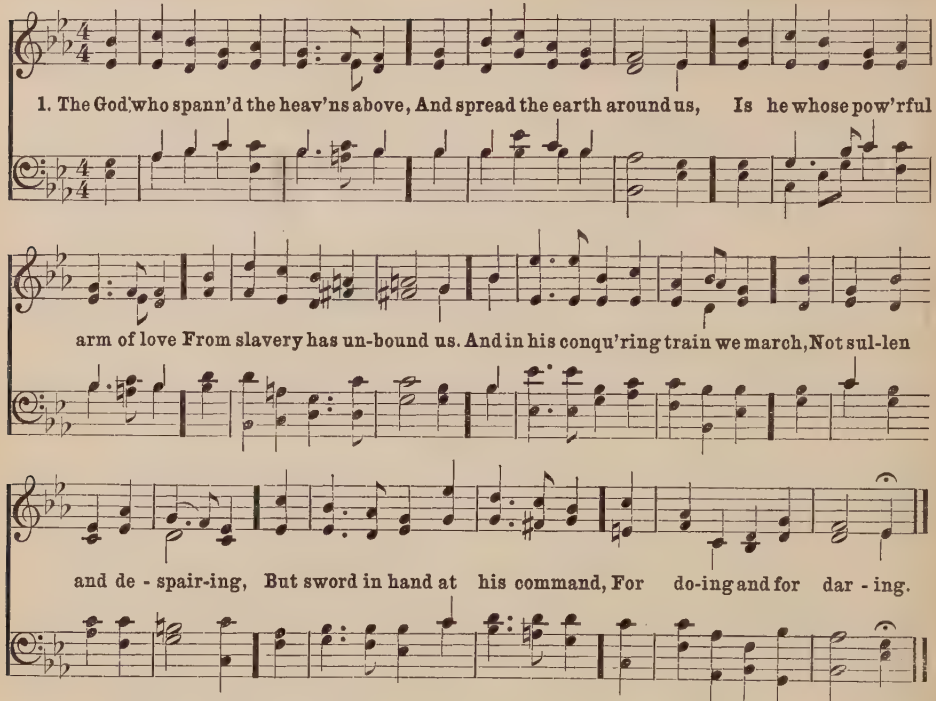
5 Onward then to battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Henry Kirke White, Alt.

(ALSO UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OPPOSITE.)

575 DENMARK. 8s. 7s. D.

ADAPTED FROM NIELS W. GADE, 1817–1890.


1. The God who spann'd the heav'ns above, And spread the earth around us, Is he whose pow'rful
arm of love From slavery has un-bound us. And in his conqu'ring train we march, Not sul-len
and de - spair-ing, But sword in hand at his command, For do-ing and for dar - ing.

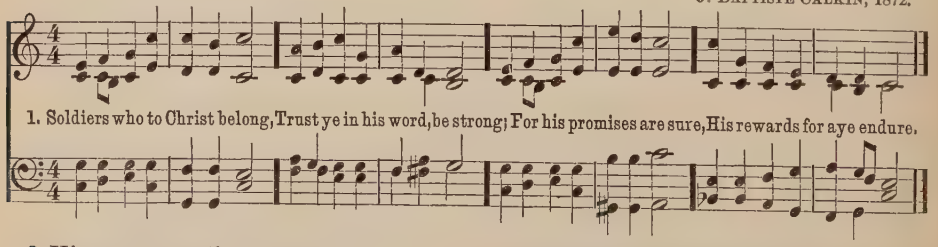
2 Then fly our banner overhead,
And let its motto glorious
Above us everywhere be spread,
"In Christ we are victorious!"
Lo! how the ranks of Satan quake!
And through the battle's frowning,
See, Jesus stands, with outstretched hand
For blessing and for crowning.

3 The crown his faithful soldiers win,
Who would not proudly wear it?
The praise, the Master's "Welcome in,"
Who would not die to share it?
Then sound the trumpets toward the foe!
We'll show by our behavior
How freemen fight for God and right,
Whose Captain is their Saviour.

J. Clark.

576 CLOPTON. 7s.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1872.



2 His no crowns that pass away;
His no palm that sees decay;
His the joy that shall not fade:
His the light that knows no shade:

3 His the home for spirits blest,
Where he gives them peaceful rest,
Far above the starry skies,
In the bliss of Paradise.

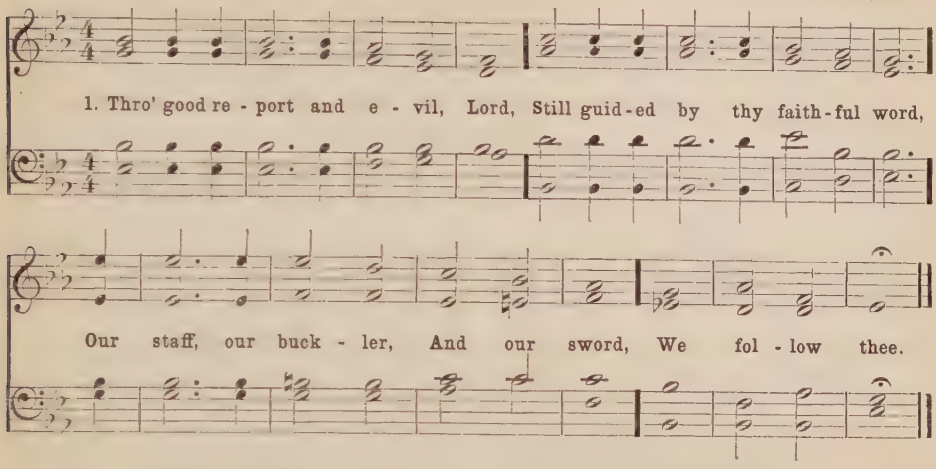
4 Here on earth ye can but clasp
Things that perish in the grasp;
Lift your hearts then to the skies:
God himself shall be your prize.

5 Praise we now with saints at rest
Father, Son, and Spirit Blest;
For his promises are sure,
His rewards shall aye endure.

Tr. I. Williams, 1839.

577 HANFORD. S. S. S. 4.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1874.



2 In silence of the lonely night,
In the full glow of day's clear light,
Through life's strange windings, dark or bright.
We follow thee.

3 Strengthened by thee we forward go,
'Mid smile or scoff of friend or foe,
Thro' pain or ease, thro' joy or woe,
We follow thee.

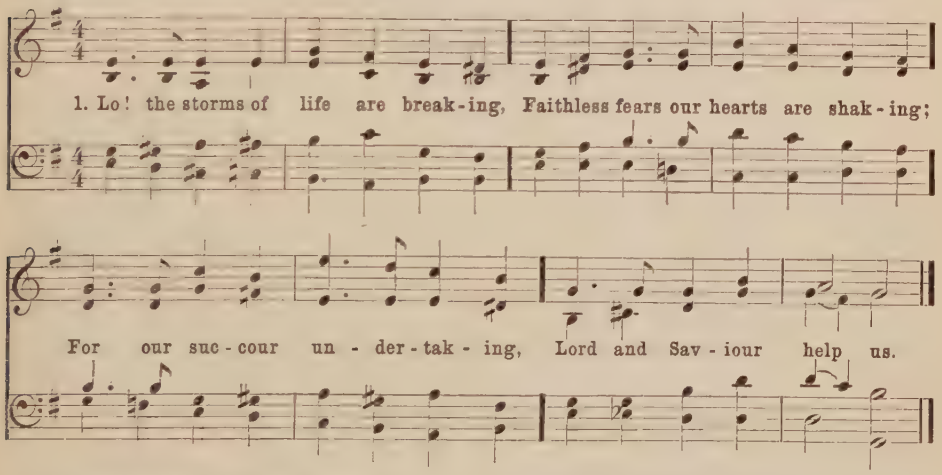
4 O Master, point thou out the way,
Nor suffer thou our steps to stray;
Then in the path that leads to day
We follow thee.

5 Thou hast passed on before our face;
Thy footsteps on the way we trace;
O keep us, aid us by thy grace;
We follow thee,

Horatius Bonar, 1866.

578 ASTON. S. S. S. 6.

J. BOOTH, 1852—.


1. Lo! the storms of life are break-ing, Faithless fears our hearts are shak-ing;
For our suc-cour un - der-tak - ing, Lord and Sav - iour help us.

1 Lo! the storms of life are breaking,
Faithless fears our hearts are shaking;
For our succour undertaking,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

2 Lo! the world from thee rebelling,
Round thy church, in pride is swelling;
With thy word their madness quelling,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

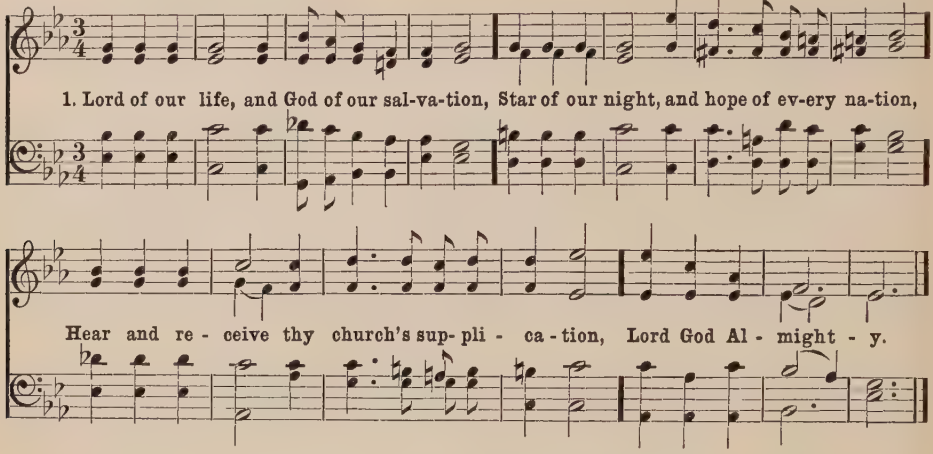
3 On thine own command relying,
We our onward task are plying,
Unto thee for safety sighing,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

4 By thy birth, thy cross, thy passion,
By thy tears of deep compassion,
By thy mighty intercession,
Lord and Saviour, help us.

Henry Alford, 1810–1871.

579 CLOISTERS. 11.11.11.5.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. Lord of our life, and God of our sal-va-tion, Star of our night, and hope of ev-ery na-tion,
Hear and re - ceive thy church's sup- pli - ca - tion, Lord God Al - might - y.

2 See round thine ark the hungry billows curling,
See how thy foes their banners are unfurling;
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,
Thou canst preserve us.

3 Lord, thou canst help when earthly armor faileth,
Lord, thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,
Lord, o'er thy Rock nor death nor hell prevaileth,
Grant us thy peace, Lord.

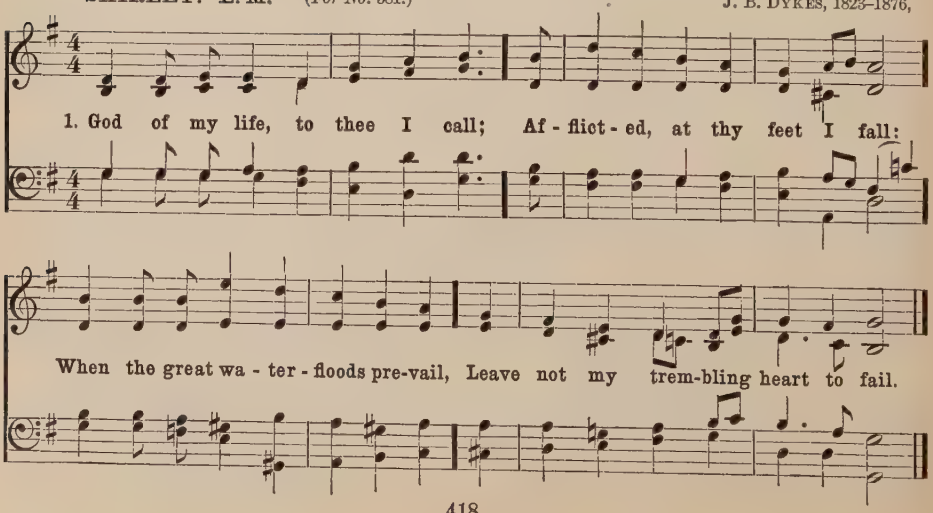
4 Peace in our hearts our evil thoughts assuaging,
Peace in thy church, where brothers are engaging,
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;
Send us, O Saviour.

5 Grant us thy help till foes are backward driven,
Grant them thy truth, that they may be forgiven,
Grant peace on earth, and, after we have striven,
Peace in thy heaven.

M. A. von Löwenstern, 1594–1648, tr. Philip Pusey, 1799–1855.

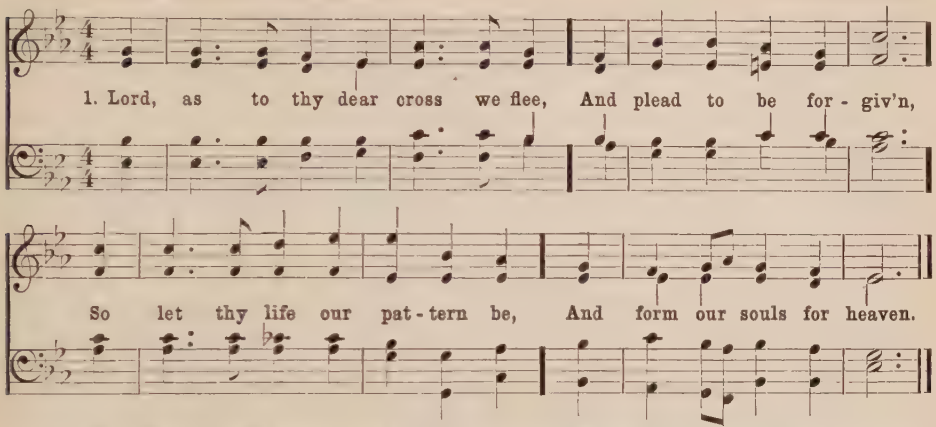
SHIRLEY. L. M. (*For No.* 581.)

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. God of my life, to thee I call; Af - flict - ed, at thy feet I fall:
When the great wa - ter - floods pre-vail, Leave not my trem-bling heart to fail.

580 PEACE. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

A. L. PEACE, 1885.



2 Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

3 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done."

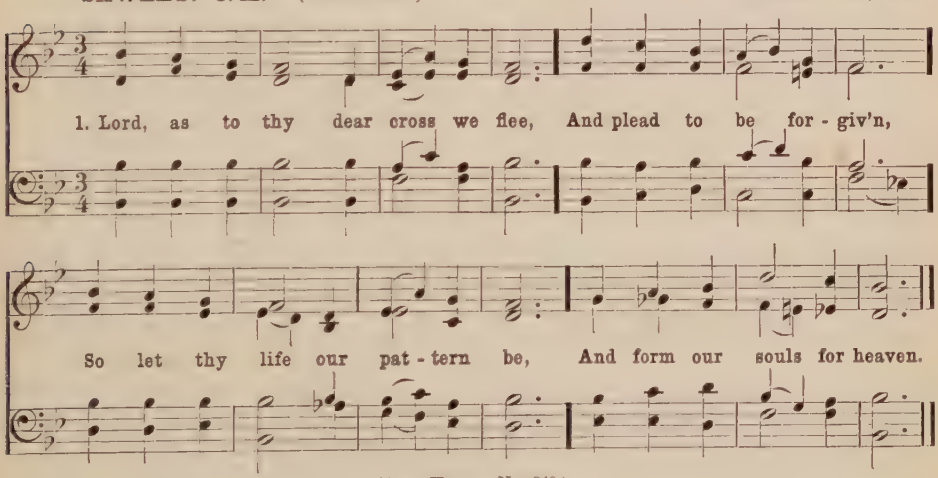
4 Should friends misjudge, or foes defame,
Or brethren faithless prove,
Then, like thine own, be all our aim
To conquer them by love.

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven!

J. H. Gurney, 1838.

SAWLEY. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

JAMES WALCH, 1860.



(ALSO HEBER, No. 249.)

581 SHIRLEY. (*Opposite.*)

2 Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

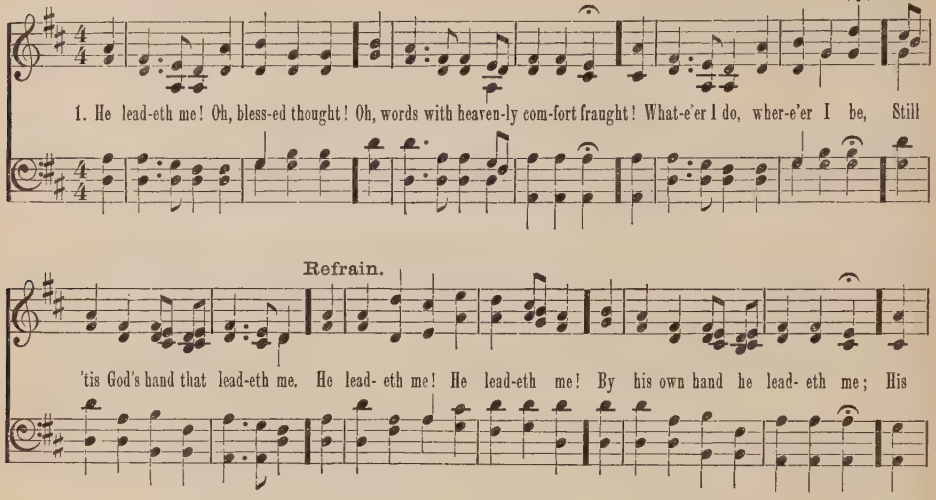
3 Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

4 That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

5 Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

William Cowper, 1779.

582 HE LEADETH ME. L. M. *With Refrain.* (*First Tune.*) W. B. BRADBURY, 1816–1868.


1. He lead-eth me! Oh, bless-ed thought! Oh, words with heaven-ly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still
Refrain.
'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead- eth me! He lead-eth me! By his own hand he lead- eth me; His
faith-ful follow-er I would be, For by his hand he lead-eth me.

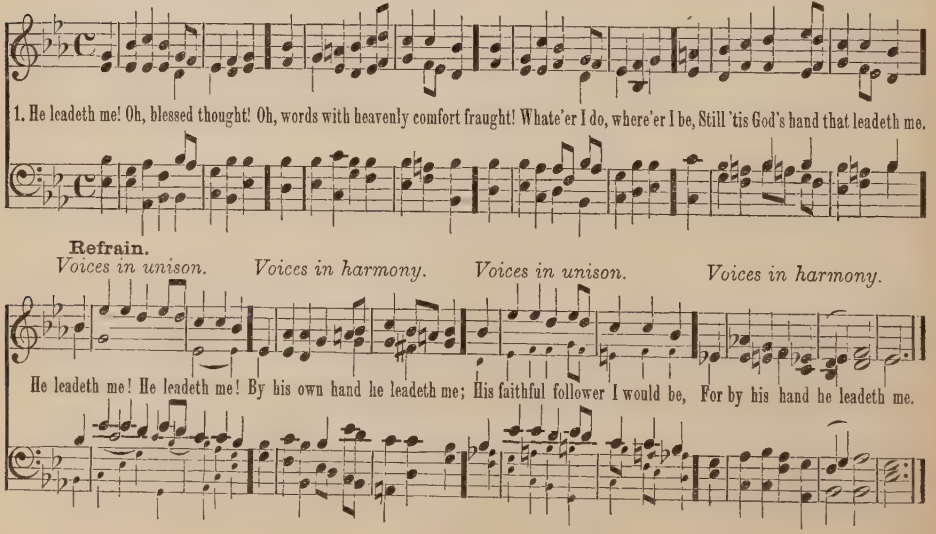
2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea,
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine:
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

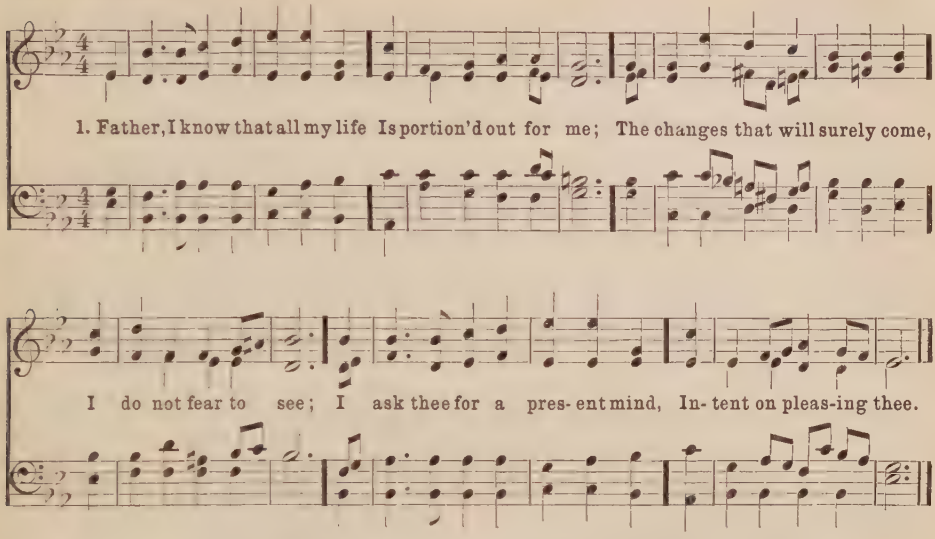
J. H. Gilmore, 1861.

WORDSWORTH. L. M. *With Refrain.* (*Second Tune.*) SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1876.


1. He leadeth me! Oh, blessed thought! Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught! Whate'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
Refrain.
Voices in unison.
Voices in harmony.
Voices in unison.
Voices in harmony.
He leadeth me! He leadeth me! By his own hand he leadeth me; His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

583 WARING. C. M. 61.

J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.


1. Father, I know that all my life Is portion'd out for me; The changes that will surely come,
I do not fear to see; I ask thee for a pres- ent mind, In- tent on pleas-ing thee.

2 I ask thee for a watchful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

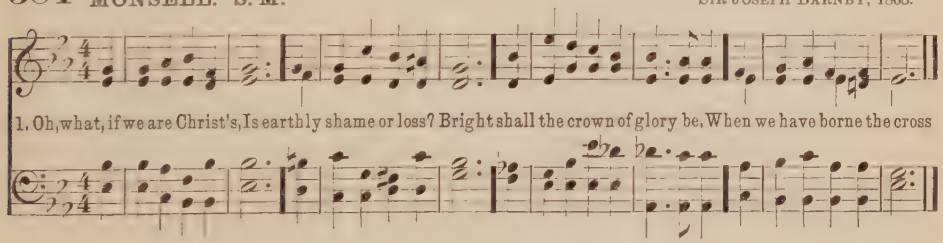
3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know:
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

4 I ask thee for the daily strength
To none that ask denied,
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

5 In service which thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me;
My inmost heart is taught "the truth"
That makes thy children "free:"
A life of self-renouncing love
Is one of liberty.

Miss A. L. Waring, alt., 1850.

584 MONSELL. S. M.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1868.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

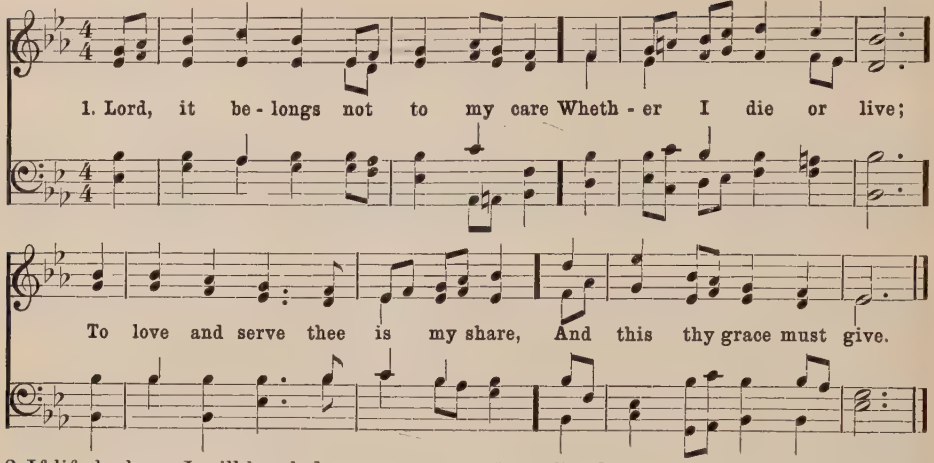
4 Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

5 Enough, if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

Sir H. W. Baker, 1859.

585 FROME. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

HUGH BOND, 1762–1792.



2 If life be long, I will be glad
That I may long obey;
If short, yet why should I be sad
To soar to endless day?

3 Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before;
No one into his kingdom comes,
But through his opened door.

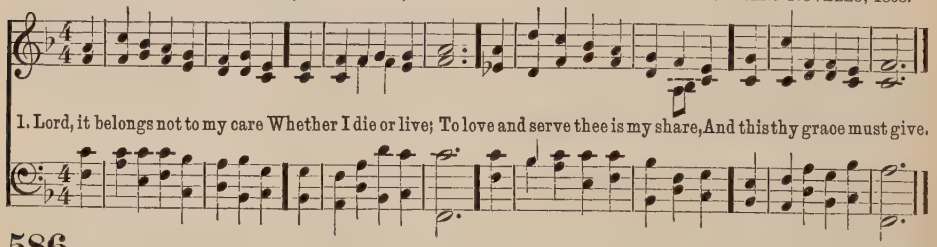
4 Come, Lord, when grace has made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be?

5 My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter, 1681.

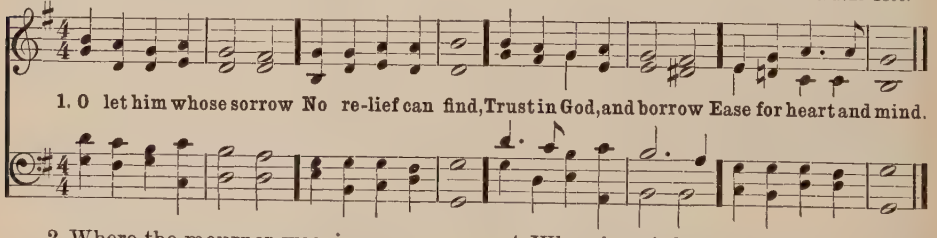
ALBANO. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

VINCENT NOVELLO, 1868.



586 SELWIN. 6s. 5s. (*First Tune.*)

W. JONES. 1726–1800.



2 Where the mourner weeping
Sheds the secret tear,
God his watch is keeping,
Though none else be near.

3 God will never leave thee,
All thy wants he knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy hidden woes.

4 When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who his children's anguish
Soothes with succor near.

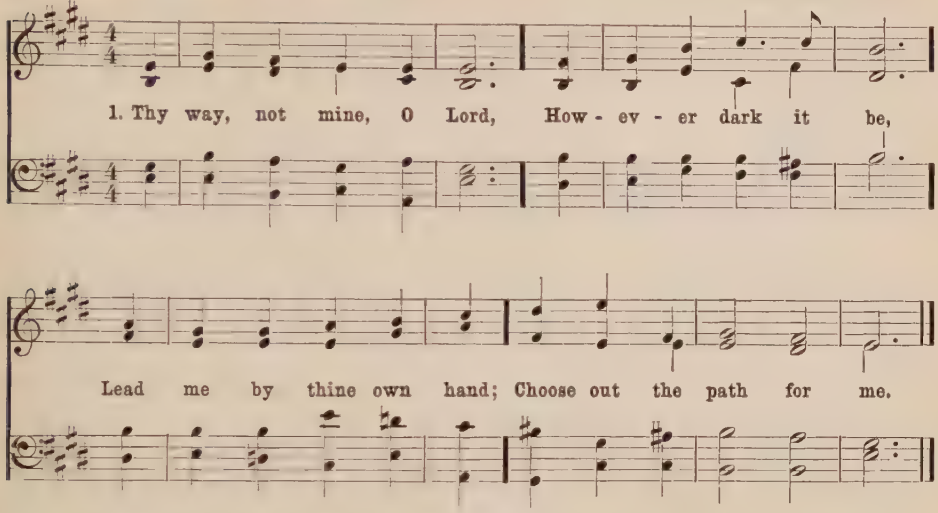
5 All our woe and sadness
In this world below,
Balance not the gladness
We in heaven shall know.

Frances Elizabeth Cox, 1841.

(ALSO CONSOLATION, OPPOSITE.)

587 WOODFORD. 6s. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.



2 Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

5 Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

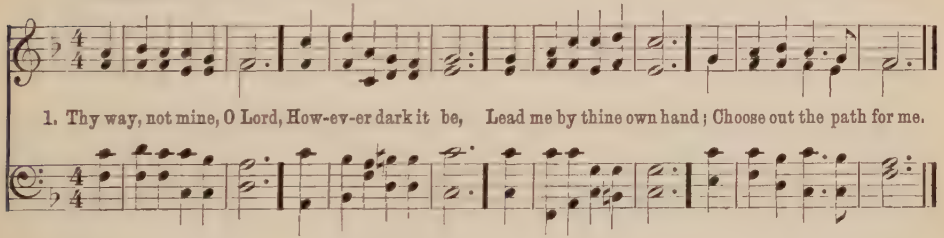
6 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health:
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

7 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

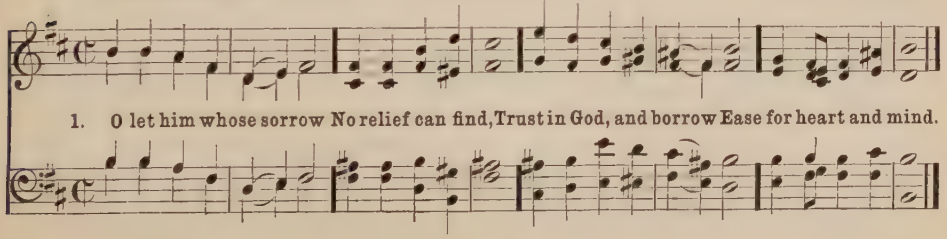
JENNER. 6s. (*Second Tune.*)

H. J. JENNER.



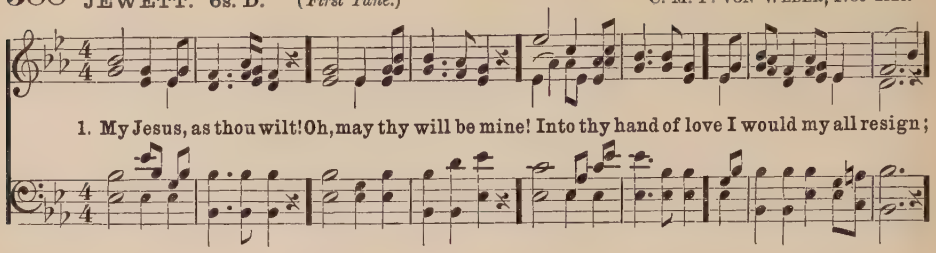
CONSOLATION. 6s. 5s. (*Second Tune for No.* 586.)

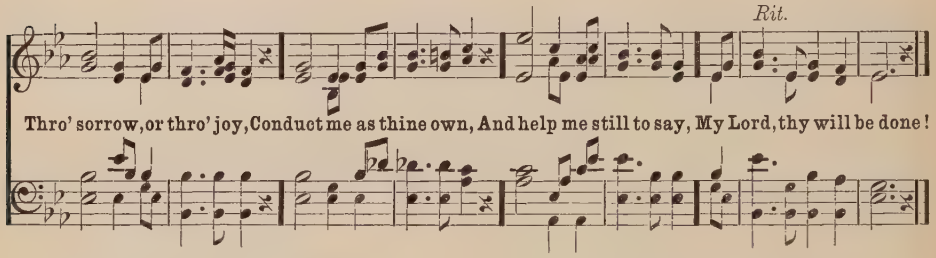
ANONYMOUS, 1872.



588 JEWETT. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

C. M. F. von Weber, 1786–1826.





1 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Oh, may thy will be mine!
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done!

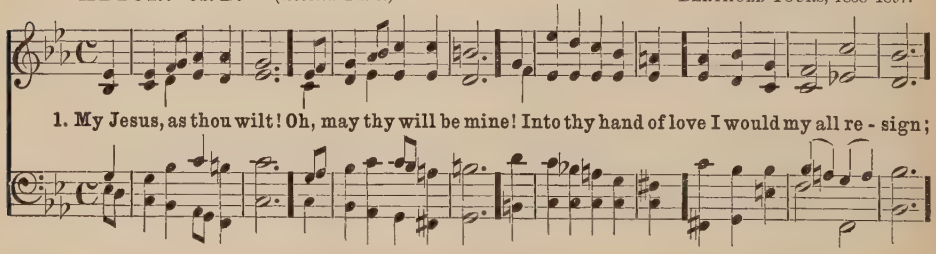
2 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
Grow dim or disappear;
Since thou on earth hast wept,
And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
My Lord, thy will be done!

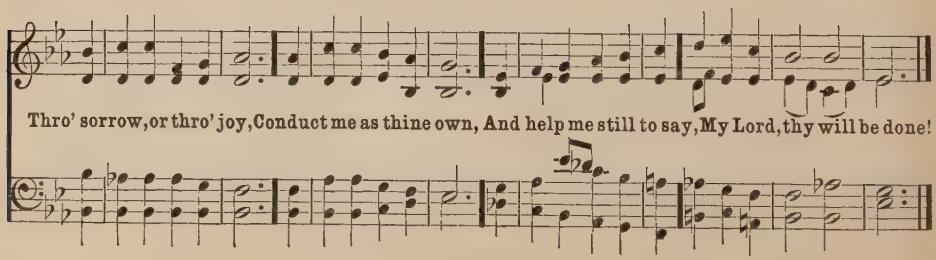
3 My Jesus, as thou wilt!
All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
I gladly trust with thee:
Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done!

B. Schmolke, 1716; tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1854.

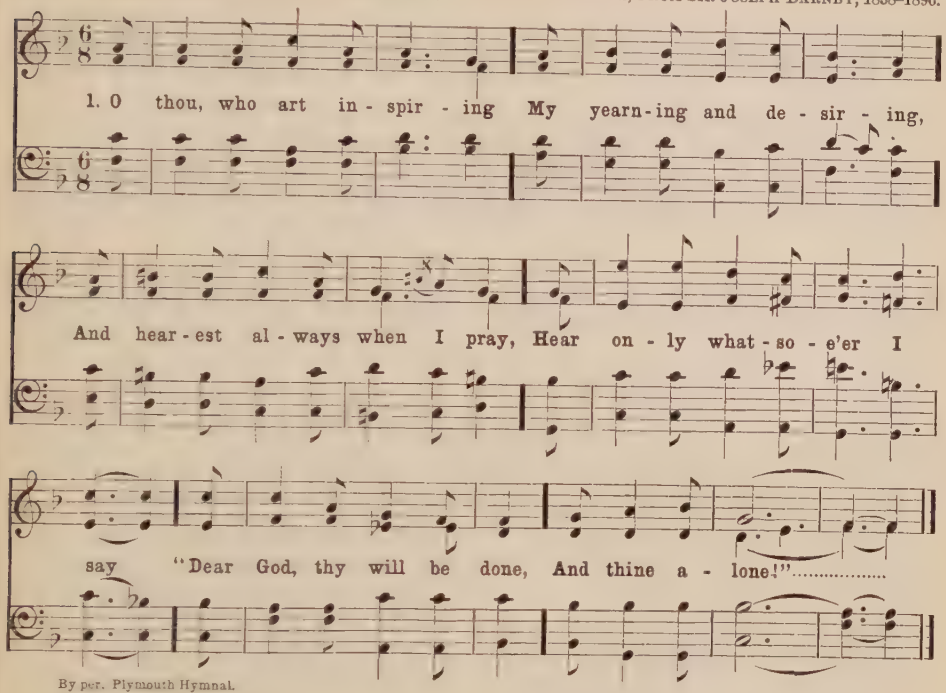
AYTON. 6s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

Berthold Tours, 1838–1897.





589 DWIGHT. 7.7.8.8.6.4. (*First Tune.*) ARR. BY C. H. MORSE, FROM SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. O thou, who art in - spir - ing My yearn-ing and de - sir - ing,
And hear - est al - ways when I pray, Hear on - ly what - so - e'er I
say "Dear God, thy will be done, And thine a - lone!"

By per. Plymouth Hymnal.

2 I could not joy in praying,
My heart before thee laying,
Did I not know I cannot move
The wiser purpose of thy love!
Dear God, thy will be done,
And thine alone!

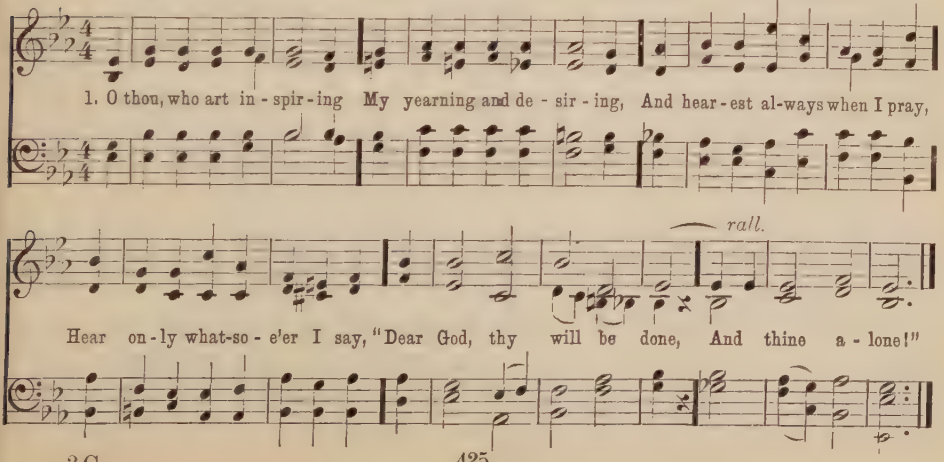
3 Such dread, my faith o'ertasking,
Would silence all my asking:
How should I dare a single hour
To borrow thine almighty power?
Dear God, thy will be done,
And thine alone!

4 Let not my selfish crying
Disturb thy love's replying!
I shall not mourn the things I miss
If thou but make me sure of this;
Dear God, thy will be done,
And thine alone!

Rossiter W. Raymond, 1893.

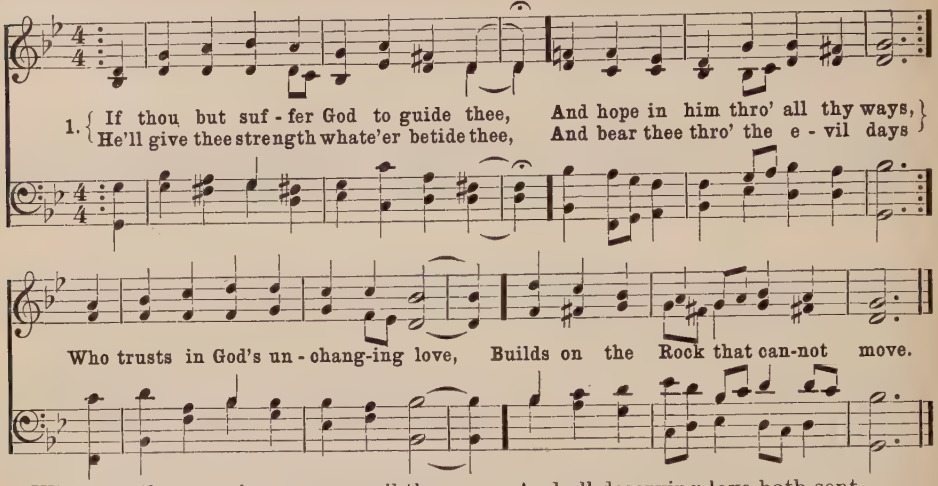
RAYMOND. 7.7.8.8.6.4. (*Second Tune.*)

E. H. JOHNSON, 1897.


1. O thou, who art in - spir - ing My yearning and de - sir - ing, And hear - est al-ways when I pray,
rall.
Hear on - ly what-so - e'er I say, "Dear God, thy will be done, And thine a - lone!"

590 NEUMARK. 9.8.9.8.8.8. (*First Tune.*)

G. C. NEUMARK, 1657, HAR. J. S. BACH, 1685–1750, ALT.


1. If thou but suf - fer God to guide thee, And hope in him thro' all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength whate'er betide thee, And bear thee thro' the e - vil days
Who trusts in God's un - chang-ing love, Builds on the Rock that can-not move.

2 What can these anxious cares avail thee,
The never-ceasing moans and sighs?
What can it help, if thou bewail thee,
O'er each dark moment as it flies?
Our cross and trials do but press
The heavier for our bitterness.

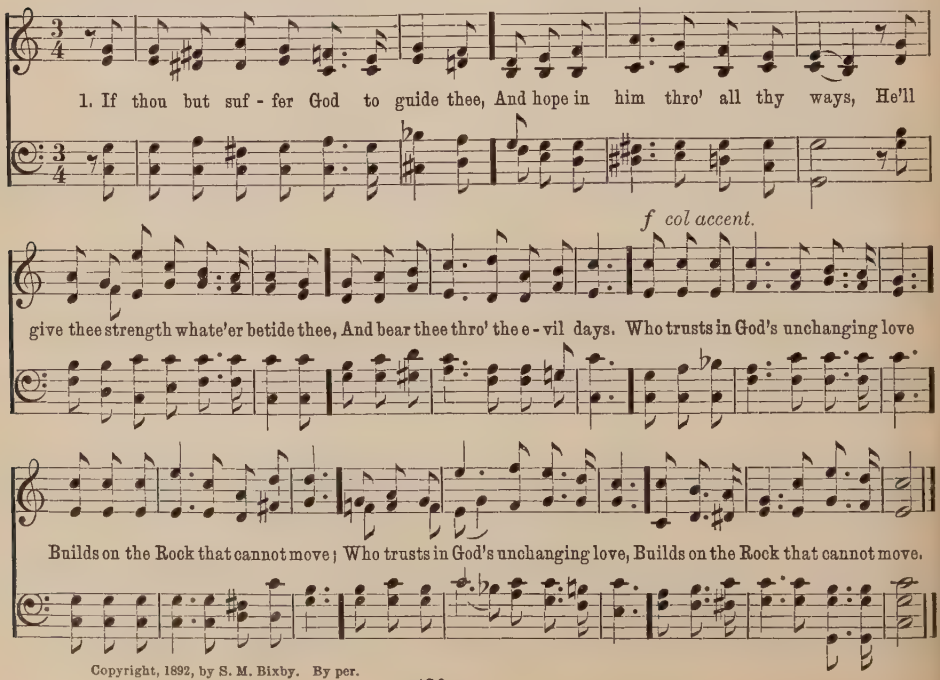
3 Only be still and wait his leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content
To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure
And all-deserving love hath sent,
No doubt our inmost wants are known
To him who chose us for his own.

4 Sing, pray, and keep his ways unswerving;
So do thine own part faithfully,
And thou shalt find, though undeserving,
He yet will prove his truth to thee.
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted him indeed.

George Neumark, 1653. Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1863.

ELDON. 9.8.9.8.8.8. (*Second Tune.*)

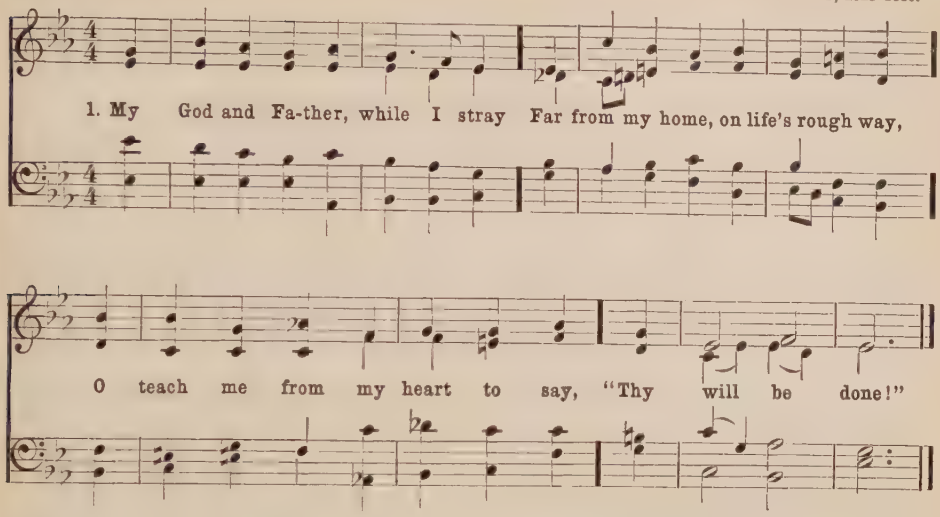
S. M. BIXBY, 1892.


1. If thou but suf - fer God to guide thee, And hope in him thro' all thy ways, He'll
f col accent.
give thee strength whate'er betide thee, And bear thee thro' the e - vil days. Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the Rock that cannot move; Who trusts in God's unchanging love, Builds on the Rock that cannot move.

Copyright, 1892, by S. M. Bixby. By per.

591 ST. GABRIEL. 8.8.8.4. (*First Tune.*)

SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1825-1889.



1 My God and Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

2 Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be still and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done!"

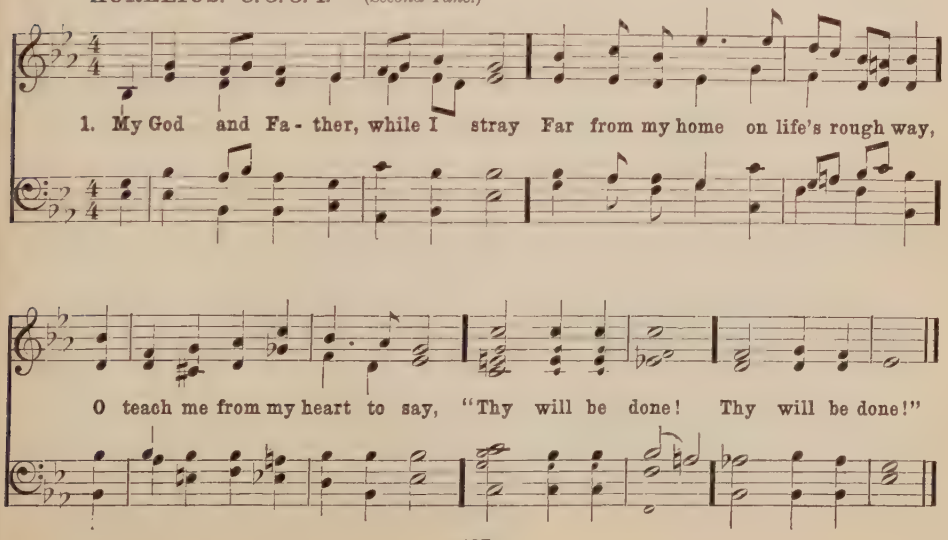
3 What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved, no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy will be done!"

4 Though thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine;
I have but yielded what was thine;
"Thy will be done!"

5 Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All now that makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!"

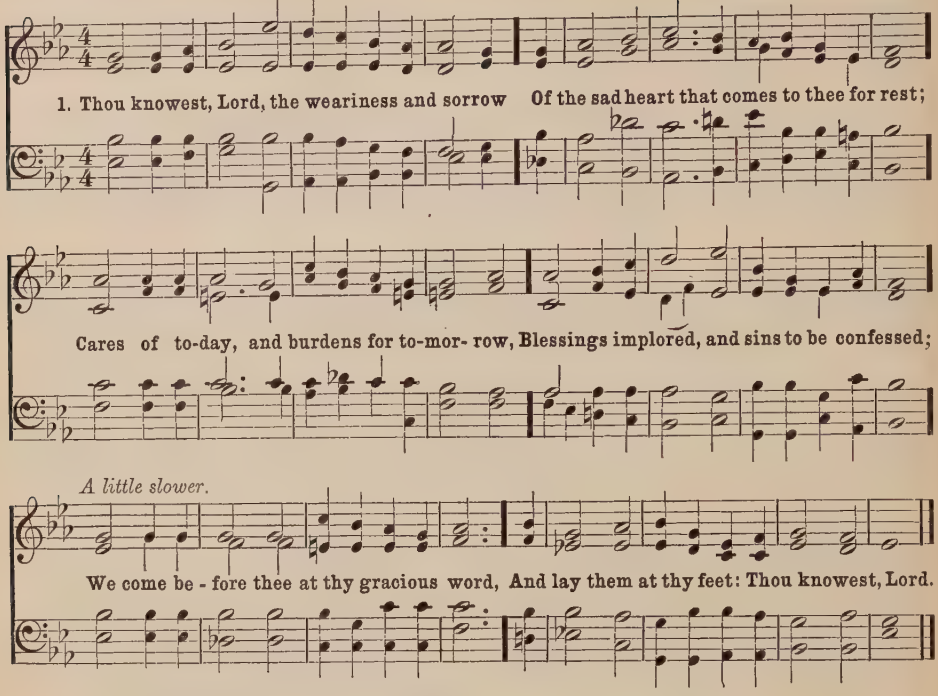
Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

AURELIUS. 8.8.8.4. (*Second Tune.*)


1. My God and Fa - ther, while I stray Far from my home on life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say, "Thy will be done! Thy will be done!"

592 BORTHWICK. 11.10.11.10.10.10.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.


1. Thou knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow Of the sad heart that comes to thee for rest;
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-mor- row, Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed;
A little slower.
We come be - fore thee at thy gracious word, And lay them at thy feet: Thou knowest, Lord.

2 Thou knowest all the past; how long and blindly
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed;
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid;
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again.

3 Thou knowest all the present; each temptation,
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear;
All to each one assigned of tribulation,
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear;
All pensive memories, as we journey on,
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

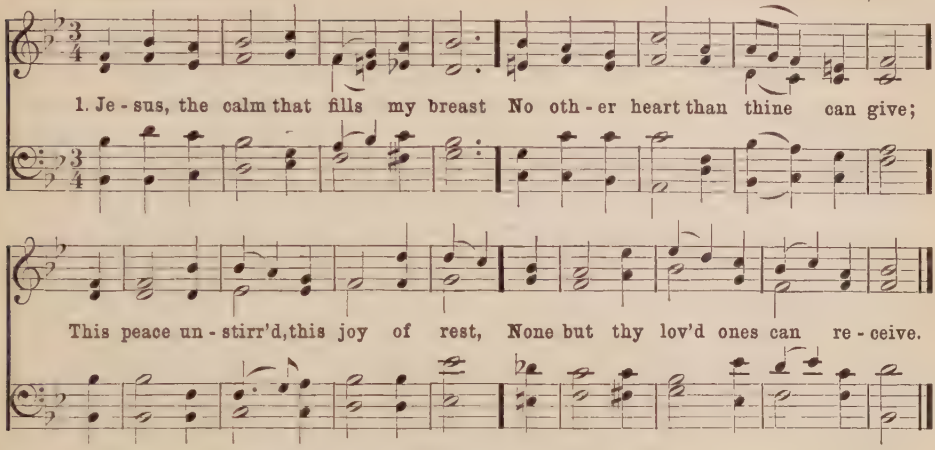
4 Thou knowest all the future; gleams of gladness
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
And the dark river to be crossed at last.
Oh! what could hope and confidence afford
To tread that path; but this, thou knowest, Lord!

5 Thou knowest, not alone as God, all-knowing;
As man, our mortal weakness thou hast proved:
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,
O Saviour, thou hast wept, and thou hast loved;
And love and sorrow still to thee may come,
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

6 Therefore we come, thy gentle call obeying,
And lay our sins and sorrows at thy feet;
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,
Clothed in thy robe of righteousness complete:
Then rising and refreshed we leave thy throne,
And follow on to know as we are known.

Miss Jane Borthwick and Mrs. Sarah Findlater, 1854?

593 GERMANY. L. M.

ARR. FROM BEETHOVEN, 1815.

1. Je - sus, the calm that fills my breast No oth - er heart than thine can give;
This peace un - stirr'd, this joy of rest, None but thy lov'd ones can re - ceive.

2 My weary soul has found a charm
That turns to blessedness my woe;
Within the shelter of thine arm
I rest secure from storm and foe.

3 In desert waste I feel no dread,
Fearless I walk the trackless sea;
I care not where my way is led,
Since all my life is life with thee.

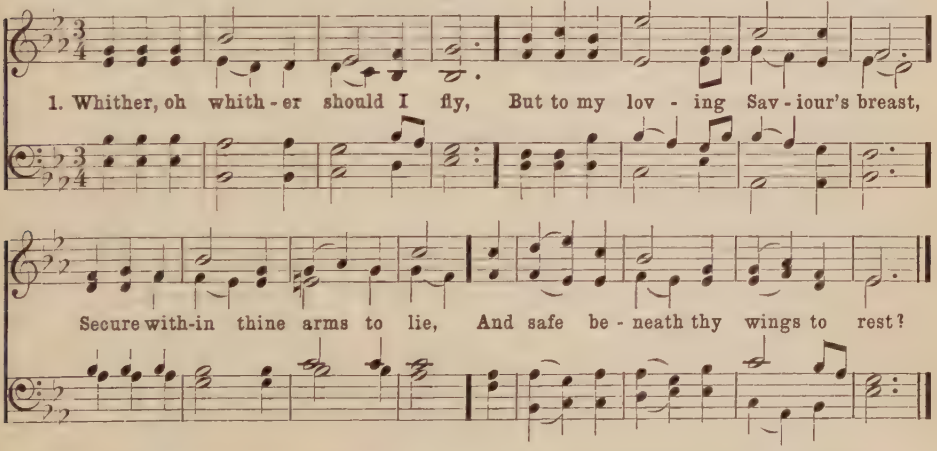
4 O Christ, thro' changeful years my Guide,
My Comforter in sorrow's night,
My Friend, when friendless, still abide
My Lord, my Counsellor, my Light.

5 My time, my powers I give to thee;
My inmost soul 'tis thine to move;
I wait for thy eternity,
I wait in peace, in praise, in love.

F. M. North, 1850—.

594 HOPE. L. M.

H. S. IRONS, 1834—.


1. Whither, oh whith - er should I fly, But to my lov - ing Sav - iour's breast,
Secure with-in thine arms to lie, And safe be - neath thy wings to rest?

1 Whither, oh whither should I fly,
But to my loving Saviour's breast,
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?

2 I have no skill the snare to shun,
But thou, O Christ, my wisdom art;
I ever into ruin run,
But thou art greater than my heart.

3 I have no might t'oppose the foe,
But everlasting strength is thine;
Show me the way that I should go,
Show me the path I should decline.

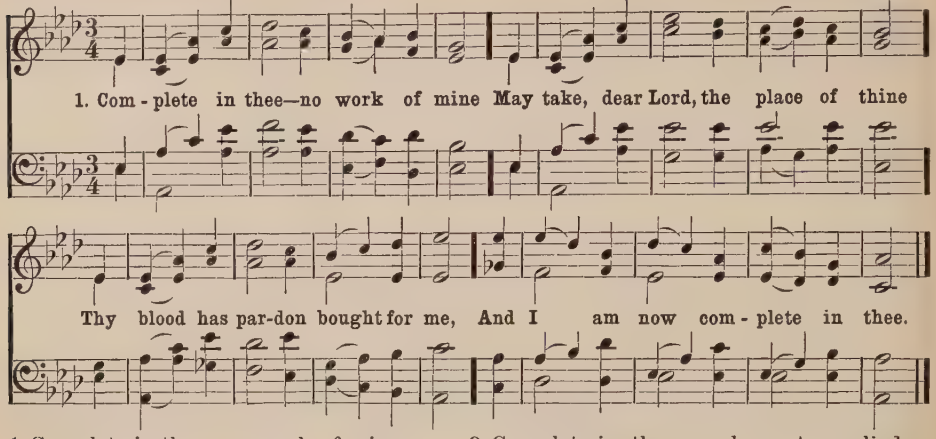
4 Foolish and impotent and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone.

Charles Wesley, 1740.

(ALSO ROCKINGHAM, No. 50.)

595 MORGAN. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

"CHORAL FRIEND," 1852.


1. Com - plete in thee—no work of mine May take, dear Lord, the place of thine
Thy blood has par-don bought for me, And I am now com - plete in thee.

1 Complete in thee—no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine,
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.

2 Complete in thee—no more shall sin,
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in thee.

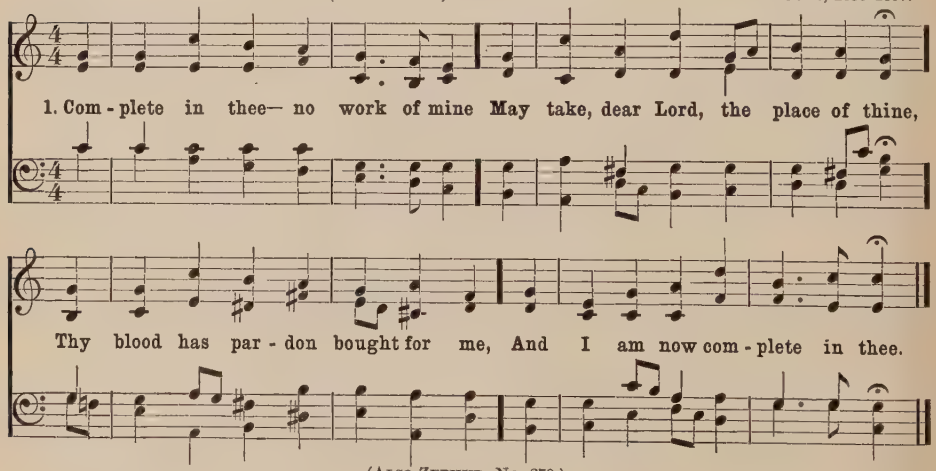
3 Complete in thee—each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more,—complete in thee.

4 Dear Saviour, when, before thy bar,
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among thy chosen may I be
At thy right hand,—complete in thee.

A. R. Wolfe, 1821—.

DEVENTER. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

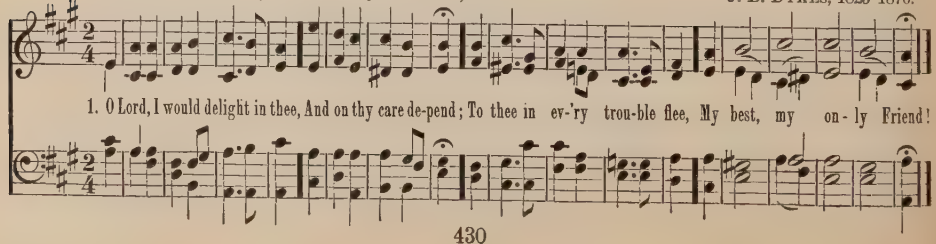
B. TOURS, 1838–1897.


1. Com - plete in thee— no work of mine May take, dear Lord, the place of thine,
Thy blood has par - don bought for me, And I am now com - plete in thee.

(ALSO ZEPHYR, No. 279.)

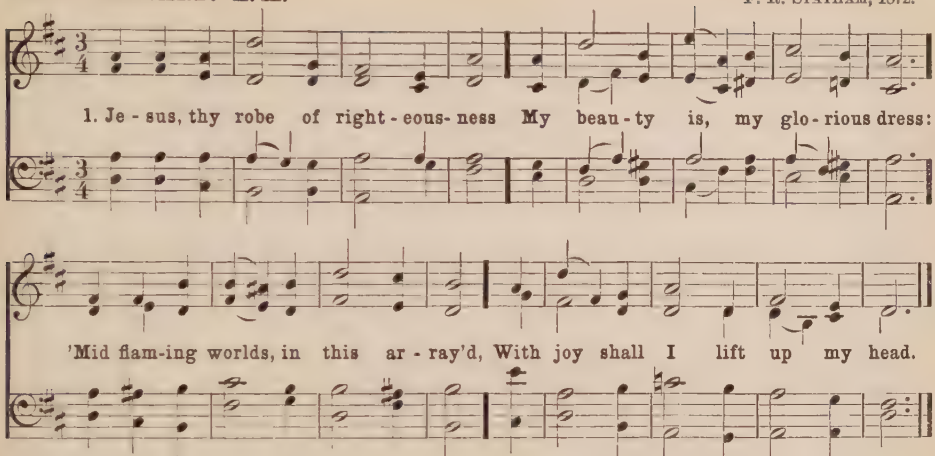
LAUD. C. M. (*Second Tune for No. 597.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



596 BARNARD. L. M.

F. R. Statham, 1872.


1. Je - sus, thy robe of right - eous - ness My beau - ty is, my glo - rious dress:
'Mid flam-ing worlds, in this ar - ray'd, With joy shall I lift up my head.

1 Jesus, thy robe of righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress:
'Mid flaming worlds, in this arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then shall this be all my plea,—
"Jesus hath lived and died for me."

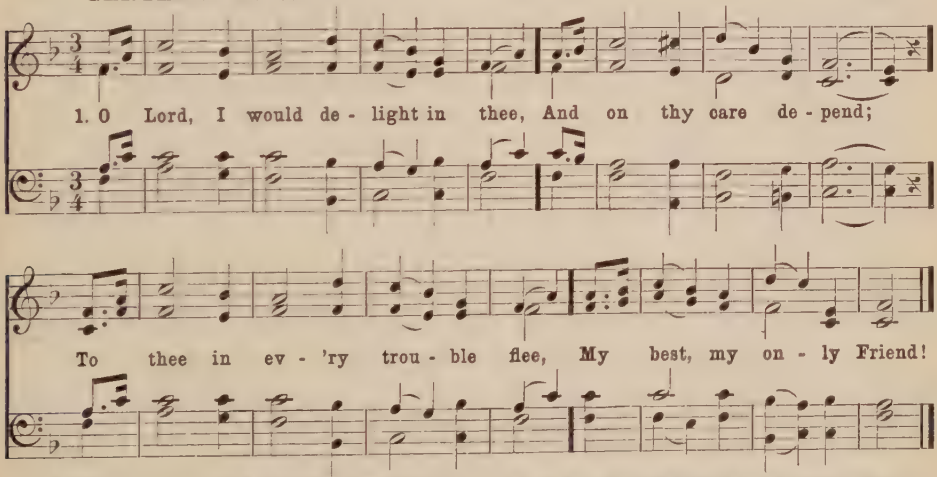
3 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

4 O let the dead now hear thy voice;
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice;
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, the Lord, our Righteousness.

Count Zinzendorf, 1739. John Wesley, 1740.

597 GENTLENESS. C. M.

Oliver Shaw, 1778–1848.



2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy Name.

3 No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

4 He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

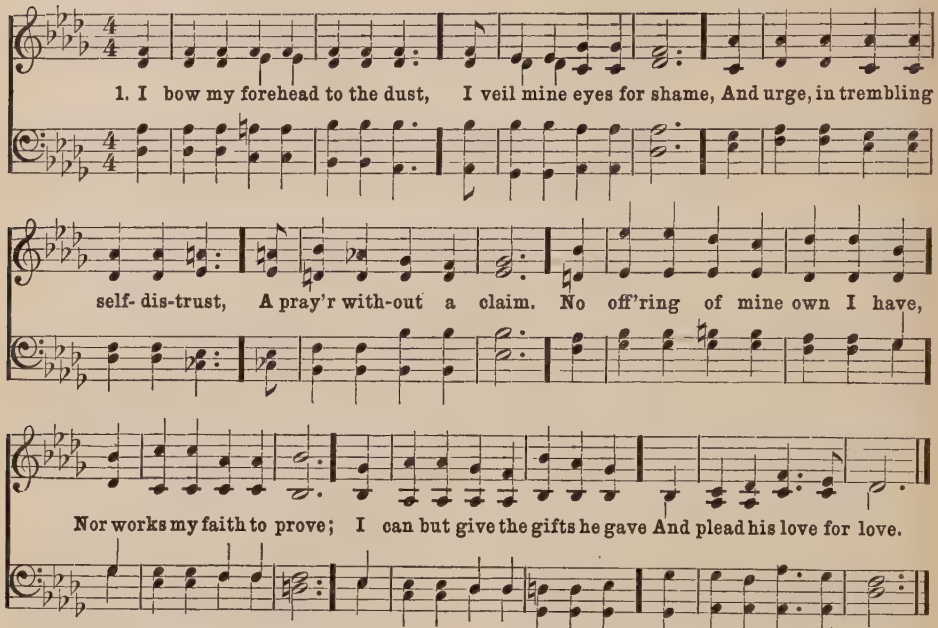
5 O Lord, I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

John Ryland, 1777.

(Also Laud, opposite.)

598 FATHERHOOD. C. M. D.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1827—.


1. I bow my forehead to the dust, I veil mine eyes for shame, And urge, in trembling
self- dis-trust, A pray'r with-out a claim. No off'ring of mine own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove; I can but give the gifts he gave And plead his love for love.

2 I dimly guess, from blessings known,
Of greater out of sight;
And, with the chastened psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.
And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

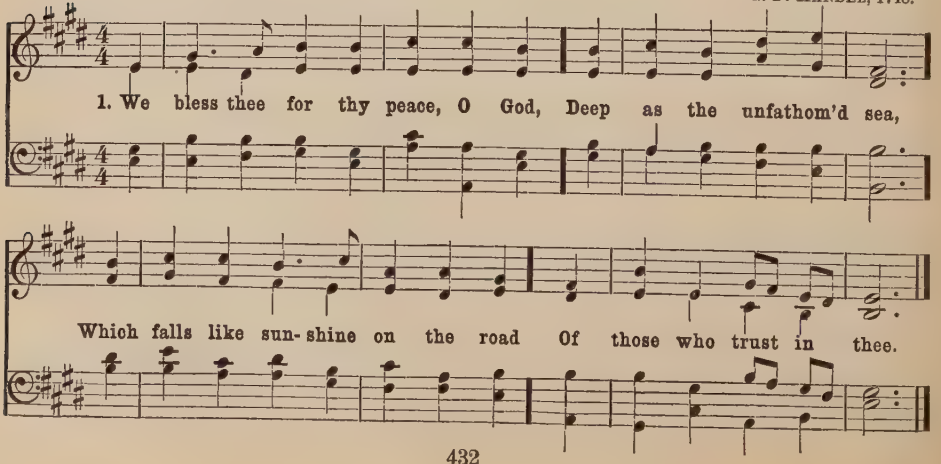
2 I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.
And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar:
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

4 I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.
And thou, O Lord, by whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on thee.

J. G. Whittier, 1867.

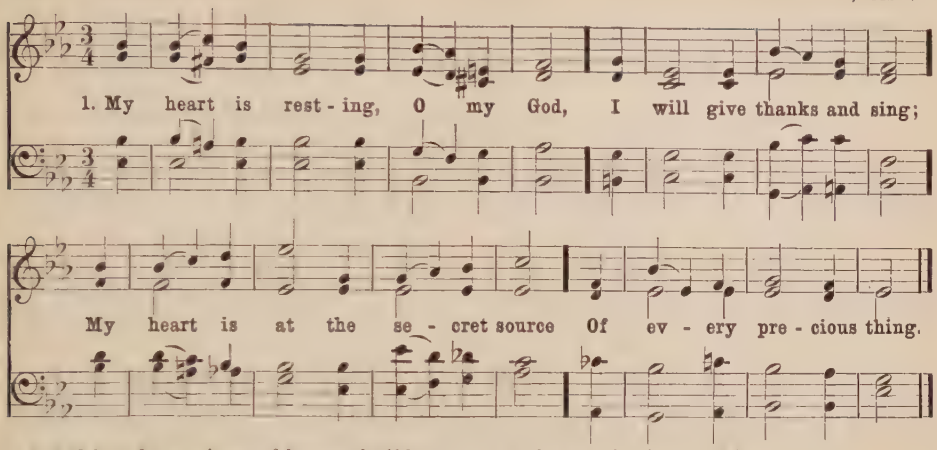
ZACHAU. C. M. (*Second Tune for No.* 600.)

G. F. Händel, 1748.


1. We bless thee for thy peace, O God, Deep as the unfathom'd sea,
Which falls like sun-shine on the road Of those who trust in thee.

599 MAKER. C. M.

F. C. Maker, 1844—.



2 I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise—
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

3 And a "new song" is in my mouth
To long-loved music set—
Glory to thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

4 I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
The hand that bled to make it mine,
Is keeping it for me.

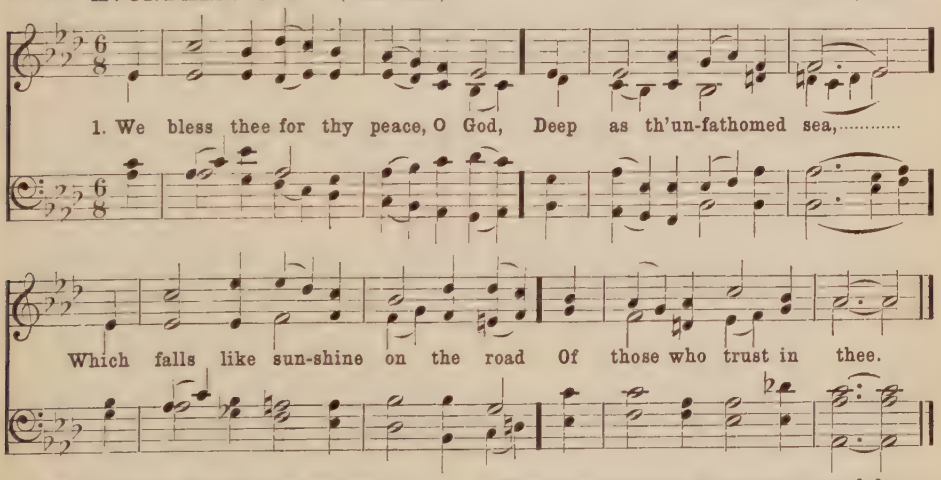
5 There is a certainty of love,
That sets my heart at rest;
A calm assurance for to-day
That what thou dost is best.

Anna Letitia Waring, 1820—.

(Also Heber, No. 249.)

600 AVONDALE. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

Josiah Booth, 1852—.


1. We bless thee for thy peace, O God, Deep as th'un-fathomed sea,
Which falls like sun-shine on the road Of those who trust in thee.

2 We ask not, Father, for repose
Which comes from outward rest,
If we may have thro' all life's woes
Thy peace within our breast:

3 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see,
Deems not the trial-way too long,
But leaves the end with thee:

4 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep,
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

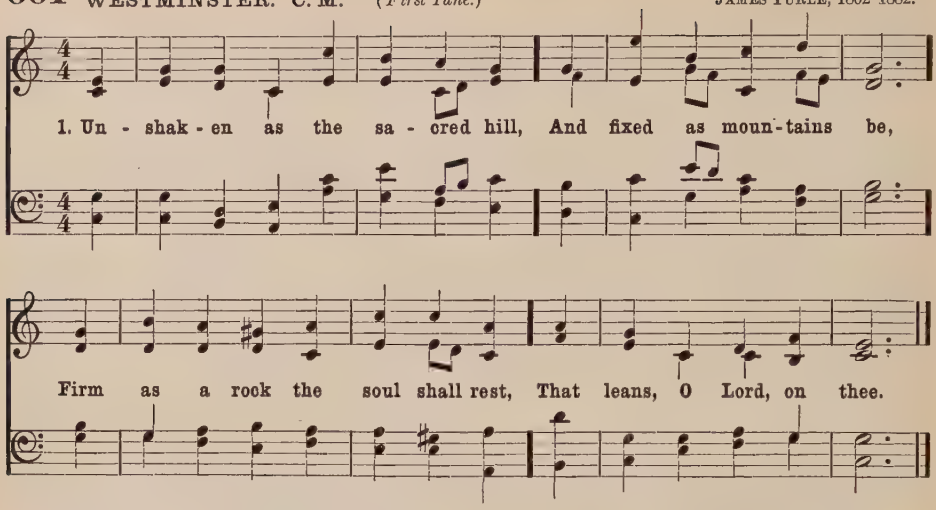
5 O Father, give our hearts this peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

Anon.

(Also Zachau, opposite.)

601 WESTMINSTER. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

JAMES TURLE, 1802–1882.



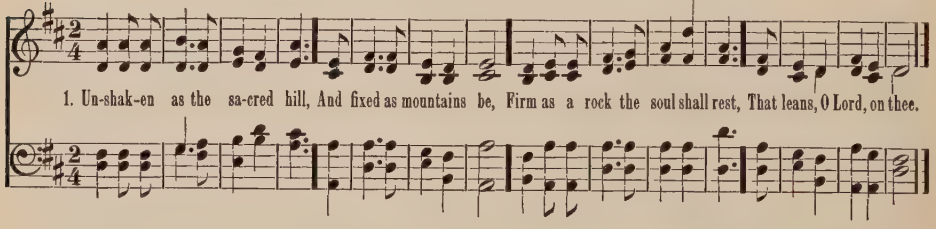
2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love,
That every saint surround.

2 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ, the Lord, is gone.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

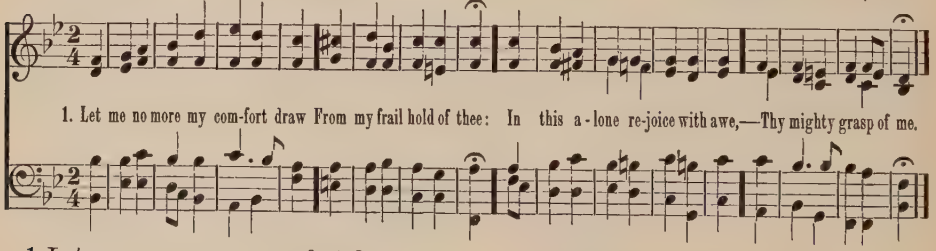
PALESTRINA. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

G. P. A. PALESTRINA, c. 1515–1594.



602 ABDIEL. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, 1882.



1 Let me no more my comfort draw
From my frail hold of thee:
In this alone rejoice with awe,—
Thy mighty grasp of me.

2 Out of that weak, unquiet drift
That comes but to depart,
To that pure Heaven my spirit lift
Where thou unchanging art.

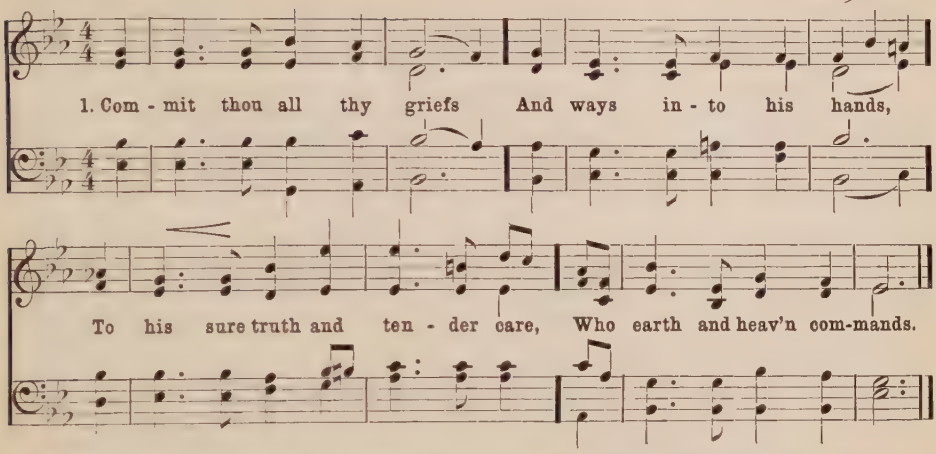
3 Thy purpose of eternal good
Let me but surely know,
On this I'll lean, let changing mood
And feeling come or go;

4 Glad when thy sunshine fills my soul,
Not lorn when clouds o'ercast;
Since thou within thy sure control
Of love dost hold me fast.

J. C. Shairp, 1888.

(ALSO HUMMEL, OPPOSITE)

603 FESCA. S. M.

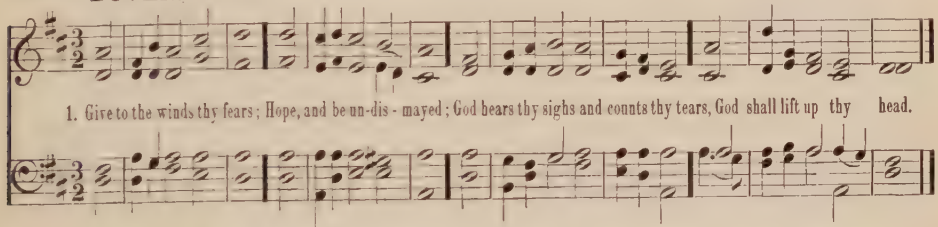
A. E. Fesca, 1820–1849.

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom wind and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord reply,
So safe shalt thou go on.
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care:
To him commend thy cause; his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Paul Gerhardt, 1659; tr. by John Wesley, 1739.

604 DOVER. S. M.

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart?
Still sink thy spirits down?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
Bid every care begone.

4 What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

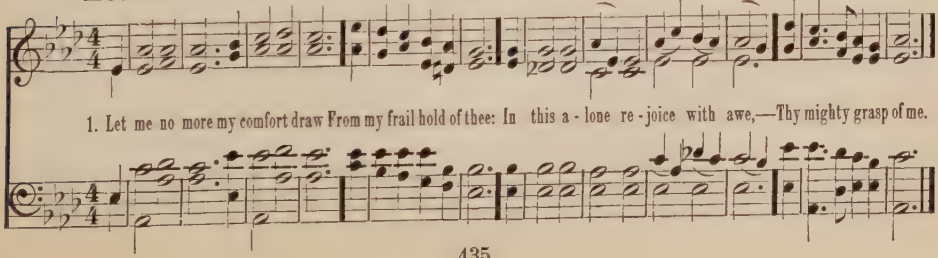
5 Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work has wrought,
That caused thy needless fear.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656; tr. by John Wesley, 1739.

HUMMEL. C. M.

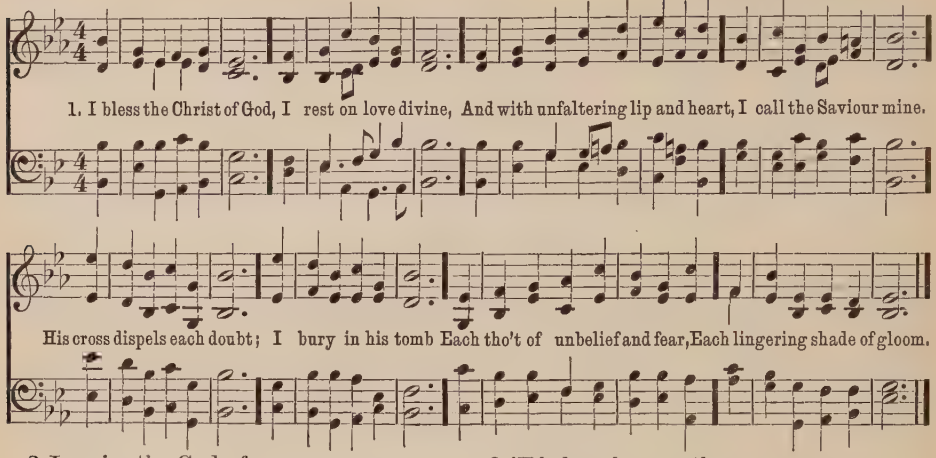
(Second Tune for No. 602.)

H. C. Zeuner, 1797–1857.



605 WALWORTH. S. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

CHARLES STEGGALL, 1872.


1. I bless the Christ of God, I rest on love divine, And with unfaltering lip and heart, I call the Saviour mine.
His cross dispels each doubt; I bury in his tomb Each tho't of unbelief and fear, Each lingering shade of gloom.

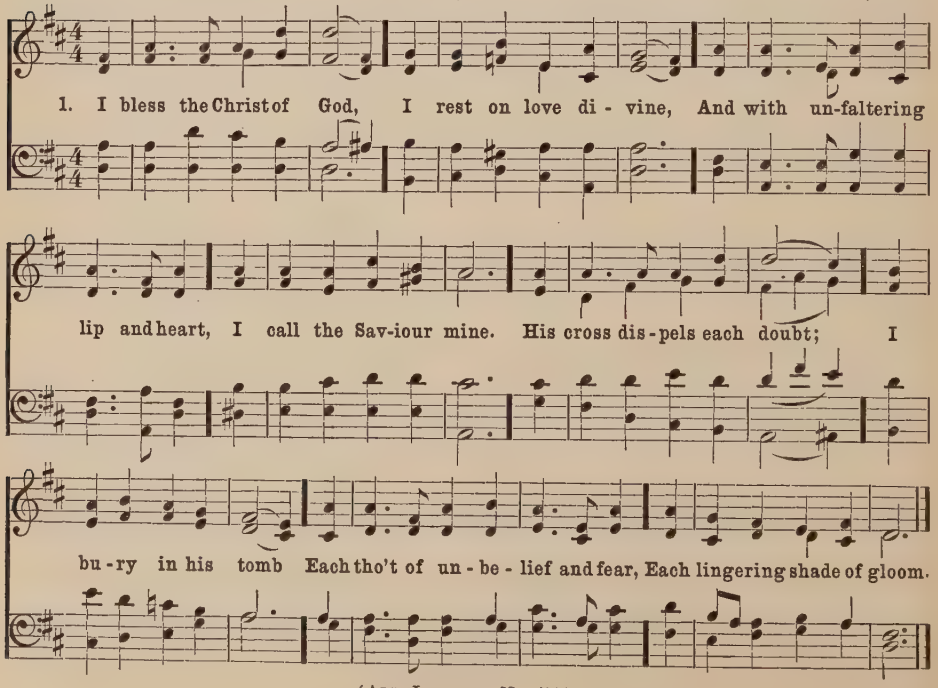
2 I praise the God of peace;
I trust his truth and might;
He calls me his, I call him mine,
My God, my joy, my light.
In him is only good,
In me is only ill;
My ill but draws his goodness forth,
And me he loveth still.

3 'T is he who saveth me,
And freely pardon gives;
I love because he loveth me;
I live because he lives.
My life with him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

Horatius Bonar, 1808–1889.

CHILDREY. S. M. D. (*Second Tune.*)

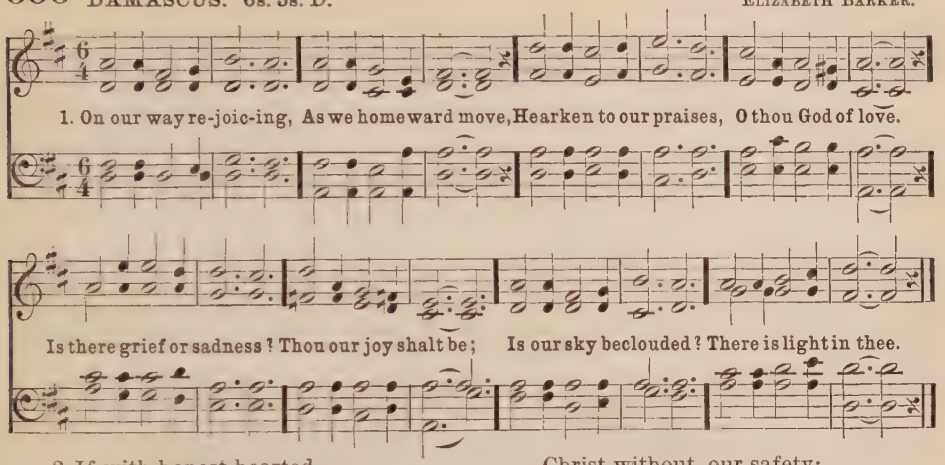
J. E. HENRY, 1897.


1. I bless the Christ of God, I rest on love di - vine, And with un-faltering
lip and heart, I call the Sav-iour mine. His cross dis-pels each doubt; I
bu-ry in his tomb Each tho't of un-be-lief and fear, Each lingering shade of gloom.

(ALSO LEBANON, No. 431.)

606 DAMASCUS. 6s. 5s. D.

ELIZABETH BARKER.


1. On our way re-joic-ing, As we homeward move, Hearken to our praises, O thou God of love.
Is there grief or sadness? Thou our joy shalt be; Is our sky beclouded? There is light in thee.

2 If with honest-hearted
Love for God and man,
Day by day thou find us
Doing all we can.
Thou who giv'st the seed-time
Wilt give large increase.
Crown the head with blessings,
Fill the heart with peace.

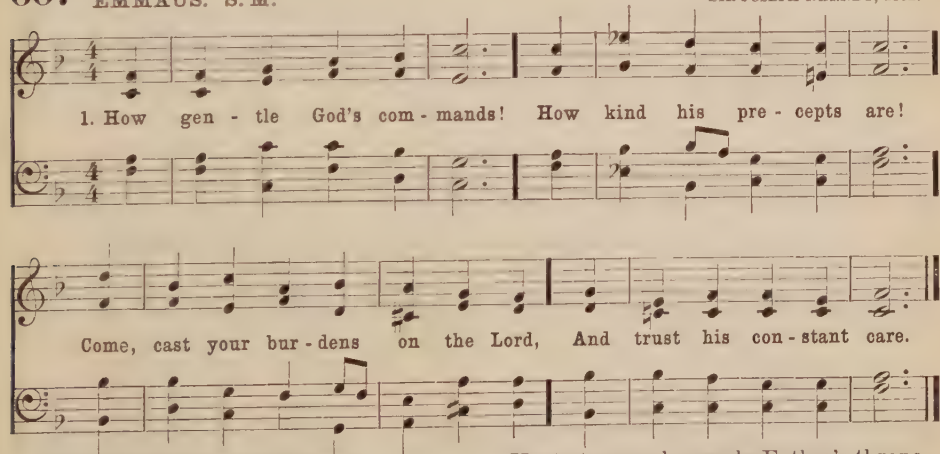
3 On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go;
Victor is our Leader,
Vanquished is the foe:
Christ without, our safety;
Christ within, our joy;
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy?

4 Unto God the Father
Joyful songs we sing;
Unto God the Saviour
Thankful hearts we bring;
Unto God the Spirit
Bow we and adore;
On our way rejoicing
Now and evermore.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863, 1873; alt.

607 EMMAUS. S. M.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1862.



2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

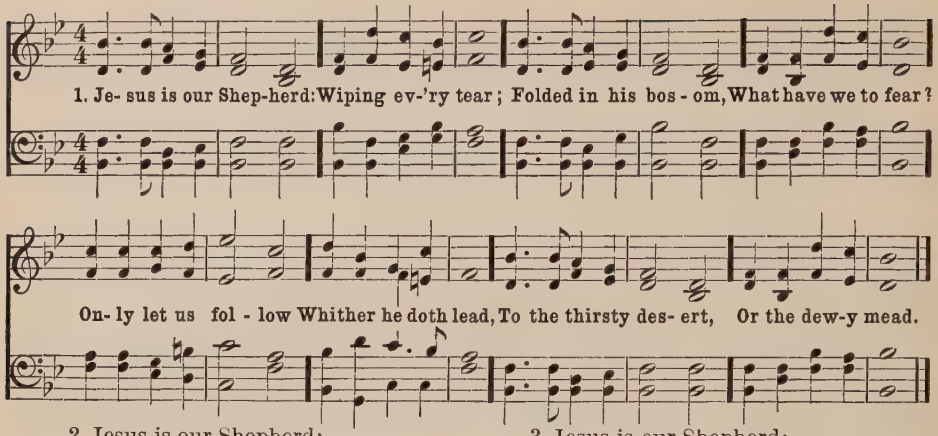
3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

(ALSO DENNIS, No. 516.)

608 STOWELL. 6s. 5s. D. (*First Tune.*)


1. Je- sus is our Shep-herd: Wiping ev-'ry tear; Folded in his bos - om, What have we to fear?
On- ly let us fol - low Whither he doth lead, To the thirsty des- ert, Or the dew-y mead.

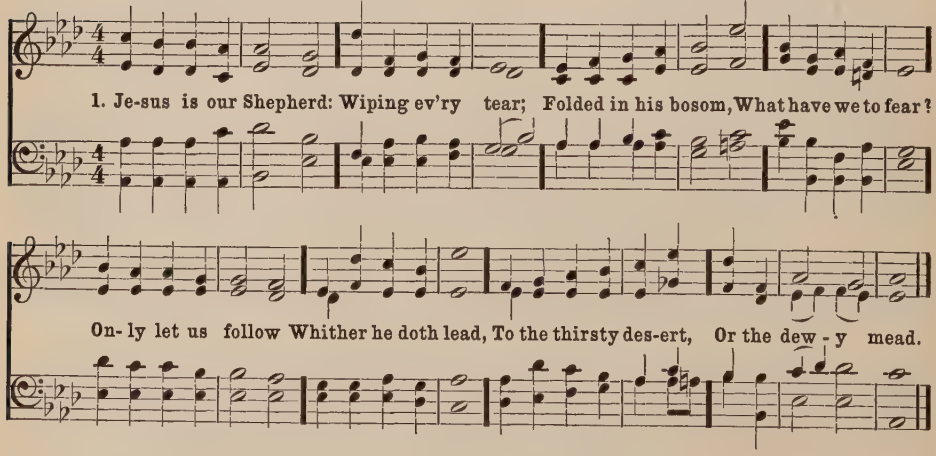
2 Jesus is our Shepherd:
Well we know his voice,
How its gentlest whisper
Makes our heart rejoice;
Even when he chideth,
Tender is his tone:
None but he shall guide us;
We are his alone.

3 Jesus is our Shepherd;
Guarded by his arm,
Though the wolves may ravin,
None can do us harm;
When we tread death's valley,
Dark with fearful gloom,
We will fear no evil,
Victors o'er the tomb.

Hugh Stowell, 1799–1865.

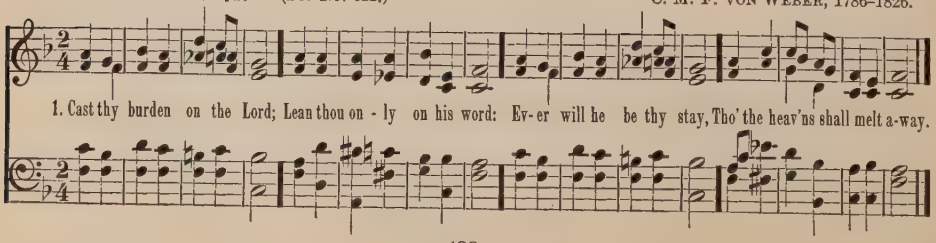
VEVEY. 6s. 5s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

THEME OF FIRST FOUR MEASURES BY C. A. BARNARD; E. H. JOHNSON, 1885.


1. Je-sus is our Shepherd: Wiping ev'ry tear; Folded in his bosom, What have we to fear?
On- ly let us follow Whither he doth lead, To the thirsty des-ert, Or the dew - y mead.

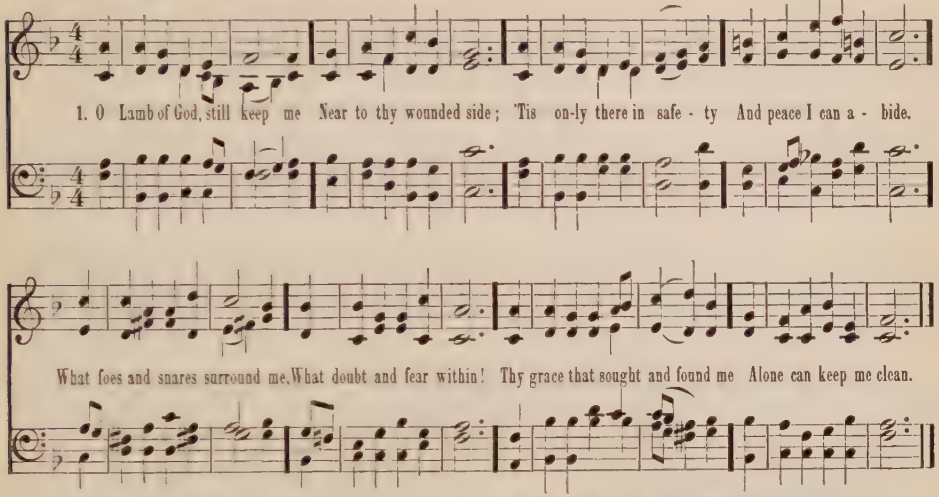
SEYMOUR. 7s. (*For No.* 611.)

C. M. F. VON WEBER, 1786–1826.



609 JESU, MAGISTER BONE. 7s. 6s. D.

J. B. Dykes, 1875.


1. O Lamb of God, still keep me Near to thy wounded side; 'Tis on-ly there in safe - ty And peace I can a - bide.
What foes and snares surround me, What doubt and fear within! Thy grace that sought and found me Alone can keep me clean.

2 'Tis only in thee hiding,
I know my life secure;
Only in thee abiding,
The conflict can endure:
Thine arm the victory gaineth
O'er every hateful foe;
Thy love my heart sustaineth
In all its care and woe.

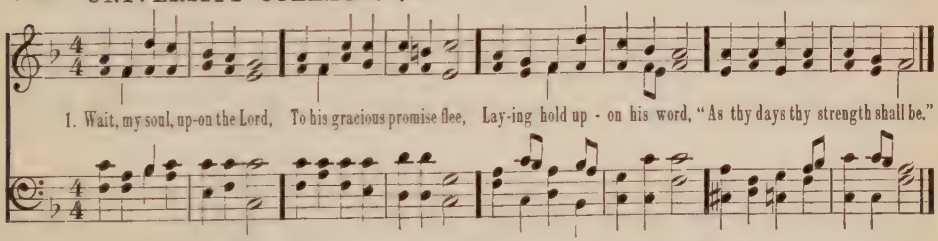
3 Soon shall my eyes behold thee,
With rapture, face to face;
One half hath not been told me
Of all thy power and grace;
Thy beauty, Lord, and glory,
The wonders of thy love,
Shall be the endless story
Of all thy saints above.

J. G. Deck, 1842.

(Also Aurelia, No. 669.)

610 UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7s.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1805–1876.



2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar still to thee,
God has promised needful grace:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou mayst see;
This is still thy sweet relief:
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I'm secure,
With thy promise, full and free,
Faithful, positive, and sure,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

W. F. Lloyd, 1791–1853.

611 SEYMOUR. (*Opposite.*)

2 Ever in the raging storm,
Thou shalt see his cheering form,
Hear his pledge of coming aid:
"It is I; be not afraid."

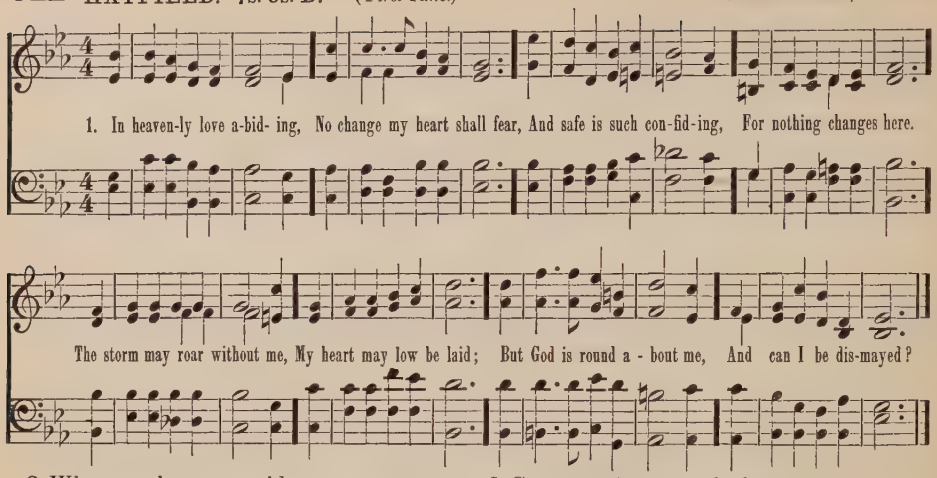
3 Cast thy burden at his feet;
Linger near his mercy-seat:
He will lead thee by the hand
Gently to the better land.

4 He will gird thee by his power.
In thy weary, fainting hour;
Lean, then, loving on his word;
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

George Rawson, 1857.

612 HATFIELD. 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838—.


1. In heaven-ly love a-bid- ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con-fid-ing, For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid; But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis-mayed?

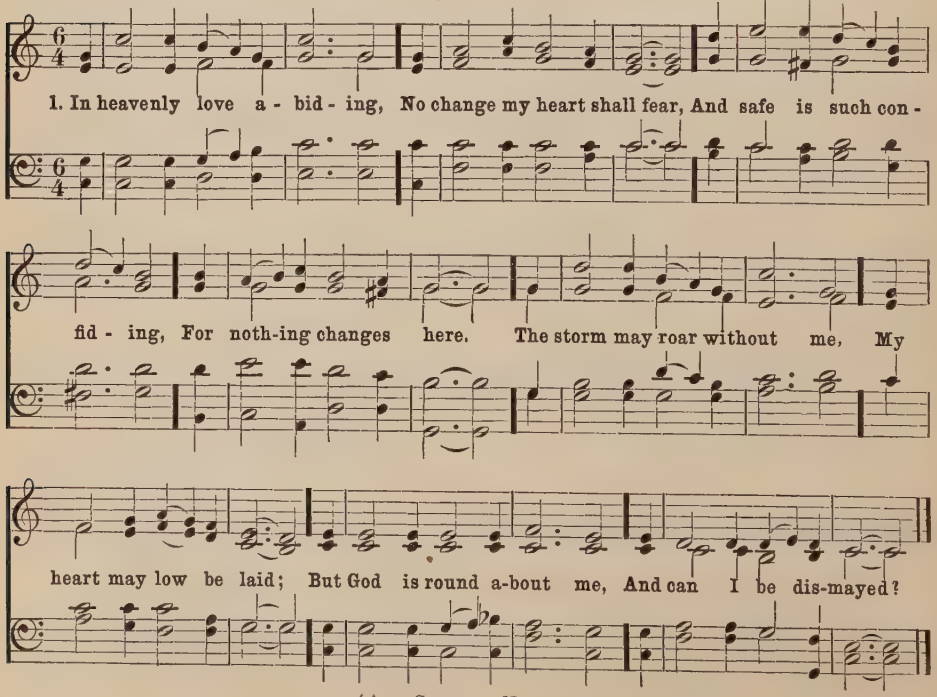
2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim;
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
The path of life is free;
My Saviour has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

Anna Letitia Waring, 1850.

WATERMOUTH. 7s. 6s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

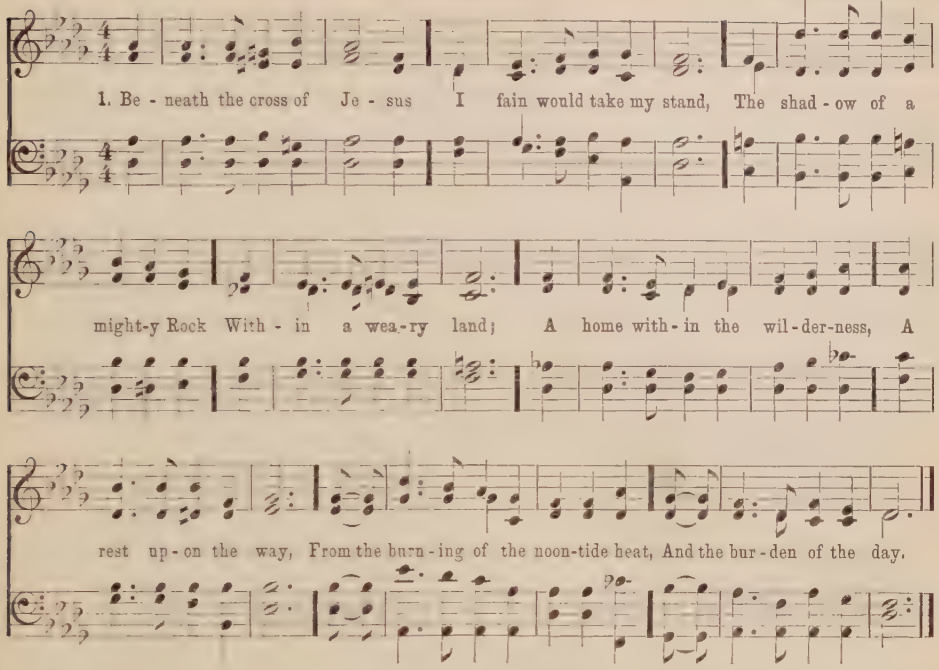
R. JACKSON, 1842—.


1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con -
fid - ing, For noth-ing changes here. The storm may roar without me, My
heart may low be laid; But God is round a-bout me, And can I be dis-mayed?

(ALSO CRUCIFIX, No. 696.)

613 ST. CHRISTOPHER. P. M. (*First Tune.*)

F. C. MAKER, 1881.


1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand, The shad - ow of a
might-y Rock With - in a wea-ry land; A home with - in the wil - der-ness, A
rest up - on the way, From the burn - ing of the noon-tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.

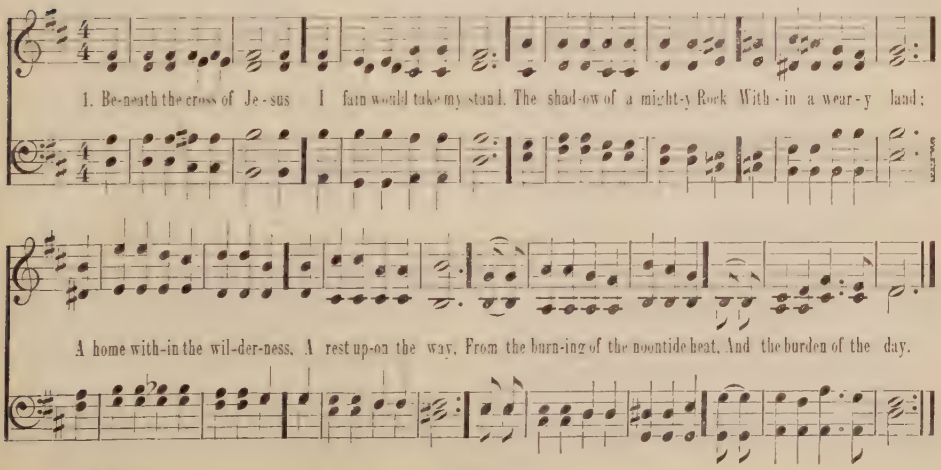
2 Upon that cross of Jesus
Mine eye at times can see
The very dying form of One
Who suffered there for me:
And from my smitten heart with tears
Two wonders I confess,—
The wonders of his glorious love
And my own worthlessness.

3 I take, O cross, thy shadow
For my abiding-place:
I ask no other sunshine than
The sunshine of his face;
Content to let the world go by,
To know no gain nor loss,
My sinful self my only shame,
My glory all the cross.

Elizabeth Cecilia Clephane, 1872.

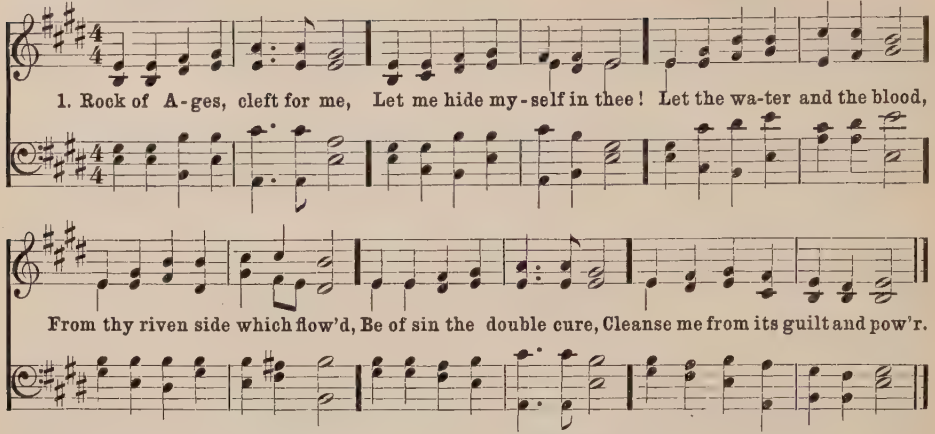
FATHERHOOD. P. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1827—.


1. Be-neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand. The shad-ow of a might-y Rock With - in a wear - y land;
A home with-in the wil-der-ness. A rest up-on the way. From the burn-ing of the noontide heat. And the burden of the day.

614 GETHSEMANE. 7s. 6s. (*First Tune.*)

RICHARD REDHEAD, 1853.


1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee! Let the wa-ter and the blood,
From thy riven side which flow'd, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfill thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

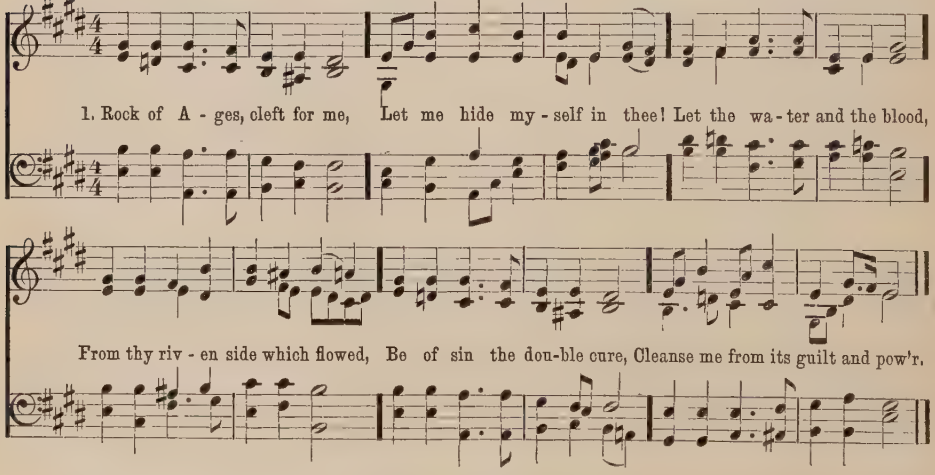
3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress;
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

A. M. Toplady, 1776, alt.

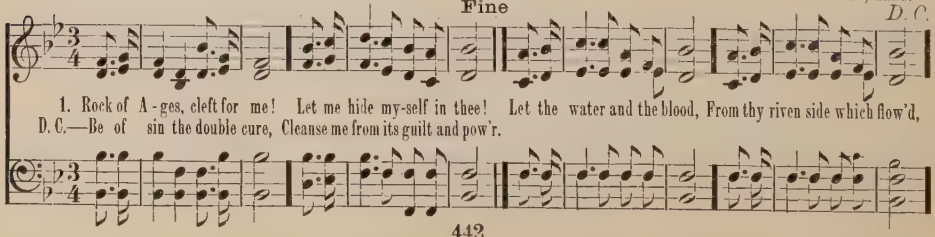
ANSELM. 7s. 6s. (*Second Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1872.


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee! Let the wa - ter and the blood,
From thy riv - en side which flowed, Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

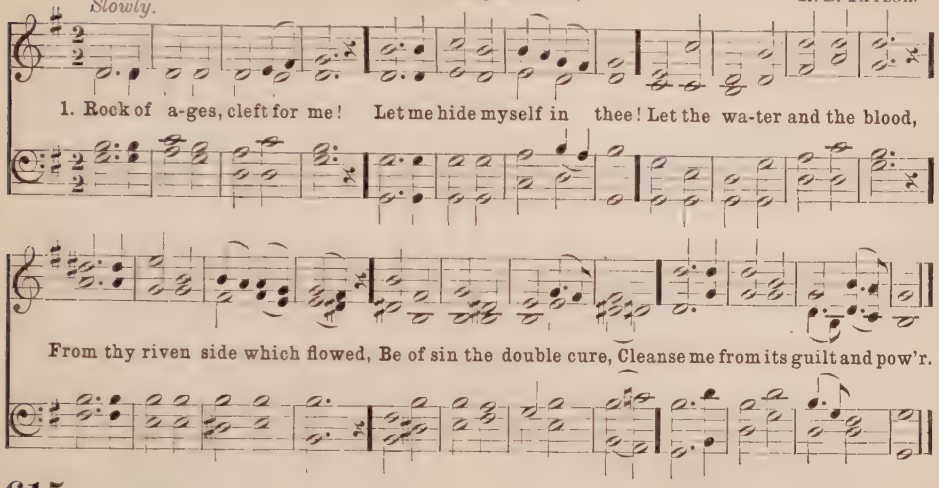
TOPLADY. 7s. 6l. (*Third Tune.*)

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.

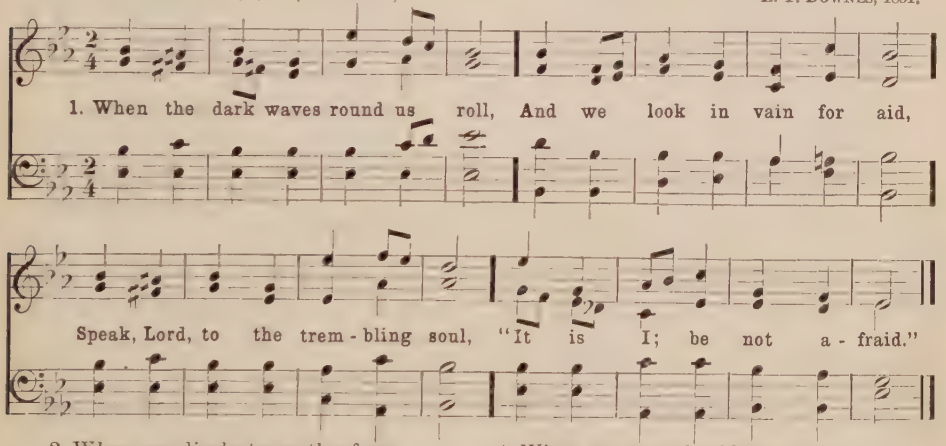

Fine
D. C.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me! Let me hide my-self in thee! Let the water and the blood, From thy riven side which flow'd,
D. C.—Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

CRUCIFIXION. 7s. 6 l. (*Fourth Tune for No. 614.*) R. B. TAYLOR.

Slowly.


1. Rock of a-ges, cleft for me! Let me hide myself in thee! Let the wa-ter and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and pow'r.

615 SOLITUDE. 7s. (*First Tune.*) L. T. DOWNES, 1851.



2 When we dimly trace thy form
In mysterious clouds arrayed,
Be the echo of the storm,
"It is I; be not afraid."

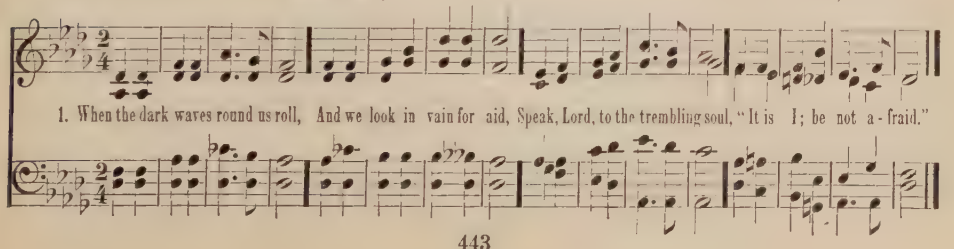
3 When our brightest hopes depart,
When our fairest visions fade,
Whisper to the fainting heart,
"It is I; be not afraid."

4 When we weep beside the bier
Where some well-loved form is laid,
Oh, may then the mourner hear,
"It is I; be not afraid."

5 When we feel the end is near,
Passing into death's dark shade,
May the voice be strong and clear,
"It is I; be not afraid."

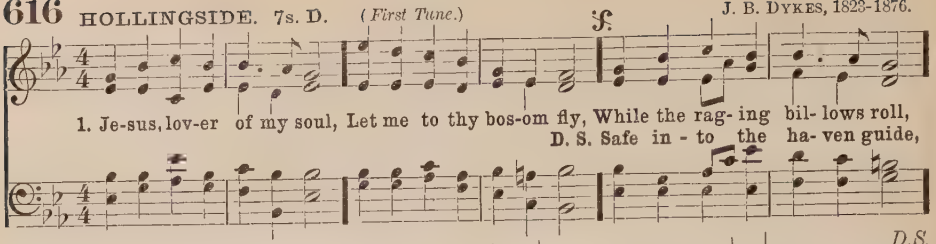
W. W. How, 1864.

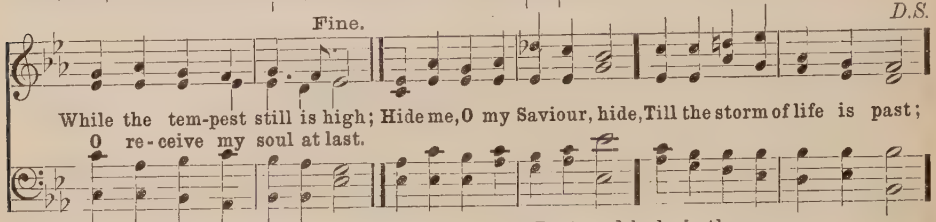
CYPRUS. 7s. (*Second Tune.*) MENDELSSOHN, 1809–1847.



616 HOLLINGSIDE. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.





2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

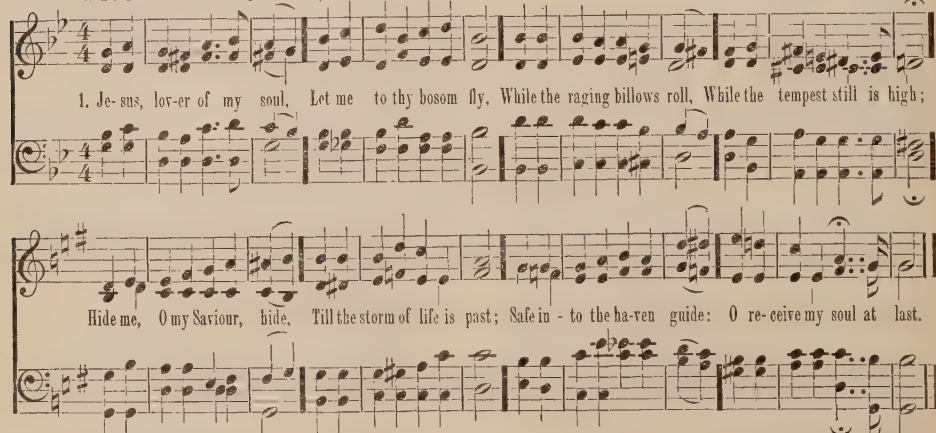
3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

Charles Wesley, 1740; alt.

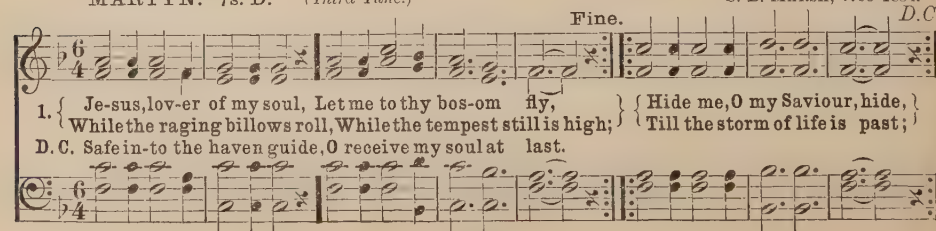
ST. FABIAN. 7s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1866.


1. Je- sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the raging billows roll, While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha-ven guide: O re- ceive my soul at last.

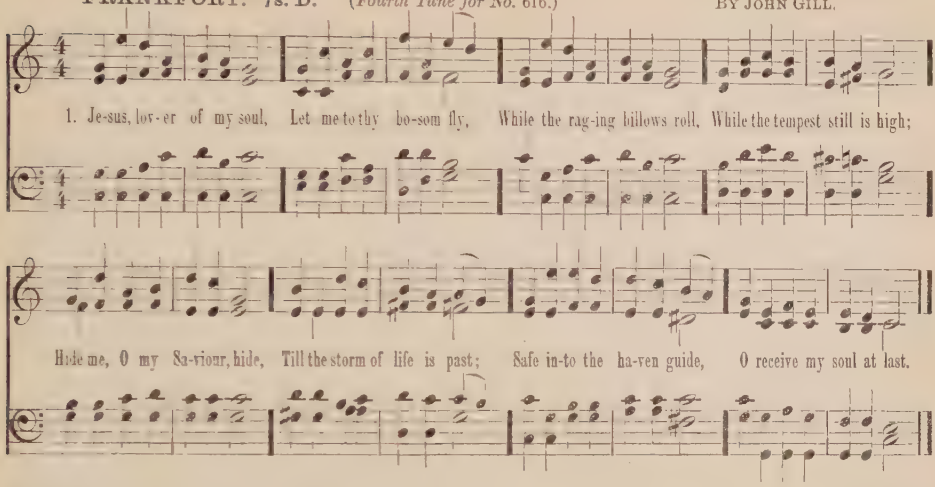
MARTYN. 7s. D. (*Third Tune.*)

S. B. MARSH, 1798-1834.


Fine.
D.C.
1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bos-om fly,
While the raging billows roll, While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
D.C. Safe in-to the haven guide, O receive my soul at last.

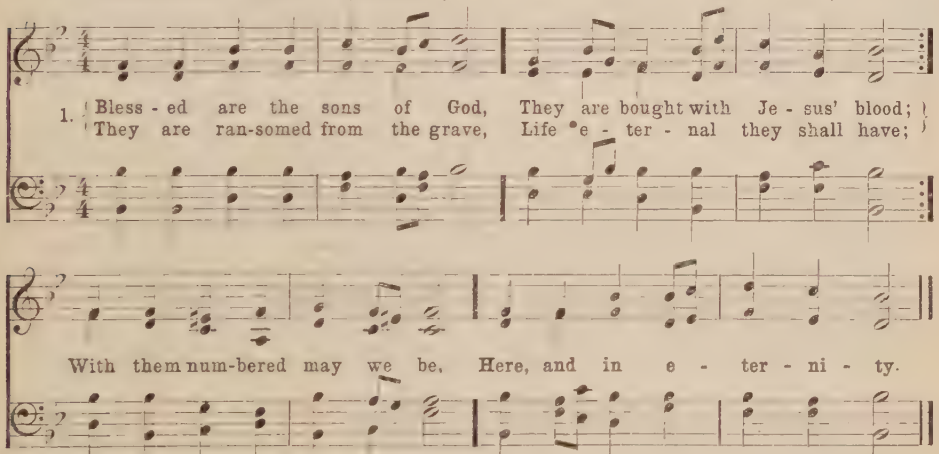
FRANKFORT. 7s. D. (*Fourth Tune for No.* 616.)

ARR. FROM MENDELSSOHN, 1809–1847.
BY JOHN GILL.


1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to thy bo-som fly, While the rag-ing billows roll, While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Sa-viour, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O receive my soul at last.

617 **ROSEFIELD.** 7s. 6 l. (*First Tune.*)

C. H. A. MALAN, 1787–1864.


1. Bless - ed are the sons of God, They are bought with Je - sus' blood;
They are ran-somed from the grave, Life e - ter - nal they shall have;
With them num-bered may we be, Here, and in e - ter - ni - ty.

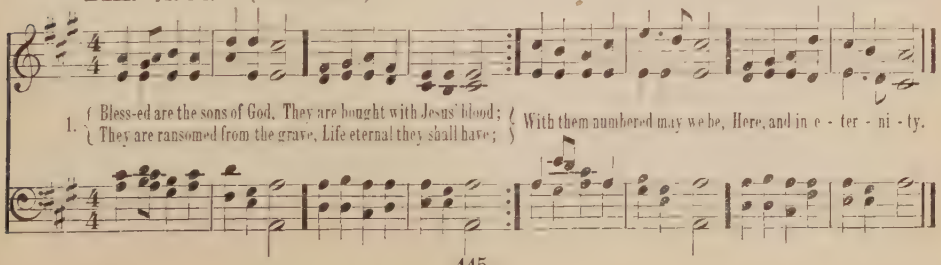
2 They are justified by grace;
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day;
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

3 They have fellowship with God,
Through the Mediator's blood;
One with God, through Jesus one,
Glory is in them begun;
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

Joseph Humphreys, 1743.

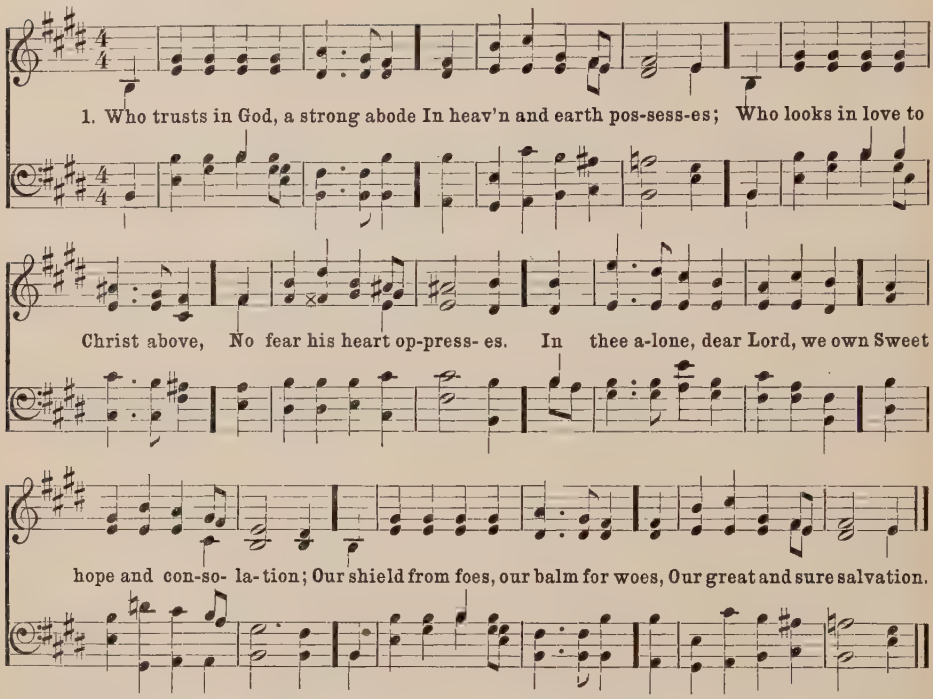
DIX. 7s. 6 l. (*Second Tune.*)

CONRAD KOCHER, 1786–1838.


1. Bless-ed are the sons of God, They are bought with Jesus' blood;
They are ransomed from the grave, Life eternal they shall have;
With them numbered may we be, Here, and in e - ter - ni - ty.

618 VICTORIA. 8s. 7s. D.

COMPOSED FOR THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE, BY SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1897.


1. Who trusts in God, a strong abode In heav'n and earth pos-sess-es; Who looks in love to
Christ above, No fear his heart op-press- es. In thee a-lone, dear Lord, we own Sweet
hope and con-so- la-tion; Our shield from foes, our balm for woes, Our great and sure salvation.

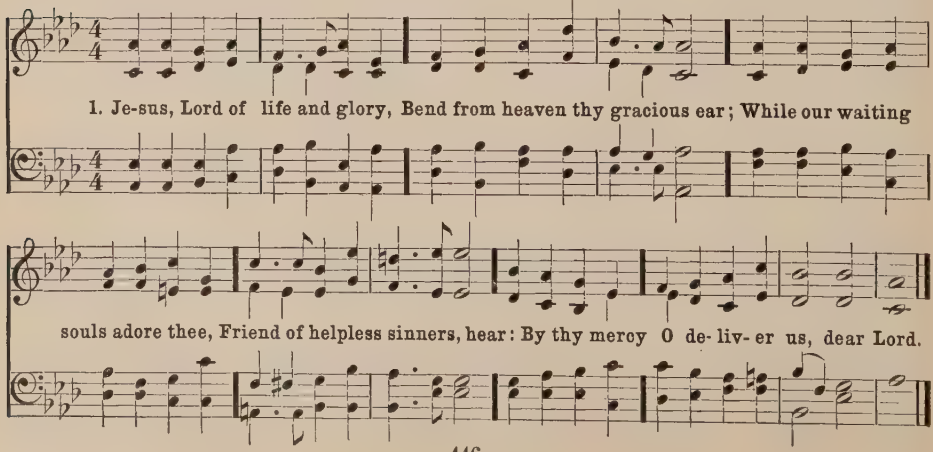
2 Though Satan's wrath beset our path,
And worldly scorn assail us,
While thou art near we will not fear,
Thy strength shall never fail us:
Thy rod and staff shall keep us safe,
And guide our steps for ever;
Nor shades of death, nor hell beneath,
Our souls from thee shall sever.

3 In all the strife of mortal life
Our feet shall stand securely;
Temptation's hour shall lose its power,
For thou shalt guard us surely.
O God, renew, with heavenly dew,
Our body, soul, and spirit,
Until we stand at thy right hand,
Through Jesus' saving merit.

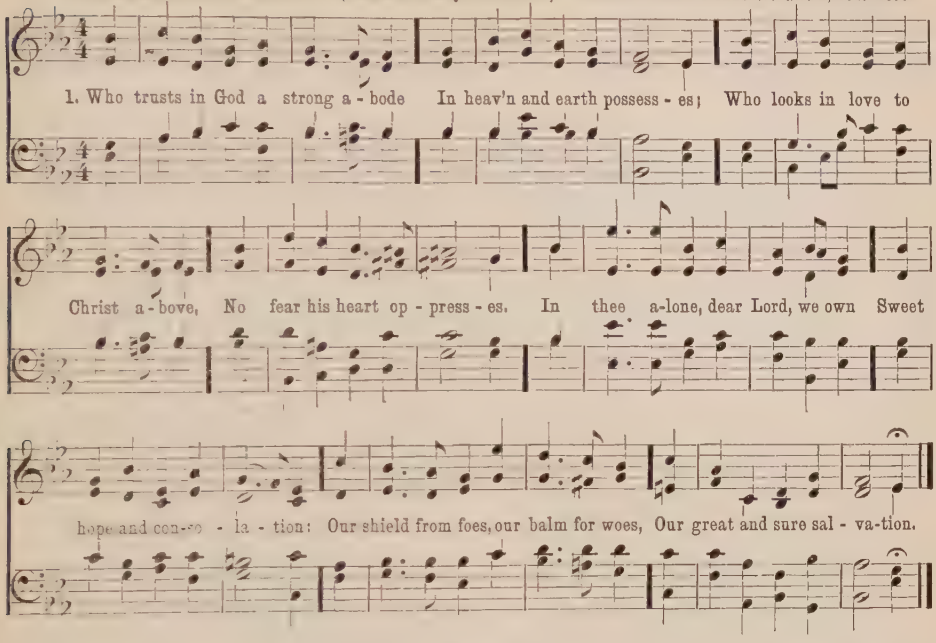
Joachim Madgeburg, 1572, et al; tr. B. H. Kennedy, 1863, alt.

(ALSO DENMARK, OPPOSITE.)

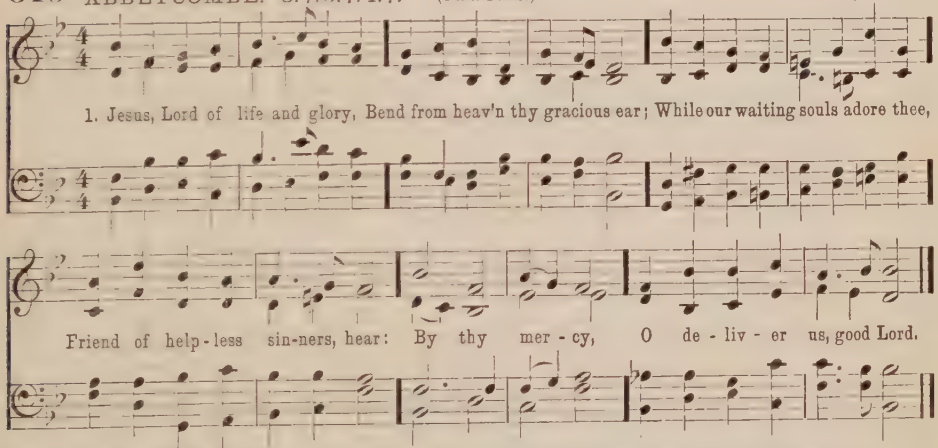
RAPHAEL. 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*Second Tune for No.* 619.) E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. Je-sus, Lord of life and glory, Bend from heaven thy gracious ear; While our waiting
souls adore thee, Friend of helpless sinners, hear: By thy mercy O de-liv- er us, dear Lord.

DENMARK. 8s. 7s. D. (*Second Tune for No.* 618.) ADAPTED FROM NIELS W. GADE, 1817–1890.


1. Who trusts in God a strong a - bode In heav'n and earth possess - es; Who looks in love to
Christ a - bove, No fear his heart op - press - es. In thee a-lone, dear Lord, we own Sweet
hope and con-so - la - tion: Our shield from foes, our balm for woes, Our great and sure sal - va-tion.

619 ABBEYCOMBE. 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*First Tune.*) E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. Jesus, Lord of life and glory, Bend from heav'n thy gracious ear; While our waiting souls adore thee,
Friend of help-less sin-ners, hear: By thy mer - cy, O de - liv - er us, good Lord.

2 From the depths of nature's blindness,
From the hardening power of sin,
From all malice and unkindness,
From the pride that lurks within,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

3 When the world around is smiling,
In the time of wealth and ease,
Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,
In the day of health and peace,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

4 In the weary hours of sickness,
In the times of grief and pain,
When we feel our mortal weakness,
When the creature's help is vain,
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

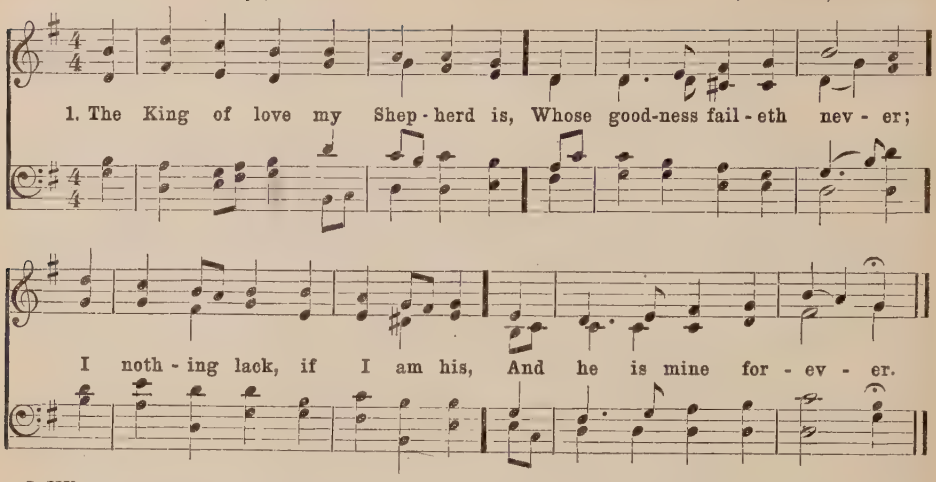
5 In the solemn hour of dying,
In the awful judgment day,
May our souls, on thee relying,
Find thee still our rock and stay:
By thy mercy,
O deliver us, good Lord.

J. J. Cummins, 1839.

(ALSO RAPHAEL, OPPOSITE.)

620 CECILIA. 8s. 7s.

J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.



2 Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

3 Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
And yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home rejoicing brought me.

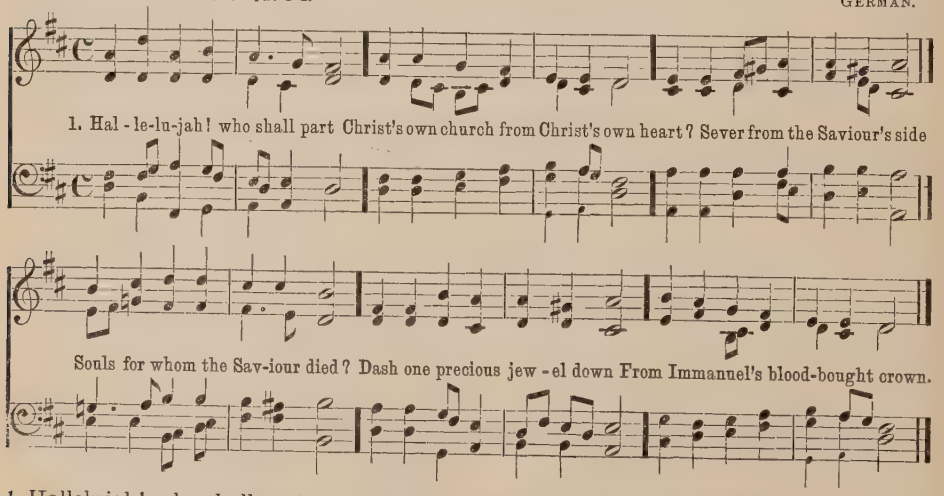
4 In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

5 And so, through all the coming days,
Thy love shall fail me never,
And be the theme of all my praise
Within thy house forever.

Sir H. W. Baker, 1868.

621 RHEINFELS. 7s. 6 l.

German.


1. Hal - le-lu-jah! who shall part Christ's own church from Christ's own heart? Sever from the Saviour's side
Souls for whom the Sav-iour died? Dash one precious jew - el down From Immanuel's blood-bought crown.

1 Hallelujah! who shall part [heart?
Christ's own church from Christ's own
Sever from the Saviour's side
Souls for whom the Saviour died?
Dash one precious jewel down
From Immanuel's blood-bought crown?

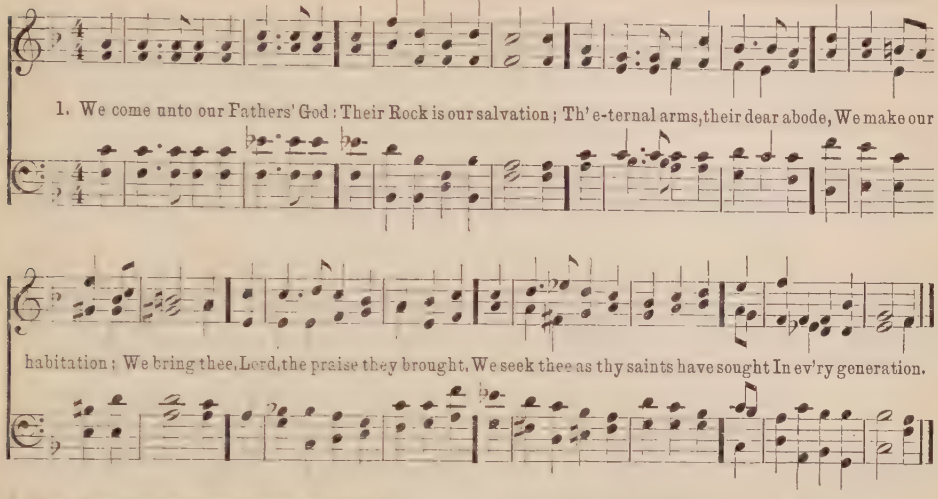
2 Hallelujah! shall the sword
Part us from our glorious Lord?
Trouble dark or dire disgrace
E'er the Spirit's seal efface?
Famine, nakedness, or hate,
Bride and Bridegroom separate?

3 Hallelujah! life nor death,
Powers above, nor powers beneath,
Monarch's might, nor tyrant's doom,
Things that are nor things to come,
Men nor angels, e'er shall part [heart.
Christ's own church from Christ's own

William Dickinson, 1846.

622 ASHMEAD. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1887.


1. We come unto our Fathers' God: Their Rock is our salvation; Th' e-ternal arms, their dear abode, We make our
habitation; We bring thee, Lord, the praise they brought, We seek thee as thy saints have sought In ev'ry generation.

2 The fire divine their steps that led
Still goeth bright before us,
The heavenly shield, around them spread,
Is still high holden o'er us;
The grace those sinners that subdued,
The strength those weaklings that renewed,
Doth vanquish, doth restore us.

3 The cleaving sins that brought them low
Are still our souls oppressing,
The tears that from their eyes did flow
Fall fast, our shame confessing;
As with thee, Lord, prevailed their cry,
So our strong prayer ascends on high,
And bringeth down thy blessing.

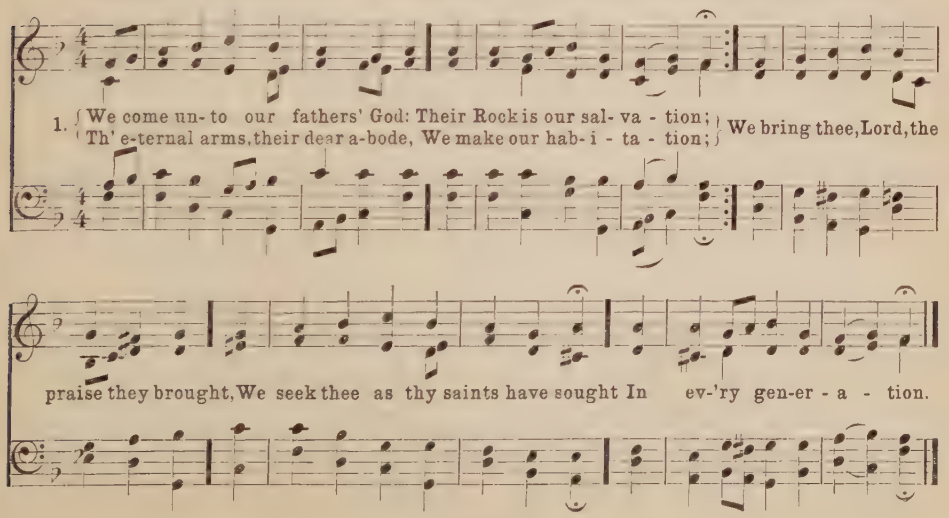
4 Their joy unto their Lord we bring,
Their song to us descendeth;
The Spirit who in them did sing
To us his music lendeth:
His song in them, in us, is one;
We raise it high, we send it on,—
The song that never endeth.

5 Ye saints to come, take up the strain,
The same sweet theme endeavor;
Unbroken be the golden chain!
Keep on the song for ever!
Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
Rich with the same eternal grace,
Bless the same boundless Giver.

T. H. Gill, 1868.

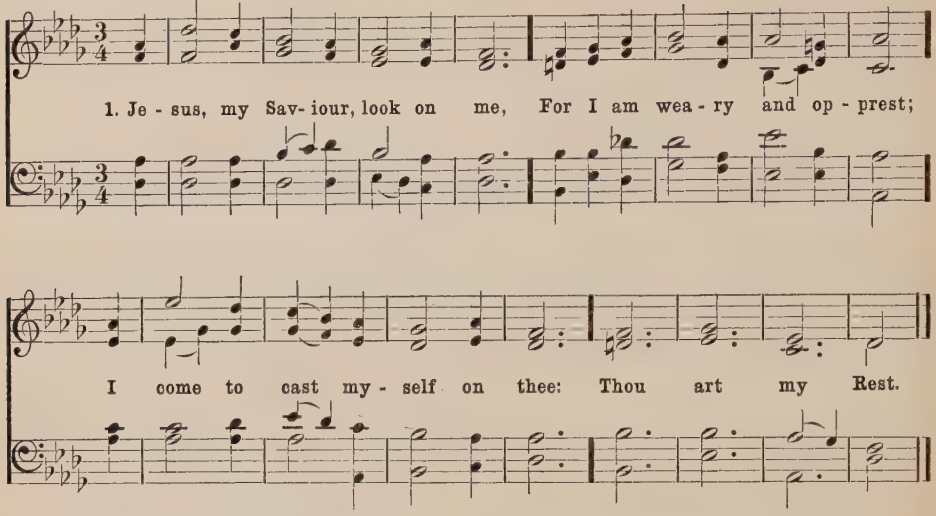
DECIUS. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7. (*Second Tune.*)

N. DECIUS, 1519–1541; ARR. BY MENDELSSOHN.


1. { We come un- to our fathers' God: Their Rock is our sal- va - tion; } We bring thee, Lord, the
{ Th' e-ternal arms, their dear a-bode, We make our hab- i - ta - tion; }
praise they brought, We seek thee as thy saints have sought In ev-'ry gen-er - a - tion.

623 RESIGNATION. 8.8.8.4. (*First Tune.*)

W. F. HURNDALL.



2 Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

4 I hear the storms around me rise;
But when I dread the impending shock,
My spirit to the refuge flies:
Thou art my Rock.

5 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

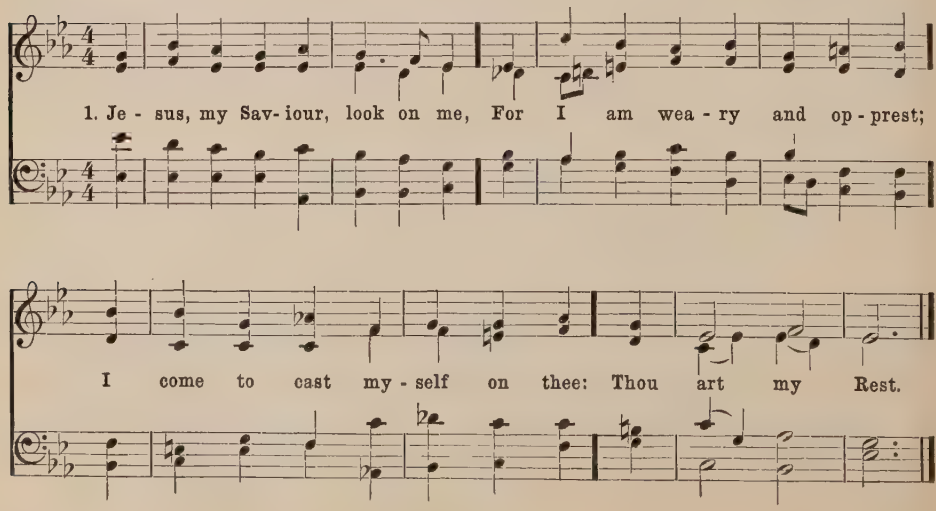
6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

7 Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

Charlotte Elliott, 1869.

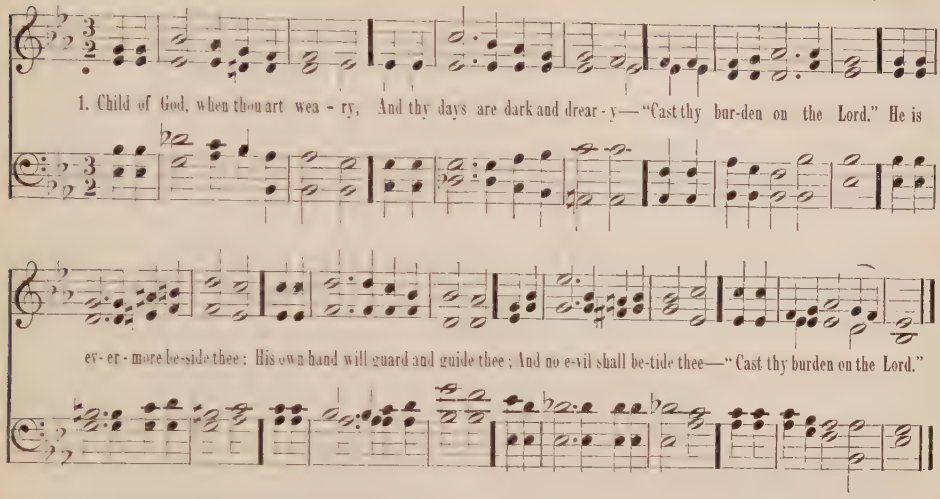
ST. GABRIEL. 8.8.8.4. (*Second Tune.*)

SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1825—.



624 VASSAR. 8.8.7.8.8.8.7.

G. C. Gow, 1891.


1. Child of God, when thou art wea - ry, And thy days are dark and drear - y—"Cast thy bur-den on the Lord." He is
ev- er - more be-side thee; His own hand will guard and guide thee; And no e-vil shall be-tide thee—"Cast thy burden on the Lord."

2 When thy soul with fear is quaking;
When thy heart with grief is breaking—
"Cast thy burden on the Lord."
When life's cares oppress or fret thee;
Faith is weak, and doubts beset thee;
Never will the Lord forget thee—
"Cast thy burden on the Lord."

3 Bowed art thou beneath thy crosses,
Sorely grieving o'er thy losses?—
"Cast thy burden on the Lord."
Check thy weeping; cease from sorrow;
Do not scan the coming morrow,
Do not future trials borrow—
"Cast thy burden on the Lord."

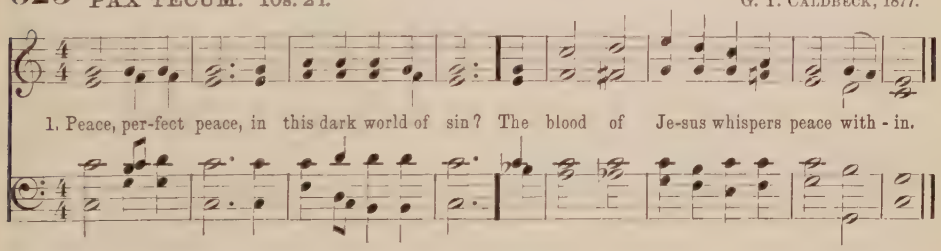
4 What though perils are impending;
Thou canst have divine defending—
"Cast thy burden on the Lord."
He is always for thee caring;
E'en thy burdens he is bearing,
And thy sorrows he is sharing—
"Cast thy burden on the Lord.

5 Thy Redeemer will preserve thee;
For thy conflicts he will nerve thee—
"Cast thy burden on the Lord."
Jesus never will forsake thee;
Brave in battle he will make thee;
To his bosom he will take thee—
"Cast thy burden on the Lord."

W. S. McKenzie, 1891.

625 PAX TECUM. 10s. 2l.

G. T. Caldbeck, 1877.



2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest,

3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.

4 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?
Jesus we know, and he is on the throne.

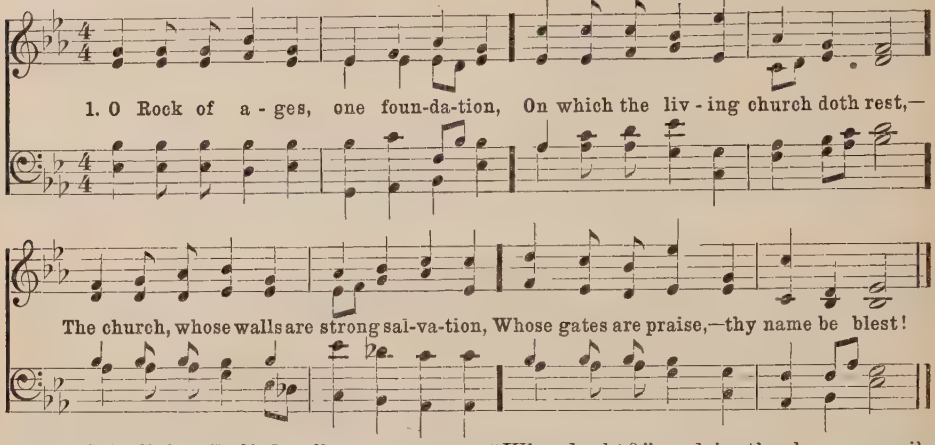
5 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

6 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

E. H. Bickersteth, 1825—.

626 SACRAMENT. 9s. 8s.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. O Rock of a - ges, one foun-da-tion, On which the liv - ing church doth rest,—
The church, whose walls are strong sal-va-tion, Whose gates are praise,—thy name be blest!

2 Son of the living God! O call us
Once and again to follow thee;
And give us strength, whate'er befall us,
Thy true disciples still to be,

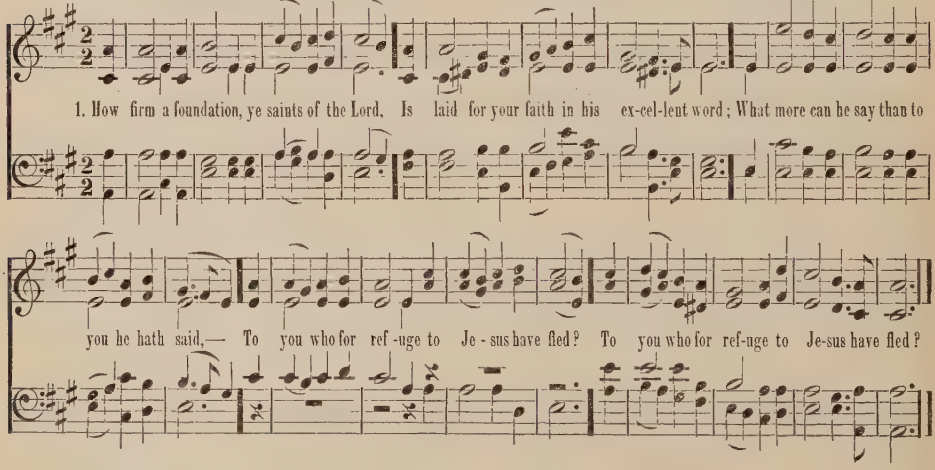
3 When fears appall, and faith is failing,
Make thy voice heard o'er wind and wave,
"Why doubt?" and in thy love prevailing
Put forth thine hand to help and save,

4 O strengthen thou our weak endeavor
Thee in thy sheep to serve and tend,
To give ourselves to thee for ever,
And find thee with us to the end.

H. A. Martin, 1831—.

627 PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

J. READING, 1690–1776.


1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his ex-cel-lent word; What more can he say than to
you he hath said,— To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

3 "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

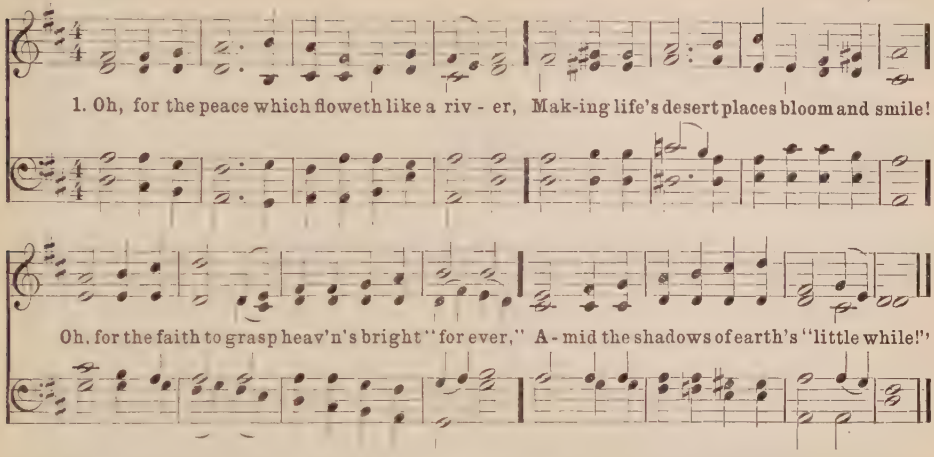
4 "E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

5 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

George Keith, 1787.

628 STOWE. 11s. 10s.

J. B. Dykes, 1875.


1. Oh, for the peace which floweth like a riv - er, Mak-ing life's desert places bloom and smile!
Oh, for the faith to grasp heav'n's bright "for ever," A - mid the shadows of earth's "little while!"

2 A little while for patient vigil-keeping,
To face the storm, to battle with the strong;
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song!

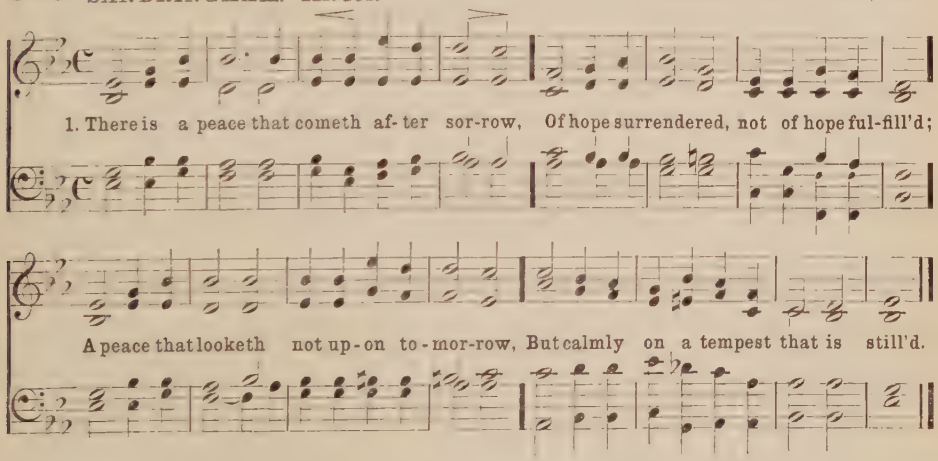
3 A little while the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst for ever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

4 A little while to keep the oil from failing,
A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim;
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet him with the bridal hymn!

Mrs. Jane Crewdson, 1809–1863.

629 SANDRINGHAM. 11s. 10s.

Arr. from Sir Joseph Barnby, 1890.


1. There is a peace that cometh af- ter sor-row, Of hope surrendered, not of hope ful-fil'd;
A peace that looketh not up - on to - mor-row, But calmly on a tempest that is still'd.

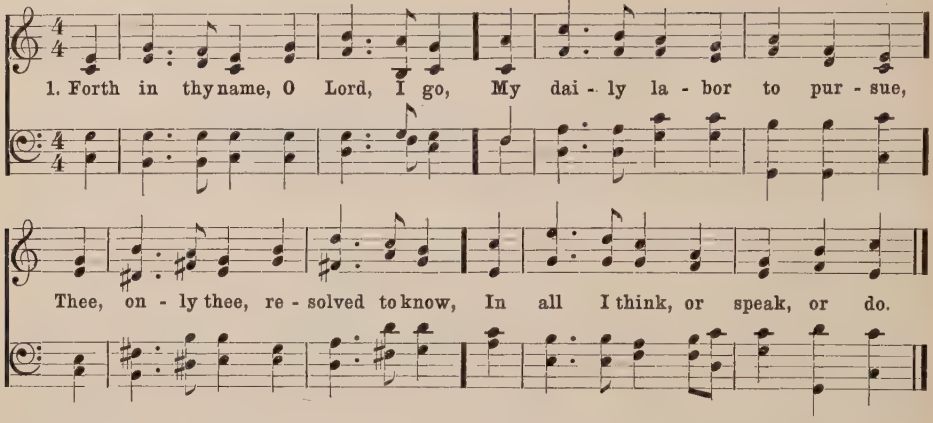
2 A peace which lives not now in joy's excesses,
Nor in the happy life of love secure;
But in the unerring strength the heart possesses
Of conflicts won while learning to endure.

3 A peace there is, in sacrifice secluded;
A life subdued, from will and passion free;
'Tis not the peace which over Eden brooded,
But that which triumphed in Gethsemane.

Jessie Rose Gates, 1897.

630 CHERUBIM. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

E. H. THORNE, 1834—.



2 The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
O let me cheerfully fulfill;
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thy good and perfect will.

3 Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see,
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

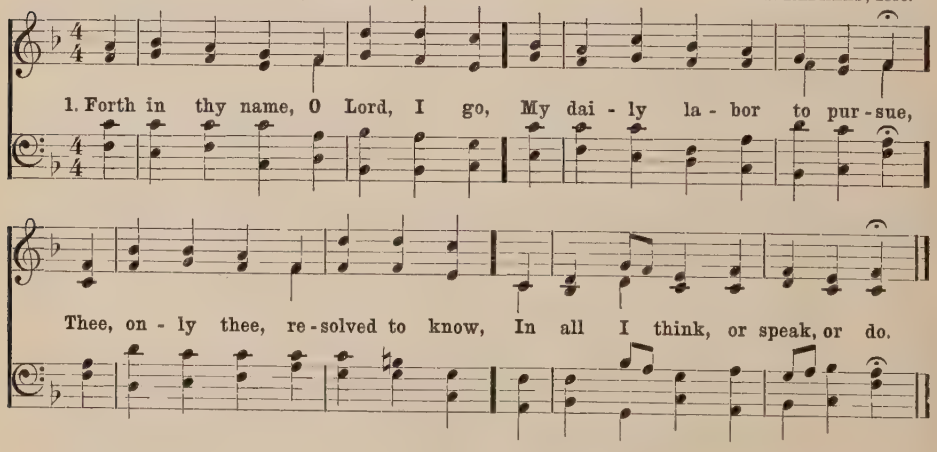
4 Give me to bear thine easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray,
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

5 For thee delightfully employ [given,
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1749.

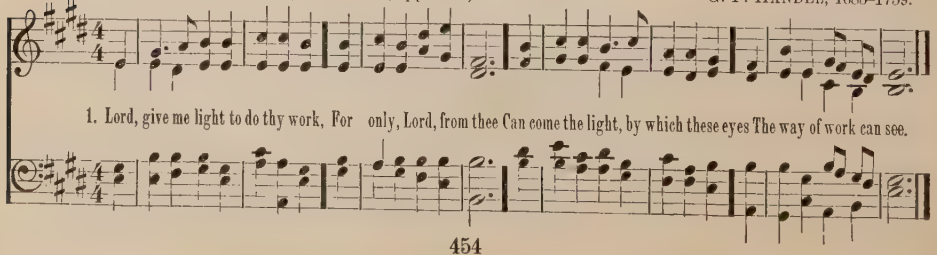
ROMNEY. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

R. REDHEAD, 1850.



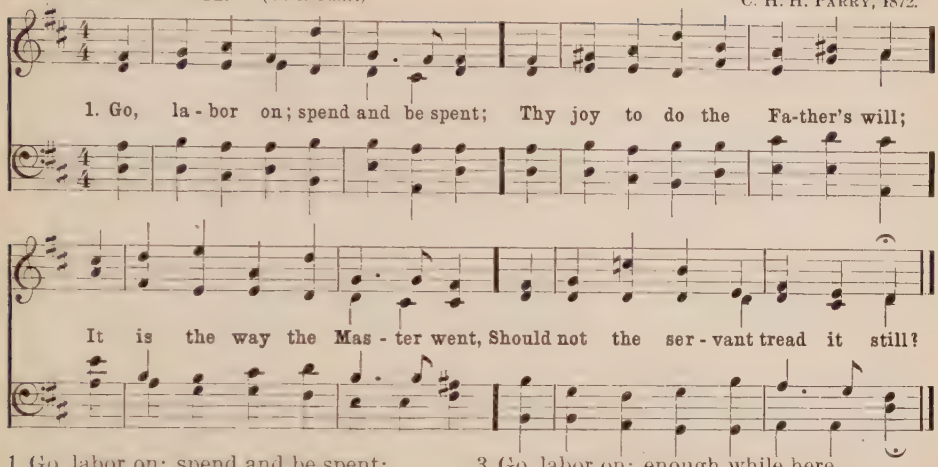
CHANDOS. C. M. (*For No. 632, opposite.*)

G. F. HÄNDEL, 1685–1759.



631 ETON. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

C. H. H. Parry, 1872.


1. Go, la - bor on; spend and be spent; Thy joy to do the Fa-ther's will;
It is the way the Mas - ter went, Should not the ser - vant tread it still?

1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent;
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

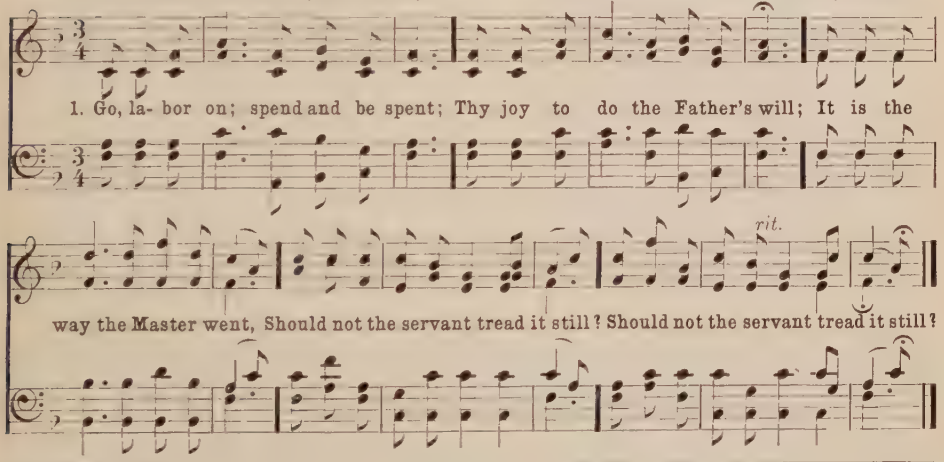
3 Go, labor on; enough while here
If he shall praise thee; if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

ANVERN. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

Lowell Mason, 1792-1872.


1. Go, la- bor on; spend and be spent; Thy joy to do the Father's will; It is the
rit.
way the Master went, Should not the servant tread it still? Should not the servant tread it still?

632 CHANDOS. (*Opposite.*)

2 The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strewn;
I wander oft, and think it thine,
When walking in mine own.

3 Yet pleasant is the work for thee,
And pleasant is the way;
But, Lord, the world is dark, and I
Am prone to go astray.

4 O send me light to do thy work,
More light, more wisdom give;
Then shall I work thy work indeed,
While on thine earth I live.

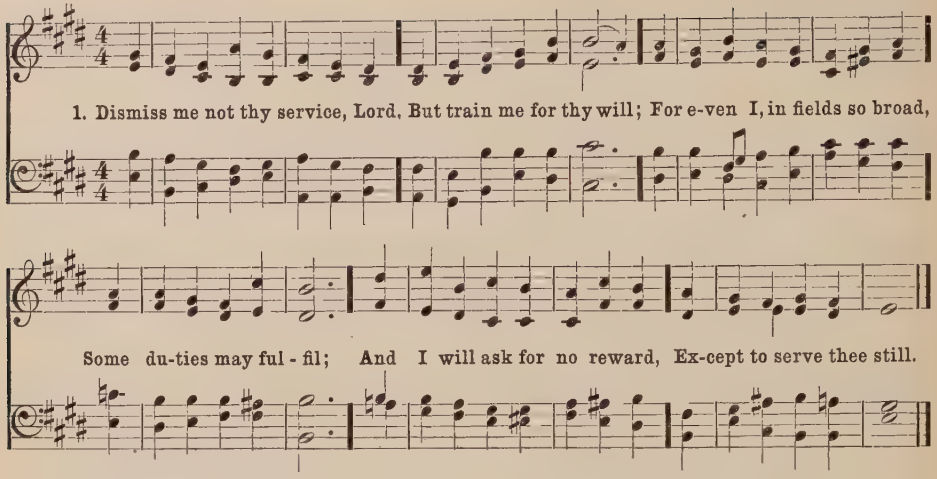
5 The work is thine, not mine, O Lord;
It is thy race we run;
Give light, and then shall all I do
Be well and truly done.

Horatius Bonar, 1808-1809.

(Also Downs, No. 317.)

633 SILAS. C. M. 61.

J. LANCASTER.


1. Dismiss me not thy service, Lord, But train me for thy will; For e-ven I, in fields so broad,
Some du-ties may ful - fil; And I will ask for no reward, Ex-cept to serve thee still.

2 How many serve, how many more
May to the service come:
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some:
Thou hast thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.

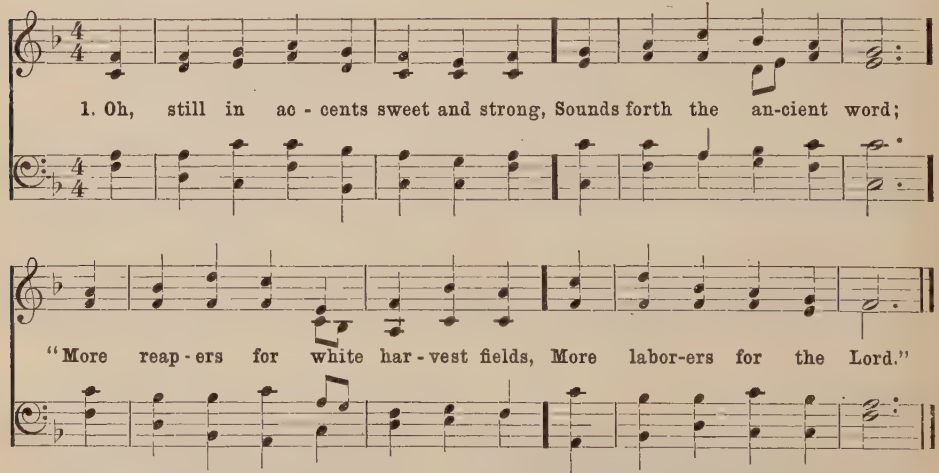
3 All works are good, and each is best
As most it pleases thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity;
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt thou permit to be.

4 Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing his service, every one
Share too his Sonship may;
Lord, I would serve and be a Son;
Dismiss me not, I pray.

T. T. Lynch, 1818–1871.

634 ST. ETHELDREDA. C. M.

THOMAS TURTON, 1862.


1. Oh, still in ac - cents sweet and strong, Sounds forth the an-cient word;
"More reap - ers for white har - vest fields, More labor-ers for the Lord."

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But, girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

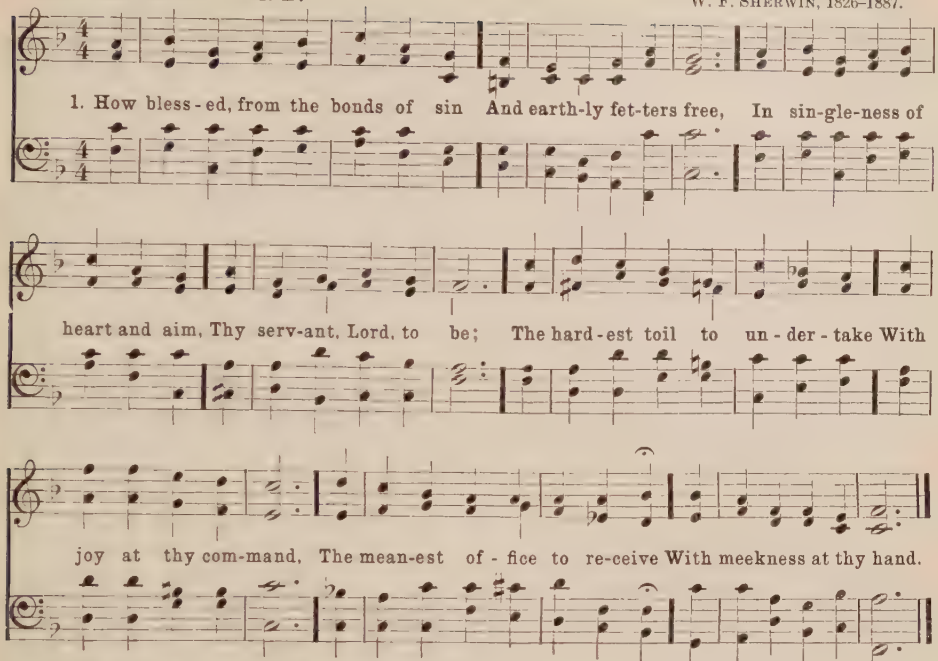
3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

4 O thou, whose call our hearts has stirred,
To do thy will we come;
Thrust in our sickles at thy word,
And bear our harvest home.

Samuel Longfellow, 1864.

635 BRYANT. C. M. D.

W. F. Sherwin, 1826–1887.


1. How bless-ed, from the bonds of sin And earth-ly fet-ters free, In sin-gle-ness of
heart and aim, Thy serv-ant, Lord, to be; The hard-est toil to un-der-take With
joy at thy com-mand, The mean-est of-fice to re-ceive With meekness at thy hand.

2 With willing hearts and longing eyes
To watch before thy gate,
Ready to run the weary race,
To bear the heavy weight:
No voice of thunder to expect,
But follow calm and still;
For love can easily divine
The One Belovèd's will.

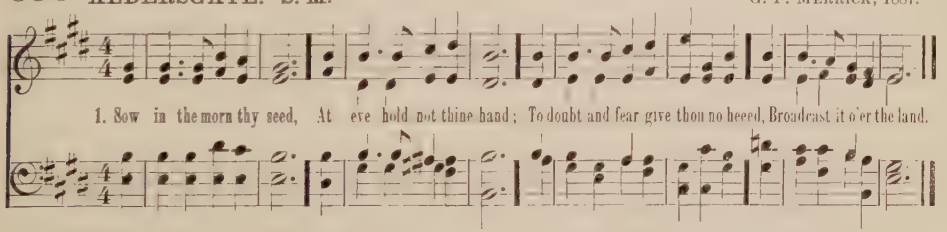
3 Thus may I serve thee, gracious Lord;
Thus ever thine alone,
My soul and body given to thee,
The purchase thou hast won;
Through evil or through good report
Still keeping by thy side;
And by my life or by my death
Let Christ be magnified.

4 How happily the working days
In this dear service fly,
How rapidly the closing hour,
The time of rest, draws nigh,
When all the faithful gather home,
A joyful company;
And ever where the Master is
Shall his blest servants be.

C. J. P. Spitta, 1833; tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1854.

636 ALDERSGATE. S. M.

G. P. Merrick, 1887.



2 Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

3 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

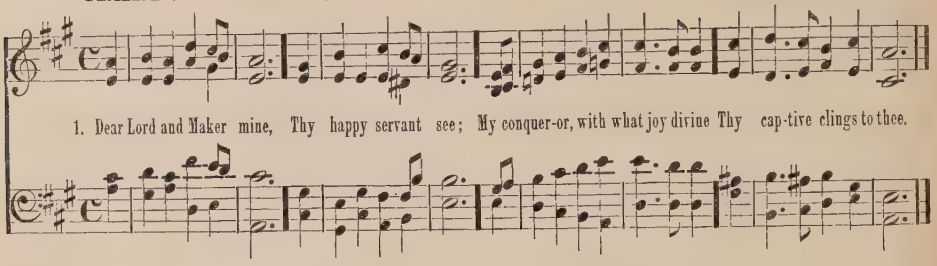
4 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

5 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry, "Harvest Home."

J. Montgomery, 1836.

637 CRANFORD. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

PHILIP ARMES, 1836—.



2 I love thy yoke to wear,
To feel thy gracious bands;
Sweetly restrained by thy care,
And happy in thy hands.

3 No bar would I remove,
No bond would I unbind
Within the limits of the love
Full liberty I find.

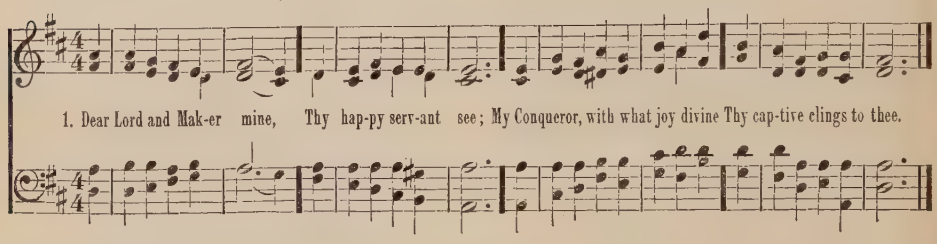
4 I would not walk alone,
But still with thee, my God;
At every step my blindness own,
And ask of thee the road.

5 My Conqueror and my King,
Still keep me in thy train;
And with thee thy glad captive bring
When thou return'st to reign.

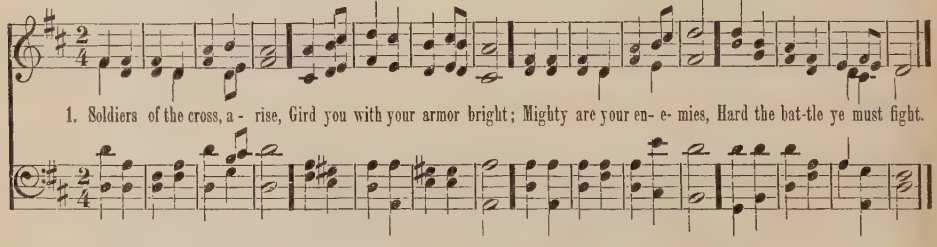
T. H. Gill, 1868.

EMILIA. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

W. N. CLARK, 1898.



638 FERRIER. 7s.

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.

2 O'er a faithless fallen world
Raise your banner in the sky;
Let it float there wide unfurled;
Bear it onward; lift it high.

3 'Mid the homes of want and woe,
Strangers to the living word,
Let the Saviour's herald go,
Let the voice of hope be heard.

5 Where the shadows deepest lie,
Carry truth's unsullied ray;
Where are crimes of blackest dye,
There the saving sign display.

5 To the weary and the worn
Tell of realms where sorrows cease;
To the outcast and forlorn
Speak of mercy and of peace.

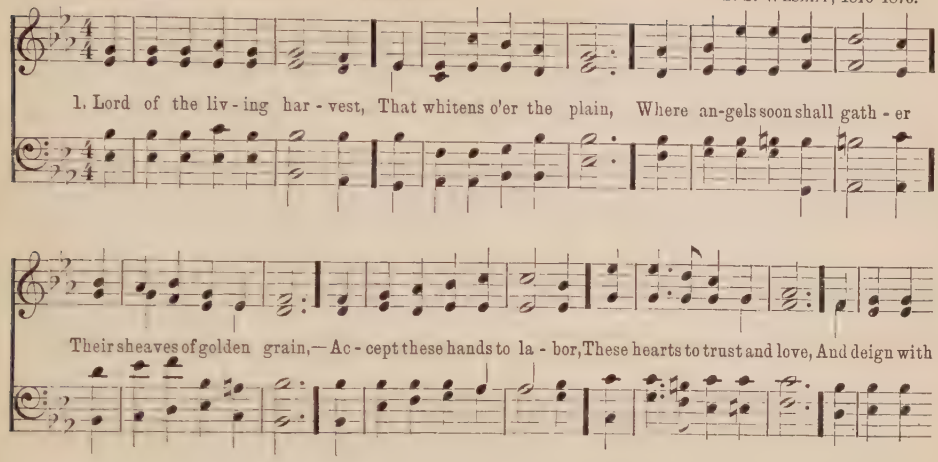
6 Guard the helpless; seek the strayed;
Comfort troubles; banish grief;
In the might of God arrayed,
Scatter sin and unbelief.

7 Be the banner still unfurled,
Still unsheathed the Spirit's sword,
Till the kingdoms of the world
Are the kingdom of the Lord.

W. W. How, 1854.

639 AURELIA. 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

S. S. WESLEY, 1810–1876.


1. Lord of the liv - ing har - vest, That whitens o'er the plain, Where an-gels soon shall gath - er
Their sheaves of golden grain,— Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love, And deign with
them to hast - en Thy kingdom from a - bove.

1 Lord of the living harvest,
That whitens o'er the plain,
Where angels soon shall gather
Their sheaves of golden grain,—
Accept these hands to labor,
These hearts to trust and love,
And deign with them to hasten
Thy kingdom from above.

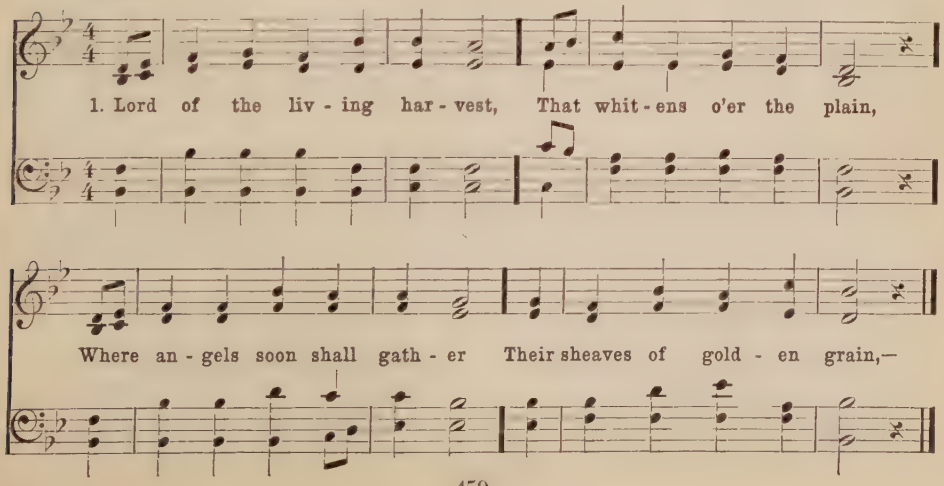
2 As laborers in thy vineyard
Send us out, Christ, to be
Content to bear the burden
Of weary days for thee.
We ask no other wages,
When thou shalt call us home,
But to have shared the travail
Which makes thy kingdom come.

3 O come, thou Holy Spirit,
And fill our souls with light;
Clothe us in spotless raiment,
In linen clean and white.
Make us a royal priesthood,
Thee rightly to adore
And fill us with thy fulness,
Now, and forevermore.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1811–1875.

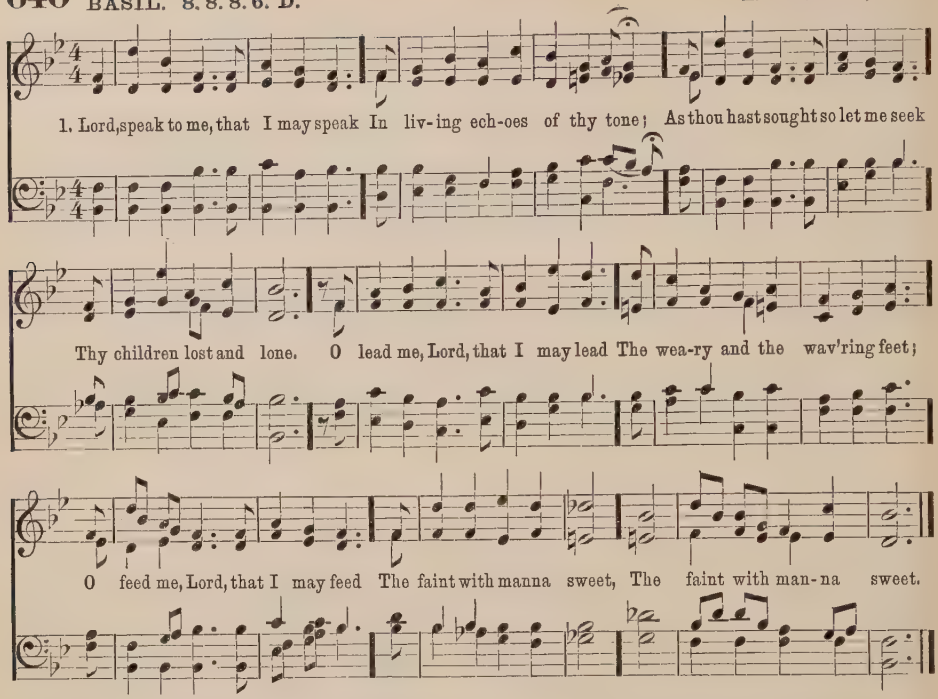
AULÉ. 7s. 6s. (*Second Tune.*)

ARR. FROM OLD MELODY.



640 BASIL. 8. 8. 8. 6. D.

E. H. JOHNSON, 1894.


1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv-ing ech-oes of thy tone; As thou hast sought so let me seek
Thy children lost and lone. O lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wea-ry and the wav'ring feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed The faint with manna sweet, The faint with man-na sweet.

By per. of The Oliver Ditson Co., owners of copyright.

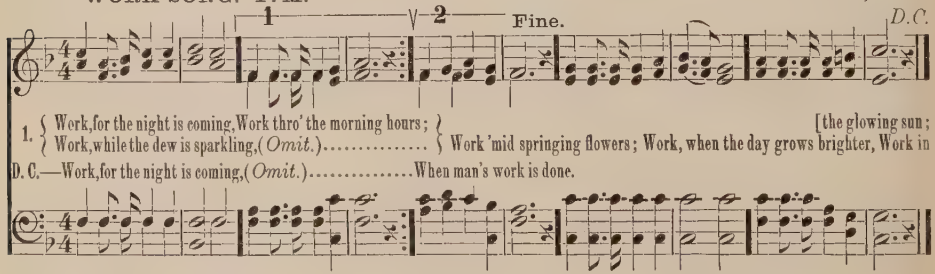
2 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the sea.
O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The depths of many a heart.

3 O fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word
Thy love, thy praise to show.
O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy to share.

F. R. Havergal, 1836–1879, alt.

641 WORK SONG. P. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1864.


1
2
Fine.
D.C.
1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; Work, while the dew is sparkling, (Omit.) Work 'mid springing flowers; Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun;
D. C.—Work, for the night is coming, (Omit.) When man's work is done.

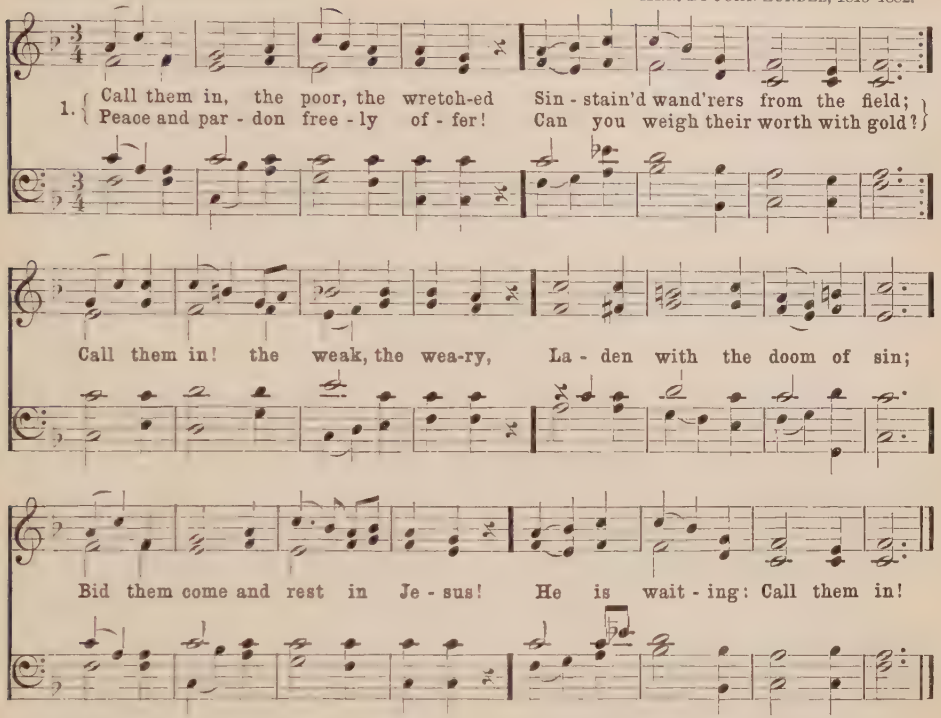
2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work in the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Annie L. Walker, 1865.

642 MELTON. 8s. 7s. D.

ARR. BY JOHN ZUNDEL, 1815–1882.


1. Call them in, the poor, the wretch-ed Sin - stain'd wand'rers from the field;
Peace and par - don free - ly of - fer! Can you weigh their worth with gold?
Call them in! the weak, the wea-ry, La - den with the doom of sin;
Bid them come and rest in Je - sus! He is wait - ing: Call them in!

2 Call them in! the Jew, the Gentile;
Bid the stranger to the feast!
Call them in! the rich, the noble,
From the highest to the least.
Forth the Father runs to meet them,
He hath all their sorrows seen;
Robe, and ring, and kiss of pardon,
Wait the lost ones; call them in!

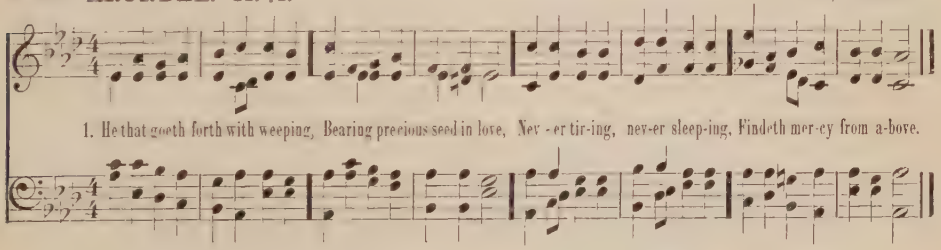
3 Call them in! the broken-hearted,
Cowering 'neath the brand of shame:
Speak love's message low and tender!
'Twas for sinners Jesus came.
See the shadows lengthen round us
Soon the May-dawn will begin;
Call them in! the lost and lonely:
Christ is coming: call them in!

Anna Shipton.

(ALSO WESTON, No. 447.)

643 ARUNDEL. 8s. 7s.

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



2 Soft descend the dews of heaven,
Bright the rays celestial shine;
Precious fruits will thus be given
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Let no fears thy soul annoy;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou shalt reap the fruit of joy.

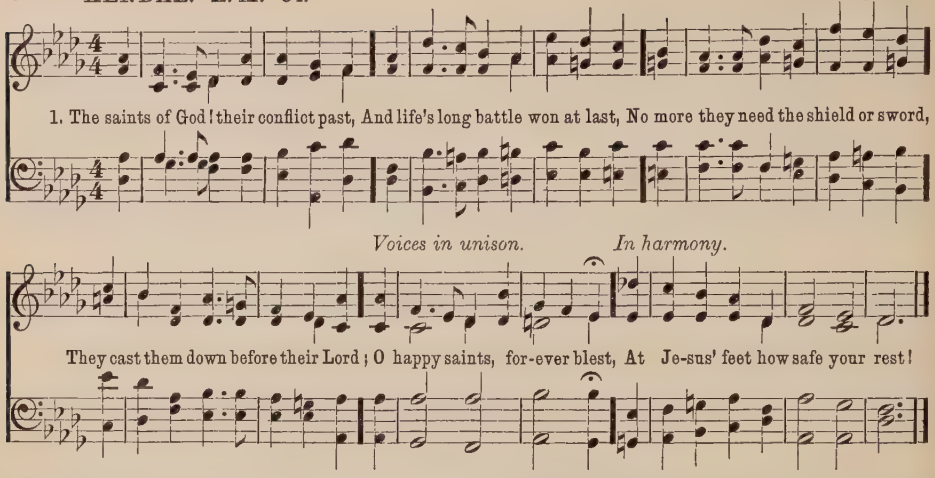
4 Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening,
For the harvest time is near.

Thomas Hastings, 1836.

(ALSO STOCKWELL, No. 446.)

644 KENDAL. L. M. 61.

SIR JOHN STAINER, 1875.


1. The saints of God! their conflict past, And life's long battle won at last, No more they need the shield or sword,
Voices in unison.
In harmony.
They cast them down before their Lord; O happy saints, for-ever blest, At Je-sus' feet how safe your rest!

2 The saints of God! their wand'rings done,
No more their weary course they run,
No more they faint, no more they fall,
No foes oppress, no foes appal:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that dear home how sweet your rest!

3 The saints of God! Life's voyage o'er,
Safe landed on that blissful shore,
No stormy tempests now they dread,
No roaring billows lift their head:
O happy saints! for ever blest,
In that calm haven of your rest!

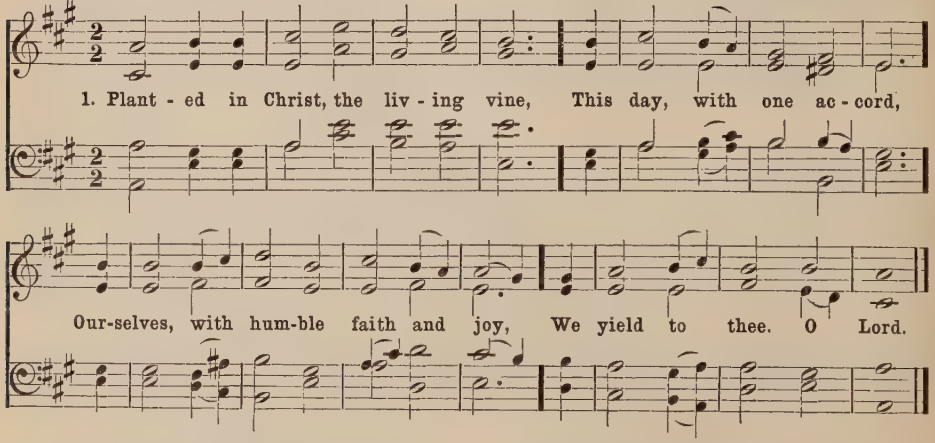
4 The saints of God their vigil keep
While yet their mortal bodies sleep,
Till from the dust they too shall rise
And soar triumphant to the skies:
O happy saints! rejoice and sing;
He quickly comes, your Lord and King.

5 O God of saints, to thee we cry;
O Saviour, plead for us on high;
O Holy Ghost, our Guide and Friend,
Grant us thy grace till life shall end;
That with all saints our rest may be
In that bright Paradise with thee.

W. D. Maclagan, 1870.

645 DEDHAM. C. M.

W. GARDINER, 1766–1853.



2 Joined in one body may we be;
One inward life partake;
One be our heart; one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

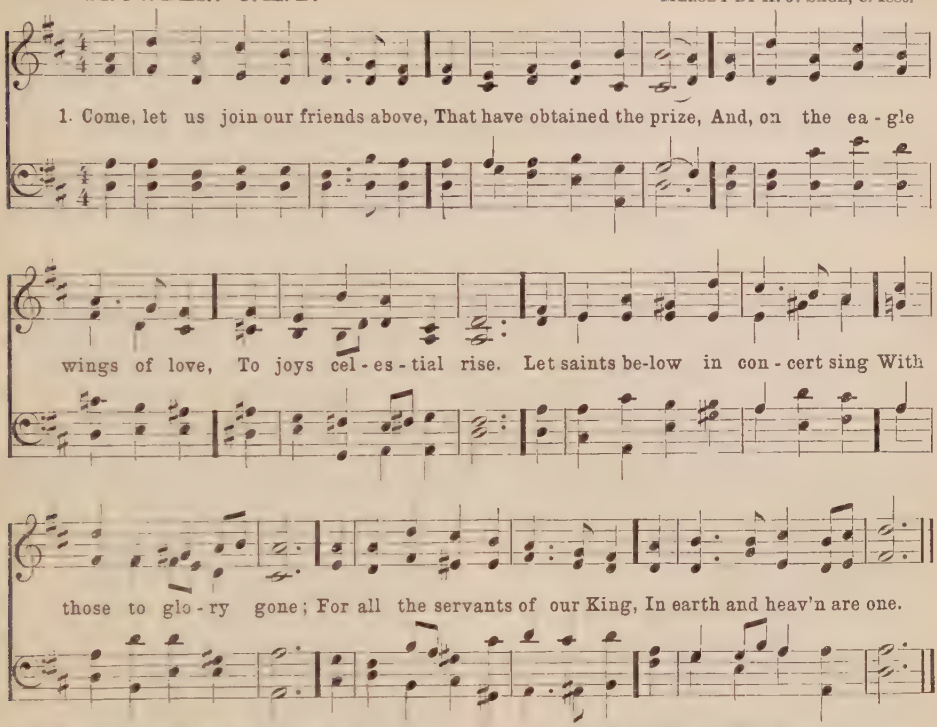
3 In prayer, in effort, tears, and toils,
One wisdom be our guide;
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In thee may we abide.

4 Complete in us, whom grace hath called,
Thy glorious work begun,
O thou, in whom the church on earth
And church in heaven are one.

S. F. Smith, 1843.

646 SNOWDEN. C. M. D.

MELODY BY A. J. SAGE, C. 1880.


1. Come, let us join our friends above, That have obtained the prize, And, on the ea - gle
wings of love, To joys cel - es - tial rise. Let saints be-low in con - cert sing With
those to glo - ry gone; For all the servants of our King, In earth and heav'n are one.

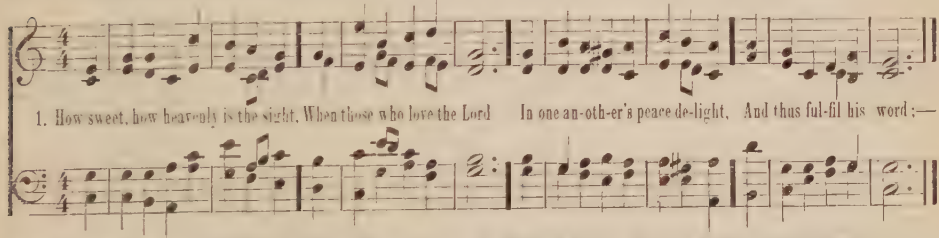
2 One family, we dwell in him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

3 E'en now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
Lord Jesus, be our constant Guide;
And when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And bring us safe to heaven.

Charles Wesley, 1759.

647 WESTMINSTER. C. M.

JAMES TURLE, 1843.



2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart;—

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love.

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows,
When union sweet and dear esteem
In every action glows.

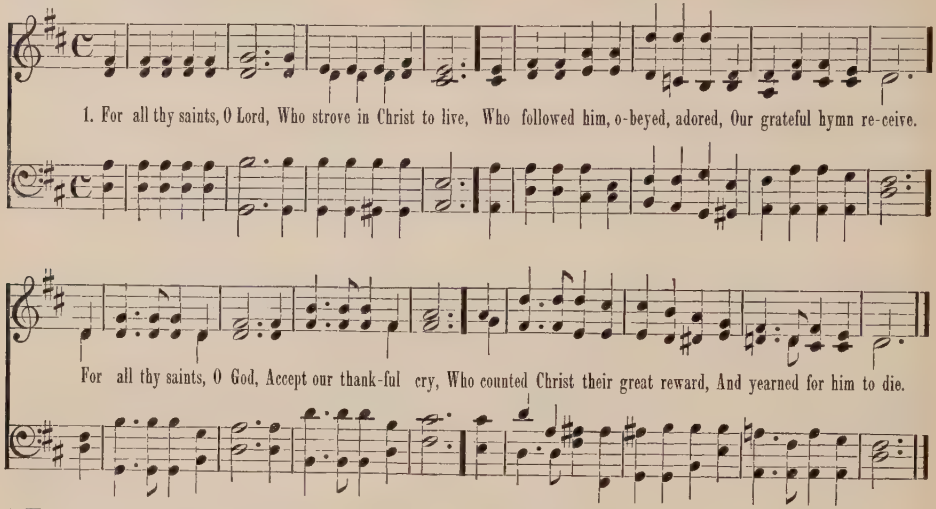
5 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

Joseph Swain, 1792.

(ALSO EVAN, No. 659.)

648 LEOMINSTER. S. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

ANON. HAR. BY SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.


1. For all thy saints, O Lord, Who strove in Christ to live, Who followed him, o-beyed, adored, Our grateful hymn re-ceive.
For all thy saints, O God, Accept our thank-ful cry, Who counted Christ their great reward, And yearned for him to die.

1 For all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in Christ to live,
Who followed him, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.
For all thy saints, O God,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted Christ their great reward,
And yearned for him to die.

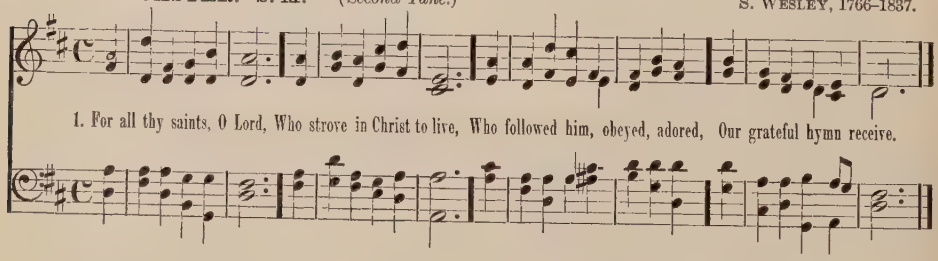
2 Thy mystic members fit
To join thy saints above,
In one unmixed communion knit,
And fellowship of love.
They all, in life and death,
With thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

3 For this thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee.
To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
The One in Three, the Three in One,
Be endless praise addressed.

Richard Mant, 1776–1848.

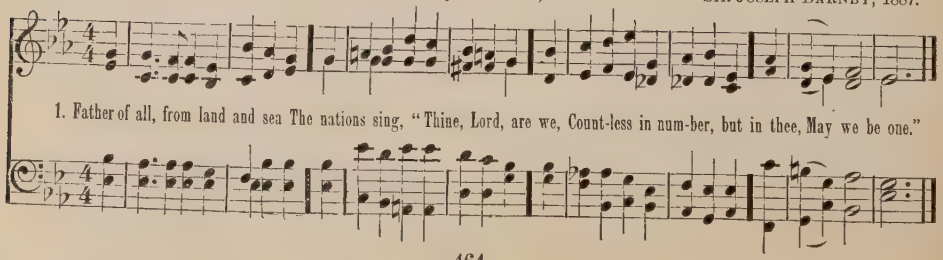
DONCASTER. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

S. WESLEY, 1766–1837.



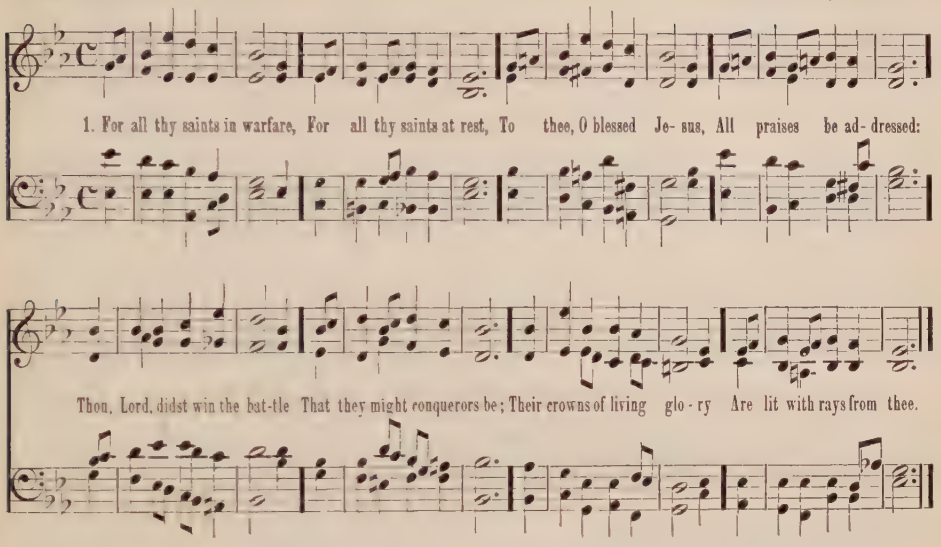
SUNSET. 8. 8. 8. 4. (*Second Tune for No.* 650.)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1887.



649 TOURS. 7s. 6s. D.

B. TOURS, 1838–1897.


1. For all thy saints in warfare, For all thy saints at rest, To thee, O blessed Je- sus, All praises be ad- dressed:
Thou, Lord, didst win the bat-tle That they might conquerors be; Their crowns of living glo - ry Are lit with rays from thee.

2 Apostles, prophets, martyrs,
And all the sacred throng,
Who wear the spotless raiment,
Who raise the ceaseless song;
For these, passed on before us,
Saviour, we thee adore,
And, walking in their footsteps,
Would serve thee more and more.

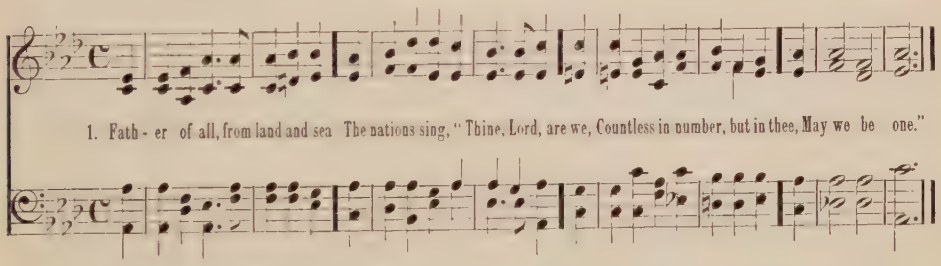
3 Then praise we God the Father,
And praise we God the Son,
And God the Holy Spirit,
Eternal Three in One;
Till all the ransomed number
Fall down before thy throne,
And honor, power, and glory
Ascribe to God alone.

Earl Nelson, 1864.

(ALSO AURELIA, NO. 639.)

650 RISEHOLME. 8. 8. 8. 4. (*First Tune.*)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876.



2 O Son of God, whose love so free
For men did make thee Man to be,
United to our God in thee
May we be one.

3 Thou, Lord, didst once for all atone:
Thee may both Jew and Gentile own
Of their two walls the Corner-stone,
Making them one.

4 Join high and low, join young and old,
In love that never waxes cold;
Under one Shepherd, in one Fold,
Make us all one.

5 O Spirit blest, who from above
Cam'st gently gliding like a dove,
Calm all our strife, give faith and love;
O make us one.

6 O Trinity in Unity,
One only God, in Persons Three,
Dwell ever in our hearts; like thee
May we be one.

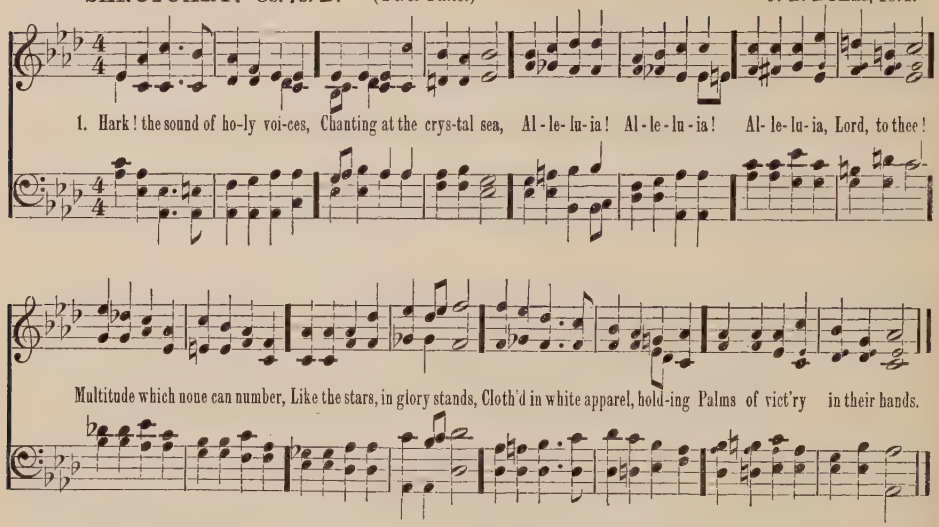
7 So, when the world shall pass away,
May we awake with joy and say,
"Now in the bliss of endless day
We all are one."

C. Wordsworth, 1807–1885.

(ALSO SUNSET, OPPOSITE.)

651 SANCTUARY. 8s. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1871.


1. Hark! the sound of ho-ly voi-ces, Chanting at the crys-tal sea, Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia, Lord, to thee!
Multitude which none can number, Like the stars, in glory stands, Cloth'd in white apparel, hold-ing Palms of vict'ry in their hands.

2 They have come from tribulation,
And have washed their robes in blood,
Washed them in the blood of Jesus;
Tried they were, and firm they stood;
Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, tormented,
Sawn asunder, slain with sword,
They have conquered death and Satan
By the might of Christ the Lord.

3 Marching with thy cross their banner,
They have triumphed, following
Thee the Captain of salvation,
Thee their Saviour and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered,
Gladly, Lord, with thee they died,
And by death to life immortal
They were born and glorified.

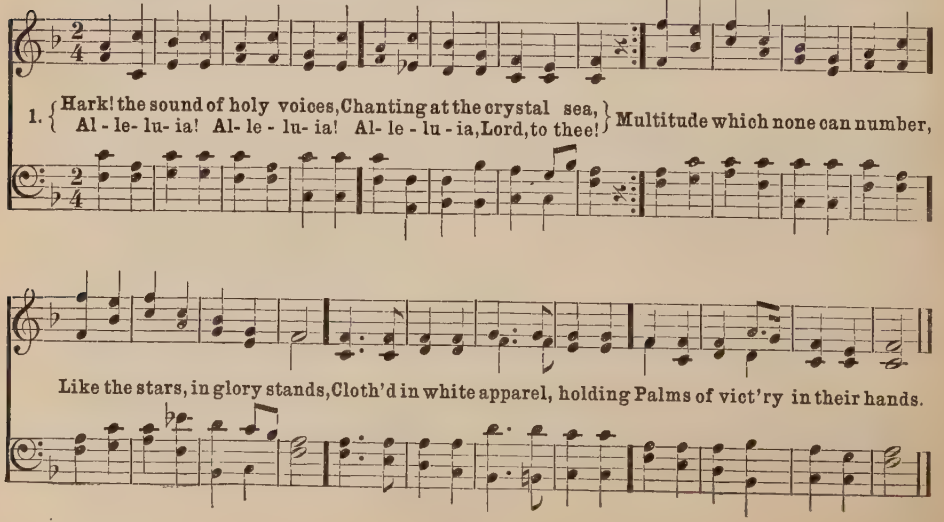
4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,
Now they walk in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river,
Holy bliss and infinite;
Love and peace they taste for ever,
And all truth and knowledge see
In the beatific vision
Of the blessèd Trinity.

Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

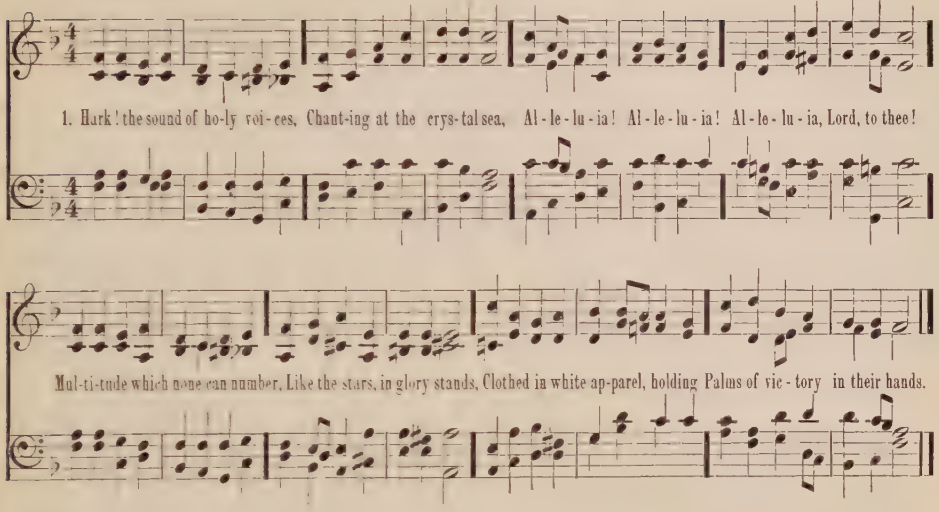
(ALSO BENHAM, OPPOSITE.)

VESPER HYMN. 8s. 7s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

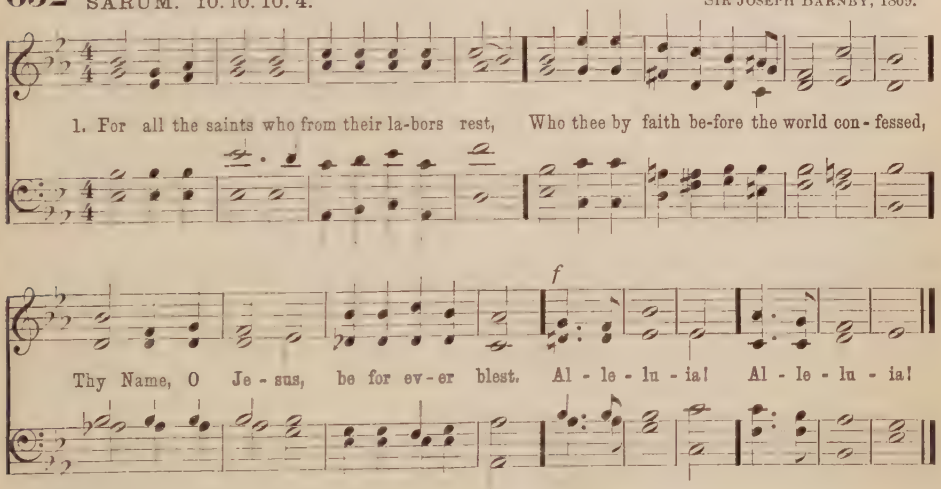
D. S. BORTNIANSKY, 1751–1825.


1. Hark! the sound of holy voices, Chanting at the crystal sea, Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia, Lord, to thee! Multitude which none can number,
Like the stars, in glory stands, Cloth'd in white apparel, holding Palms of vict'ry in their hands.

BENHAM. 8s. 7s. D. (*Third Tune for No.* 651.) S. S. WESLEY, 1868.


1. Hark! the sound of ho-ly voi-ces, Chant-ing at the crys-tal sea, Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia, Lord, to thee!
Mul-ti-tude which none can number, Like the stars, in glory stands, Clothed in white ap-parel, holding Palms of vic-tory in their hands.

652 SARUM. 10. 10. 10. 4. SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1869.


1. For all the saints who from their la-bors rest, Who thee by faith be-fore the world con-fessed,
f
Thy Name, O Je-sus, be for ev-er blest. Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia!

2 Oh, may thy soldiers, faithful, true and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win with them the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

3 Oh, blest communion, fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.
Alleluia!

4 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia!

5 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors cometh rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

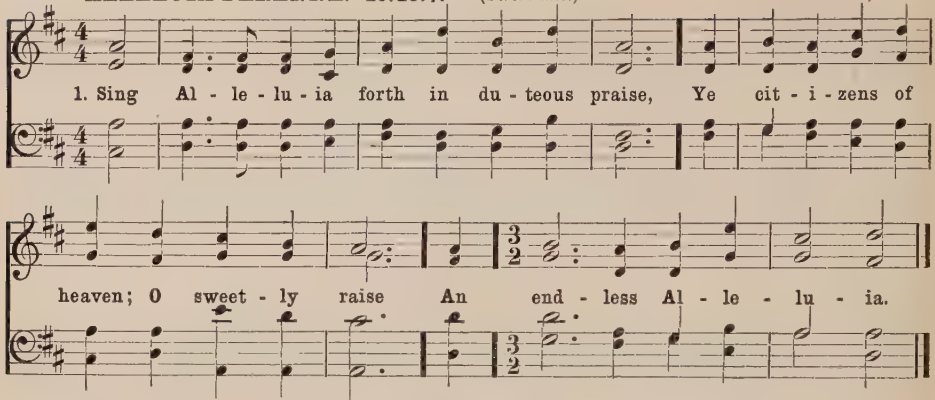
6 But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of Glory passes on his way.
Alleluia!

7 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Thro' gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Alleluia!

W. W. How, 1864.

653 ALLELUIA PERENNE. 10.10.7. (*First Tune.*)

W. H. Monk, 1868.



2 Ye powers, who stand before the eternal light,
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
An endless Alleluia.

3 The holy city shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake a-gain
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King,
An endless Alleluia.

7 This is the rest for weary ones brought back
This is the food and drink which ne'er shall lack,
An endless Alleluia.

8 While thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Alleluia.

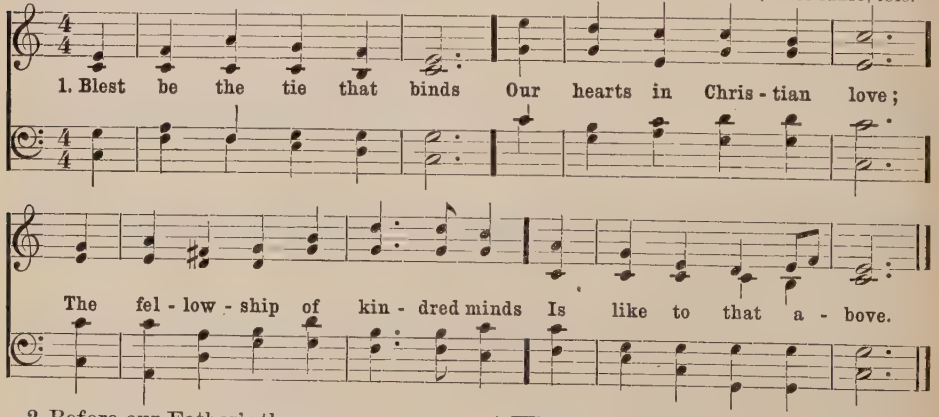
9 Almighty Christ, to thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to thee we bring
An endless Alleluia.

Latin, c. 5th cent., tr. John Ellerton, 1865 and 1868.

(Also Endless Alleluia, opposite.)

654 ST. IGNATIUS. S. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1848.



2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

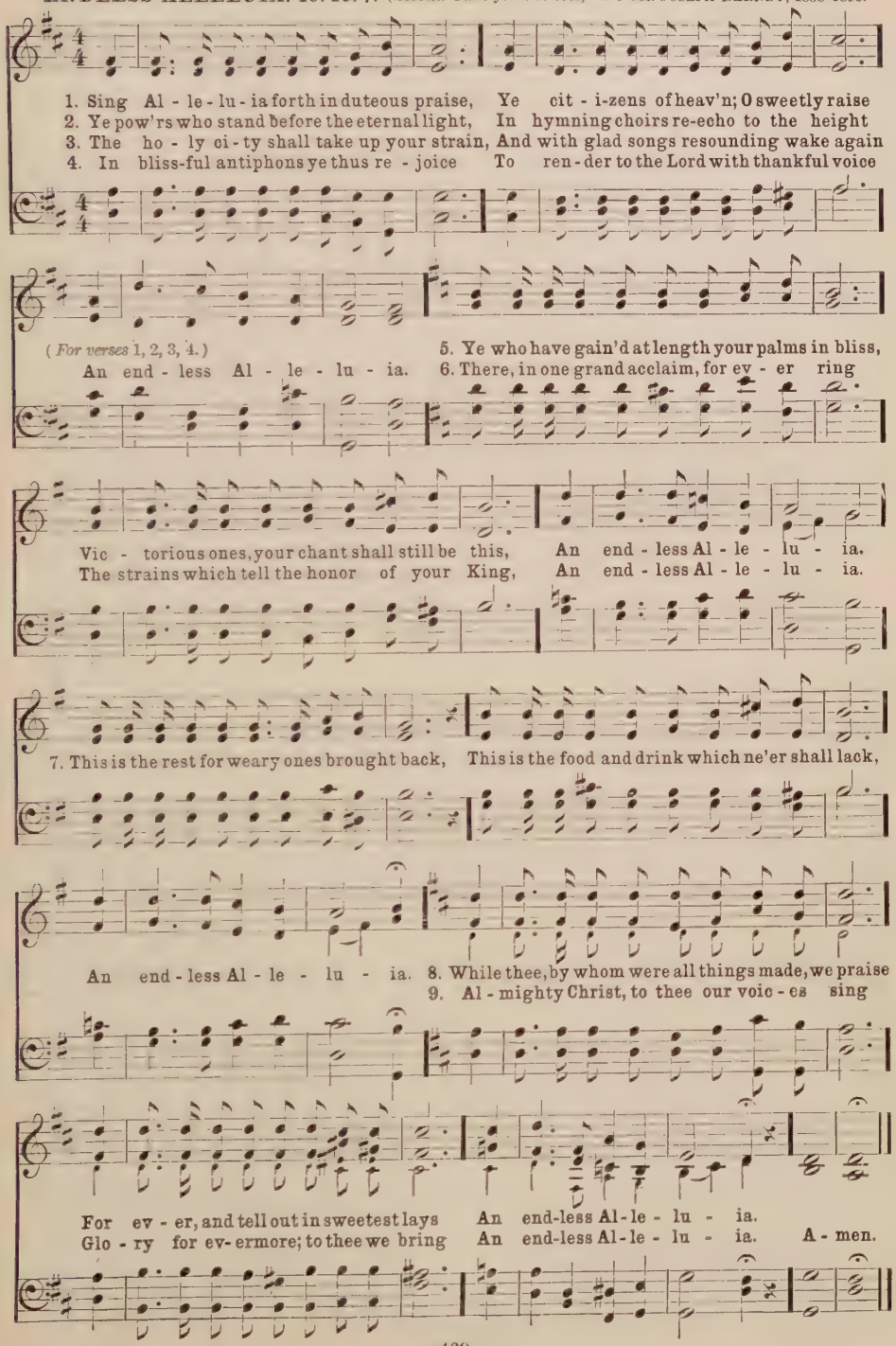
3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

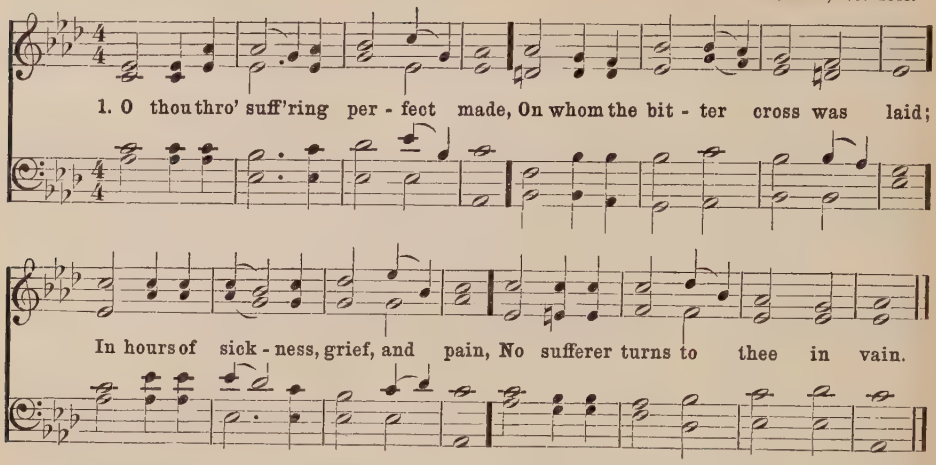
(Also Dennis, No. 516.)

John Fawcett, 1782.

ENDLESS ALLELUIA. 10. 10. 7. (*Second Tune for No.* 653.) ADAPTED FROM CHANT BY SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.

1. Sing Al - le - lu - ia forth in duteous praise, Ye cit - i-zens of heav'n; O sweetly raise
2. Ye pow'rs who stand before the eternal light, In hymning choirs re-echo to the height
3. The ho - ly ci - ty shall take up your strain, And with glad songs resounding wake again
4. In bliss-ful antiphons ye thus re - joice To ren - der to the Lord with thankful voice
(For verses 1, 2, 3, 4.)
An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
5. Ye who have gain'd at length your palms in bliss,
6. There, in one grand acclaim, for ev - er ring
Vic - torious ones, your chant shall still be this, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
The strains which tell the honor of your King, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
7. This is the rest for weary ones brought back, This is the food and drink which ne'er shall lack,
An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.
8. While thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
9. Al - mighty Christ, to thee our voic - es sing
For ev - er, and tell out in sweetest lays An end-less Al - le - lu - ia.
Glo - ry for ev - ermore; to thee we bring An end-less Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

655 MONTAGUE. L. M.

ARR. FROM FRANZ SCHUBERT, 1797–1828.


1. O thou thro' suff'ring per - fect made, On whom the bit - ter cross was laid;
In hours of sick - ness, grief, and pain, No sufferer turns to thee in vain.

2 The halt, the maimed, the sick, the blind,
Sought not in vain thy tendance kind;
Now in thy poor, thyself we see,
And minister through them to thee.

3 O loving Saviour, thou canst cure
The pains and woes thou didst endure;
For all who need, Physician great,
Thy healing balm we supplicate.

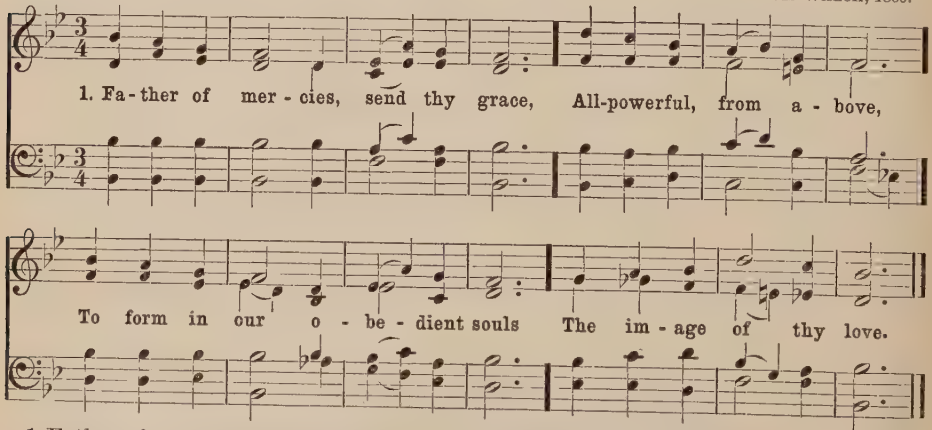
4 But, Oh, far more, let each keen pain
And hour of woe be heavenly gain,
Each stroke of thy chastising rod
Bring back the wanderer nearer God!

5 O heal the bruisèd heart within;
O save our souls all sick with sin;
Give life and health in bounteous store,
That we may praise thee evermore.

W. W. How, 1871.

656 SAWLEY. C. M.

JAMES WALCH, 1860.



1 Father of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful, from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.

2 Oh! may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe.

3 When poor and helpless sons of grief
In deep distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

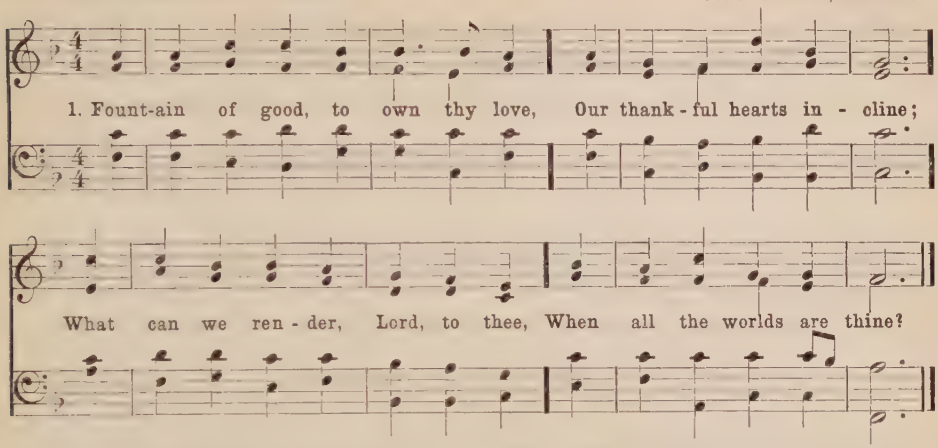
4 On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground,
And made the richest of his blood
A balm for every wound.

Philip Doddridge, 1755.

(ALSO HUMMEL, NO. 602.)

657 SOUTHWOLD. C. M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1806–1876.


1. Fount-ain of good, to own thy love, Our thank-ful hearts in-cline;
What can we ren-der, Lord, to thee, When all the worlds are thine?

2 But thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of thy grace,
Whose names thou wilt thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

3 In each sad accent of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard;
In them thou may'st be clothed and fed,
And visited, and cheered.

4 Help us then, Lord, thy yoke to wear,
And joy to do thy will;
Each other's burdens gladly bear,
And love's sweet law fulfil.

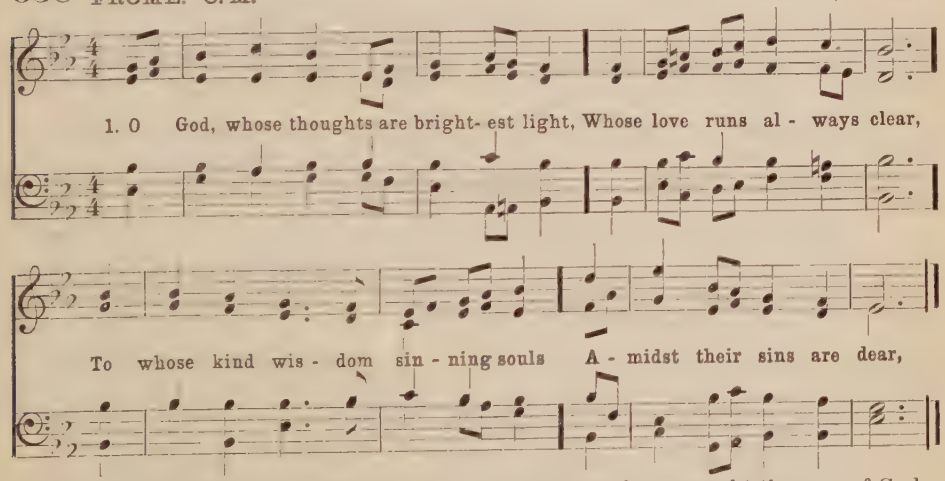
5 Thy face with reverence and with love
We in thy poor would see;
And while we minister to them,
Would do it as to thee.

6 Do thou, O Lord, our alms accept,
And with thy blessing speed;
Bless us in giving; greatly bless
Our gifts to them that need.

P. Doddridge, 1755. E. Osler, 1836.

658 FROME. C. M.

ARR. FROM HUGH BOND, 1762–1792.


1. O God, whose thoughts are bright-est light, Whose love runs al-ways clear,
To whose kind wis-dom sin-ning souls A-midst their sins are dear,

2 Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.

3 Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls
Round whom thine arms are drawn;
And dark thoughts fade away in grace
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

4 But they have caught the way of God
To whom self lies displayed
In such clear vision as to cast
O'er others' faults a shade.

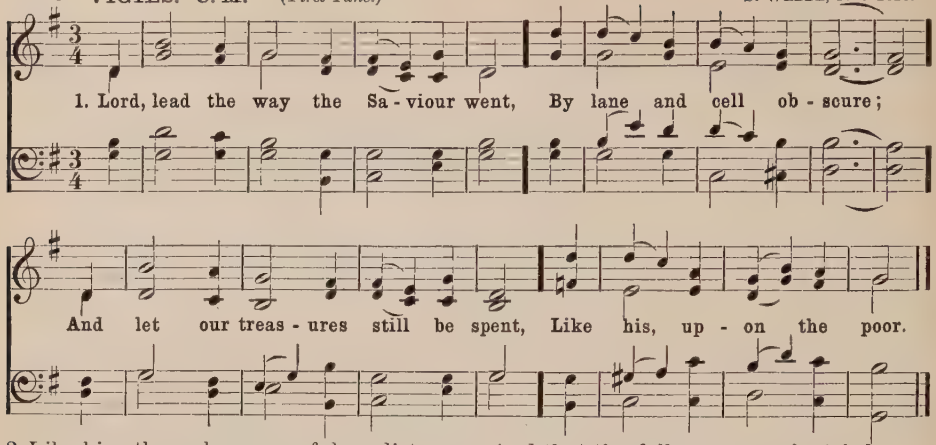
5 All bitterness is from ourselves,
All sweetness is from thee;
O God, for evermore be thou
Fountain and fire in me.

F. W. Faber, 1814–1863, alt.

(ALSO DOWNS, No. 317.)

659 VIGILS. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

S. WEBBE, 1740–1816.



2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

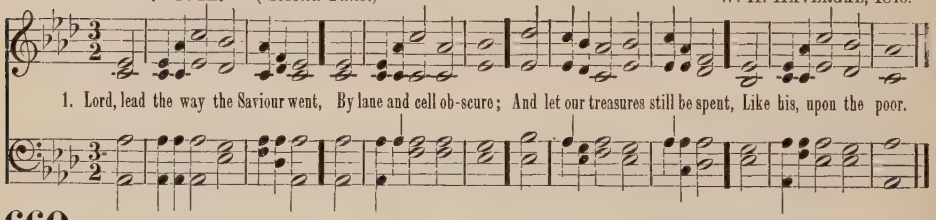
3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward.

William Croswell, 1843.

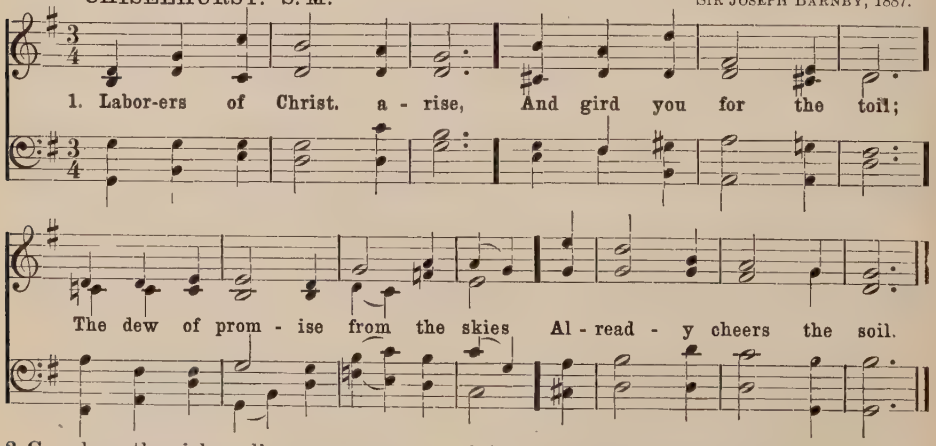
EVAN. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

W. H. HAVERGAL, 1846.



660 CHISELHURST. S. M.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1887.



2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And, where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed lore.

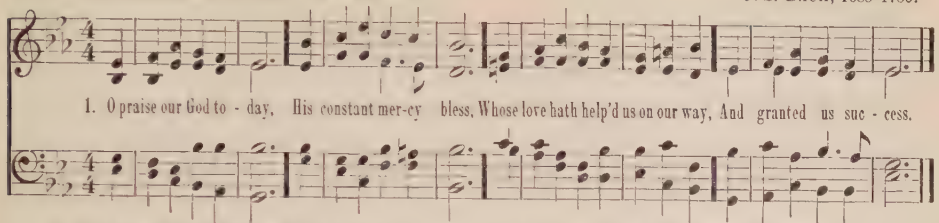
3 Urge, with a tender zeal,
The erring child along,
Where peaceful congregations kneel,
And pious teachers throng.

Lydia H. Sigourney, 1841.

(ALSO AHIRA, No. 487.)

661 POTSDAM. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. S. Bach, 1685–1750.



2 His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear;
His grace alone inspires our hearts,
Each other's load to share.

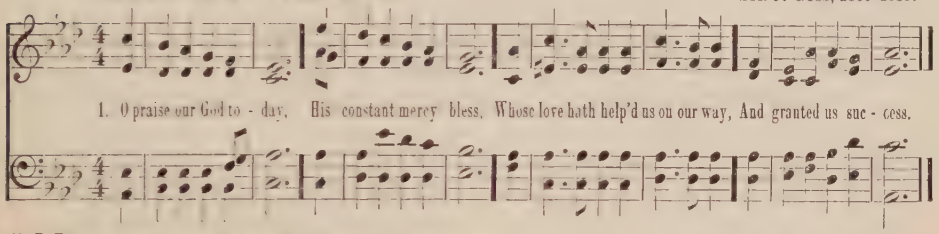
3 Oh! happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe,
By deeds of holy love!

4 Lord! may it be our choice
This blessèd rule to keep,
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep."

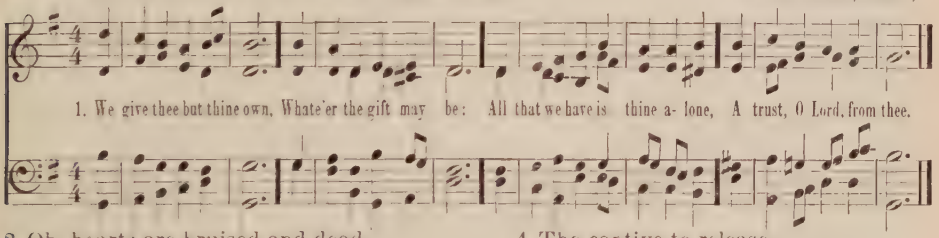
5 God of the widow! hear;
Our work of mercy bless;
God of the fatherless! be near,
And grant us good success.

Sir H. W. Baker, 1821–1877.

GRETA. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

Sir J. Goss, 1800–1880.

662 ST. ETHELWALD. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

W. H. Monk, 1823—,



2 Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold!

3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless,
Is angels' work below.

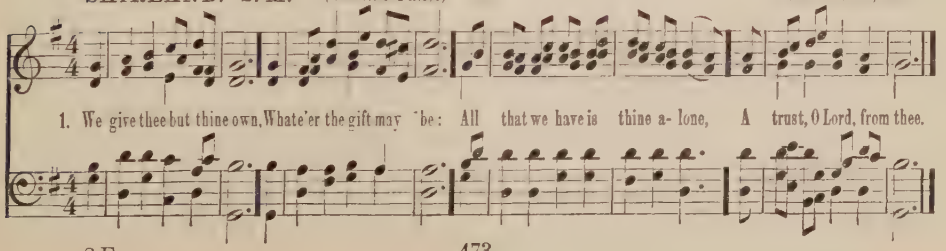
4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

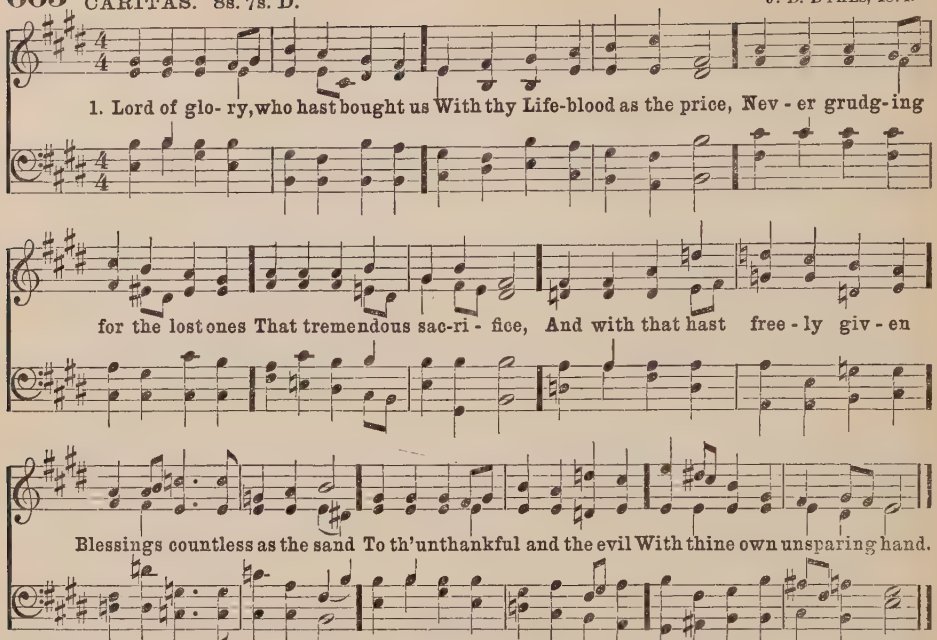
W. W. How, 1854.

SHIRLAND. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

S. Stanley, 1805.



663 CARITAS. 8s. 7s. D. J. B. DYKES, 1874.


1. Lord of glo- ry, who hast bought us With thy Life-blood as the price, Nev - er grudg- ing
for the lost ones That tremendous sac-ri - fice, And with that hast free - ly giv - en
Blessings countless as the sand To th' unthankful and the evil With thine own unsparing hand.

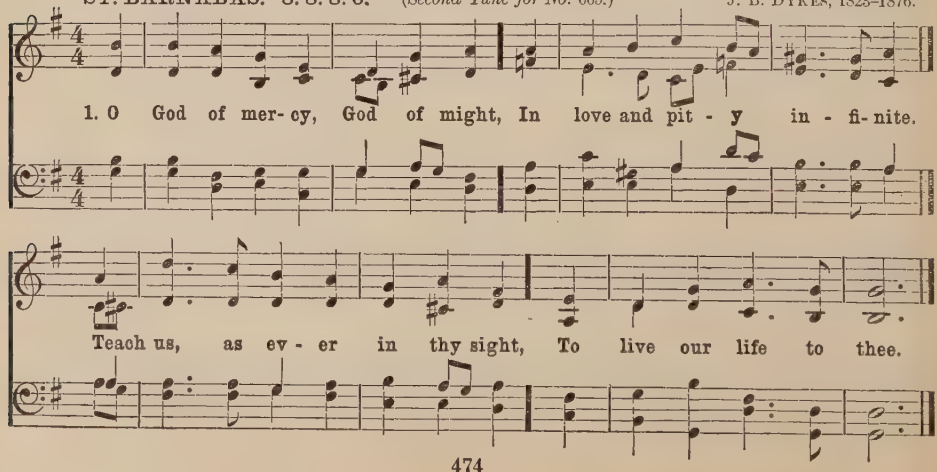
2 Grant us hearts, dear Lord, to yield thee,
Gladly, freely of thine own;
With the sunshine of thy goodness
Melt our thankless hearts of stone;
Till our cold and selfish natures,
Warmed by thee, at length believe
That more happy and more blesséd
'Tis to give than to receive.

3 Wondrous honor hast thou given
To our humblest charity,
In thine own mysterious sentence,
"Ye have done it unto me."
Can it be, O gracious Master,
Thou dost deign for alms to sue,
Saying by thy poor and needy
"Give as I have given to you?"

4 Lord of glory, who hast bought us
With thy life-blood as the price,
Never grudging for the lost ones
That tremendous sacrifice,
Give us faith, to trust thee boldly,
Hope, to stay our souls on thee:
But Oh, best of all thy graces
Give us thine own charity!

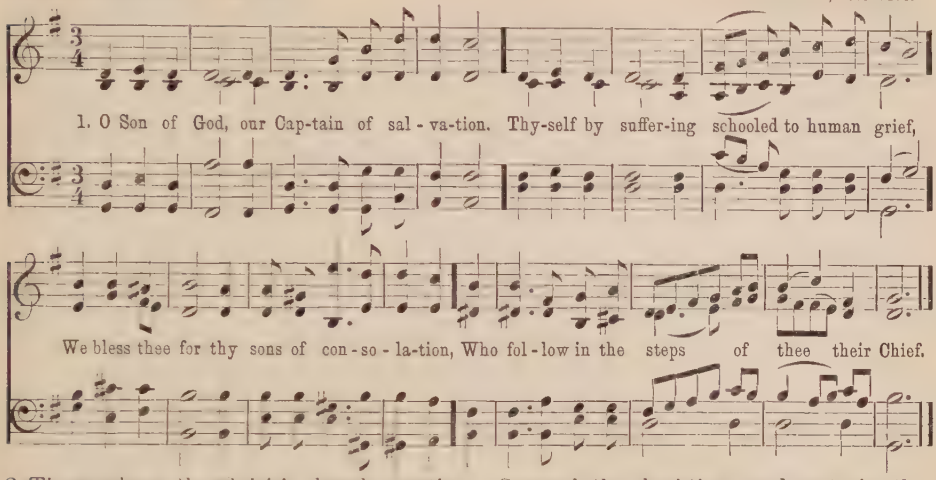
(ALSO AUTUMN, No. 106.) Eliza Sibbald Alderson, 1874.

ST. BARNABAS. 8. 8. 8. 6. (*Second Tune for No.* 665.) J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



664 TERESA. 11s. 10s.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805-1876.


1. O Son of God, our Cap-tain of sal - va-tion. Thy-self by suffer-ing schooled to human grief,
We bless thee for thy sons of con - so - la-tion, Who fol - low in the steps of thee their Chief.

2 Those whom thy Spirit's dread vocation severs [host;
To lead the vanguard of thy conquering
Whose toilsome years are spent in brave endeavors
To bear thy saving name from coast to coast;

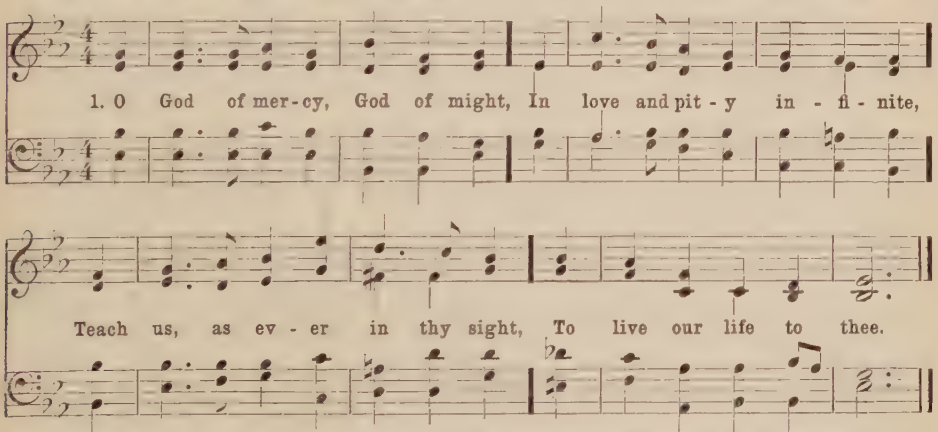
3 And all true helpers, patient, kind and skilful, [earth,
Who shed thy light across our darkened
Counsel the doubting, and restrain the wilful,
Soothe the sick bed, and share the children's mirth.

4 Thus, Lord, thy comforters in memory keeping,
Still be thy church's watchword, "Comfort ye;" [weeping,
Till in our Father's house shall end our
And all our wants be satisfied in thee.

(ALSO HENLEY, No. 784.)

John Ellerton, 1826-1893.

665 ELMHURST. 8.8.8.6. (*First Tune.*)

EDWIN DREWETT, 1887.

2 And thou who cam'st on earth to die,
That fallen man might live thereby,
O hear us, for to thee we cry
In hope, O Lord, to thee.

3 Teach us the lesson thou hast taught,
To feel for those thy blood hath bought;
That every word and deed and thought
May work a work for thee.

4 For all are brethren, far and wide,
Since thou, O Lord, for all hast died;
Then teach us, whatsoe'er betide,
To love them all in thee.

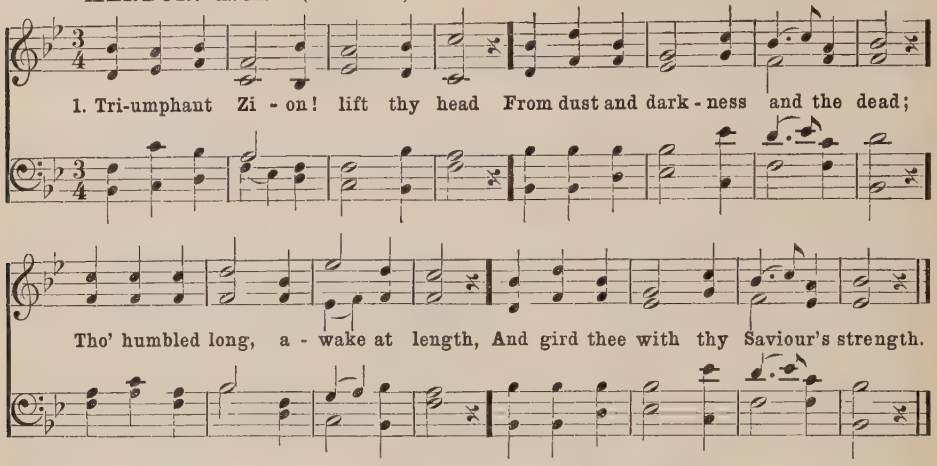
5 In sickness, sorrow, want, or care,
Whate'er it be, 'tis ours to share;
May we, when help is needed, there
Give help as unto thee.

Godfrey Thring, 1877.

(ALSO ST. BARNABAS, OPPOSITE.)

666 MENDON. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

GERMAN AIR, ARR. BY S. DYER, 1824.


1. Tri-umphant Zi - on! lift thy head From dust and dark - ness and the dead;
Tho' humbled long, a - wake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thine excellence be known;
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

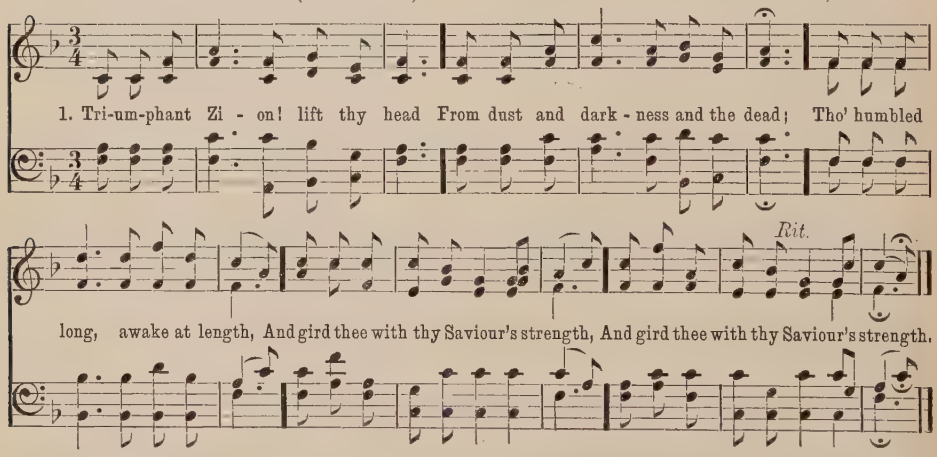
3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Philip Doddridge, 1775.

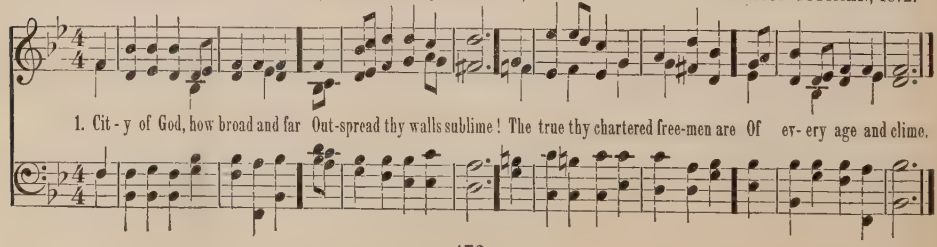
ANVERN. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872.


1. Tri-um-phant Zi - on! lift thy head From dust and dark - ness and the dead; Tho' humbled
Rit.
long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

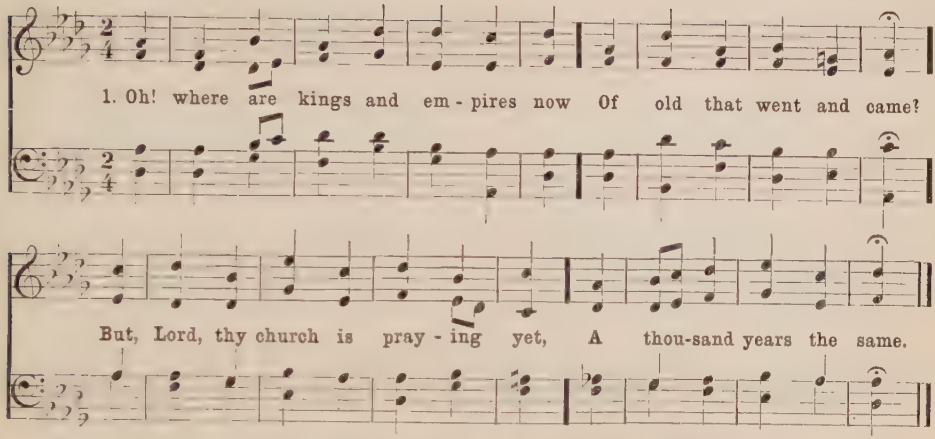
MIRFIELD. C. M. (*Second Tune for No.* 668.)

ARTHUR COTTMAN, 1872.



667 ST. ANN'S. C. M.

WM. CROFT, 1697-1727.



1 Oh! where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

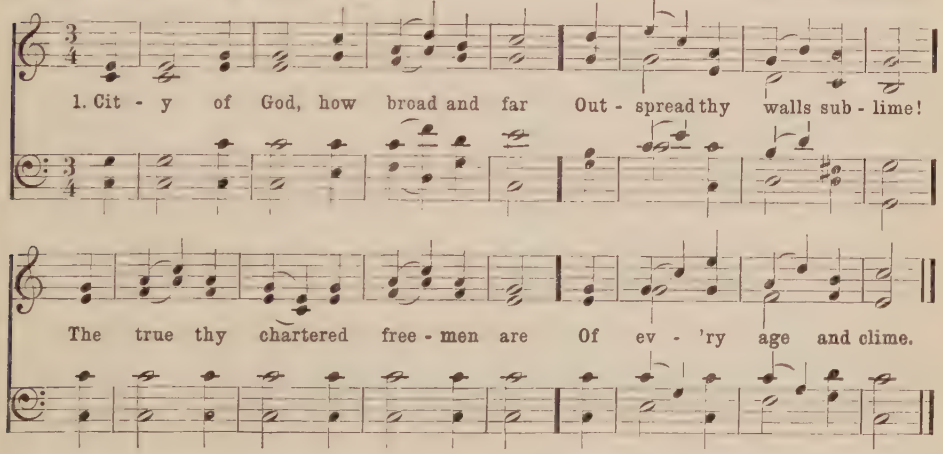
3 For not like kingdoms of the world
Thy holy church, O God, [her,
Though earthquake shocks are threatening
And tempests are abroad.

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

A. C. Coxe, 1838.

668 CHIMES. C. M. *(First Tune.)*

L. MASON, 1792-1872.



2 One holy Church, one army strong,
One steadfast high intent,
One working band, one harvest-song,
One King Omnipotent!

3 How purely hath thy speech come down
From man's primeval youth;
How grandly hath thine empire grown
Of freedom, love, and truth!

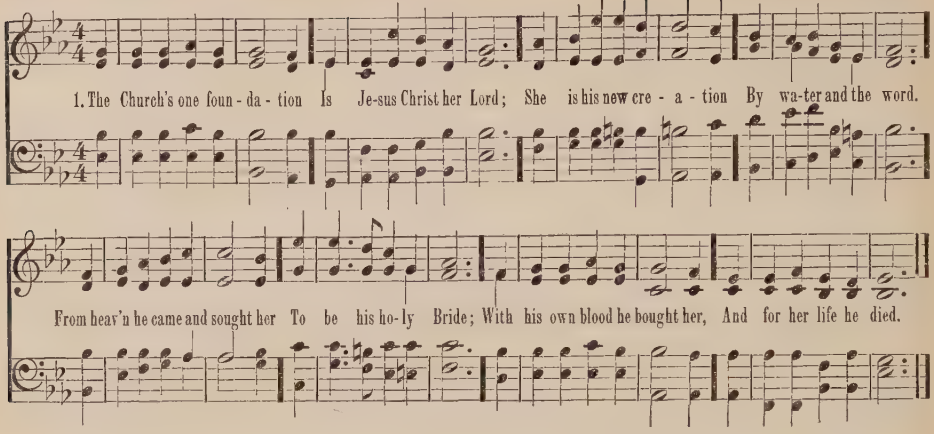
4 How gleam thy watchfires thro' the night
With never-fainting ray!
How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
To meet the dawning day!

5 In vain the surge's angry shock,
In vain the drifting sands:
Unharmed upon the eternal Rock
The eternal city stands.

Samuel Johnson, 1864.

(ALSO MIRFIELD, OPPOSITE.)

669 AURELIA. 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

S. S. WESLEY, 1810–1876.

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je-sus Christ her Lord; She is his new cre - a - tion By wa-ter and the word.
From heav'n he came and sought her To be his ho-ly Bride; With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.

2 Elect from every nation
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth;
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses,
With every grace endued.

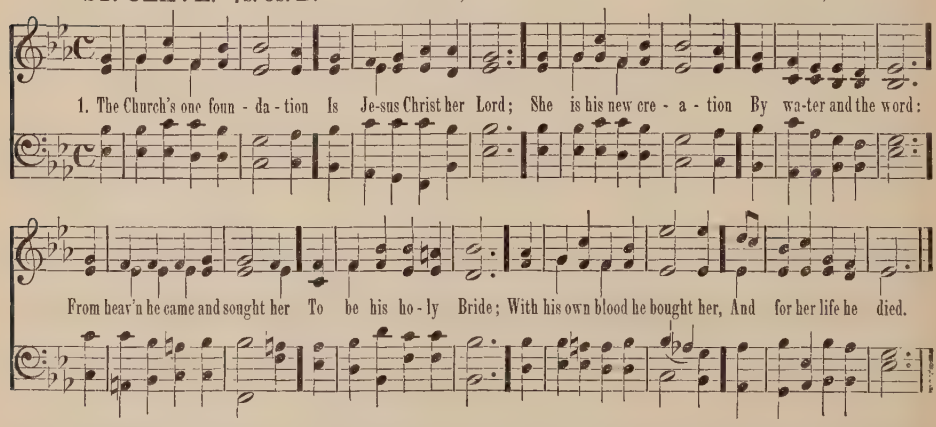
3 Though with a scornful wonder,
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest:
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, "how long?"
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great church victorious,
Shall be the church at rest.

S. J. Stone, 1865.

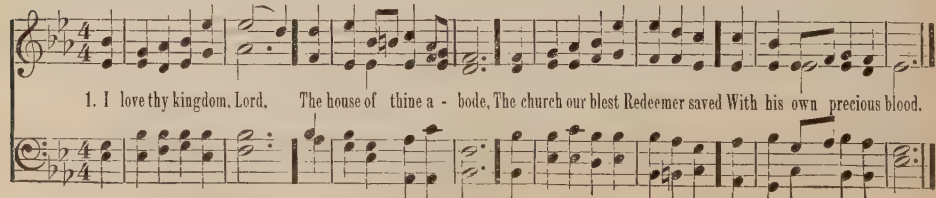
ST. OLAVE. 7s. 6s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876.


1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je-sus Christ her Lord; She is his new cre - a - tion By wa-ter and the word:
From heav'n he came and sought her To be his ho - ly Bride; With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.

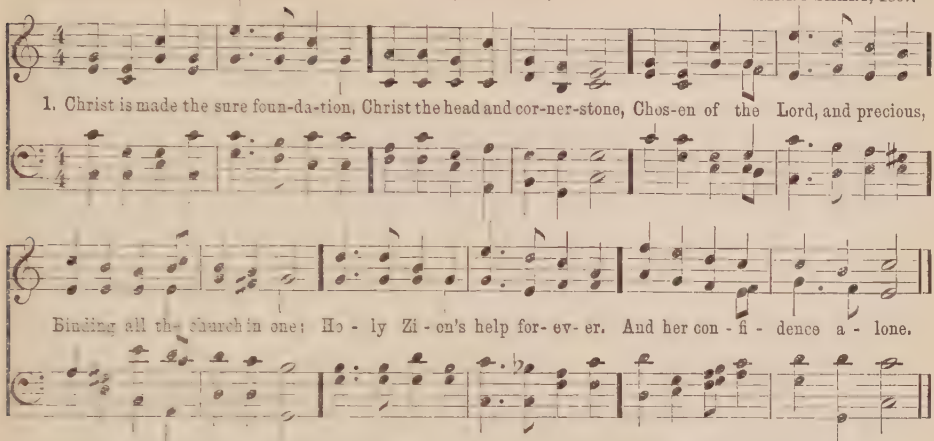
CAREW. S. M. (*For No.* 671.)

D. STEIBELT, 1755–1823.



670 REGENT SQUARE. 8s. 7s. 61. (*First Tune.*)

HENRY SMART, 1867.


1. Christ is made the sure foun-da-tion, Christ the head and cor-ner-stone, Chos-en of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the church in one; Ho - ly Zi - on's help for- ev- er, And her con - fi - dence a - lone.

2 To this temple, where we call thee,
Come, O Lord of hosts, to-day:
With thy wonted loving-kindness
Hear thy people as they pray;
And thy fullest benediction
Shed within its walls alway.

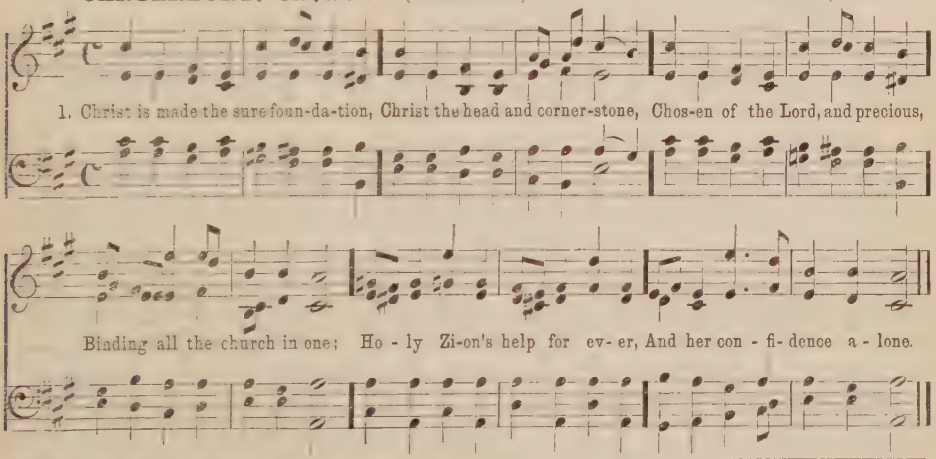
3 Here vouchsafe to all thy servants
What they ask of thee to gain,
What they gain from thee for ever
With the blessèd to retain,
And hereafter in thy glory
Evermore with thee to reign.

4 Laud and honor to the Father,
Laud and honor to the Son,
Laud and honor to the Spirit,
Ever Three and ever One,
One in might, and One in glory,
While unending ages run.

Latin, 7th cent, tr. J. M. Neale, 1851; alt.

CANTERBURY. 8s. 7s. 61. (*Second Tune.*)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876.


1. Christ is made the sure foun-da-tion, Christ the head and corner-stone, Chos-en of the Lord, and precious,
Binding all the church in one; Ho - ly Zi-on's help for ev- er, And her con - fi- dence a - lone.

671 CAREW. S. M. (*Opposite.*)

2 I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

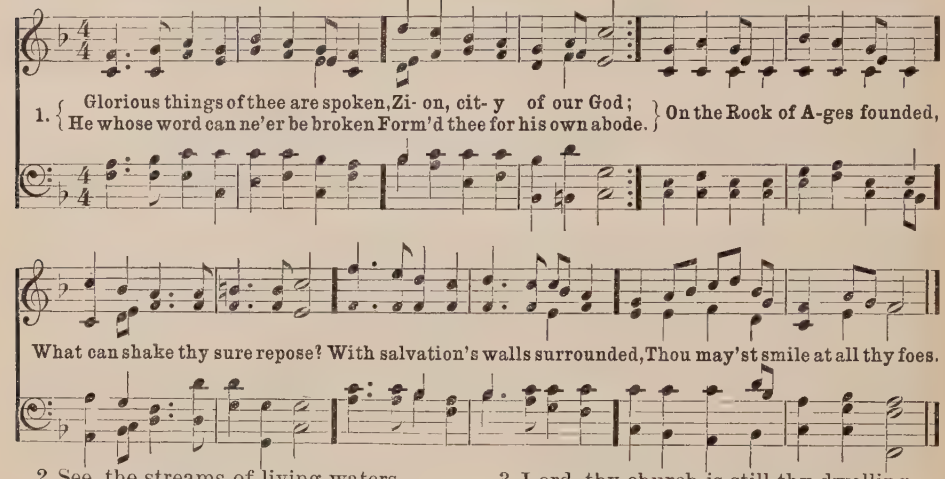
5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

Timothy Dwight, 1800.

(ALSO ST. THOMAS, No. 15.)

672 AUSTRIAN HYMN. 8s. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*)

F. J. HAYDN, 1732-1809.


1. { Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zi- on, cit- y of our God;
He whose word can ne'er be broken Form'd thee for his own abode. } On the Rock of A-ges founded,
What can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

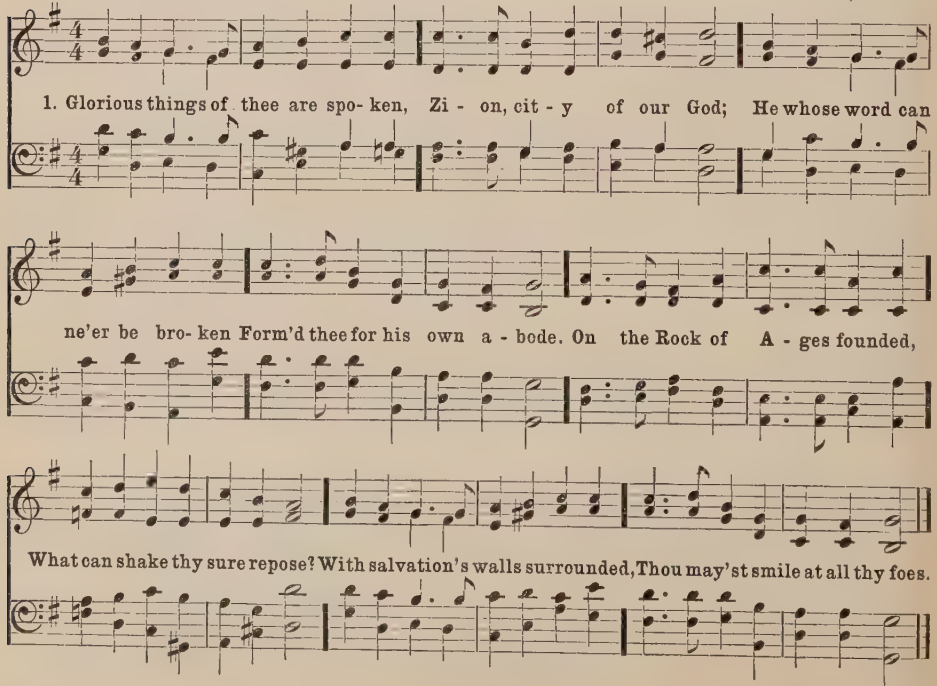
2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age?

3 Lord, thy church is still thy dwelling,
Still is precious in thy sight;
Judah's temple far excelling,
Beaming with the gospel's light.
Round her habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

John Newton, 1779.

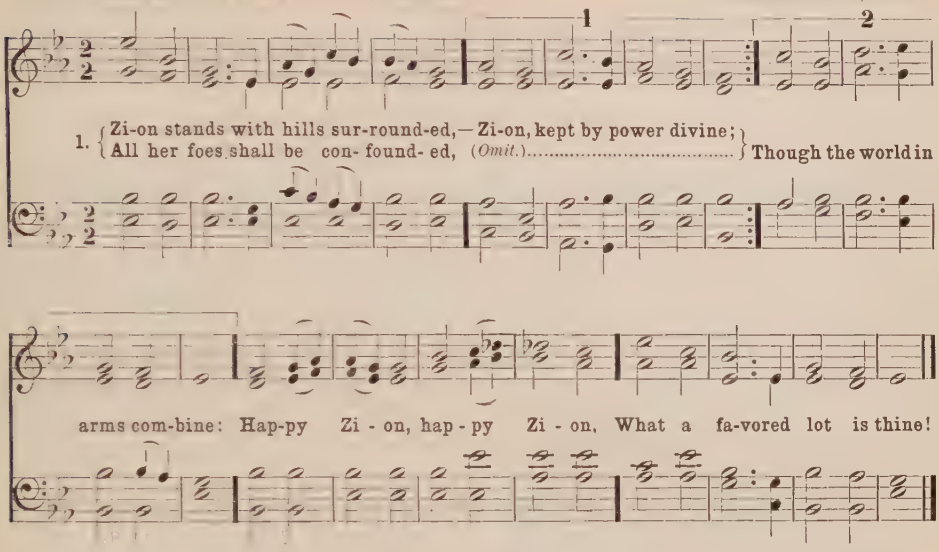
FALFIELD. 8s. 7s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.


1. Glorious things of thee are spo- ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God; He whose word can
ne'er be bro- ken Form'd thee for his own a - bode. On the Rock of A - ges founded,
What can shake thy sure repose? With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

673 BRANDT. 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*First Tune.*)

"CHORAL FRIEND," 1852.


1
2
1. Zi-on stands with hills sur-round-ed,—Zi-on, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be con- found- ed, (*Omit.*) Though the world in
arms com-bine: Hap-py Zi - on, hap - py Zi - on, What a fa-vored lot is thine!

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,—
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

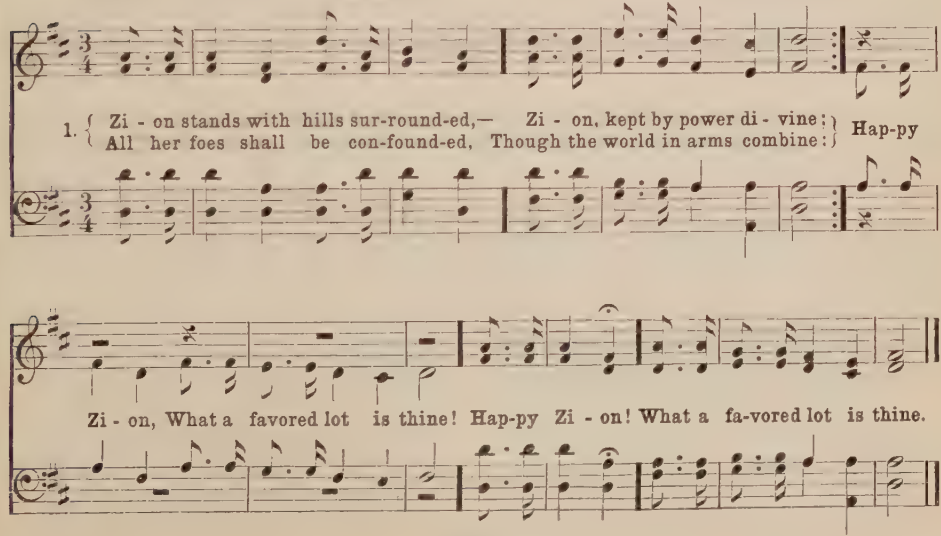
2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee:
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee,—
God, thine everlasting light.

Thomas Kelly, 1806.

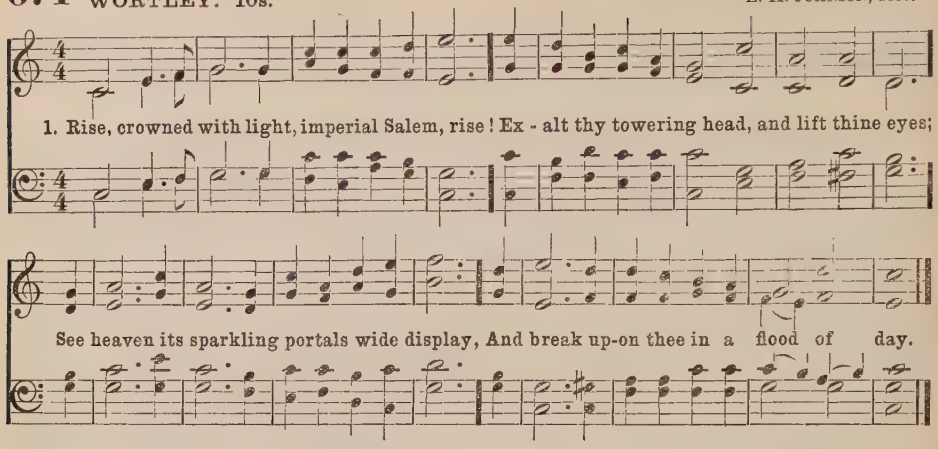
ZION. 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*Second Tune.*)

THOS. HASTINGS, 1784–1873.


1. Zi - on stands with hills sur-round-ed,— Zi - on, kept by power di - vine;
All her foes shall be con-found-ed, Though the world in arms combine:
Hap-py
Zi - on, What a favored lot is thine! Hap-py Zi - on! What a fa-vored lot is thine.

674 WORTLEY. 10s.

E. H. JOHNSON, 1897.


1. Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise! Ex - alt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display, And break up-on thee in a flood of day.

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

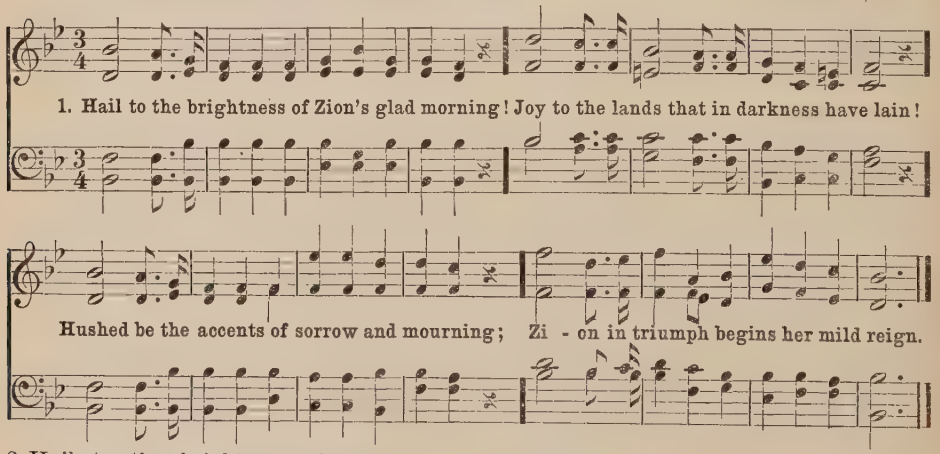
3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in the light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyful tribute brings.

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realms shall last, thy own Messiah reigns!

Alexander Pope, 1688–1744.

675 HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS. 11s. 10s.

LOWELL MASON, 1830.


1. Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning! Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning; Zi - on in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold!
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold!

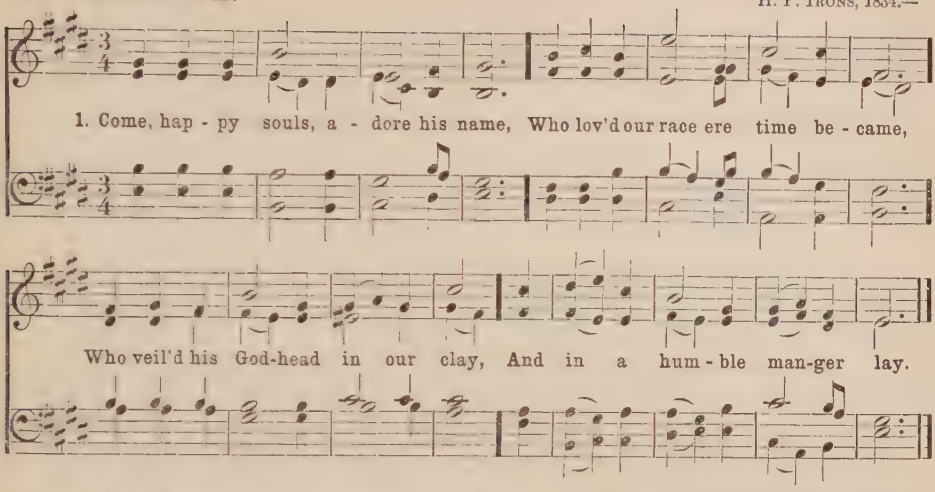
3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See, from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,—
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

Thomas Hastings, 1830.

676 HOPE. L. M.

H. P. IRONS, 1834.—


1. Come, hap - py souls, a - dore his name, Who lov'd our race ere time be - came,
Who veil'd his God-head in our clay, And in a hum - ble man-ger lay.

1 Come, happy souls, adore his name,
Who loved our race ere time became,
Who veiled his Godhead in our clay,
And in a humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread;
With joy they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

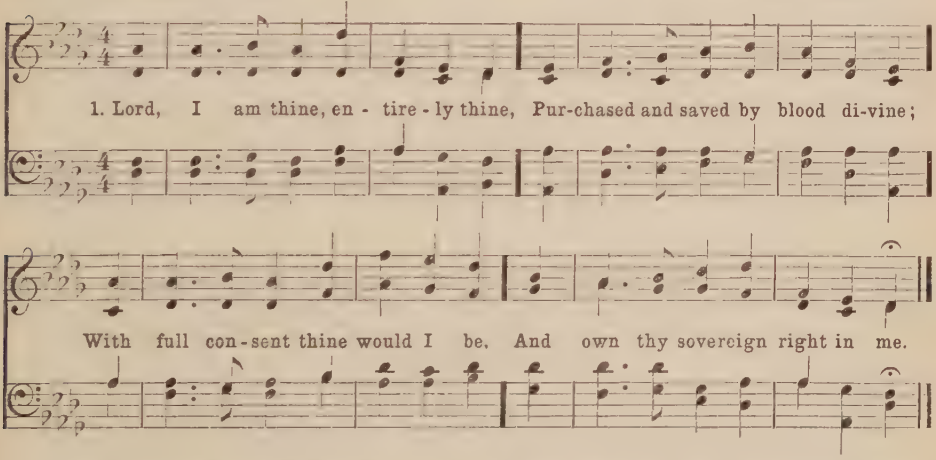
3 Baptized by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his watery grave;
Heaven owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love his precious name;
Come, tread his steps and learn of him:
Happy beyond expression they
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

Thomas Baldwin, 1819, alt.

677 ALSTONE. L. M.

C. E. WILLING, 1830.


1. Lord, I am thine, en - tire - ly thine, Pur-chased and saved by blood di-vine;
With full con-sent thine would I be, And own thy sovereign right in me.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner lost to God,
But ransomed by Emmanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity:
The vow is passed beyond repeal;
Now will I set the solemn seal.

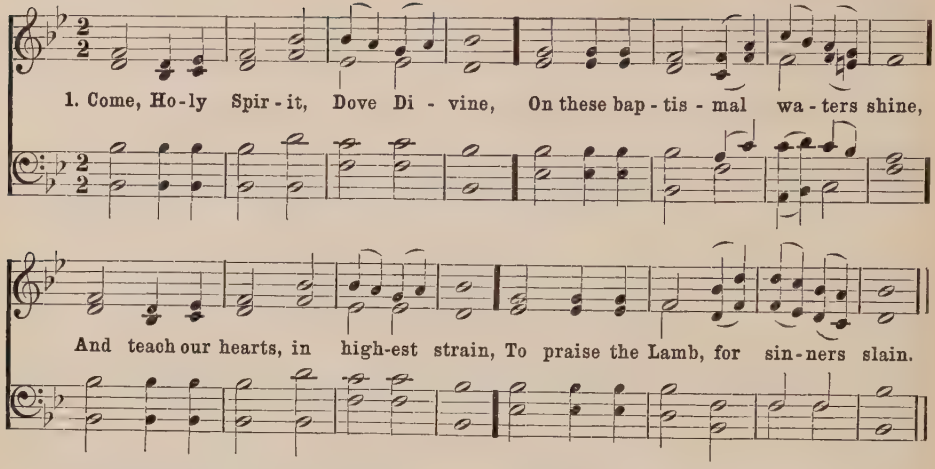
4 Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

Samuel Davies, 1769.

(ALSO BERA, No. 473.)

678 ERNAN. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1850.


1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, Dove Di-vine, On these bap-tis-mal wa-ters shine,
And teach our hearts, in high-est strain, To praise the Lamb, for sin-ners slain.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Dove divine,
On these baptismal waters shine,
And teach our hearts, in highest strain,
To praise the Lamb, for sinners slain.

2 We love thy name, we love thy laws,
And joyfully embrace thy cause;
We love thy cross, the shame, the pain,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

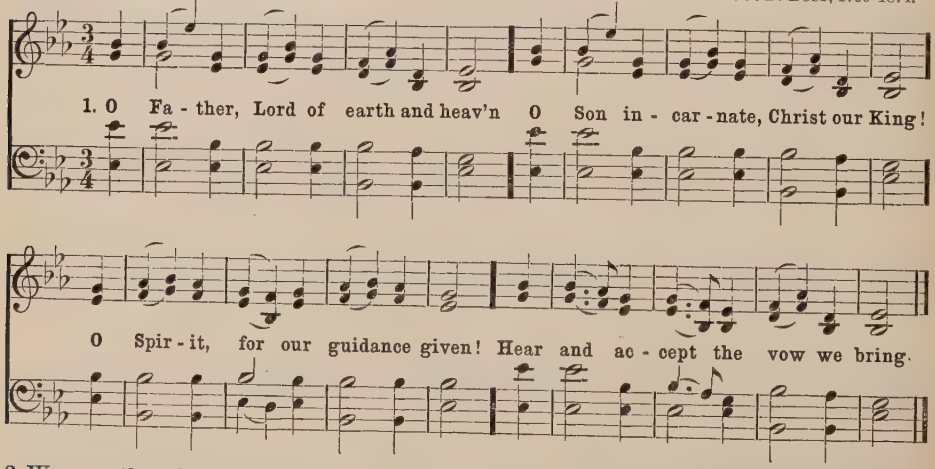
3 We sink beneath the mystic flood;
O bathe us in thy cleansing blood;
We die to sin, and seek a grave,
With thee, beneath the yielding wave.

4 And as we rise with thee to live,
O let the Holy Spirit give
The sealing unction from above,
The breath of life, the fire of love.

Adoniram Judson, 1788–1850.

679 GRATITUDE. L. M.

P. A. J. D. BOST, 1790–1874.


1. O Fa-ther, Lord of earth and heav'n O Son in-car-nate, Christ our King!
O Spir-it, for our guidance given! Hear and ac-cept the vow we bring.

2 We own thee, Saviour, crucified,
We own thee, Saviour, rais'd to heaven;
With thee our souls to sin have died,
But now would rise as thou art risen.

3 Thy gospel, Lord, we would obey,
We follow, and thy hand shall guide;
We seek thro' Jordan's wave the way
That leads thy loved ones to thy side.

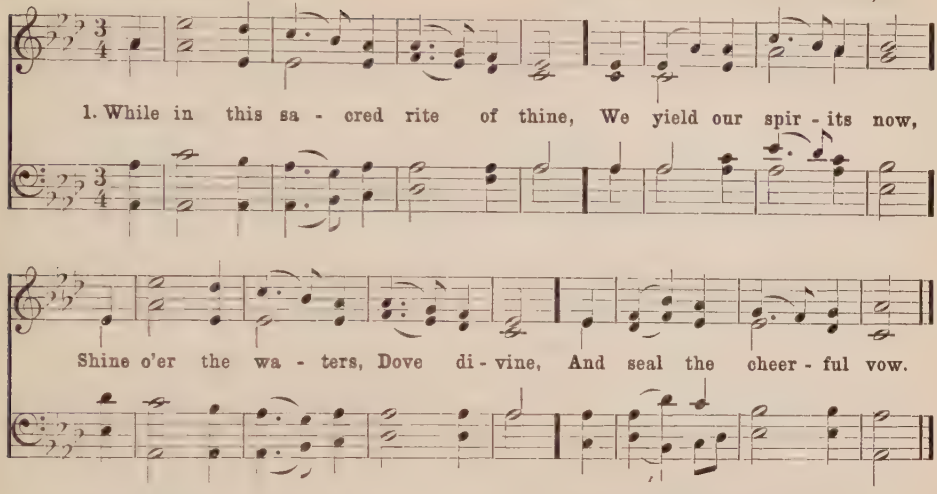
4 Now in thy baptism,—wondrous sign!—
We dedicate ourselves to thee;
Now seal the covenant divine,
And own us thine eternally.

5 We trust the pledge which thou hast giv'n,
Of grace to keep us still thine own,
And, dying, we shall rise to heaven,
To share thy glory and thy throne.

J. W. Willmarth, 1835—.

680 BOARDMAN. C. M.

L. Devereux, arr. by G. Kingsley, 1839.



1 While in this sacred rite of thine,
We yield our spirits now,
Shine o'er the waters, Dove divine,
And seal the cheerful vow.

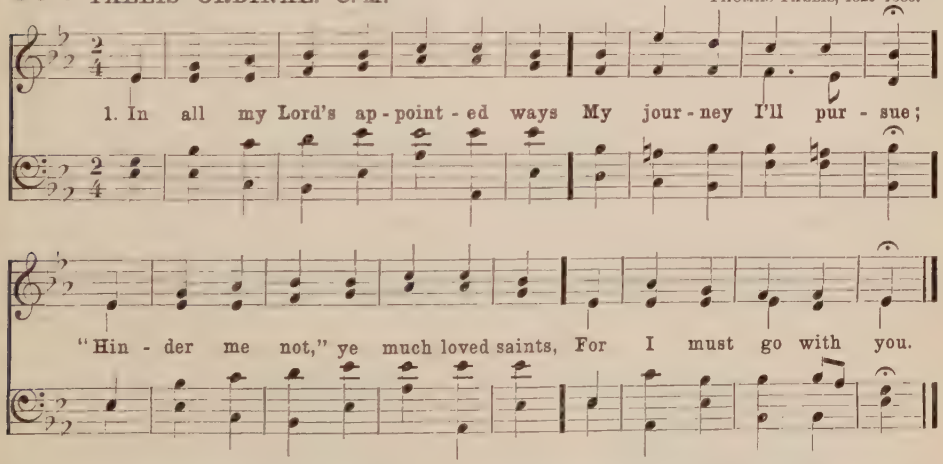
2 All glory be to him whose life
For ours was freely given,
Who aids us in the spirit's strife,
And makes us meet for heaven.

3 To thee we gladly now resign
Our life and all our powers;
Accept us in this rite divine,
And bless these hallowed hours.

S. F. Smith, 1832.

681 TALLIS' ORDINAL. C. M.

Thomas Tallis, 1529–1585.



1 In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads;
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

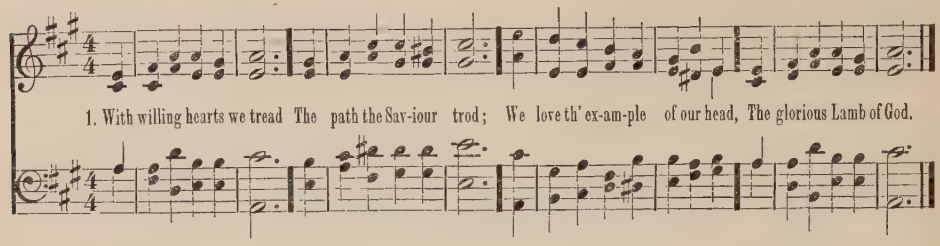
3 Through duties, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome, death;
I'll gladly go with thee.

John Ryland, 1773.

682 LATHROP. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

G. M. GARRETT, 1872.



1 With willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod;
We love th' example of our head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

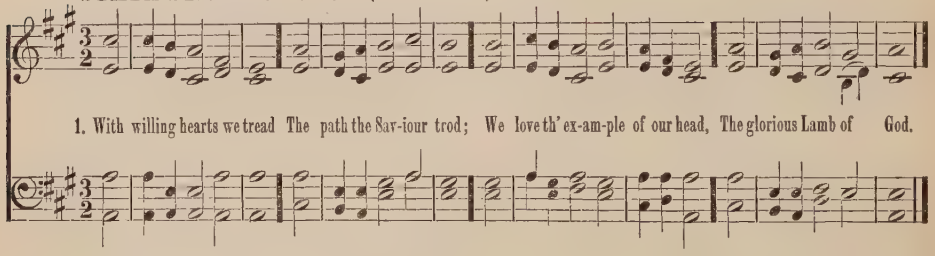
2 On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely,
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.

3 We trust thy sacrifice;
To thy dear cross we flee;
Oh, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee!

S. F. Smith, 1843.

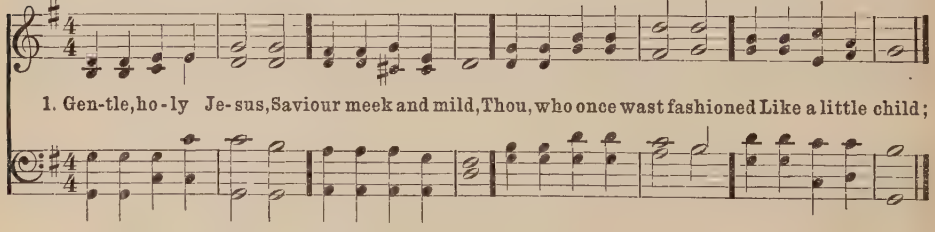
STATE STREET. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. C. WOODMAN, 1844.



683 NORTH COATES. 6s. 5s.

T. R. MATTHEWS, 1826—.



2 And in grace and meekness
Up to manhood grew;
Sharing human weakness,
Human sorrow too:

3 In thy word so holy,
Saviour, we can see,
That of us thou sayest,
"Let them come to me."

4 Glad we come! and render
All we have to give:
While our hearts are tender,
Help us, Lord, to live,

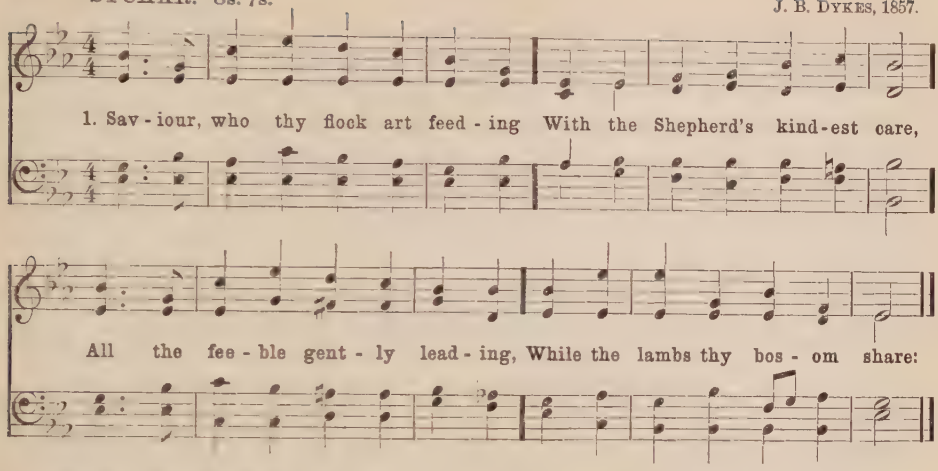
5 Like thy young disciples,
That the world may see
We are taught by Jesus,
And have learned of thee.

6 May we copy closely
Him we so much love,
Till we bear his likeness,
Perfected above.

Emma Whitfield.

684 SYCHAR. 8s. 7s.

J. B. DYKES, 1857.


1. Sav - iour, who thy flock art feed - ing With the Shepherd's kind - est care,
All the fee - ble gent - ly lead - ing, While the lambs thy bos - om share:

1 Saviour, who thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share:

2 Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

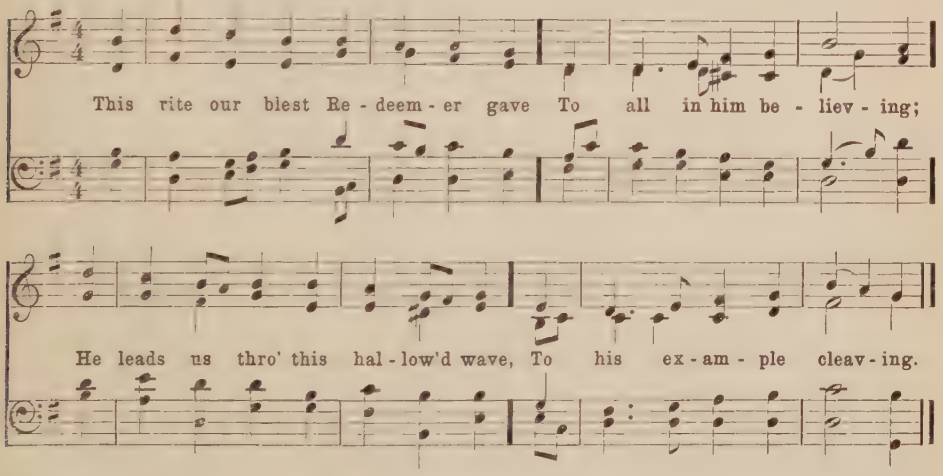
3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

W. A. Muhlenburg, 1829.

685 CECILIA. 8s. 7s. Iambic.

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



2 I'll follow then my glorious Lord,
Whate'er the ties I sever;
He saved my soul, and left his word
To guide me now and ever.

3 For me the cross and shame to bear,
Dear Saviour, thou wast willing;
Nor would I shrink thy yoke to wear,
All righteousness fulfilling.

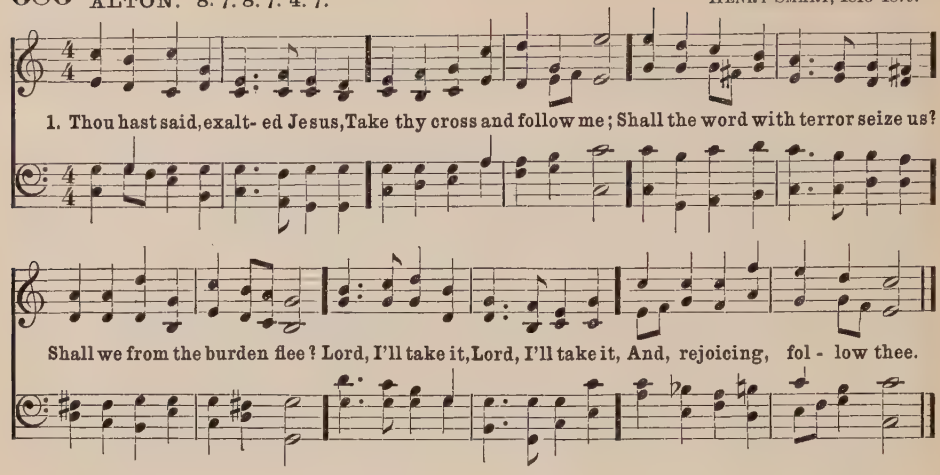
4 Jesus, to thee I yield my all;
In thy kind arms enfold me:
My heart is fixed— no fears appall—
Thy gracious power shall hold me.

5 How sweet the way divine to take,
So clear in Jordan's story;
On souls that follow Christ shall break
The Spirit's beam of glory.

S. D. Phelps, 1867.

686 ALTON. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.

HENRY SMART, 1813–1879.


1. Thou hast said, exalt- ed Jesus, Take thy cross and follow me; Shall the word with terror seize us?
Shall we from the burden flee? Lord, I'll take it, Lord, I'll take it, And, rejoicing, fol - low thee.

2 While this liquid tomb surveying,
Emblem of my Saviour's grave,
Shall I shun its brink, betraying
Feelings worthy of a slave?
No; I'll enter:
Jesus entered Jordan's wave.

3 Blest the sign which thus reminds me,
Saviour, of thy love for me;
But more blest the love that binds me
In its deathless bonds to thee:
Oh, what pleasure,
Buried with my Lord to be!

4 Should it rend some fond connection,
Should I suffer shame or loss,
Yet the fragrant, blest reflection,
I have been where Jesus was,
Will revive me
When I faint beneath the cross.

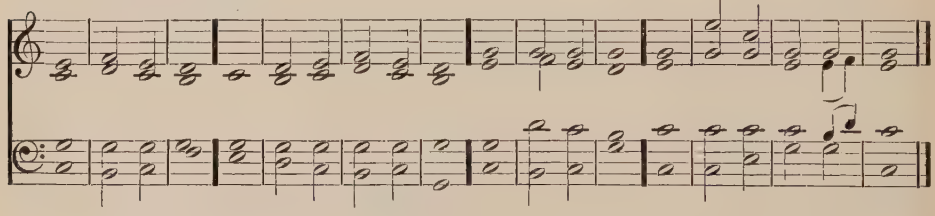
5 Fellowship with him possessing,
Let me die to earth and sin;
Let me rise t'enjoy the blessing
Which the faithful soul shall win:
May I ever
Follow where my Lord has been.

(ALSO VESPER HYMN, No. 845.)

J. E. Giles, 1837.

687 KNOW YE NOT. (*Chant.*)

H. W. GREATOREX, 1811–1858.



1 Know ye not that so many of us as were bap*tized* into | Jesus | Christ, ‖ *were* bap- | tized in- | to his | death?

2 Therefore *we* are | buried • with | him ‖ *by* | baptism | unto | death;

3 That like as Christ was *raised* | up • from the | dead ‖ *by* the | glory | of the | Father,

4 Even *so* | we— | also ‖ *should* | walk in | new- • ness of | life.

5 For if we have been planted together in the *like*ness | of his | death, ‖ We shall be also in the *like*ness | of his | resur- | rection.

6 Now if *we* be | dead with | Christ, ‖ we be*lieve* that | we shall | live with | him.

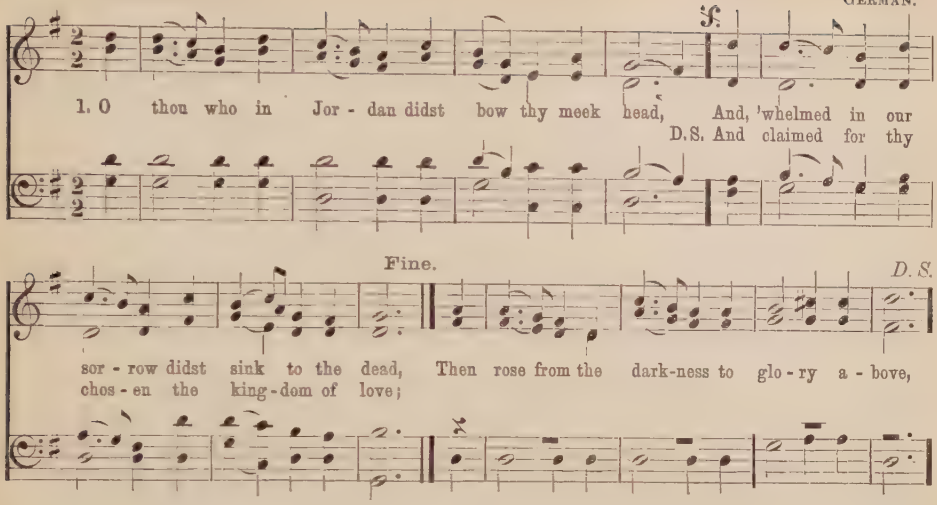
7 For in that he died, he *died* | unto • sin | once, ‖ but in that he liveth, *he* | liveth | unto | God.

8 Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be *dead* in- | deed • unto | sin, ‖ But alive unto *God* through | Jesus | Christ our | Lord.

Rom. vi. 3–11.

688 GOSHEN. 11s.

GERMAN.


1. O thou who in Jor - dan didst bow thy meek head, And, 'whelmed in our
D.S. And claimed for thy
Fine.
D. S.
sor - row didst sink to the dead, Then rose from the dark-ness to glo - ry a - bove,
chos - en the king-dom of love;

1 O thou who in Jordan didst bow thy meek head,
And, 'whelmed in our sorrow, didst sink to the dead,
Then rose from the darkness to glory above,
And claimed for thy chosen the kingdom of love;

2 Thy footsteps we follow, to bow in the tide,
And are buried with thee in the death thou hast died;
Then wake in thy likeness to walk in the way
That brightens and brightens to shadowless day.

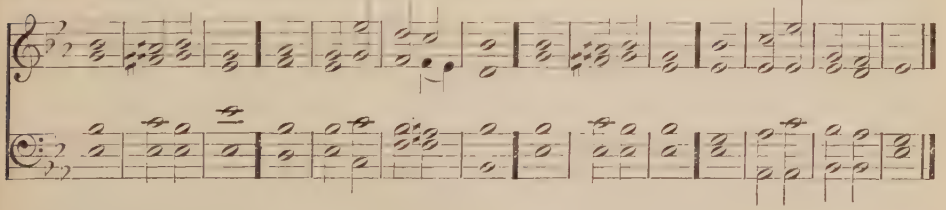
3 O Jesus, our Saviour, O Jesus, our Lord,
By the life of thy passion, the grace of thy word,
Accept us, redeem us, dwell ever within,
To keep, by thy Spirit, our spirits from sin;

4 Till, crowned with thy glory, and waving the palm,
Our garments all white from the blood of the Lamb,
We join the bright millions of saints gone before,
And bless thee, and wonder, and praise evermore.

G. W. Bethune, 1857.

689 SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN. (*Chant.*)

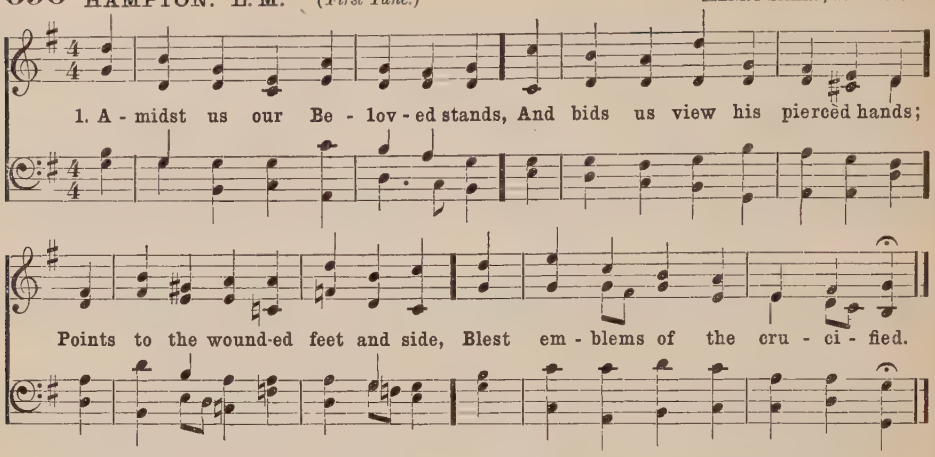
L. T. DOWNS, 1827—.



1 *Suf*-fer | little | children ‖ *to* | come — | unto me,
2 *And* | — for- | bid, ‖ *for*- | bid — | them — | not.
3 *And* | — he | took ‖ *them* | up in- | to his | arms,
4 *Laid* | — his | hands ‖ *up*- | on them . and | blessed — | them.

690 HAMPTON. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

HENRY SMART, 1812-1879.


1. A - midst us our Be - lov - ed stands, And bids us view his pierced hands;
Points to the wound-ed feet and side, Blest em - blems of the cru - ci - fied.

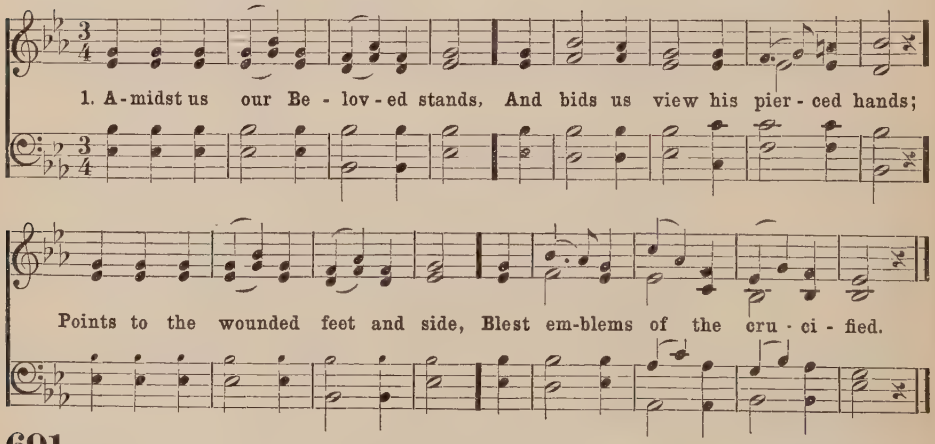
2 What food luxurious loads the board,
When at his table sits the Lord!
The wine how rich, the bread how sweet,
When Jesus deigns the guests to meet.

3 If now, with eyes defiled and dim,
We see the signs, but see not him,
O may his love the scales displace,
And bid us see him face to face.

C. H. Spurgeon, 1866.

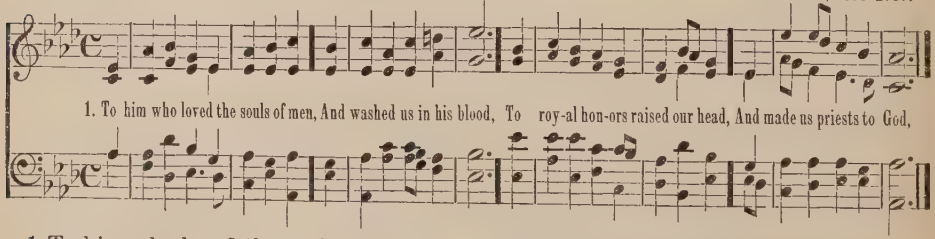
ROSEDALE. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

G. F. ROOT, 1820-1895.


1. A-midst us our Be - lov - ed stands, And bids us view his pier - ced hands;
Points to the wounded feet and side, Blest em-blems of the cru - ci - fied.

691 NOTTINGHAM. C. M.

J. CLARKE, 1670-1707.



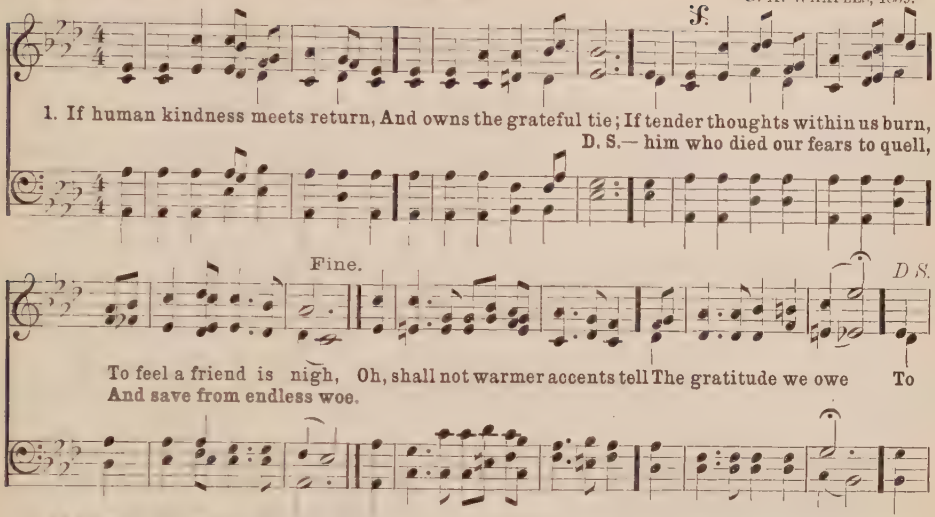
1 To him who loved the souls of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God,—

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love,
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

692 WOLLASTON. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

B. A. Whaples, 1859.


1. If human kindness meets return, And owns the grateful tie; If tender thoughts within us burn,
D. S.— him who died our fears to quell,
Fine.
D. S.
To feel a friend is nigh, Oh, shall not warmer accents tell The gratitude we owe To
And save from endless woe.

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh,

2 Oh, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him who died our fears to quell,
And save from endless woe?

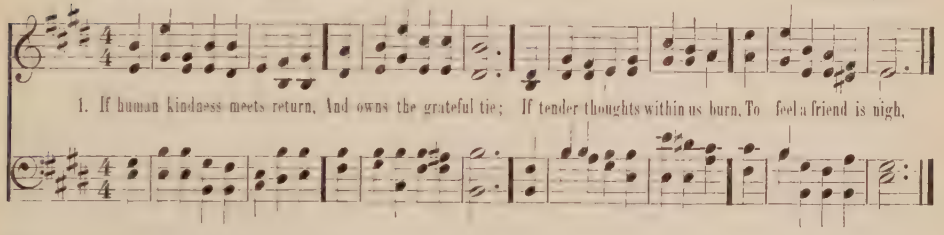
3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed!—
"Meet and remember me."

4 Remember thee! thy death, thy shame,
The griefs which thou didst bear!
O memory, leave no other name
But his recorded there.

G. T. Noel, 1813,

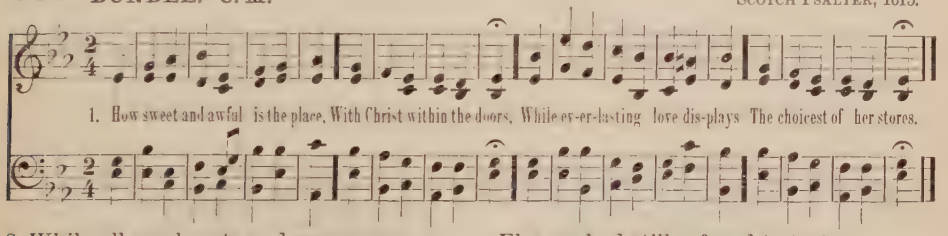
ADVENT. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. B. Calkin, 1827.



693 DUNDEE. C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.


1. How sweet and awful is the place, With Christ within the doors, While ev-er-lasting love dis-plays The choicest of her stores.

2 While all our hearts and every song,
Join to admire the feast,
Each of us cries, with thankful tongue,
"Lord, why was I a guest?"

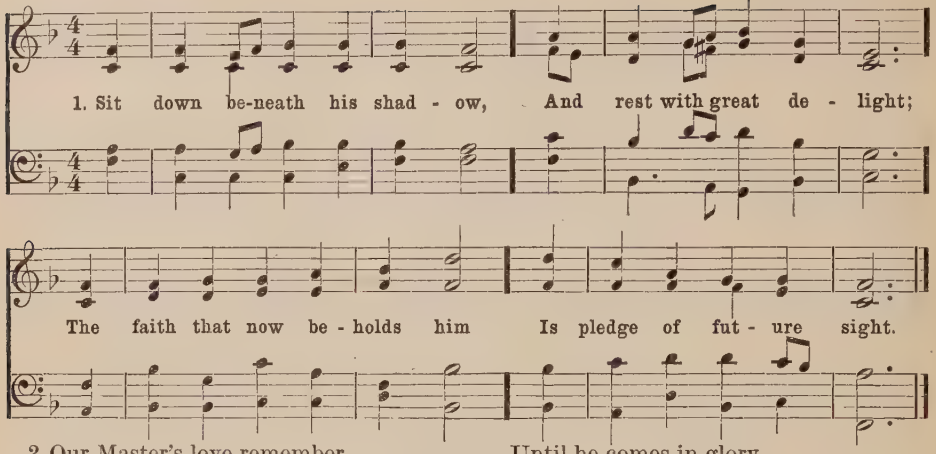
3 'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

4 Pity the nations, O our God;
Constrain the earth to come;
Send thy victorious word abroad,
And bring the strangers home.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

694 CHICHESTER. 7s. 6s.

PARISH HYMNAL.



2 Our Master's love remember,
Exceeding great and free;
Lift up thy heart in gladness,
For he remembers thee.

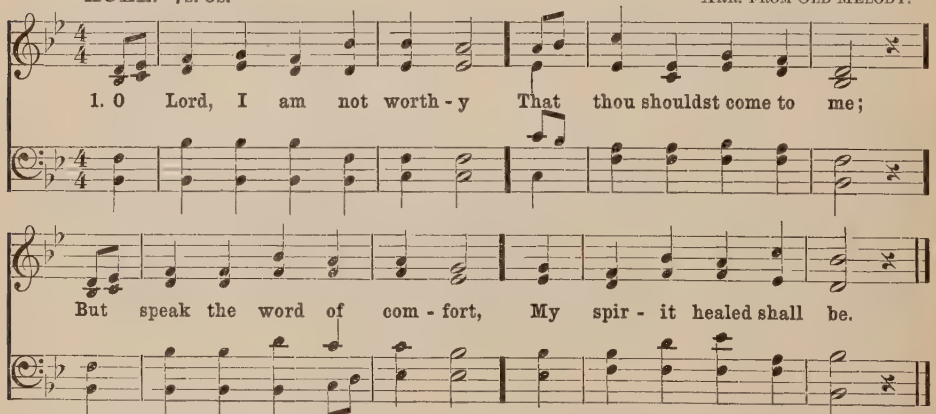
3 A little while though parted,
Remember, wait, and love,
Until he comes in glory,
Until we meet above.

4 Till in the Father's kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread,
And we behold his beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed.

Frances Ridley Havergal, 1836–1879.

695 AULÉ. 7s. 6s.

ARR. FROM OLD MELODY.



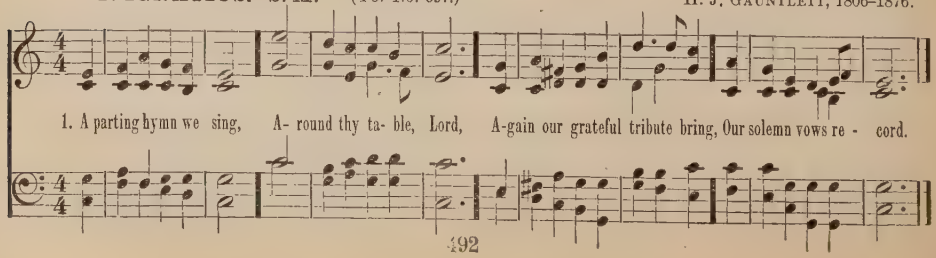
1 O Lord, I am not worthy
That thou shouldst come to me;
But speak the word of comfort,
My spirit healed shall be.

2 And humbly I'll receive thee,
The Bridegroom of my soul,
No more by sin to grieve thee,
Or fly thy sweet control.

Anon.

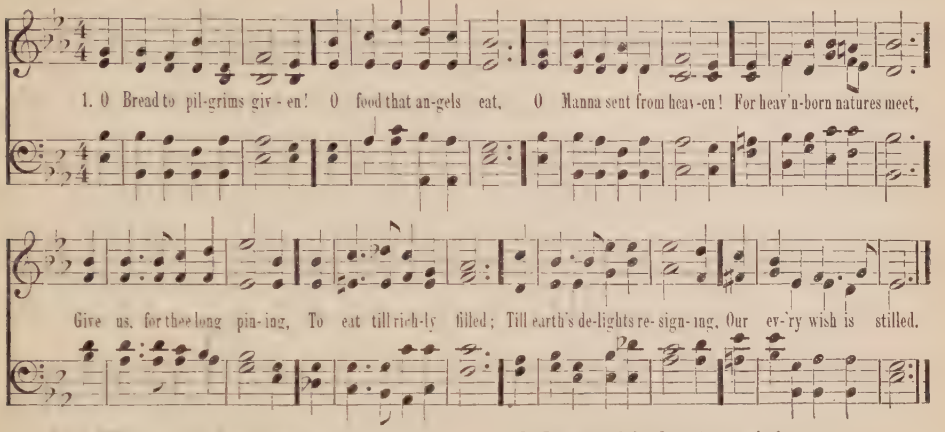
ST. IGNATIUS. S. M. (*For No.* 697.)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1806–1876.



696 BOLTON. 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. WALCH, 1837—.


1. O Bread to pil-grims giv-en! O food that an-gels eat, O Manna sent from heav'n! For heav'n-born natures meet,
Give us, for thee long pin-ing, To eat till rich-ly filled; Till earth's de-lights re-sign-ing, Our ev-'ry wish is stilled.

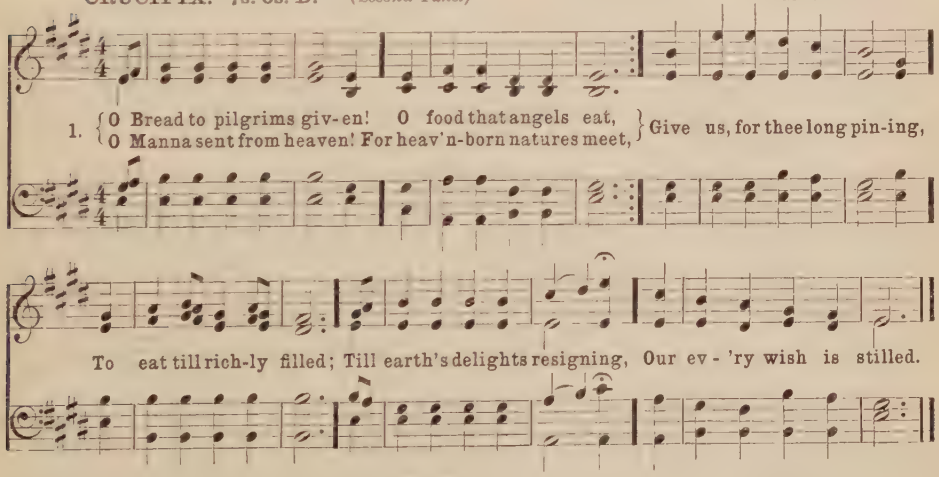
2 O Water, life-bestowing,
Forth from the Saviour's heart,
A fountain purely flowing,
A fount of love thou art:
O let us, freely tasting,
Our burning thirst assuage;
Thy sweetness, never wasting,
Avails from age to age.

3 Jesus, this feast receiving,
We thee unseen adore;
Thy faithful word believing,
We take, and doubt no more:
Give us, thou true and loving,
On earth to live in thee;
Then, death the veil removing,
Thy glorious face to see.

Latin, c. 17th cent., tr. Ray Palmer, 1858.

CRUCIFIX. 7s. 6s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

GREEK MELODY.


1. O Bread to pilgrims giv-en! O food that angels eat, O Manna sent from heaven! For heav'n-born natures meet, Give us, for thee long pin-ing,
To eat till rich-ly filled; Till earth's delights resigning, Our ev-'ry wish is stilled.

697 ST. IGNATIUS. (*Opposite.*)

1 A parting hymn we sing,
Around thy table, Lord,
Again our grateful tribute bring,
Our solemn vows record.

2 Here have we seen thy face,
And felt thy presence here,
So may the savor of thy grace
In word and life appear.

3 The purchase of thy blood,—
By sin no longer led,—
The path our dear Redeemer trod,
May we rejoicing tread.

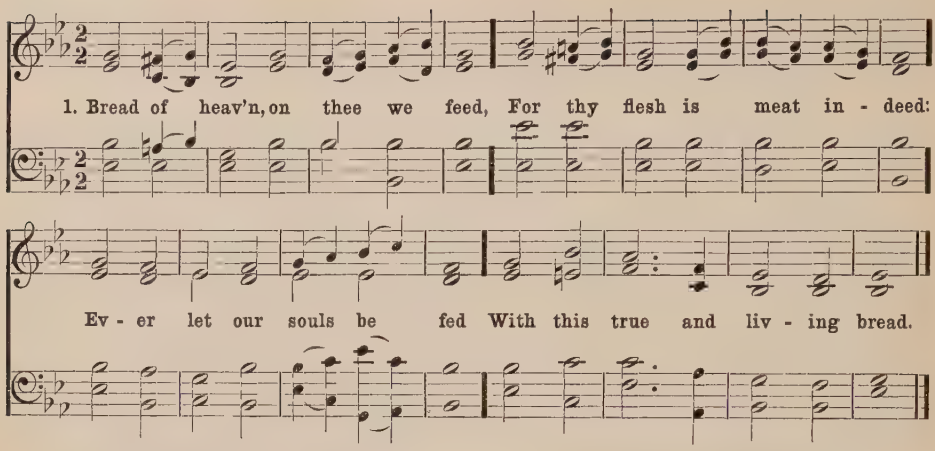
4 In self-forgetful love
Be our communion shown,
Until we join the church above
And know as we are known.

A. R. Wolfe, 1821.

(ALSO OLMUTZ, No. 461.)

698 HOLLEY. 7s.

G. Hews, 1835.



1 Bread of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed:
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice:
Lord, thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.

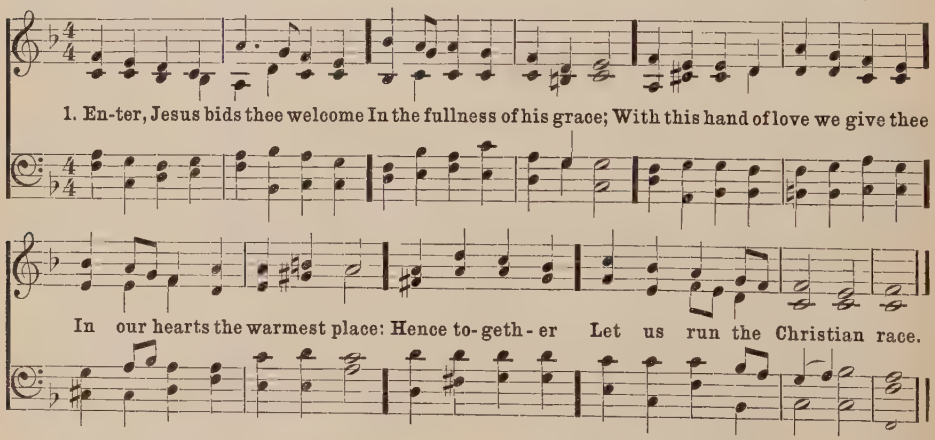
3 Day by day, with strength supplied
Through the life of him who died,
Lord of life, O let us be
Rooted, grafted, built in thee.

4 Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Josiah Conder, 1824.

699 HARROW. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

Sir Joseph Barnby, 1886.


1. En-ter, Jesus bids thee welcome In the fullness of his grace; With this hand of love we give thee
In our hearts the warmest place: Hence to-geth-er Let us run the Christian race.

1 Enter, Jesus bids thee welcome
In the fullness of his grace;
With this hand of love we give thee
In our hearts the warmest place:
Hence together
Let us run the Christian race.

2 Trials hard may oft beset thee,
Crosses fill the path you trace,
But a victor's palm awaits thee;
Slacken not thy heavenward pace:
Firm together
Let us run the Christian race.

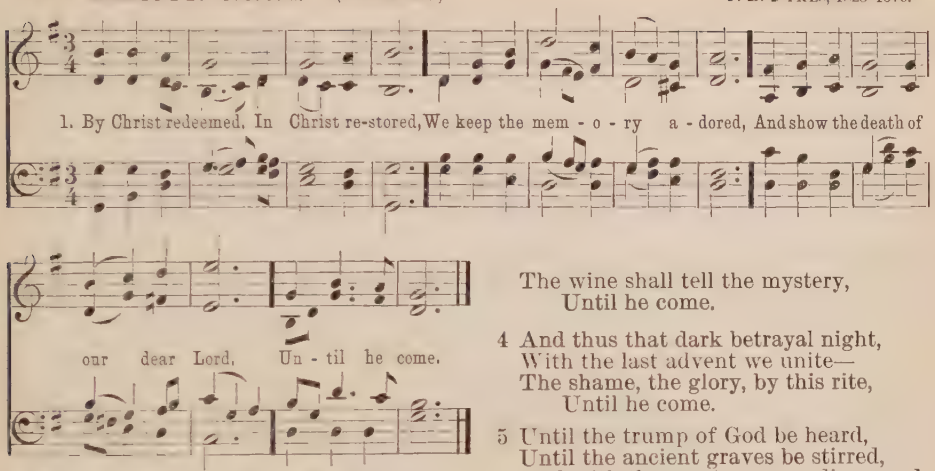
3 Welcome then to joys and sorrows,
Every foe and danger face;
God is with us, we shall triumph,—
Hallelujah to his grace!
Oh, what glory
Crowns the blessed Christian race!

Sidney Dyer, 1883.

(Also Sicilian Hymn, No. 145.)

700 ELLIOTT. 8.8.8.4. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



2 His body broken in our stead
Is here, in this memorial bread;
And so our feeble love is fed,
Until he come.

3 His fearful drops of agony,
His life-blood shed for us we see:
The wine shall tell the mystery,
Until he come.

4 And thus that dark betrayal night,
With the last advent we unite—
The shame, the glory, by this rite,
Until he come.

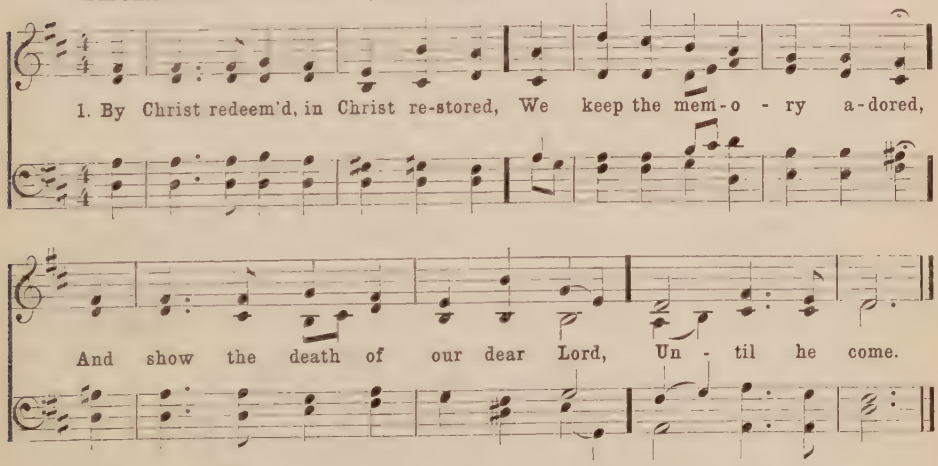
5 Until the trump of God be heard,
Until the ancient graves be stirred,
And with the great commanding word,
The Lord shall come.

6 Oh, blessèd hope! with this elate,
Let not our hearts be desolate,
But, strong in faith, in patience wait,
Until he come.

G. L. Rawson, 1807–1889.

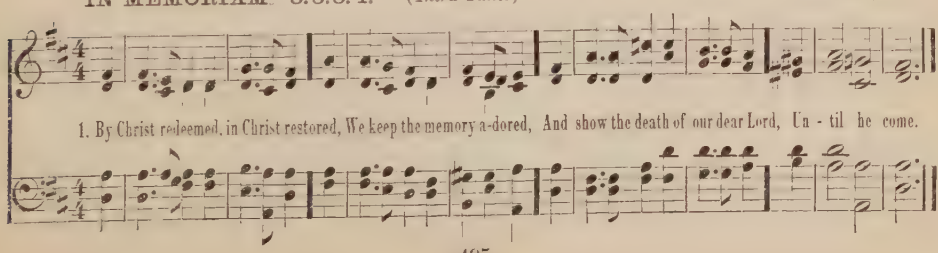
SHOREHAM. 8.8.8.4. (*Second Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.



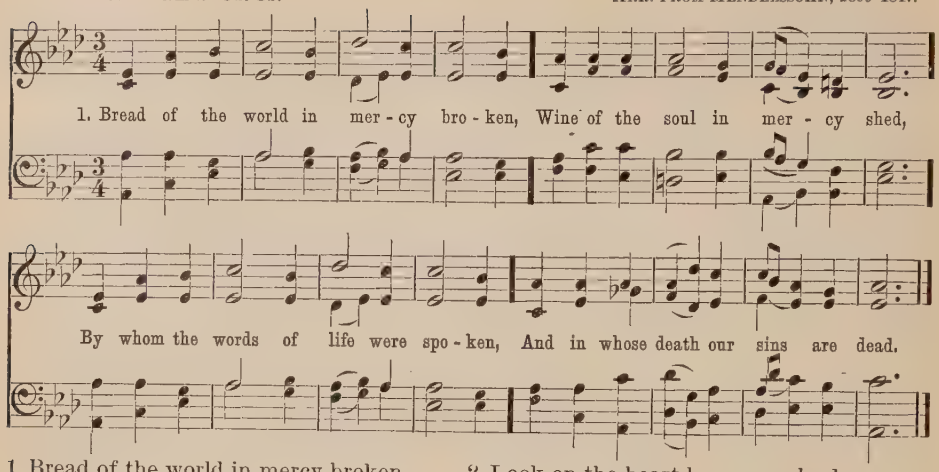
IN MEMORIAM. 8.8.8.4. (*Third Tune.*)

F. C. MAKER, 1876.



701 ZWINGLI. 9s. 8s.

ARR. FROM MENDELSSOHN, 1809–1847.


1. Bread of the world in mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the soul in mer - cy shed,
By whom the words of life were spo - ken, And in whose death our sins are dead.

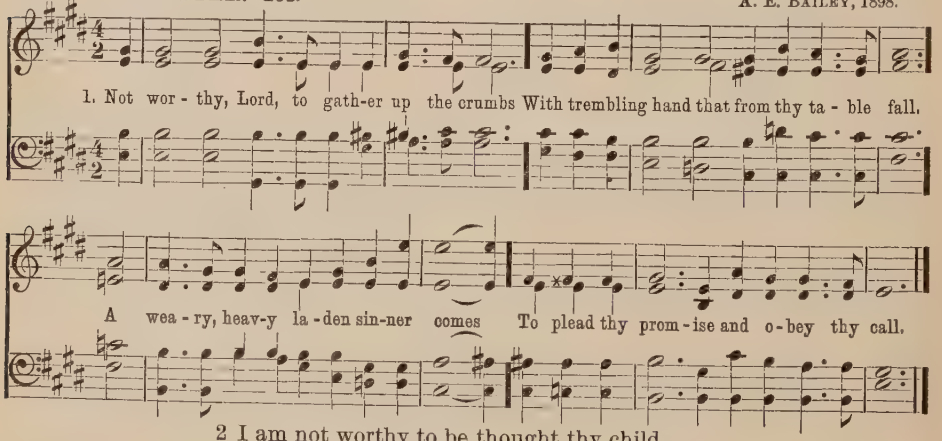
1 Bread of the world in mercy broken,
Wine of the soul in mercy shed,
By whom the words of life were spoken,
And in whose death our sins are dead;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be that feast to us the token
That by thy grace our souls are fed.

Reginald Heber, 1820.

702 WORCESTER. 10s.

A. E. BAILEY, 1898.


1. Not wor - thy, Lord, to gath-er up the crumbs With trembling hand that from thy ta - ble fall.
A wea - ry, heav-y la - den sin-ner comes To plead thy prom - ise and o - bey thy call.

2 I am not worthy to be thought thy child,
Nor sit the last and lowest at thy board;
Too long a wanderer and too oft beguiled,
I only ask one reconciling word.

3 One word from thee, my Lord, one smile, one look,
And I could face the cold, rough world again;
And with that treasure in my heart could brook
The wrath of devils and the scorn of men,

4 I hear thy voice; thou bid'st me come and rest;
I come, I kneel, I clasp thy pierced feet;
Thou bid'st me take my place, a welcome guest
Among thy saints, and of thy banquet eat.

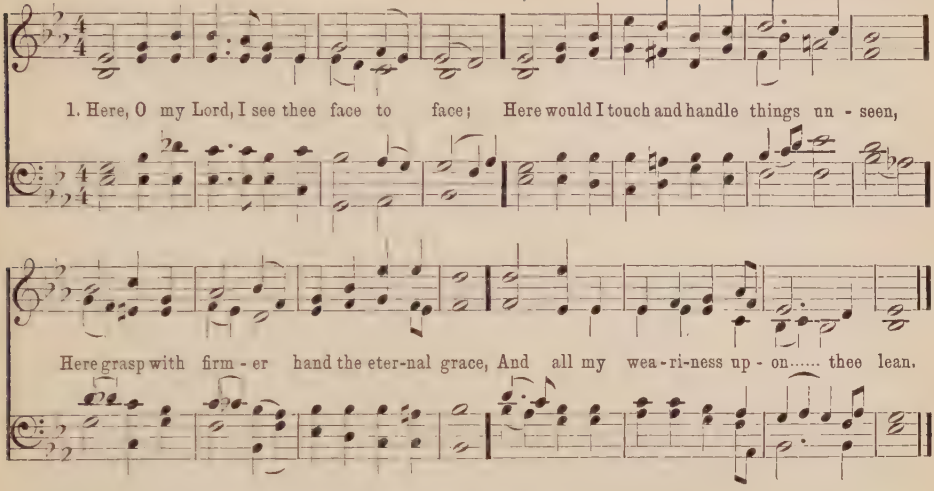
5 My praise can only breathe itself in prayer,
My prayer can only lose itself in thee;
Dwell thou for ever in my heart, and there,
Lord, let me sup with thee; sup thou with me.

(ALSO NAVARRE, No. 505.)

E. H. Bickersteth, 1872.

703 PAX DEI. 10s. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. Dykes, 1868.


1. Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face; Here would I touch and handle things un - seen,
Here grasp with firm - er hand the eter-nal grace, And all my wea - ri-ness up - on..... thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God,
Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

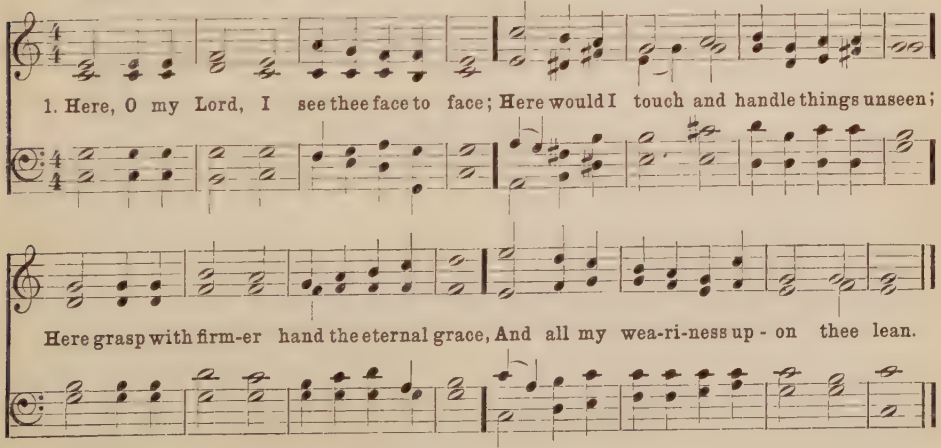
3 This the hour of banquet and of song;
This is the heavenly table spread for me:
Here let me feast, and, feasting, still prolong
The brief, bright hour of fellowship with thee.

4 I have no help but thine, nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon:
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

5 Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord my God.

Horatius Bonar, 1855.

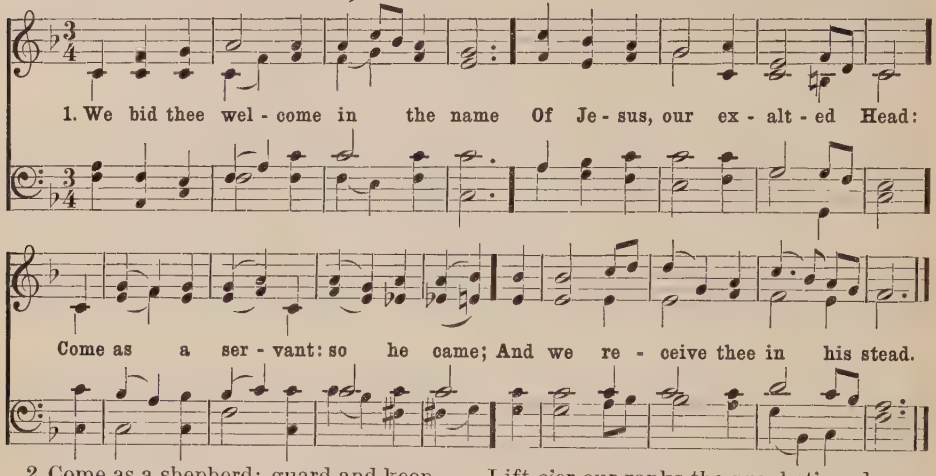
MORECAMBE. 10s. (*Second Tune.*)


1. Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face; Here would I touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firm-er hand the eternal grace, And all my wea-ri-ness up - on thee lean.

(Also Irené, No. 31.)

704 ETHELBERG. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM BEETHOVEN, 1770–1827.



2 Come as a shepherd: guard and keep
This fold from Satan and from sin;
Nourish the lambs, and feed the sheep,
The wounded heal, the lost bring in.

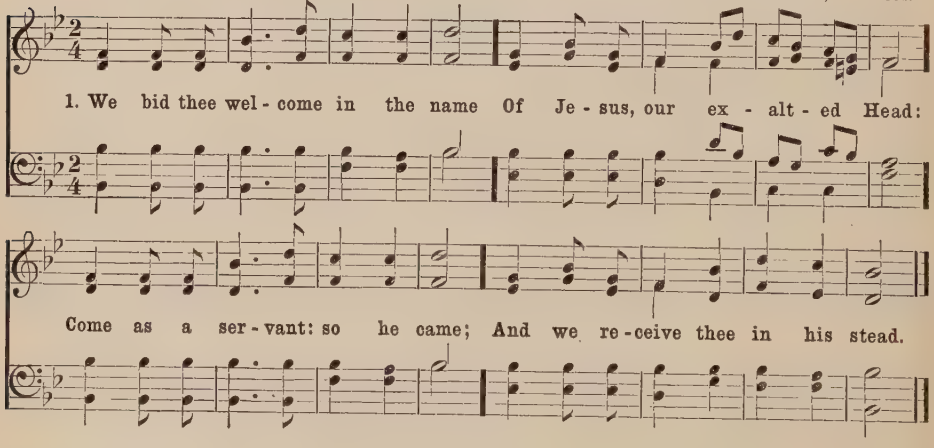
3 Come as a teacher sent from God,
Charged his whole counsel to declare;
Lift o'er our ranks the prophet's rod,
While we uphold thy hands with prayer.

4 Come as a messenger of peace,
Filled with the Spirit, fired with love;
Live to behold our large increase,
And die to meet us all above.

J. Montgomery, 1825.

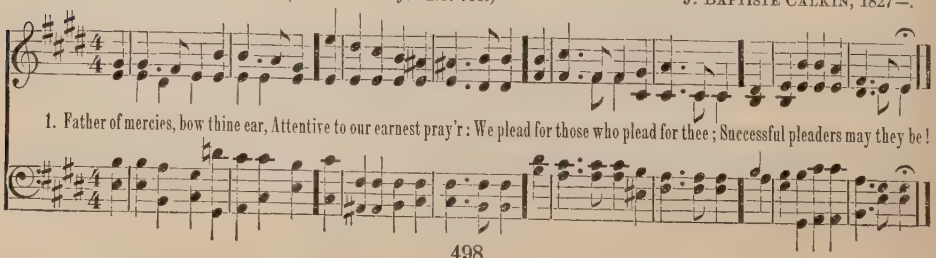
WELTON. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

C. H. A. MALAN, 1787–1864.



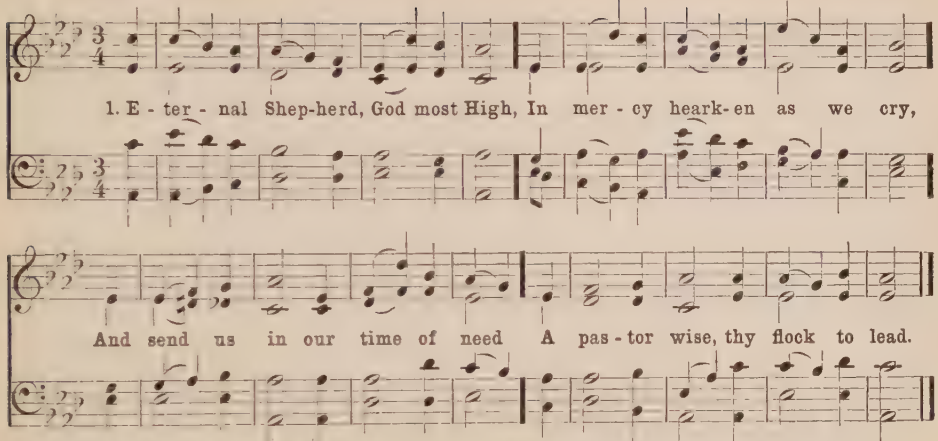
SEFTON. L. M. (*Second Tune for No. 706.*)

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1827—.


1. Father of mercies, bow thine ear, Attentive to our earnest pray'r: We plead for those who plead for thee; Successful pleaders may they be!

705 EDEN. L. M.

L. Mason, 1792–1872.



1 Eternal Shepherd, God most High,
In mercy hearken as we cry,
And send us in our time of need
A pastor wise, thy flock to lead.

2 Be his, like thee, O Jesus meek,
To heal the bruised, to stay the weak,
And, in thy might made brave and strong,
To war with sin, to right the wrong.

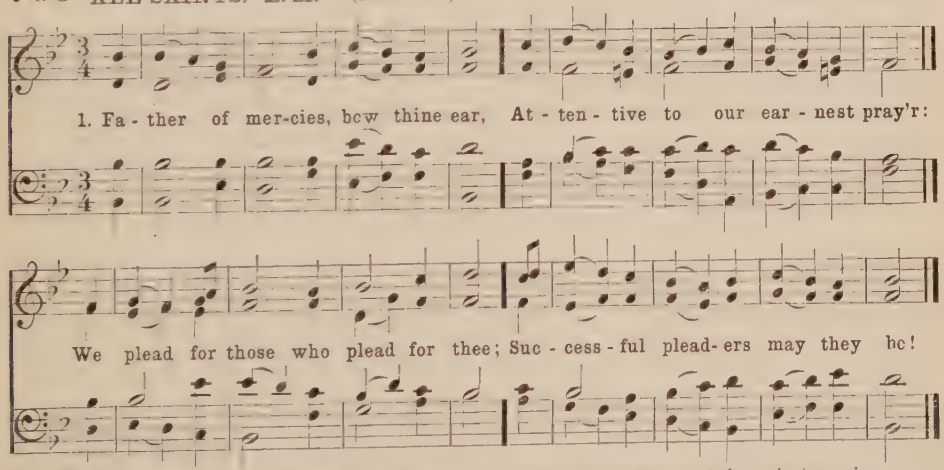
3 So leading where thyself hast trod,
So guiding with thy staff and rod,
May he thy sheep in safety bring
To those bright pastures of the King.

4 And when at last, O gracious Lord
Thou shalt bestow his full reward,
Let those whom he hath led aright
Be jewels in his crown of light.

R. F. Littledale, 1833–1890.

706 ALL SAINTS. L. M. *(First Tune.)*

W. Knapp, 1698–1768.


1. Fa - ther of mer-cies, bow thine ear, At - ten - tive to our ear - nest pray'r:
We plead for those who plead for thee; Suc - cess - ful plead - ers may they be!

2 How great their work, how vast their charge
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge:
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 O clothe, with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes around
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

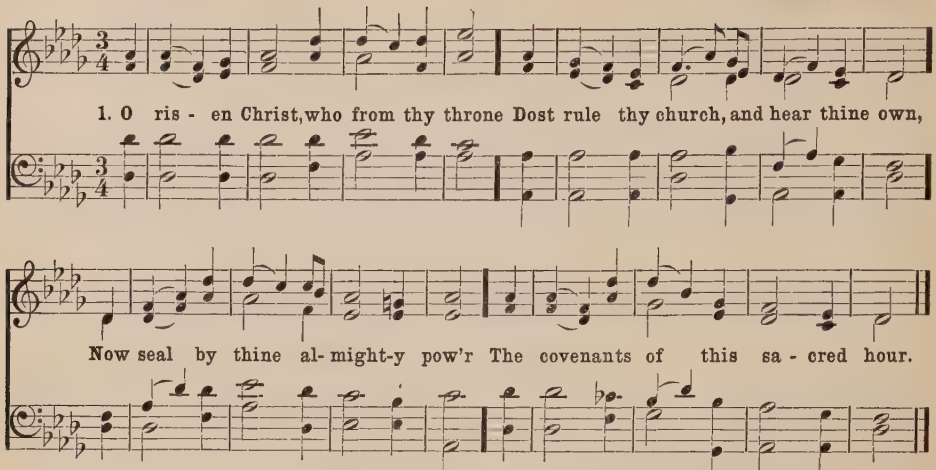
6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

B. Beddome, 1717–1795.

(Also Sefton, opposite.)

707 ALTITUDE. L. M.

L. MARSHALL, 1809–1890.


1. O ris - en Christ, who from thy throne Dost rule thy church, and hear thine own,
Now seal by thine al- might-y pow'r The covenants of this sa - cred hour.

2 Weave thou thy life through these new ties:
The light of love that round thee lies
Circle the shepherd and the sheep,
And all our lives in safety keep.

3 The shepherd's Shepherd only thou
Canst be: O Christ, walk with him now;
While our weak hands reach up to thine,
To strengthen his with might divine.

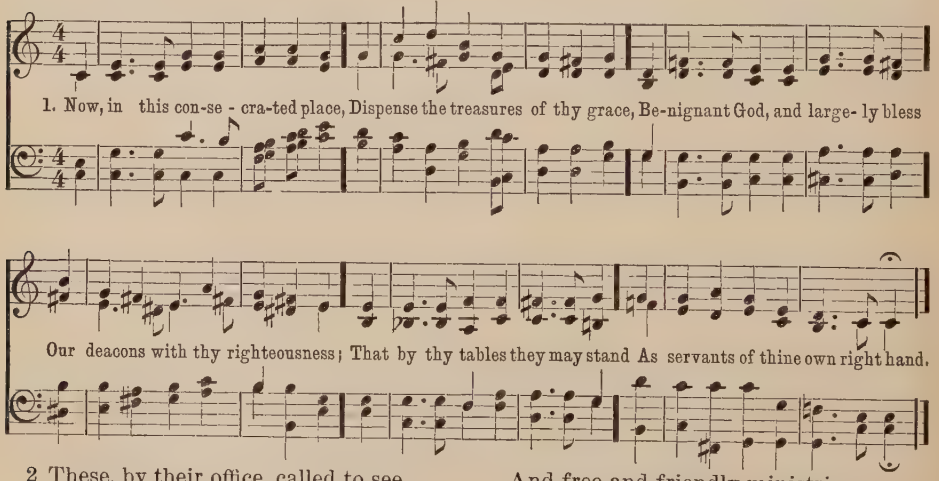
4 Thou in whose love thy church is blest,
Thy name alone be here confessed,
By holy lives be glorified,
While here thy peace shall still abide.

L. F. Benson, 1894.

(ALSO BERA, No. 473.)

708 MELITA. L. M. 61.

J. B. DYKES, 1861.


1. Now, in this con-se - cra-ted place, Dispense the treasures of thy grace, Be-nignant God, and large- ly bless
Our deacons with thy righteousness; That by thy tables they may stand As servants of thine own right hand.

2 These, by their office, called to see
The body broken on the tree,—
To hold before our brotherhood
The sign of the redeeming blood;
The service of the cross to share,
May they the Saviour's image bear.

3 These, whom we call to bear relief
And solace to the sons of grief;
These, who shall cheer with due supplies
And free and friendly ministries
Our pastor, O thyself uphold,
Thou greater Shepherd of the fold.

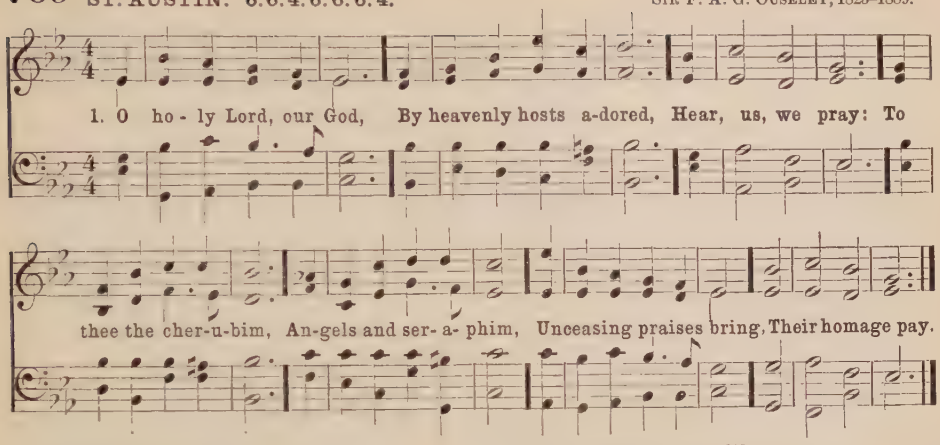
4 With heavenly zeal and wisdom fed
Be they who bear the sacred bread;
With generous pleasure may they glow,
Who meet the wants and share the woe;
And thee, at last, O Saviour, see,
And spread the marriage-feast for thee.

E. T. Winkler, 1823–1883.

(ALSO WAVERTREE, OPPOSITE.)

709 ST. AUSTIN. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

SIR F. A. G. OUSELEY, 1825–1889.


1. O ho - ly Lord, our God, By heavenly hosts a-dored, Hear, us, we pray: To
thee the cher-u-bim, An-gels and ser- a- phim, Unceasing praises bring, Their homage pay.

2 Here give thy word success;
And this thy servant bless,
His labors own;
And, while the sinner's Friend
His life and words commend,
The Holy Spirit send,
And make him known.

3 May every passing year
More happy still appear
Than this glad day;
With numbers fill the place,
Adorn thy saints with grace;
Thy truth may all embrace,
O Lord, we pray.

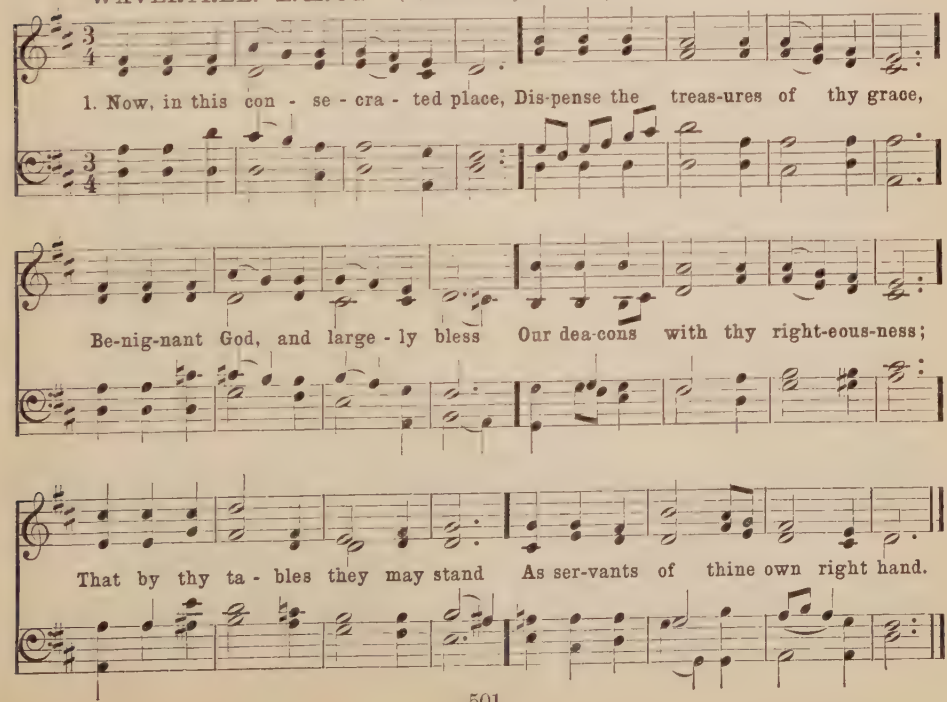
4 O Lord, our God, arise;
And now, before our eyes,
Thy arm make bare;
Unite our hearts in love;
Till, raised to heaven above,
We all its fullness prove,
And praise thee there.

J. Young, 1843.

WAVERTREE. L. M. 6 l.

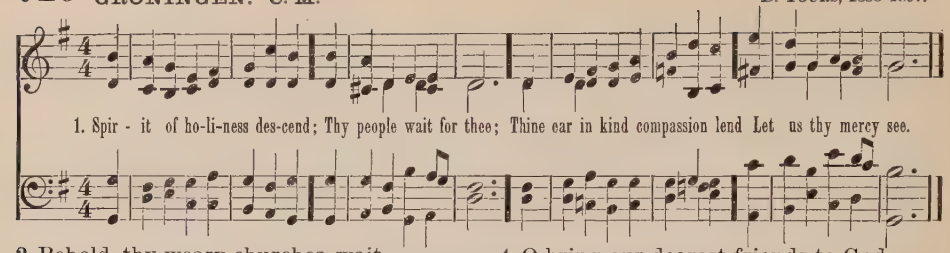
(*Second Tune for No.* 708.)

ARR. FROM WILLIAM SHORE, 1840.


1. Now, in this con - se - cra - ted place, Dis-pense the treas-ures of thy grace,
Be-nig-nant God, and large - ly bless Our dea-cons with thy right-eous-ness;
That by thy ta - bles they may stand As ser-vants of thine own right hand.

710 GRONINGEN. C. M.

B. Tours, 1838–1897.



2 Behold, thy weary churches wait,
With wistful, longing eyes;
Let us no more lie desolate;
O bid thy light arise.

3 Thy light that on our souls hath shone
Leads us in hope to thee;
Let us not feel its rays alone,—
Alone thy people be.

4 O bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them on earth for thine abode,
Fit them for joys above.

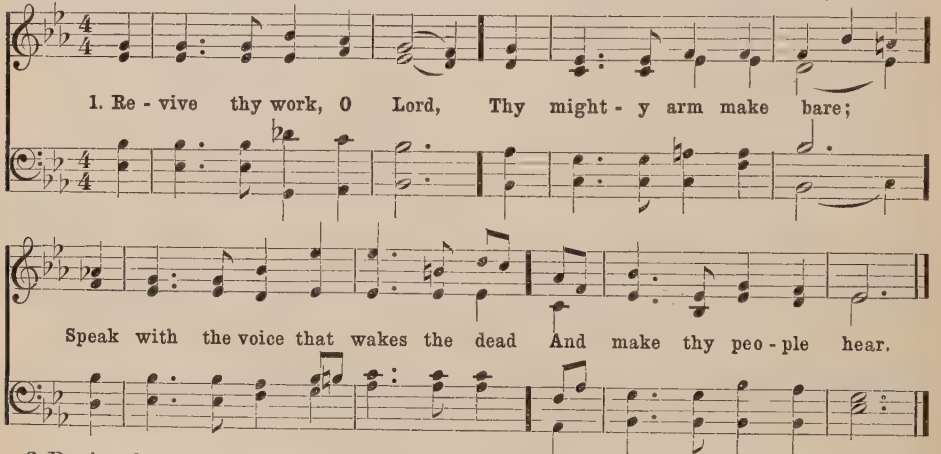
5 Spirit of holiness, 'tis thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come,—for we wait thy power divine,—
Let us thy mercy share.

S. F. Smith, 1832.

(Also Naomi, No. 484.)

711 FESCA. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

Arr. from A. E. Fesca, 1820–1849.



2 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smouldering embers now
By thine almighty breath.

3 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Create soul-thirst for thee,
And hungering for the bread of life,
Oh, may our spirits be!

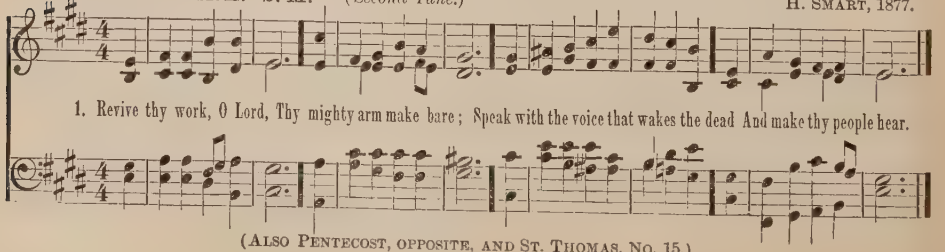
4 Revive thy work, O Lord,
Exalt thy precious name;
And, by the holy Ghost, our love
For thee and thine inflame.

5 Revive thy work, O Lord,
And give refreshing showers,
The glory shall be all thine own,
The blessing, Lord, be ours,

Albert Midlane, 1860.

VESPERTINE. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

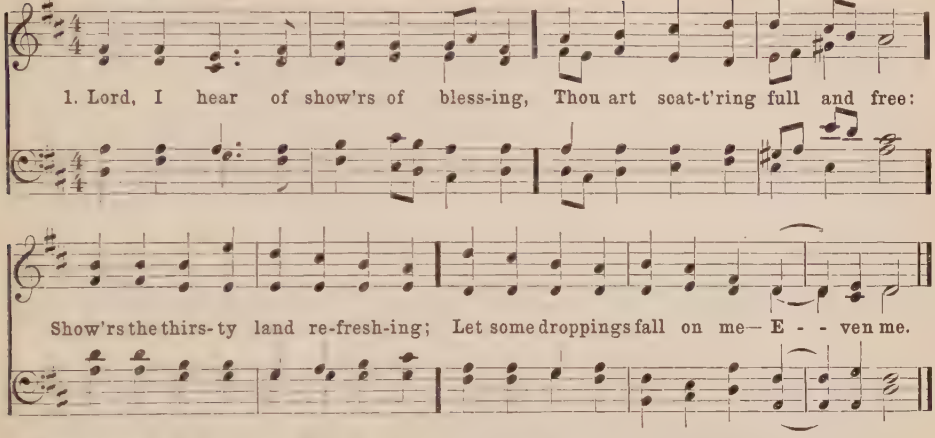
H. Smart, 1877.



(Also Pentecost, opposite, and St. Thomas, No. 15.)

712 ETIAM ET MIHI. 8.7.8.7.3. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing, Thou art scat-t'ring full and free:
Show'rs the thirs-ty land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me— E - - ven me.

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father.
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou mightst curse me, but the rather
Let thy mercy light on me.—*Ref.*

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour
Let me live and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me.—*Ref.*

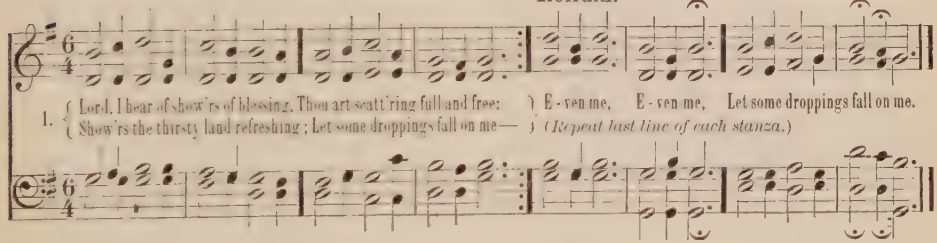
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me.—*Ref.*

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich, so free;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless;
Magnify it all in me.—*Ref.*

Joan Elizabeth Conder, 1860.

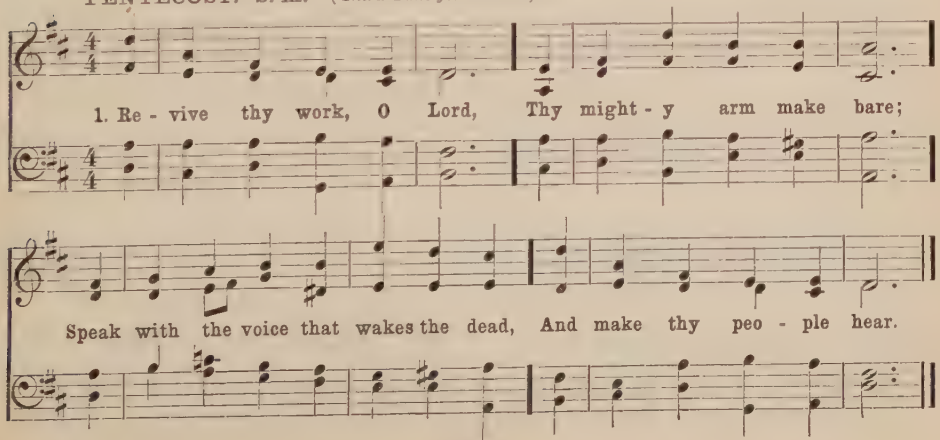
EVEN ME. 8.7.8.7.3. (*Second Tune.*)

W. B. Bradbury, 1862.


Refrain.
1. { Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free; } E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.
{ Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing; Let some droppings fall on me— } (*Repeat last line of each stanza.*)

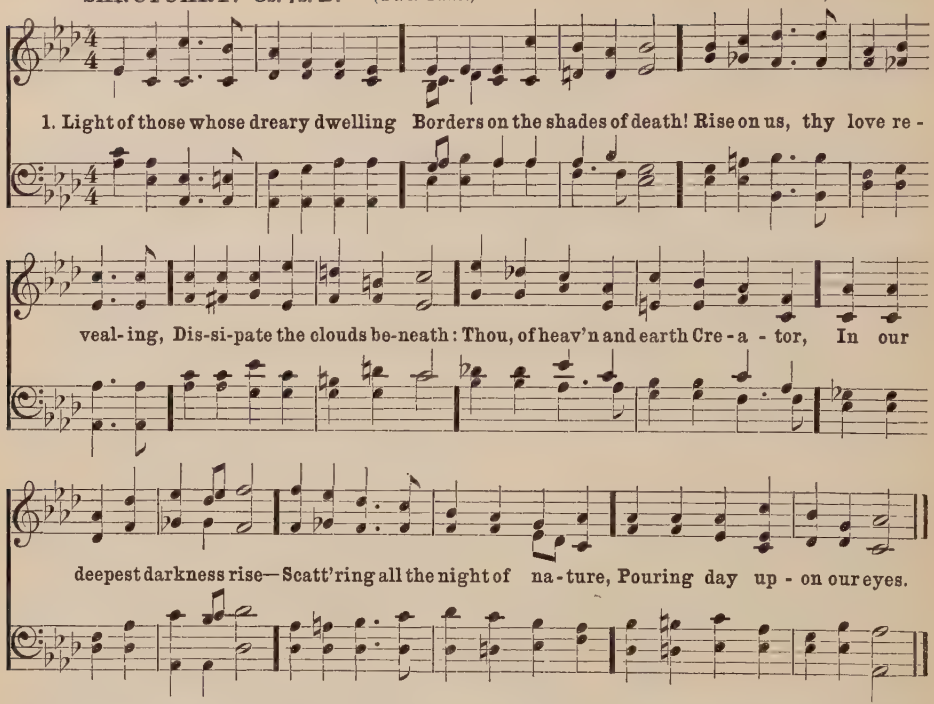
PENTECOST. S. M. (*Third Tune for No. 711.*)

H. G. Trembath, 1845—.



713 SANCTUARY. 8s. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death! Rise on us, thy love re -
veal-ing, Dis-si-pate the clouds be-neath: Thou, of heav'n and earth Cre - a - tor, In our
deepest darkness rise—Scatt'ring all the night of na-ture, Pouring day up - on our eyes.

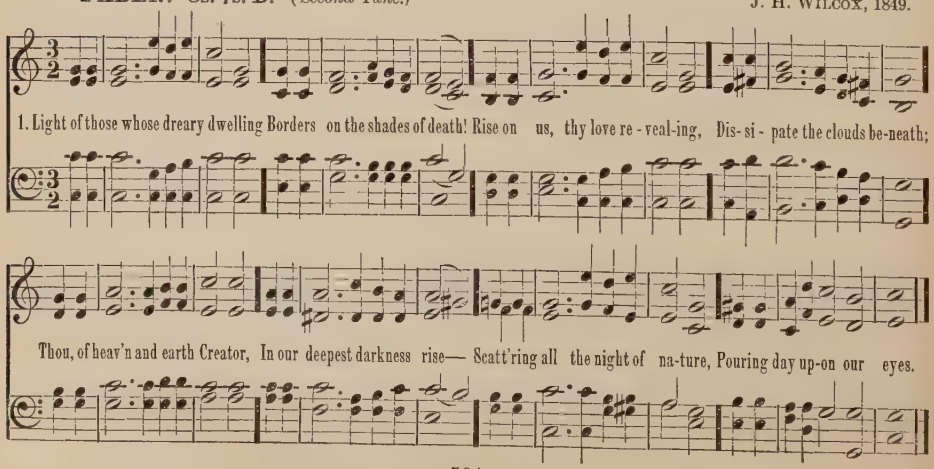
2 Still we wait for thine appearing;
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor, benighted heart:
Come, and manifest thy favor
To the ransomed, helpless race;
Come, thou glorious God and Saviour!
Come, and bring the gospel grace.

3 Save us, in thy great compassion,
O thou mild, pacific Prince;
Give the knowledge of salvation,
Give the pardon of our sins:
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Every burdened soul release;
Every weary, wandering spirit,
Guide into thy perfect peace.

Charles Wesley, 1744.

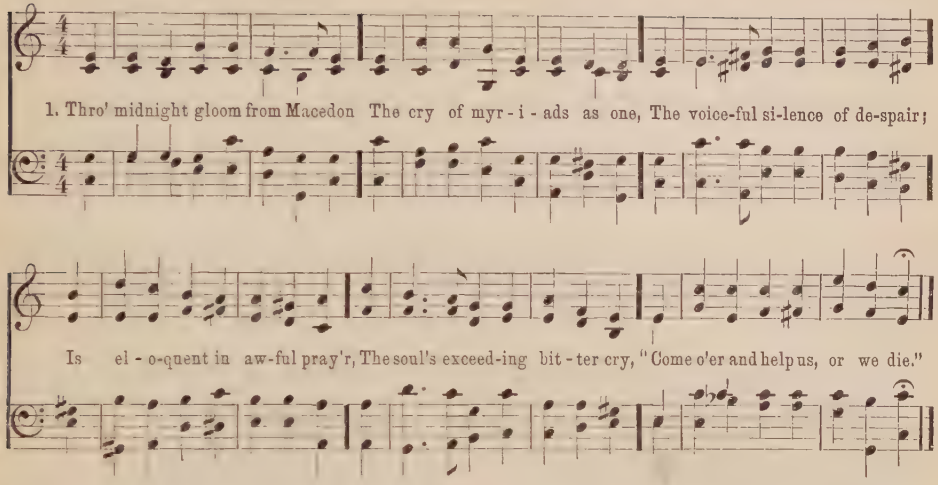
FABEN. 8s. 7s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

J. H. WILCOX, 1849.


1. Light of those whose dreary dwelling Borders on the shades of death! Rise on us, thy love re - veal-ing, Dis- si - pate the clouds be-neath;
Thou, of heav'n and earth Creator, In our deepest darkness rise— Scatt'ring all the night of na-ture, Pouring day up-on our eyes.

714 PENIEL. L. M. 61. *(First Tune.)*

J. Booth, 1852—.


1. Thro' midnight gloom from Macedon The cry of myr - i - ads as one, The voice-ful si-lence of de-spair;
Is el - o-quent in aw-ful pray'r, The soul's exceed-ing bit - ter cry, "Come o'er and help us, or we die."

1 Thro' midnight gloom from Macedon
The cry of myriads as one,
The voiceful silence of despair,
Is eloquent in awful prayer,
The soul's exceeding bitter cry,
"Come o'er and help us, or we die."

2 How mournfully it echoes on!
For half the earth is Macedon;
These brethren to their brethren call,
And by the love which loved them all,
And by the whole world's life they cry,
"O ye that live, behold we die."

3 By other sounds the world is won
Than that which wails from Macedon;
The roar of gain is round it rolled,
Or men unto themselves are sold,
And cannot list the alien cry,
"O hear and help us, lest we die."

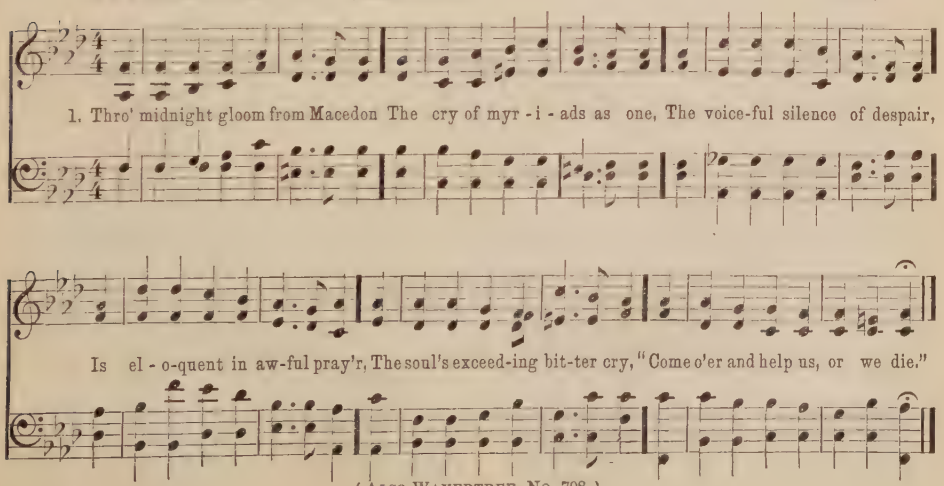
4 Yet with that cry from Macedon
The very car of Christ rolls on;
"I come: who would abide my day
In yonder wilds prepare my way;
My voice is crying in their cry;
Help ye the dying, lest ye die."

5 Jesus, for men of Man the Son,
Yea, thine the cry from Macedon;
Oh, by the kingdom and the power
And glory of thine advent hour,
Wake heart and will to hear their cry;
Help us to help them, lest we die!

S. J. Stone, 1839—.

NAYLOR. L. M. 61. *(Second Tune.)*

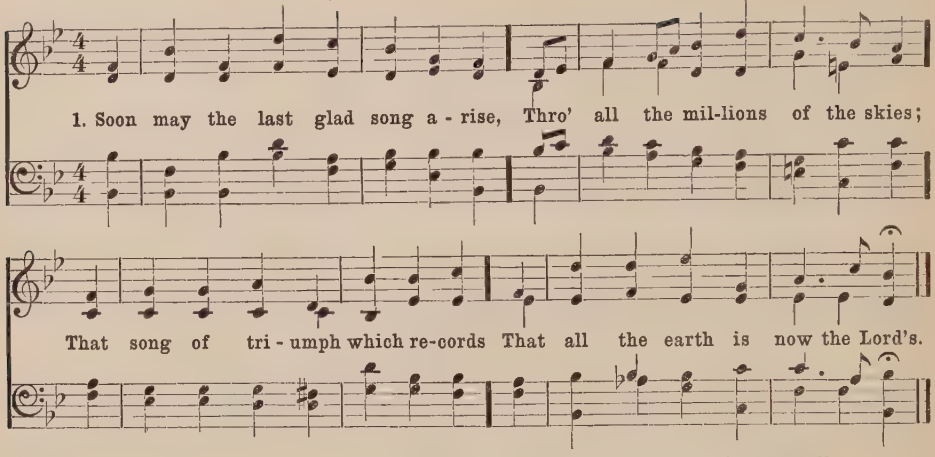
J. Naylor, 1872.


1. Thro' midnight gloom from Macedon The cry of myr - i - ads as one, The voice-ful silence of despair,
Is el - o-quent in aw-ful pray'r, The soul's exceed-ing bit-ter cry, "Come o'er and help us, or we die."

(Also Wavertree, No. 708.)

715 BROMPTON. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. W. Elliott, 1833—.


1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Thro' all the mil-lions of the skies;
That song of tri - umph which re-cords That all the earth is now the Lord's.

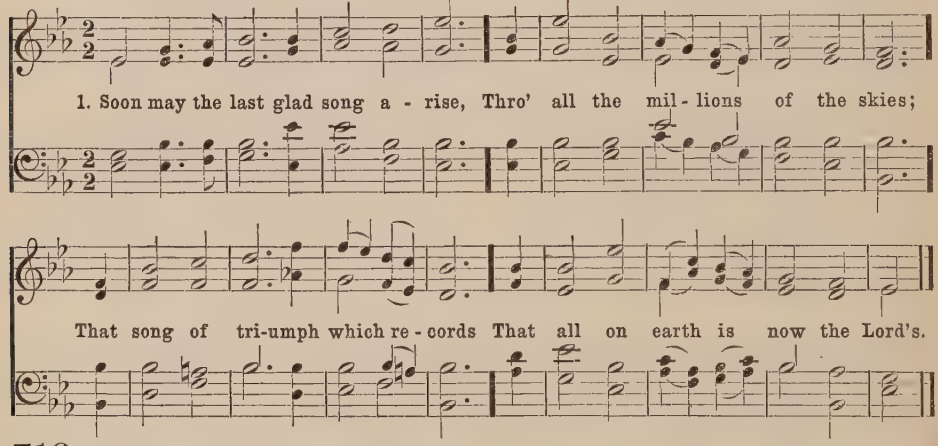
2 Let thrones and pow'rs and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And over land and stream and main,
Now wave the scepter of thy reign.

3 O let that glorious anthem swell
Let host to host the triumph tell,
Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

Mrs. Vokes, 1816.

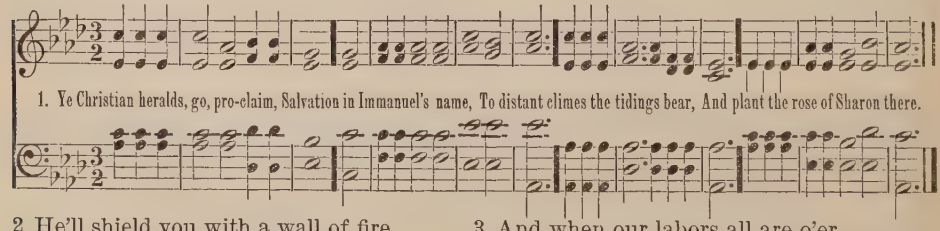
TRURO. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

Chas. Burney, 1726–1814.


1. Soon may the last glad song a - rise, Thro' all the mil - lions of the skies;
That song of tri-umph which re - cords That all on earth is now the Lord's.

716 MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

H. C. Zeuner, 1830.


1. Ye Christian heralds, go, pro-claim, Salvation in Immanuel's name, To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the rose of Sharon there.

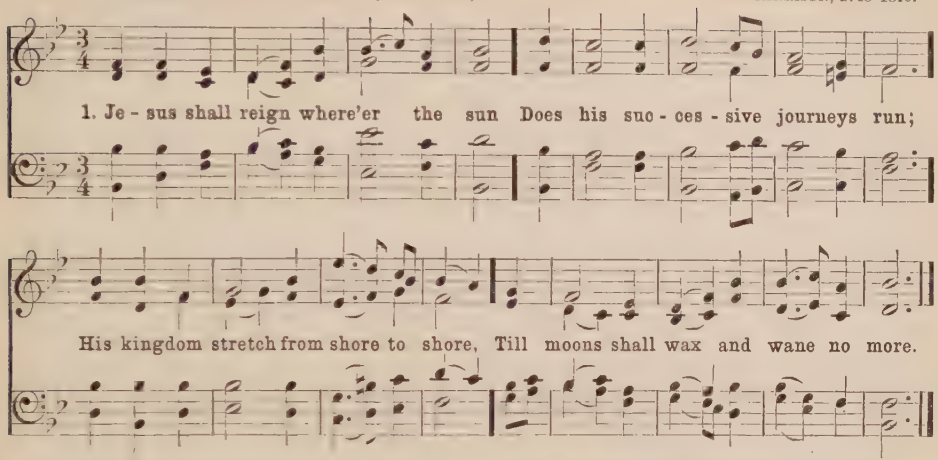
2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
But raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

B. H. Draper, 1803.

717 WARRINGTON. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

R. HARRISON, 1748-1810.


1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

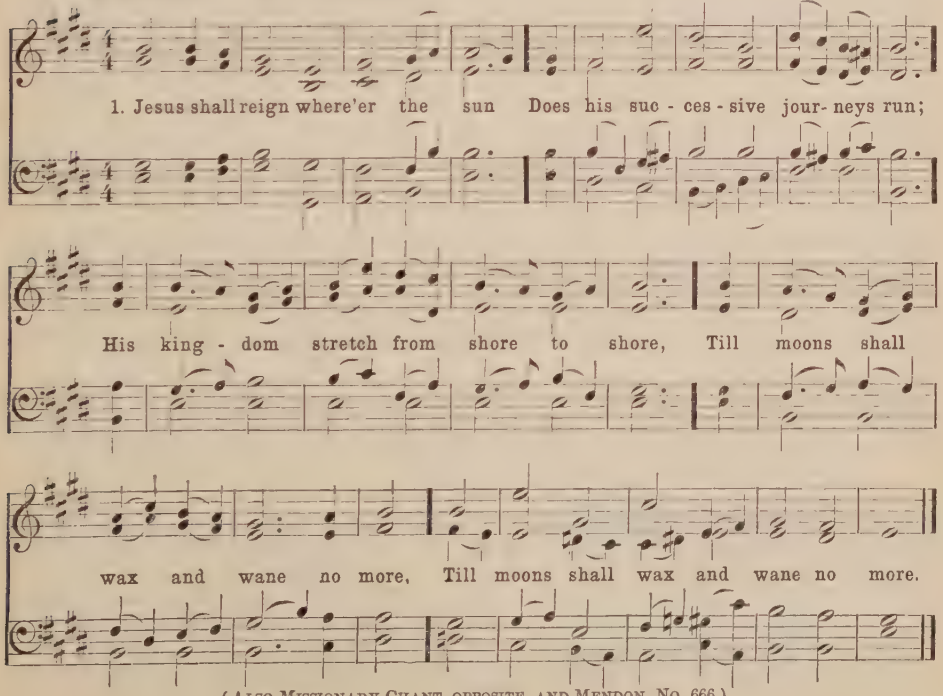
4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

I. Watts, 1719.

WINSTON. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

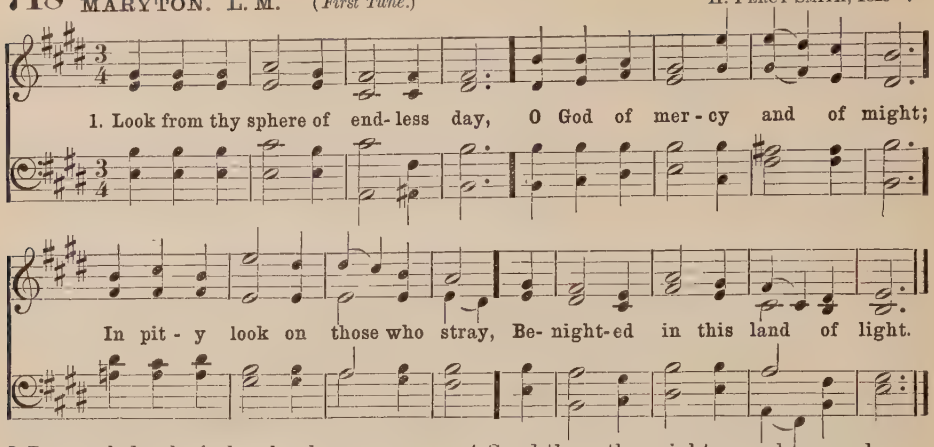
ARR. FROM R. B. TAYLOR.


1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc - ces - sive jour- neys run;
His king - dom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall
wax and wane no more, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

(ALSO MISSIONARY CHANT, OPPOSITE, AND MENDON, NO. 666.)

718 MARYTON. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

H. Percy Smith, 1825—.


1. Look from thy sphere of end-less day, O God of mer-cy and of might;
In pit-y look on those who stray, Be-night-ed in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the messages from thee!

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

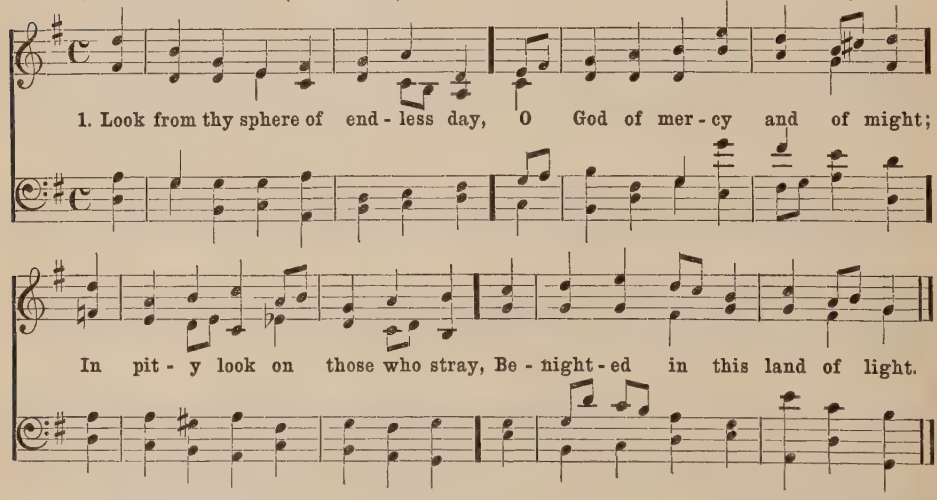
4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That makes us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

W. C. Bryant, 1859.

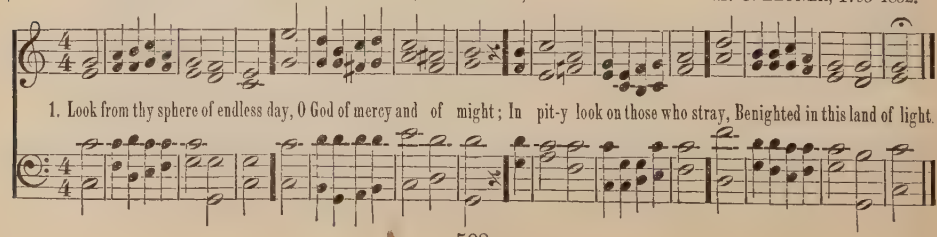
ANSTIE. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

C. Steggall, 1826—.


1. Look from thy sphere of end-less day, O God of mer-cy and of might;
In pit-y look on those who stray, Be-night-ed in this land of light.

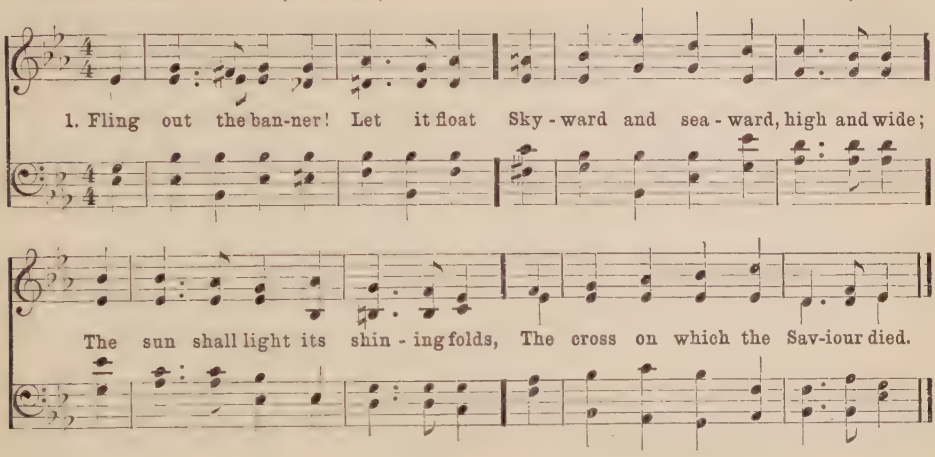
LUTHER'S CHANT. L. M. (*Third Tune.*)

H. C. Zeuner, 1795–1852.


1. Look from thy sphere of endless day, O God of mercy and of might; In pit-y look on those who stray, Benighted in this land of light.

719 DOANE. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. CALKINS, 1827—.


1. Fling out the ban-ner! Let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide;
The sun shall light its shin - ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-iour died.

2 Fling out the banner! Angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the love divine.

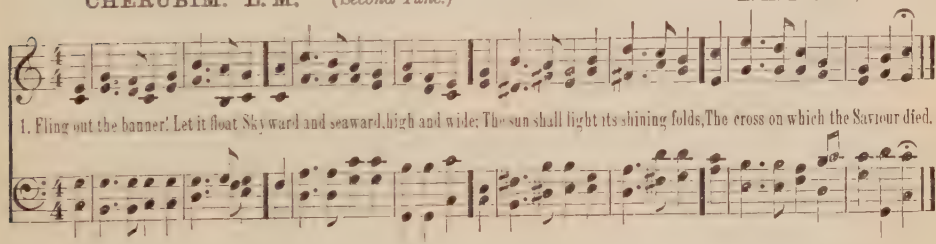
3 Fling out the banner! Heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight,
And nations, gathering at the call,
Their spirits kindle in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! Let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory only in the cross,
Our only hope the Crucified.

G. W. Doane, 1824.

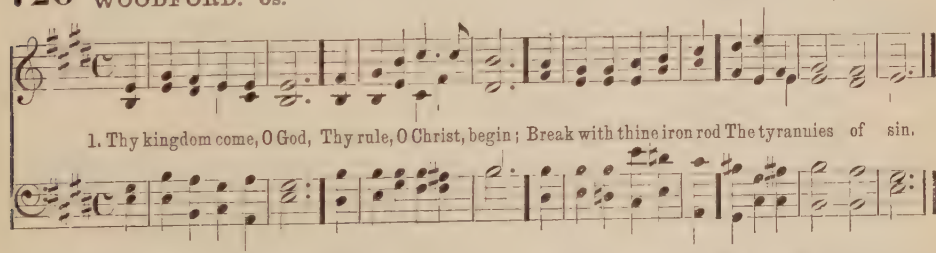
CHERUBIM. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

E. H. THORNE, 1834—.


1. Fling out the banner! Let it float Sky ward and seaward, high and wide; The sun shall light its shining folds, The cross on which the Saviour died.

720 WOODFORD. 6s.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.



2 Where is thy reign of peace,
And purity, and love?
When shall all hatred cease,
As in the realms above?

3 When comes the promised time
That war shall be no more,
And lust, oppression, crime,
Shall flee thy face before?

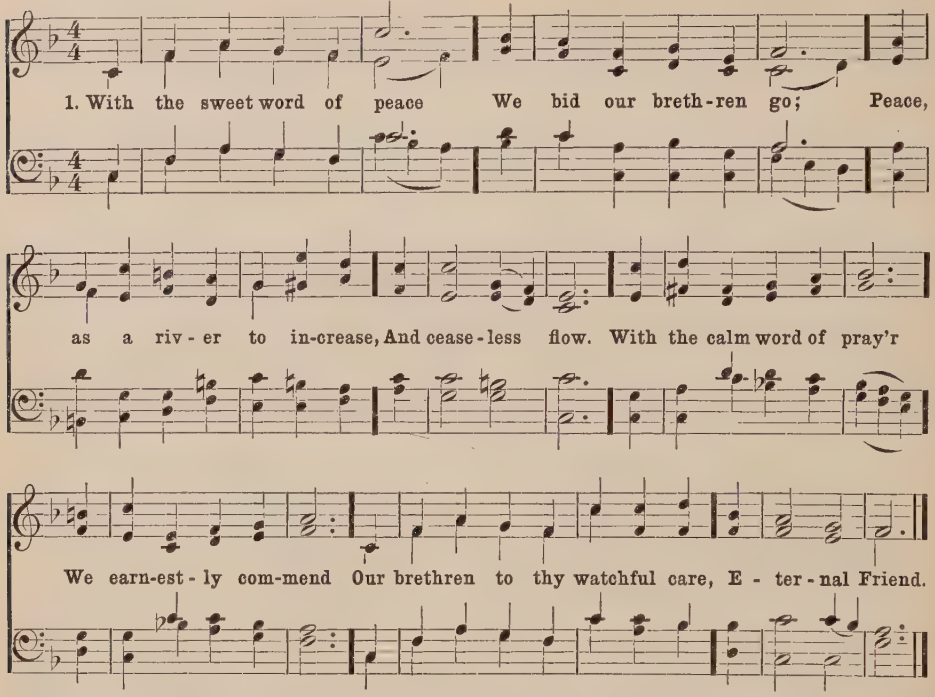
4 We pray thee, Lord, arise,
And come in thy great might;
Revive our longing eyes,
Which languish for thy sight.

5 O'er heathen lands afar
Thick darkness broodeth yet:
Arise, O Morning Star,
Arise, and never set.

Lewis Hensley, 1867.

721 SCHEIDEN. 6. 6. 8. 4. D. (*First Tune.*)

SIR J. STAINER, 1889.


1. With the sweet word of peace We bid our breth-ren go; Peace,
as a riv-er to in-crease, And cease-less flow. With the calm word of pray'r
We earn-est-ly com-mend Our brethren to thy watchful care, E-ter-nal Friend.

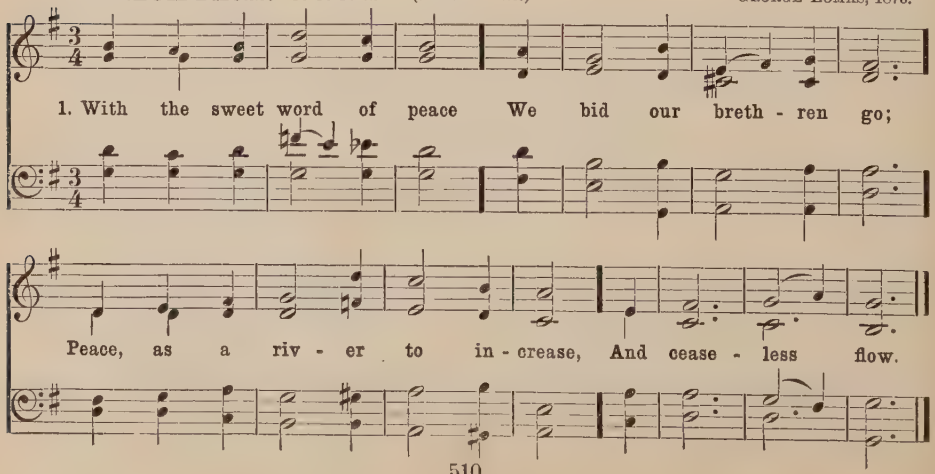
2 With the dear word of love
We give our brief farewell;
Our love below, and thine above,
With them shall dwell.
With the strong word of faith
We stay ourselves on thee,
That thou, O Lord, in life and death
Their help shalt be.

3 Then the bright word of hope
Shall on our parting gleam,
And tell of joy beyond the scope
Of earthborn dream.
Farewell! in hope, and love,
In faith, and peace, and prayer,
Till he, whose home is ours above,
Unite us there.

G. Watson, 1867.

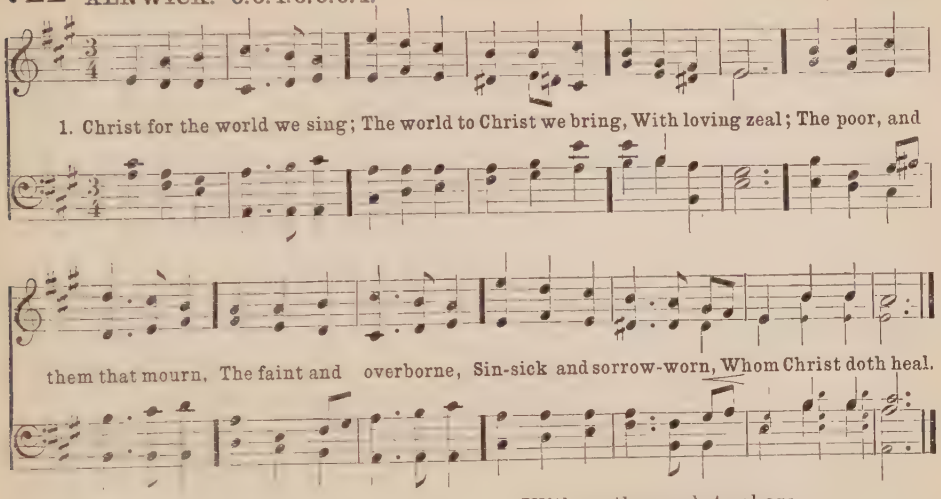
VERBUM PACIS. 6. 6. 8. 4. (*Second Tune.*)

GEORGE LOMAS, 1876.



722 ALNWICK. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

J. B. Dykes, 1823–1876.


1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring, With loving zeal; The poor, and
them that mourn, The faint and overborne, Sin-sick and sorrow-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With fervent prayer;
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed, at countless cost,
From dark despair.

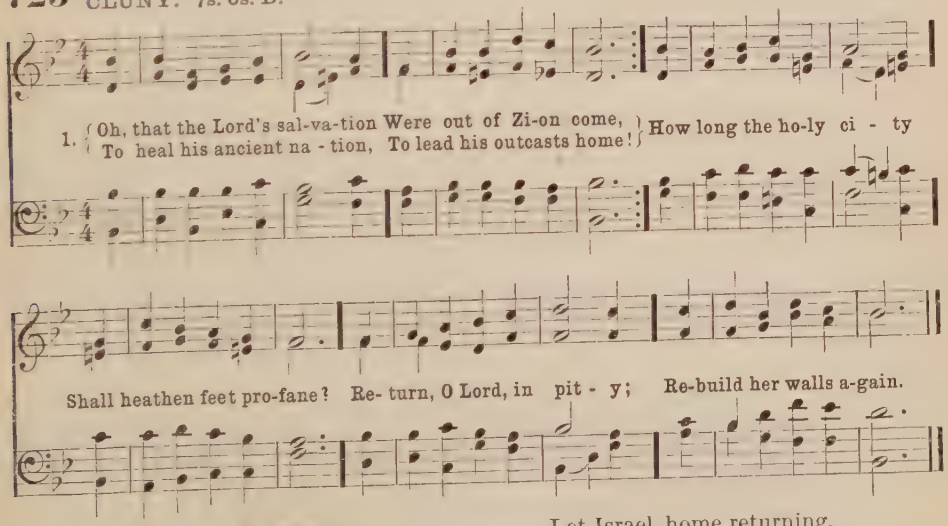
3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With one accord;
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

4 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring,
With joyful song;
The new-born souls, whose days,
Reclaimed from error's ways,
Inspired with hope and praise,
To Christ belong.

S. Wolcott, 1869.

723 CLUNY. 7s. 6s. D.

From a Swedish Choral.


1. { Oh, that the Lord's sal-va-tion Were out of Zi-on come, } How long the ho-ly ci - ty
{ To heal his ancient na - tion, To lead his outcasts home! }
Shall heathen feet pro-fane? Re- turn, O Lord, in pit - y; Re-build her walls a-gain.

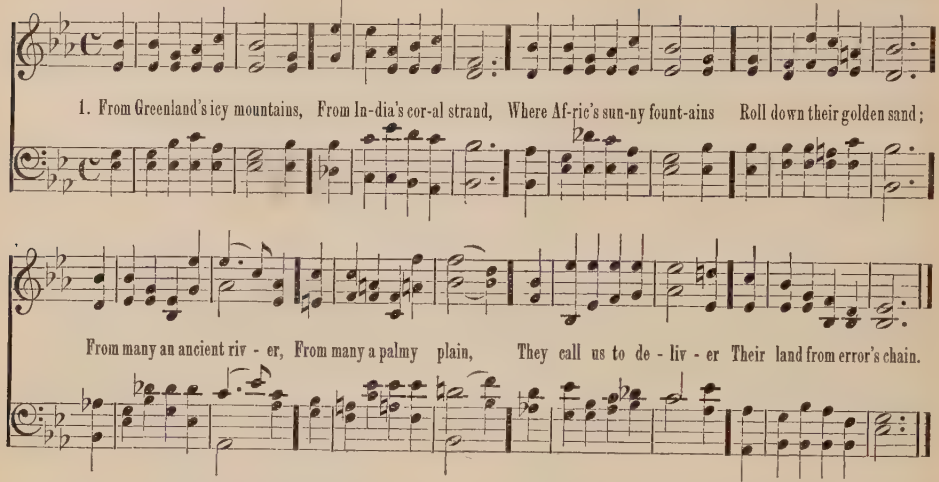
2 Let fall thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fettered heart.
Let Israel, home returning,
Her lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind thy church to thee.

H. F. Lyte, 1834.

(Also Missionary Hymn, No. 724.)

724 LANCASHIRE. 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

HENRY SMART, 1813–1879.


1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From In-dia's cor-al strand, Where Af-ric's sun-ny fount-ains Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient riv - er, From many a palmy plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

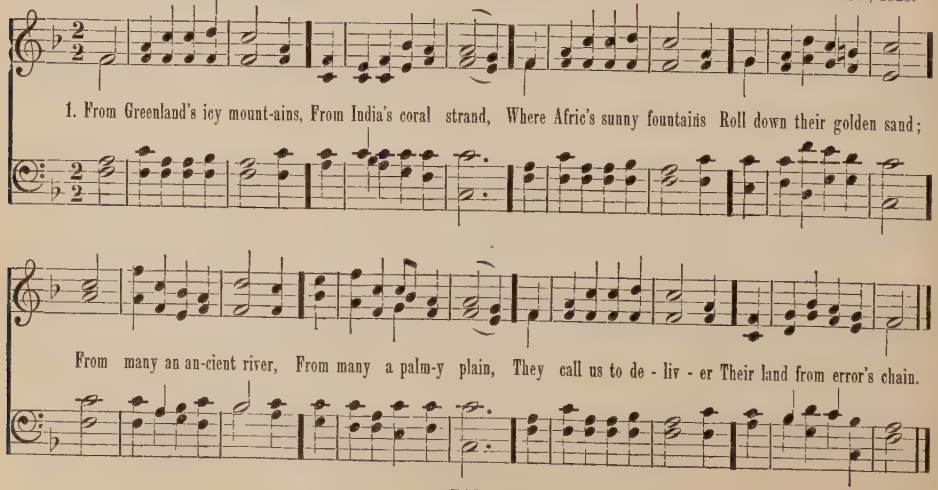
3 Can we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Reginald Heber, 1819.

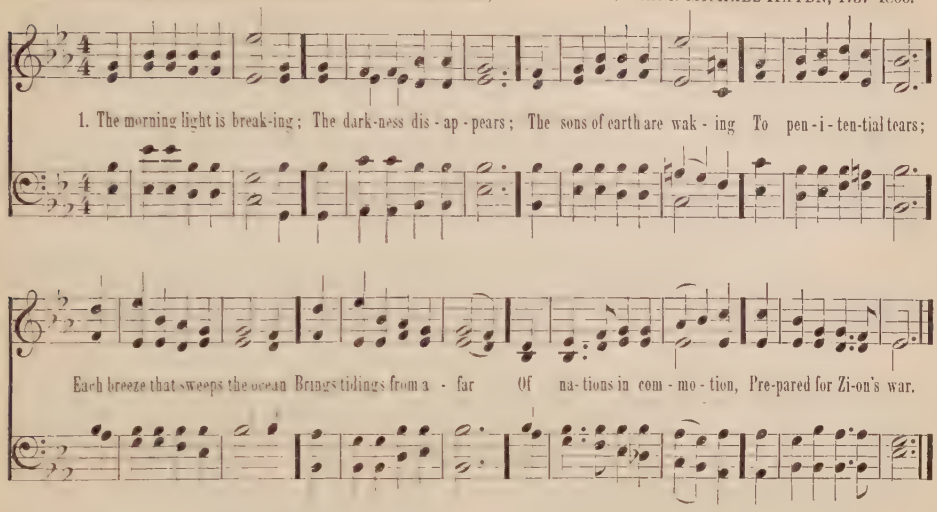
MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s. 6s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

LOWELL MASON, 1823.


1. From Greenland's icy mount-ains, From India's coral strand, Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their golden sand;
From many an an-cient river, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

725 GREENLAND. 7s. 6s. D. *(First Tune.)*

JOHANN MICHAEL HAYDN, 1737–1806.


1. The morning light is break-ing; The dark-ness dis - ap - pears; The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten-tial tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a - far Of na-tions in com - mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi-on's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

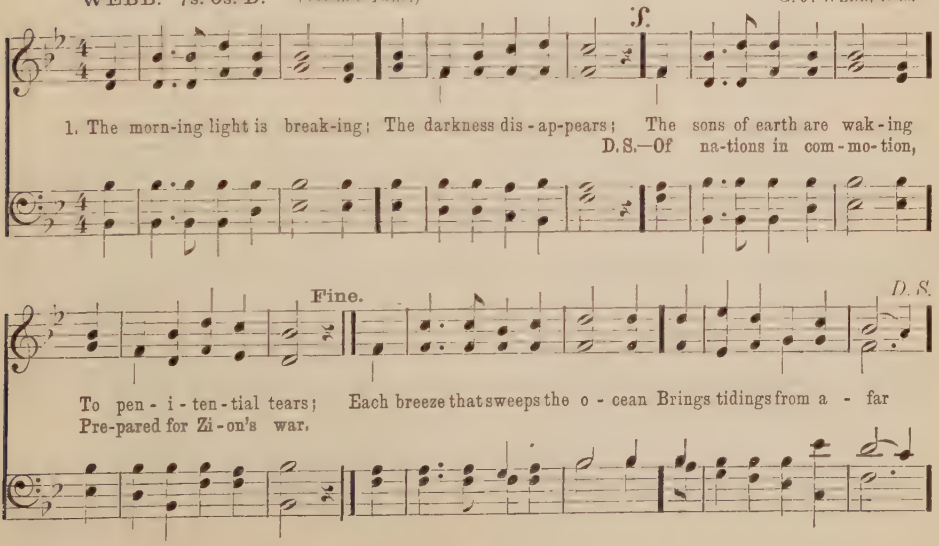
3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

S. F. Smith, 1832.

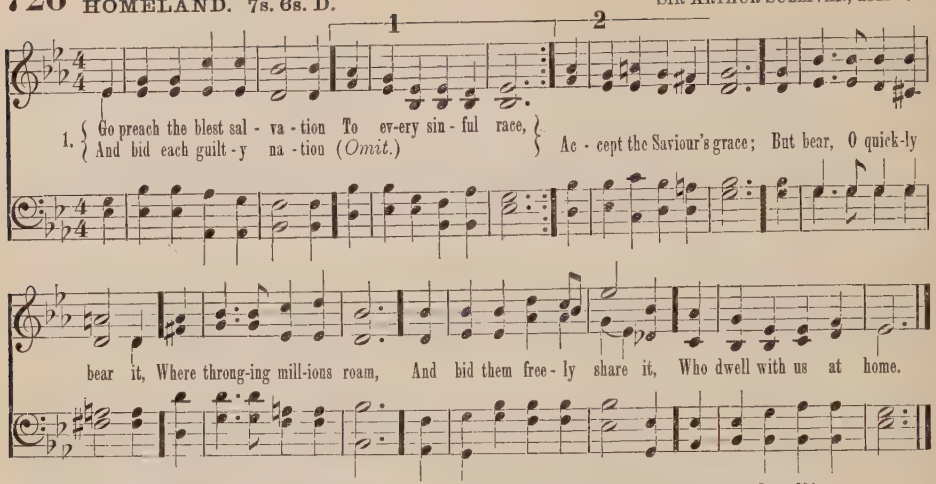
WEBB. 7s. 6s. D. *(Second Tune.)*

G. J. WEBB, 1830.


f.
1. The morn-ing light is break-ing; The darkness dis-ap-pears; The sons of earth are wak-ing
D.S.—Of na-tions in com-mo-tion,
Fine.
D.S.
To pen - i - ten - tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings tidings from a - far
Pre-pared for Zi - on's war.

726 HOMELAND. 7s. 6s. D.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.


1
2
1. { Go preach the blest sal - va - tion To ev-ery sin - ful race, / And bid each guilt - y na - tion (Omit.) } Ac - cept the Saviour's grace; But bear, O quick-ly
bear it, Where throng-ing mill-ions roam, And bid them free - ly share it, Who dwell with us at home.

2 Where blooms the broad savanna,
Where mighty waters roll,
There let the gospel banner
Beam hope on every soul;
Go where the west is teeming,
And yet behold they come!
The richest fields are gleaming
For those who reap at home!

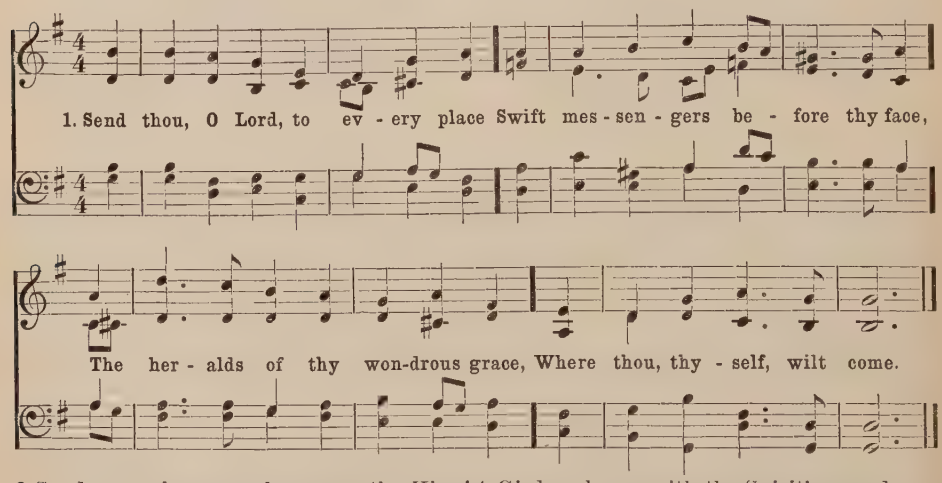
3 Our children there are dwelling,
Neglected and astray,
Whose hearts are often swelling
To learn of Zion's way.
Bear, bear to them the treasure,
And bid the exiles come;
There is no sweeter pleasure
Than preaching Christ at home.

Sidney Dyer, 1859.

(ALSO MISSIONARY HYMN, No. 724.)

727 ST. BARNABAS. 8. 8. 8. 6. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. Send thou, O Lord, to ev - ery place Swift mes - sen - gers be - fore thy face,
The her - alds of thy won-drous grace, Where thou, thy - self, wilt come.

2 Send men whose eyes have seen the King!
Men in whose ears his sweet words ring;
Send such thy lost ones home to bring;
Send them where thou wilt come.

3 To bring good news to souls in sin;
The bruised and broken hearts to win;
In every place to bring them in;
Where thou, thyself, wilt come.

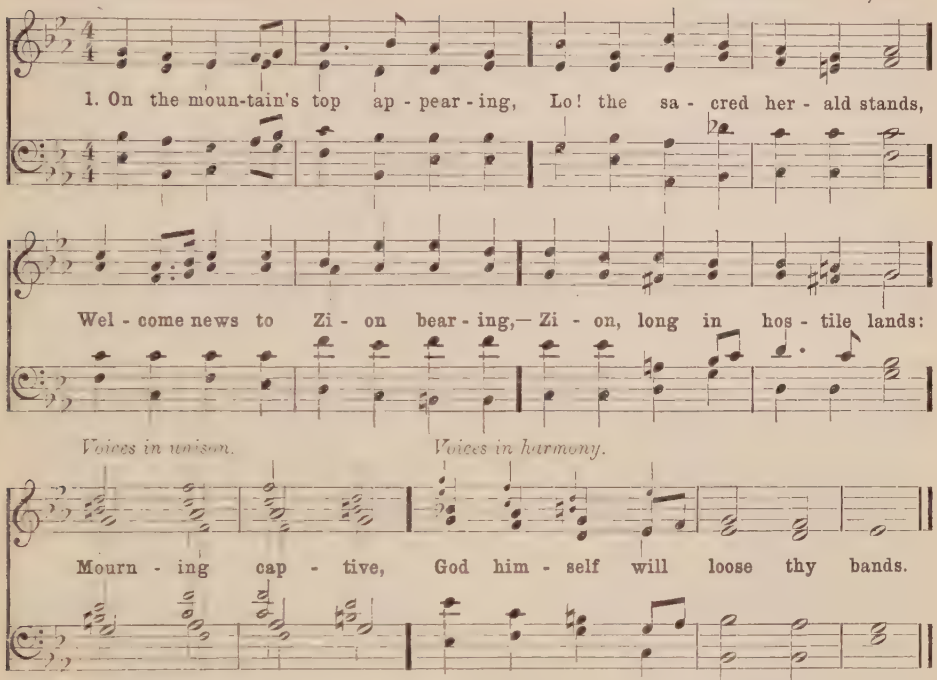
4 Gird each one with the Spirit's sword,
The sword of thine own deathless word;
And make them conquerors, conquering
Where thou, thyself, wilt come. [Lord,

5 Raise up, O Lord the Holy Ghost,
From this broad land a mighty host,
Their war-cry, "we will seek the lost,
Where thou, O Christ, wilt come."

Mrs. Merrill E. Gates, 1888.

(ALSO AGNUS DEI, OPPOSITE)

728 VOX SALUTIS. 8.7.8.7.4.7. SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1886.


1. On the moun-tain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred her - ald stands,
Wel - come news to Zi - on bear - ing,— Zi - on, long in hos - tile lands:
Voices in unison.
Voices in harmony.
Mourn - ing cap - tive, God him - self will loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

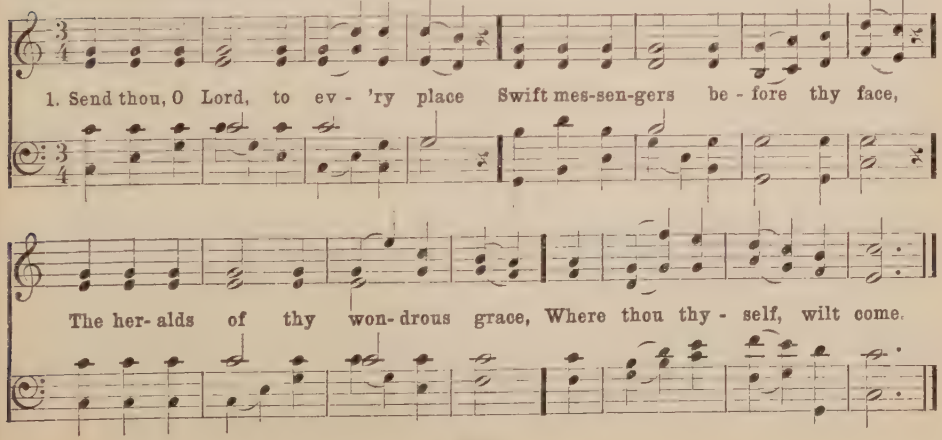
3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee:
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double;
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

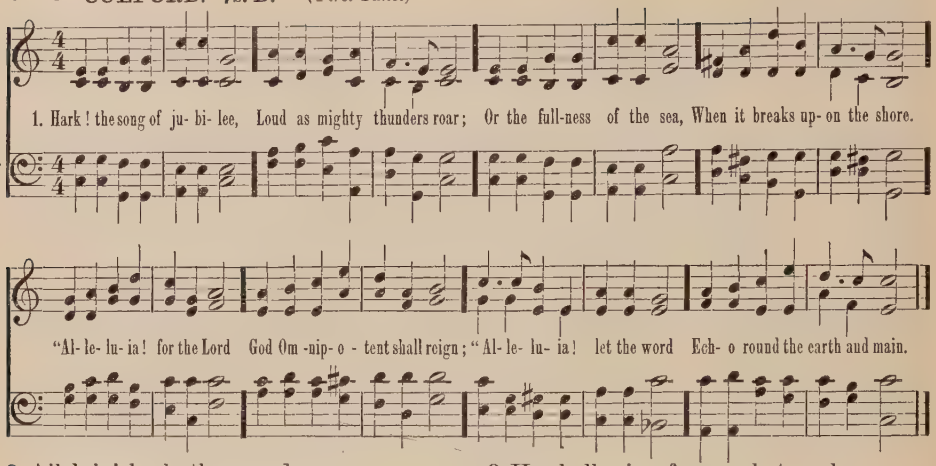
Thomas Kelly, 1804.

(ALSO ZION, No. 673.)

AGNUS DEI. 8.8.8.6. (*Fourth Tune for No. 727.*) W. H. BIRCH, 1826—.


1. Send thou, O Lord, to ev - 'ry place Swift mes-sen-gers be - fore thy face,
The her- alds of thy won- drous grace, Where thou thy - self, wilt come.

729 CULFORD. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*) E. J. HOPKINS, 1867.

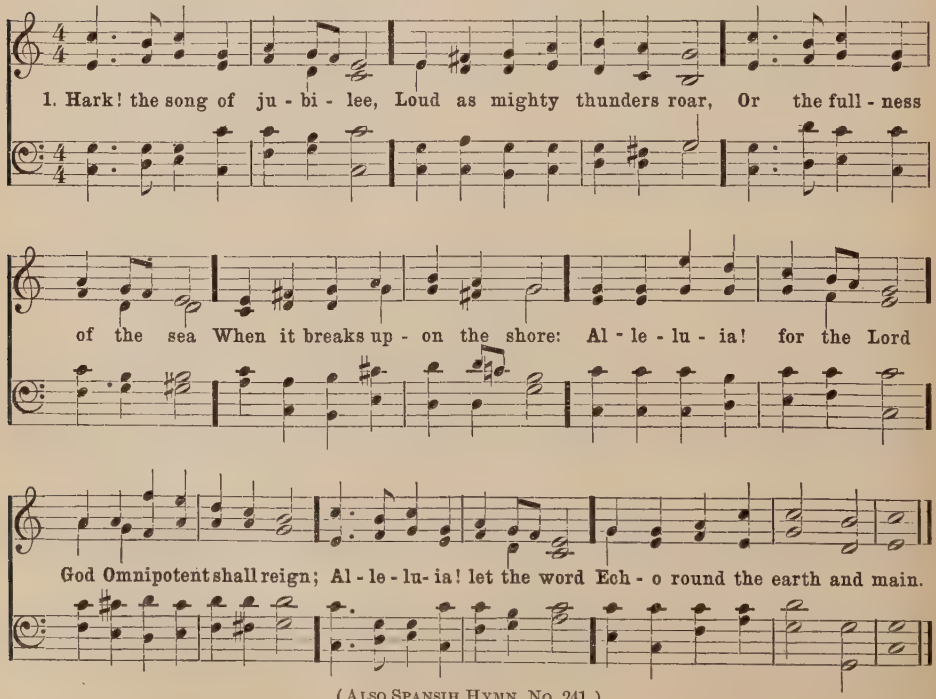

1. Hark! the song of ju- bi- lee, Loud as mighty thunders roar; Or the full-ness of the sea, When it breaks up- on the shore.
"Al- le- lu- ia! for the Lord God Om -nip- o - tent shall reign; "Al- le- lu- ia! let the word Ech- o round the earth and main.

2 Alleluia! hark, the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around
All creation's harmonies.
See Jehovah's banners furled,
Sheathed his sword; he speaks; 'tis done,
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign, when, like a scroll
Yonder heavens have passed away;
Then the end; beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Alleluia! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

J. Montgomery, 1819.

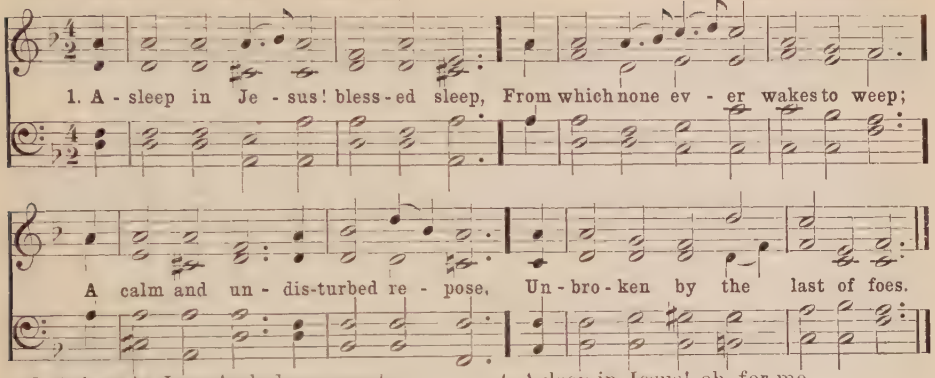
MONTROSE. 7s. D. (*Second Tune.*) W. B. GILBERT, 1865.


1. Hark! the song of ju - bi - lee, Loud as mighty thunders roar, Or the full - ness
of the sea When it breaks up - on the shore: Al - le - lu - ia! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign; Al - le - lu - ia! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main.

(ALSO SPANSIH HYMN, No. 241.)

730 DENTON. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

"Choral Friend," 1852.


1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
A calm and un - dis-turbed re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

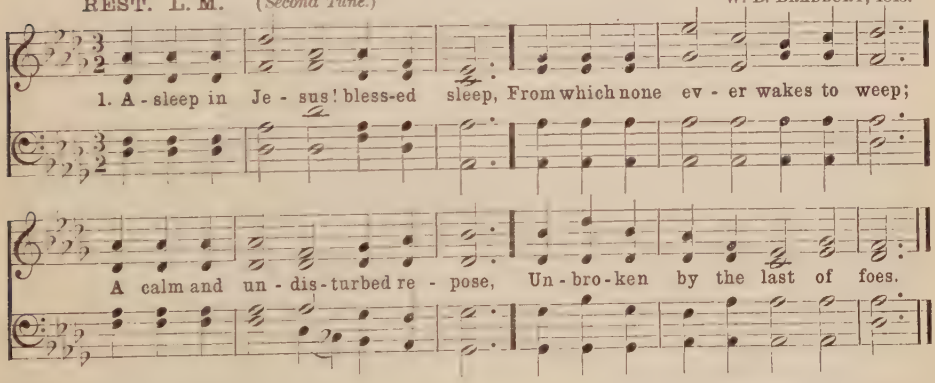
4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful Refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be:
But thine is still a blessèd sleep
From which none ever wakes to weep.

Margaret Mackay, 1832.

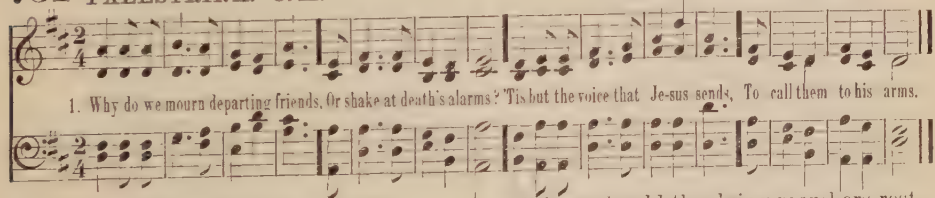
REST. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

W. B. Bradbury, 1843.


1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
A calm and un - dis-turbed re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes.

731 PALESTRINA. C. M.

G. P. A. Palestrina, c. 1515–1594.



2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.

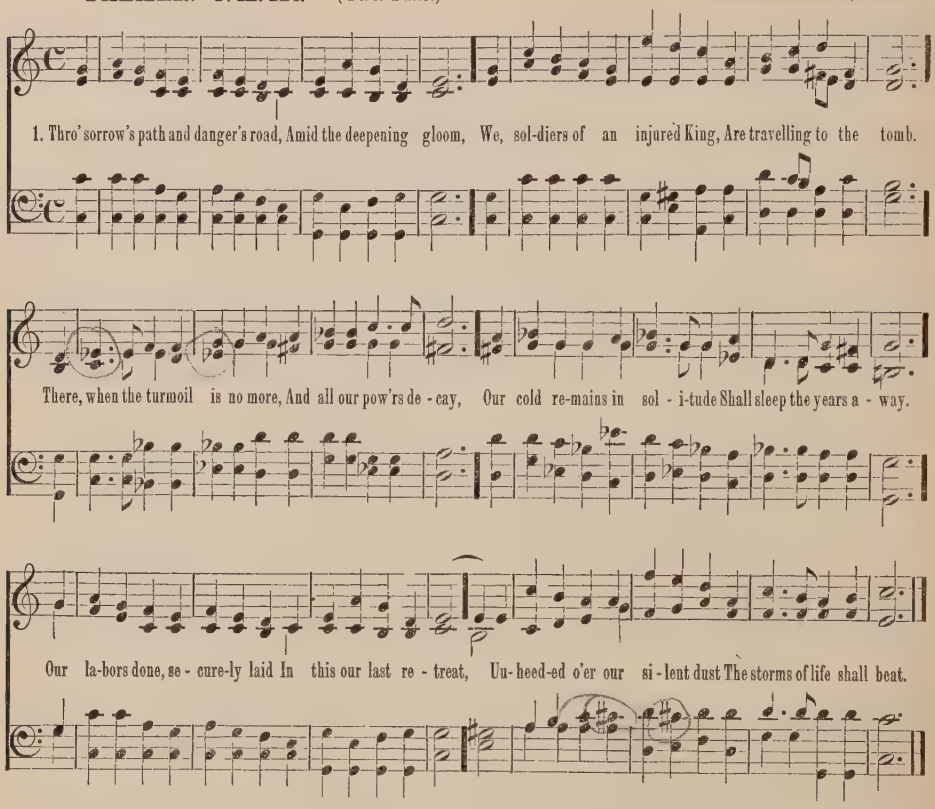
4 The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly
At the great rising day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations under ground;
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

Isaac Watts, 1707.

732 PALMER. C. M. 121. (*First Tune.*)

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.

1. Thro' sorrow's path and danger's road, Amid the deepening gloom, We, sol-diers of an injured King, Are travelling to the tomb.
There, when the turmoil is no more, And all our pow'rs de - cay, Our cold re-mains in sol - i-tude Shall sleep the years a - way.
Our la-bors done, se - cure-ly laid In this our last re - treat, Un-heed-ed o'er our si - lent dust The storms of life shall beat.

1 Through sorrow's path and danger's road,
Amid the deepening gloom,
We, soldiers of an injured King,
Are travelling to the tomb.

2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
And all our powers decay,
Our cold remains in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.

3 Our labors done, securely laid
In this our last retreat,
Unheeded o'er our silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.

4 Yet not thus hopeless, in the grave,
The vital spark shall lie:
For o'er life's wreck that spark shall rise
To seek its kindred sky.

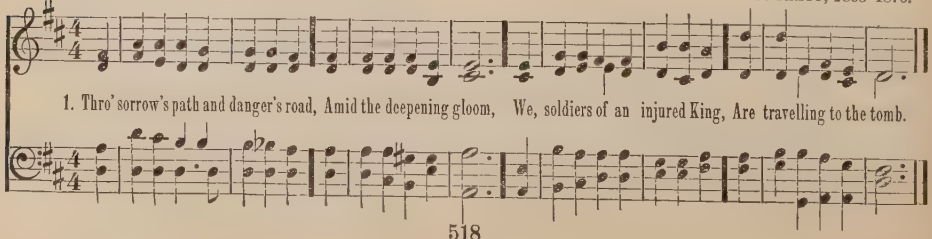
5 These ashes, too, this little dust,
Our Father's care shall keep,
Till the archangel's trump shall break
The long and dreary sleep.

6 Then love's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays,
And the long-silent voice awake
With shouts of endless praise.

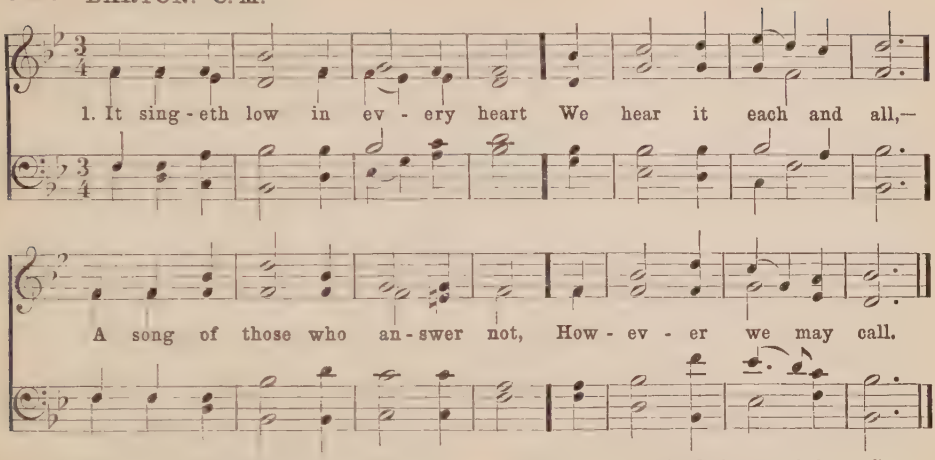
Henry Kirke White, 1807.

ST. MARK. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1805–1876.



733 BARTON. C. M.



2 They throng the silence of the breast;
We see them as of yore,
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

3 'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown.

4 But oh 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!

5 More homelike seems the vast unknown
Since they have entered there,
To follow them were not so hard
Wherever they may fare.

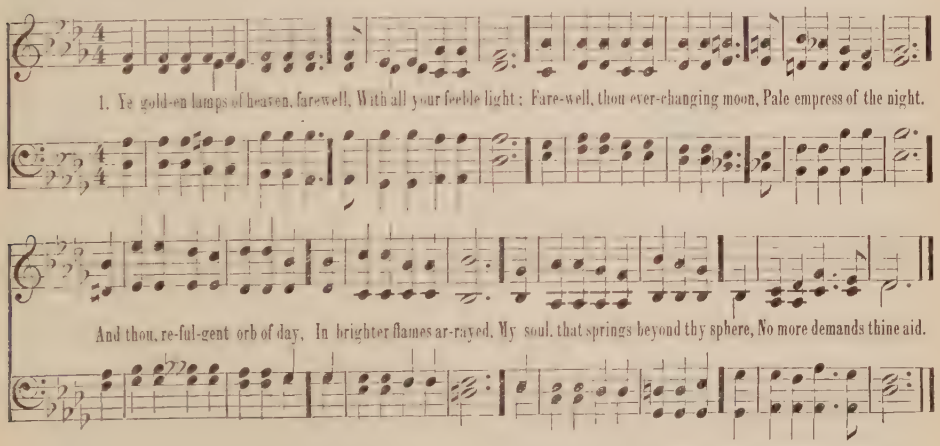
6 They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore.

(Also Serenity, No. 429.)

J. W. Chadwick, 1849—.

734 FATHERHOOD. C. M. D.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1827—.


1. Ye gold-en lamps of heaven, farewell, With all your feeble light; Fare-well, thou ever-changing moon, Pale empress of the night.
And thou, re-ful-gent orb of day, In brighter flames ar-rayed, My soul, that springs beyond thy sphere, No more demands thine aid.

2 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavements of those heav'nly courts
Where I shall reign with God.

3 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display,
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.

4 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes,
Nor the meridian sun decline
Amid those brighter skies.

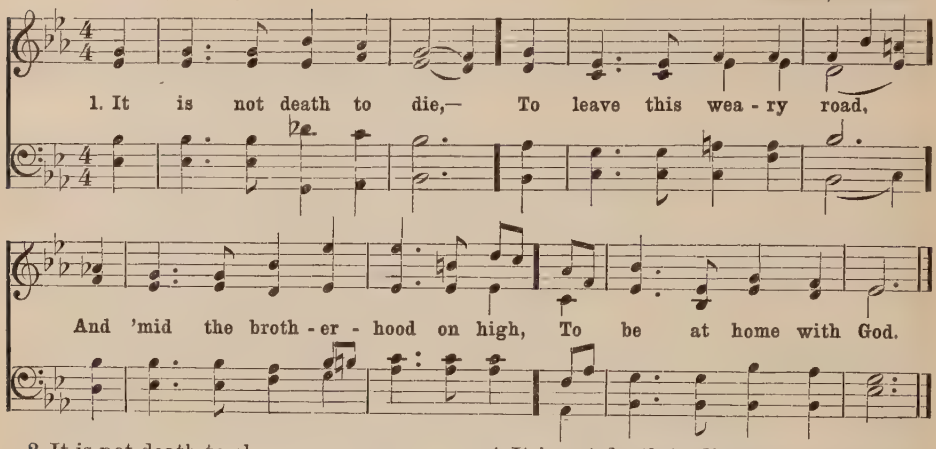
5 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

Philip Doddridge, 1702–1752.

(Also St. Mark, opposite.)

735 FESCA. S. M.

ARR. FROM A. E. FESCA, 1820-1849.



2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to bear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

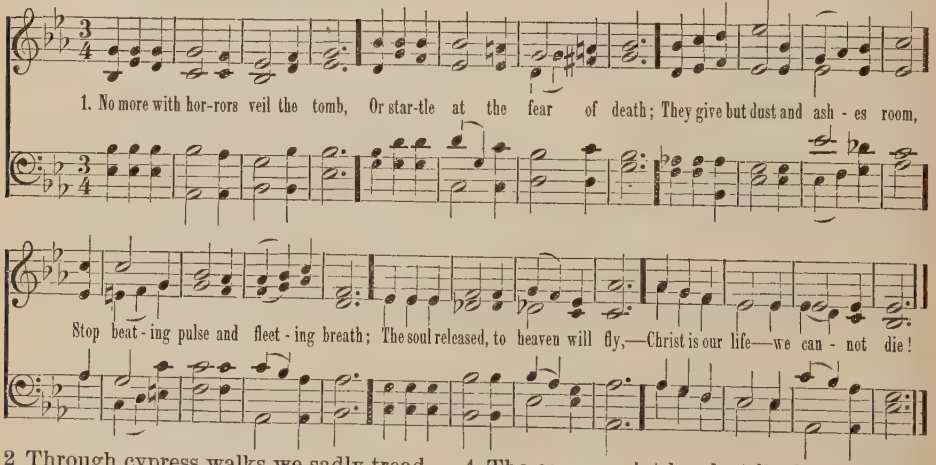
4 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise on strong exulting wing
To live among the just.

5 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife
To reign with thee on high.

G. W. Bethune, 1847.

736 WARREN. L. M. 61.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838-1896.


1. No more with hor-rors veil the tomb, Or star-tle at the fear of death; They give but dust and ash - es room,
Stop beat - ing pulse and fleet - ing breath; The soul released, to heaven will fly,—Christ is our life—we can - not die!

2 Through cypress walks we sadly tread,
With monumental shadows deep;
What blasted hopes forever fled! [weep!
What crowds come here to mourn and
By faith look up, all sorrows dry,—
Christ is our life—we cannot die!

3 All brothers here to mortal clay,
A dwelling-place beneath the sod;
But thence the spirit soars away
Back to the bosom of its God!
These earthly wrappings all laid by,
Christ is our life—we cannot die!

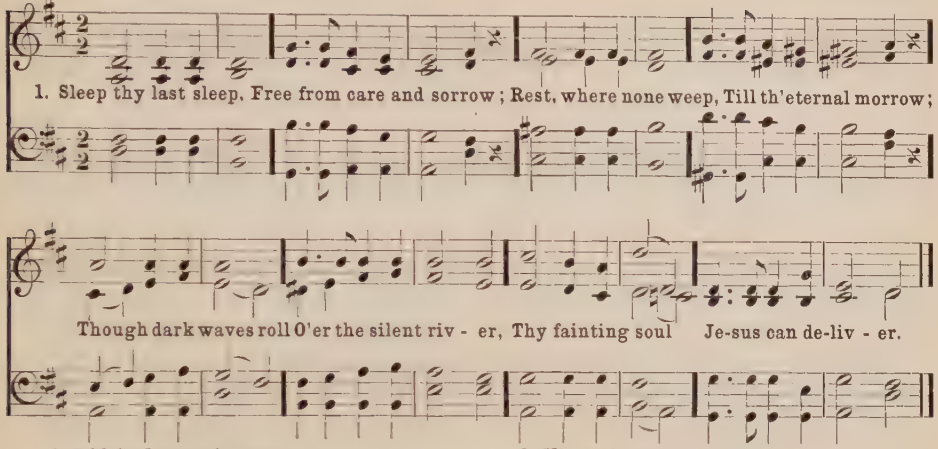
4 The common lot has lost its dread,
A sweet release from sin and care,
A resting for the aching head,
Made soft since Christ was pillow'd there;
He conquered death and reigns on high,
Christ is our life—we cannot die!

5 O death where is thy venomed sting?
And where thy vict'ry, boasting grave?
A shout of triumph now we sing
Of Jesus' love and power to save,
While back the heavenly echoes fly,—
Christ is our life—we cannot die!

Sidney Dyer, 1897.

737 LAST SLEEP. 4s. 6s. D.

SIR J. BARNBY, 1868.


1. Sleep thy last sleep. Free from care and sorrow; Rest, where none weep, Till th'eternal morrow;
Though dark waves roll O'er the silent riv - er, Thy fainting soul Je-sus can de-liv - er.

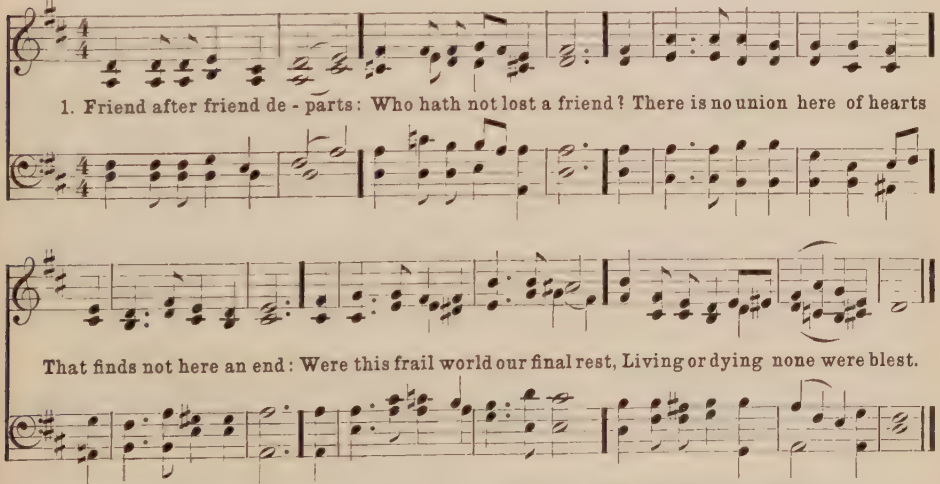
2 Life's dream is past,
All its sin, its sadness;
Brightly at last
Dawns a day of gladness.
Under thy sod,
Earth, receive our treasure,
To rest in God,
Waiting all his pleasure.

3 Though we may mourn
Those in life the dearest,
They shall return,
Christ, when thou appearest.
Soon shall thy voice
Comfort those now weeping,
Bidding rejoice
All in Jesus sleeping.

E. A. Dayman, 1869.

738 DUNNELL. 6.6.8.6.8.8.

J. E. HENRY, 1896.


1. Friend after friend de - parts: Who hath not lost a friend? There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end: Were this frail world our final rest, Living or dying none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessèd clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

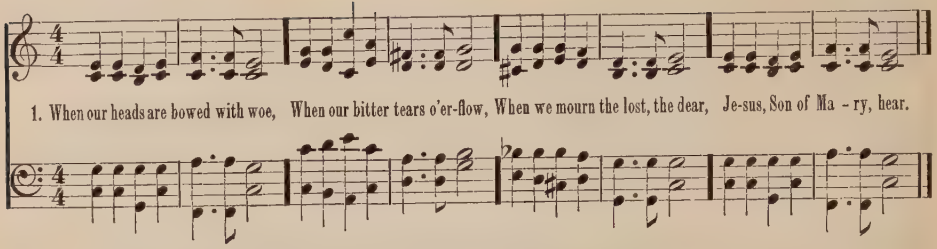
3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love
Formed for the good alone:
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

James Montgomery, 1824,

739 MANTON. 7s.

RICHARD REDHEAD, 1853.



2 Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

3 When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

4 Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

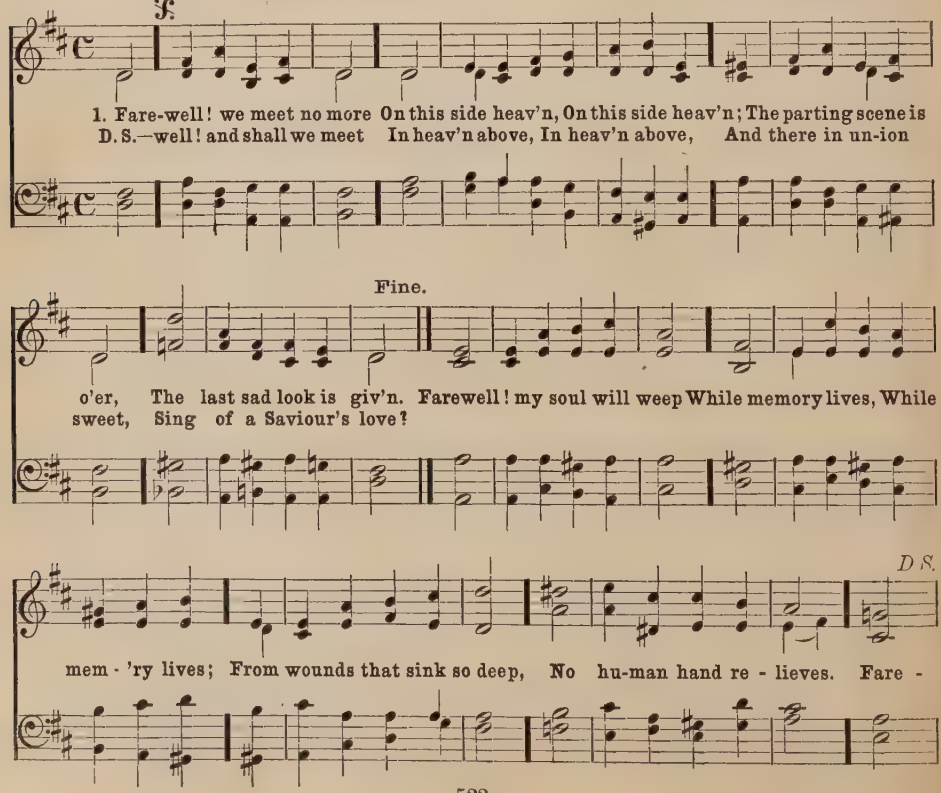
5 When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

6 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
Though the sins were not thine own;
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesus, Son of Mary, hear.

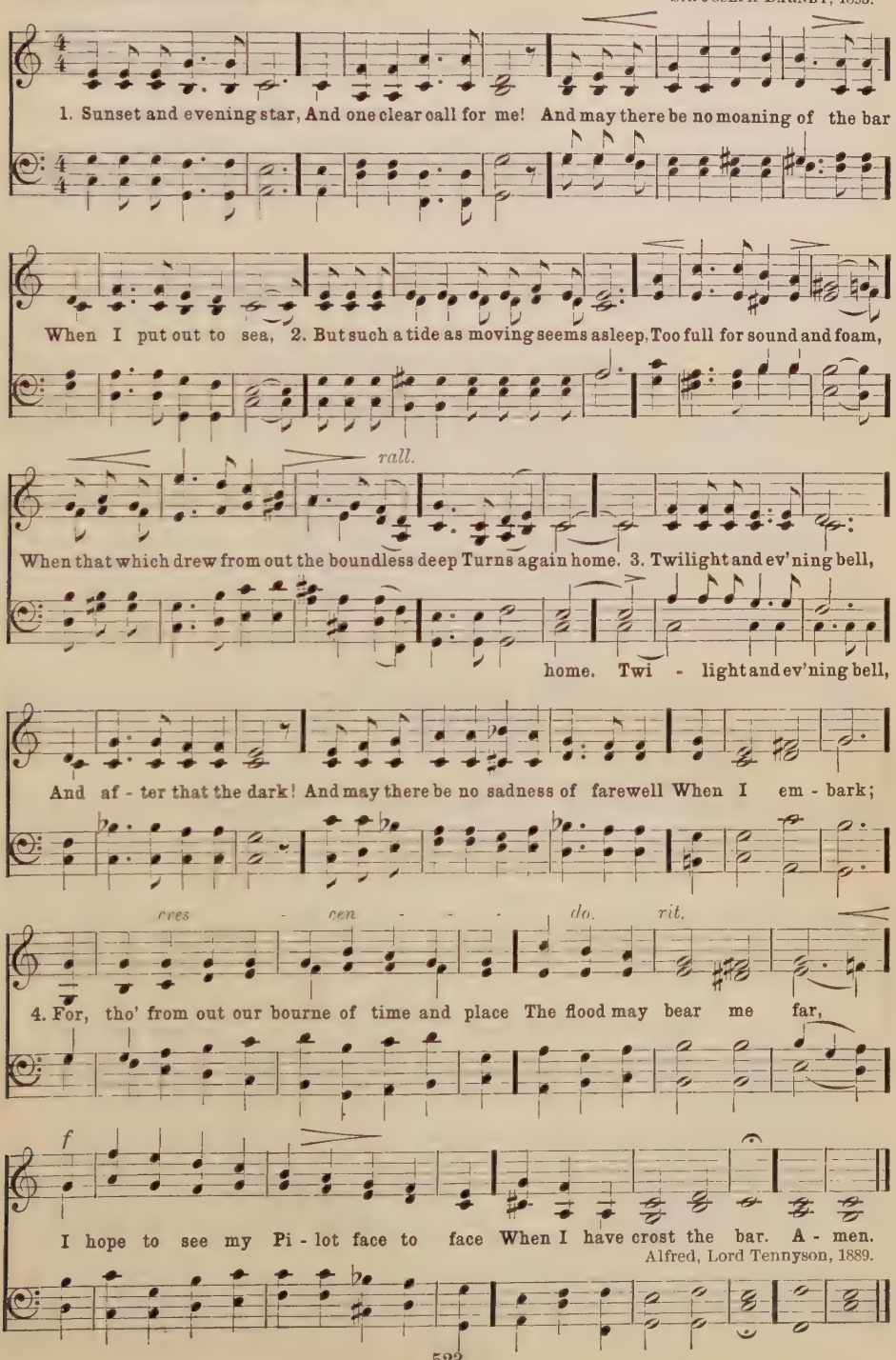
H. H. Milman, 1827, alt.

740 FAREWELL. 6.4.6.6.D. (Words Anon.)

E. H. JOHNSON, 1867.


sf.
1. Fare-well! we meet no more On this side heav'n, On this side heav'n; The parting scene is
D.S.—well! and shall we meet In heav'n above, In heav'n above, And there in un-ion
Fine.
o'er, The last sad look is giv'n. Farewell! my soul will weep While memory lives, While
sweet, Sing of a Saviour's love?
D.S.
mem - 'ry lives; From wounds that sink so deep, No hu-man hand re - lieves. Fare -

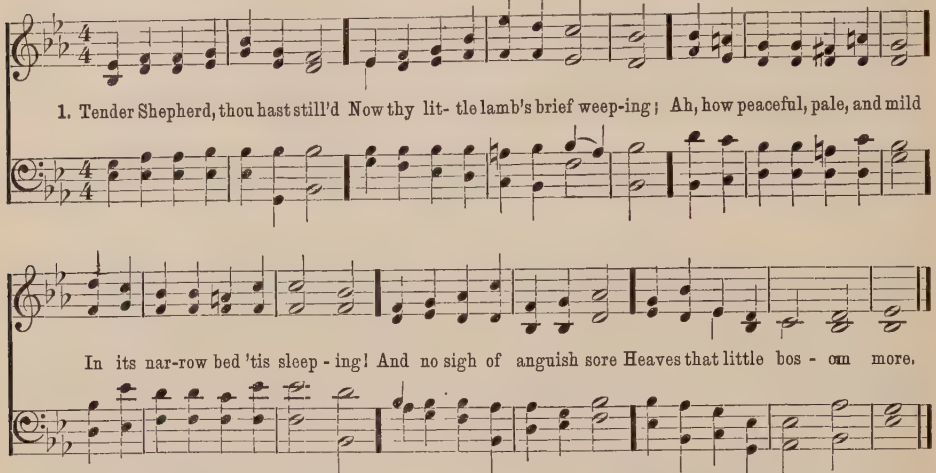
741 CROSSING THE BAR. P. M.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1893.

1. Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea, 2. But such a tide as moving seems asleep, Too full for sound and foam,
rall.
When that which drew from out the boundless deep Turns again home. 3. Twilight and ev'ning bell,
home. Twi - light and ev'ning bell,
And af - ter that the dark! And may there be no sadness of farewell When I em - bark;
cres - cen - - - do. rit.
4. For, tho' from out our bourne of time and place The flood may bear me far,
f
I hope to see my Pi - lot face to face When I have crost the bar. A - men.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, 1889.

742 POIMEN. 7.8.7.8.7.7. (*First Tune.*)

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.


1. Tender Shepherd, thou hast still'd Now thy lit- tle lamb's brief weep-ing; Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
In its nar-row bed 'tis sleep - ing! And no sigh of anguish sore Heaves that little bos - om more.

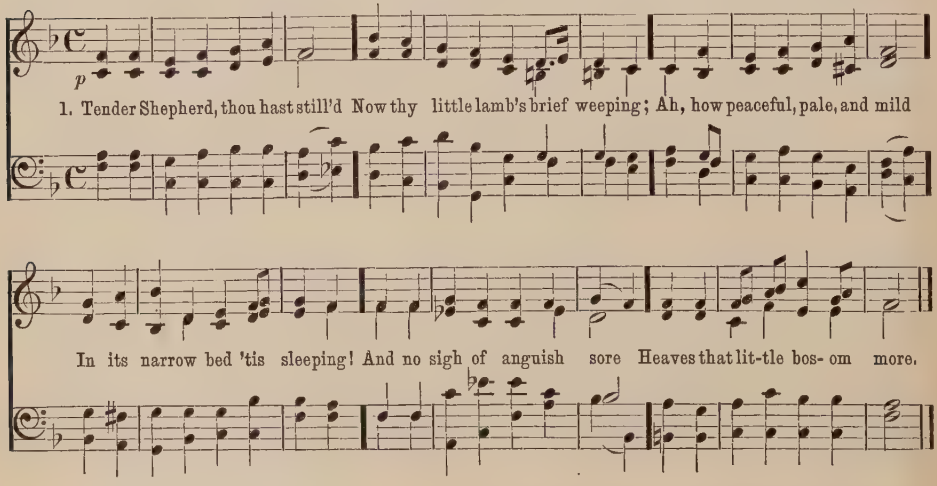
2 In this world of care and pain,
Lord, thou wouldst no longer leave it;
To the sunny, heavenly plain
Thou dost now with joy receive it;
Clothed in robes of spotless white,
Now it dwells with thee in light.

3 Ah, Lord Jesus, grant that we
Where it lives may soon be living,
And the lovely pastures see
That its heavenly food are giving;
Then the gain of death we prove,
Though thou take what most we love.

J. W. Meinhold, 1797–1851, tr. by C. Winkworth, 1858.

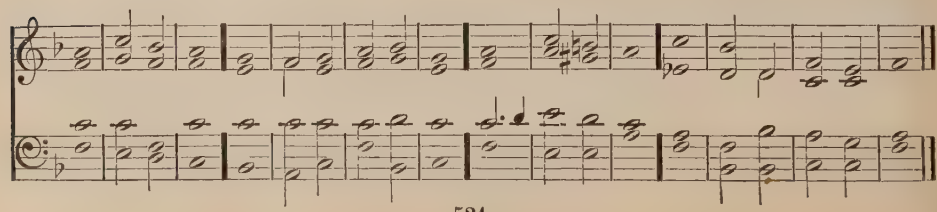
MADELEY. 7.8.7.8.7.7. (*Second Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


p
1. Tender Shepherd, thou hast still'd Now thy little lamb's brief weeping; Ah, how peaceful, pale, and mild
In its narrow bed 'tis sleeping! And no sigh of anguish sore Heaves that lit-tle bos- om more.

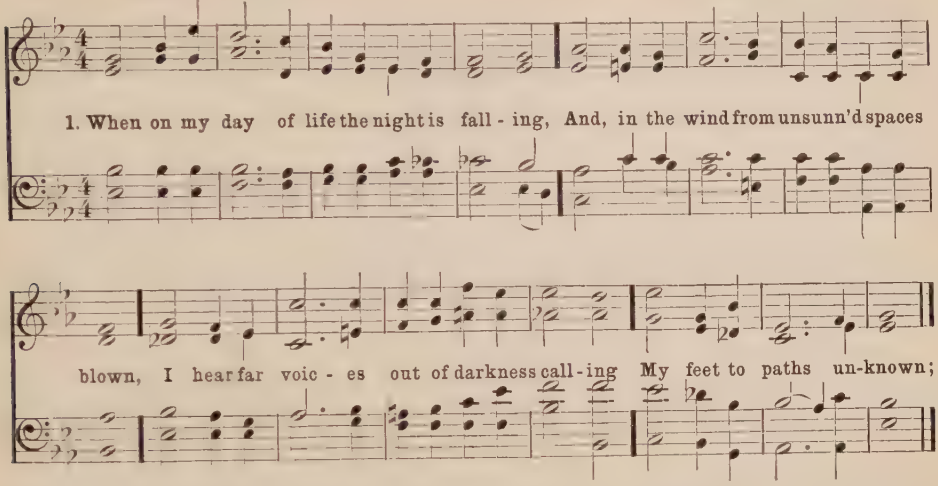
ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT. (*Chant for No.* 744.)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.



743 BURLEIGH. 11. 10. 11. 6.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. When on my day of life the night is fall - ing, And, in the wind from unsunn'd spaces
blown, I hear far voic - es out of darkness call - ing My feet to paths un-known;

2 Thou, who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay.

3 I have but thee, my Father! let thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

4 Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiv'n through thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place,—

5 Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through Heaven's green expansions
The river of thy peace.

6 There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

John Greenleaf Whittier, 1807–1892.

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744 ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT. (*Opposite.*)

1 One *sweet*ly | solemn | thought ‖
Comes | to me | o'er and | o'er: ‖
I'm *near*er my | home to- | day ‖
Than I | ever • have | been be- | fore. ‖

2 *Near*er my | Father's | house, ‖
Where the | many | mansions | be; ‖
*Near*er the | great white | throne, ‖
Near- | er the | crystal | sea; ‖

3 *Near*er the | bound of | life, ‖
Where we | lay our | burdens | down; ‖
*Near*er | leaving • the | cross, ‖
*Near*er | gain— | ing the | crown. ‖

4 But the *waves* of that | silent | sea ‖
Roll | dark be- | fore my | sight, ‖
That *bright*ly the | other | side ‖
Break | on a | shore of | light. ‖

5 *Oh*, if my | mortal | feet ‖
Have | almost | gained the | brink, ‖
If it *be* I am | nearer | home ‖
*E*ven to- | day— | than I | think, ‖

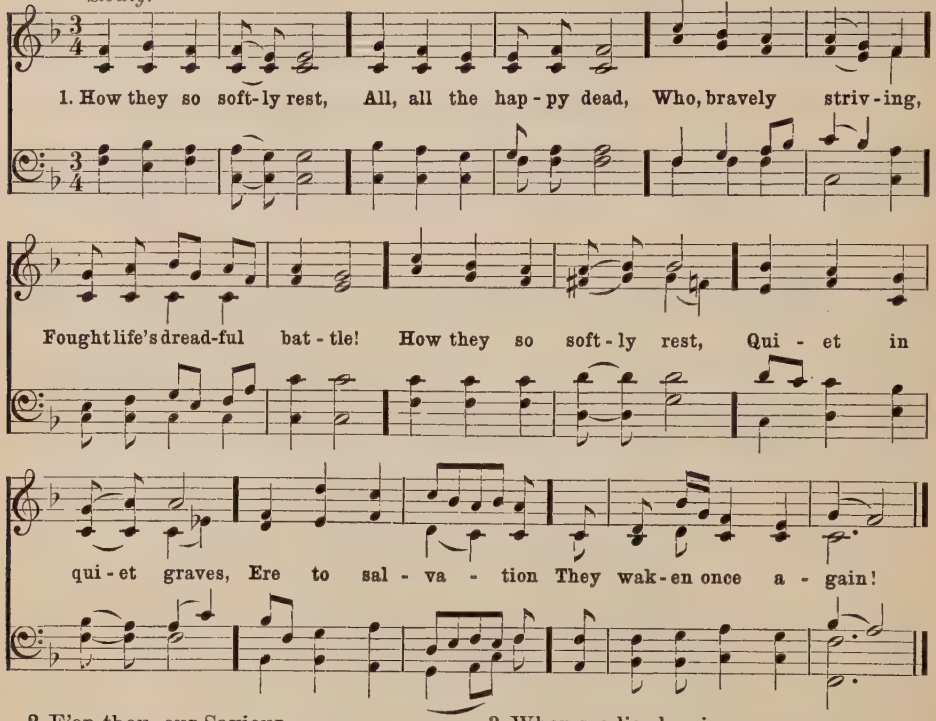
6 *Fath*er, per- | fect my | trust; ‖
Let my | spirit | feel in | death ‖
That her *feet* are | firmly | set ‖
On the | rock • of a | living | faith. ‖

Phœbe Cary, 1852, 1869.

745 GOTTLIEB. P. M.

ARR. FROM C. G. NEEFE, 1748–1798.

Slowly.


1. How they so soft-ly rest, All, all the hap-py dead, Who, bravely striv-ing,
Fought life's dread-ful bat-tle! How they so soft-ly rest, Qui-et in
qui-et graves, Ere to sal-va-tion They wak-en once a-gain!

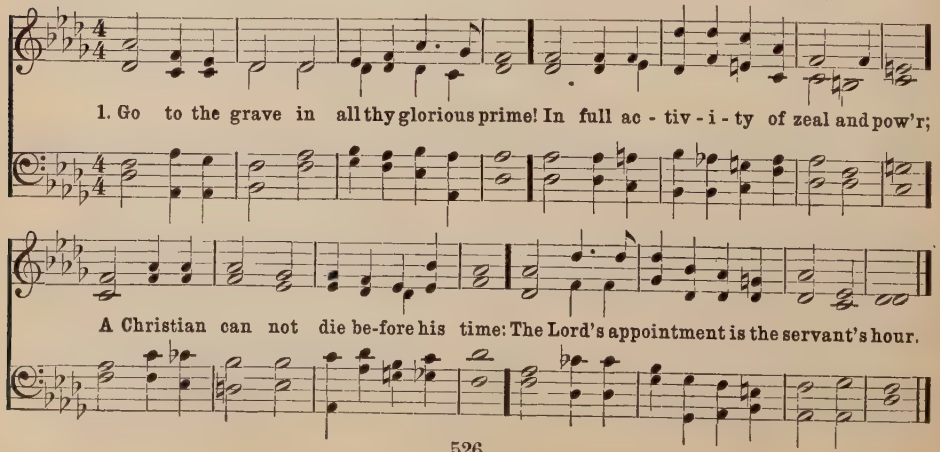
2 E'en thou, our Saviour,
Deep in the grave wast laid,
When thou hadst suffered
On the cross for sinners:
Not to corruption
Sank'st thou, O Saviour;
No, Lord! in glory
Thou risedst once again.

3 When we lie sleeping,
Calm as these happy ones,
When we, like them, have
Fought life's fearful battle:
Then, blest Redeemer,
Then wilt thou call us
Forth from our cold graves
Unto eternal life.

Tr. F. M. Raymond, 1861; alt.

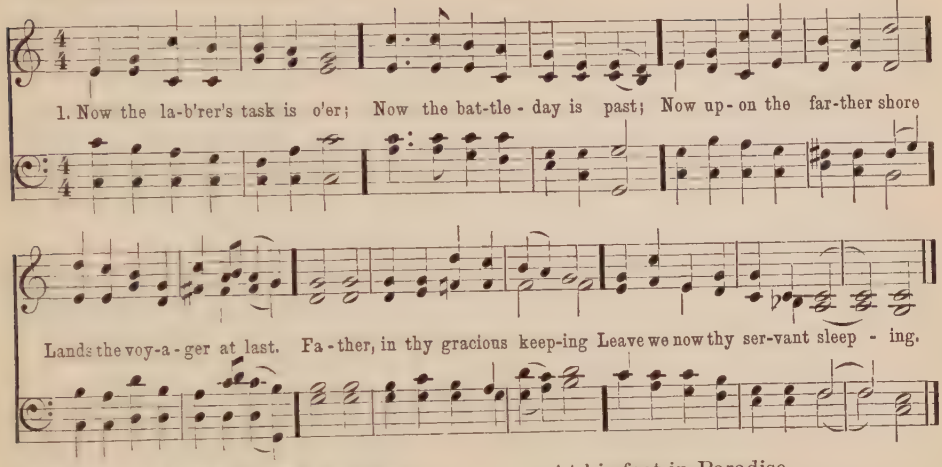
DALKEITH. 10s. (*Second Tune for No.* 747.)

T. HEWLETT, 1845–1874.


1. Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime! In full ac-tiv-i-ty of zeal and pow'r;
A Christian can not die be-fore his time: The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

746 BUNHILL. 7.7.7.7. 8.8.

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. Now the la-b'rer's task is o'er; Now the bat-tle-day is past; Now up-on the far-ther shore
Lands the voy-a-ger at last. Fa-ther, in thy gracious keep-ing Leave we now thy ser-vant sleep-ing.

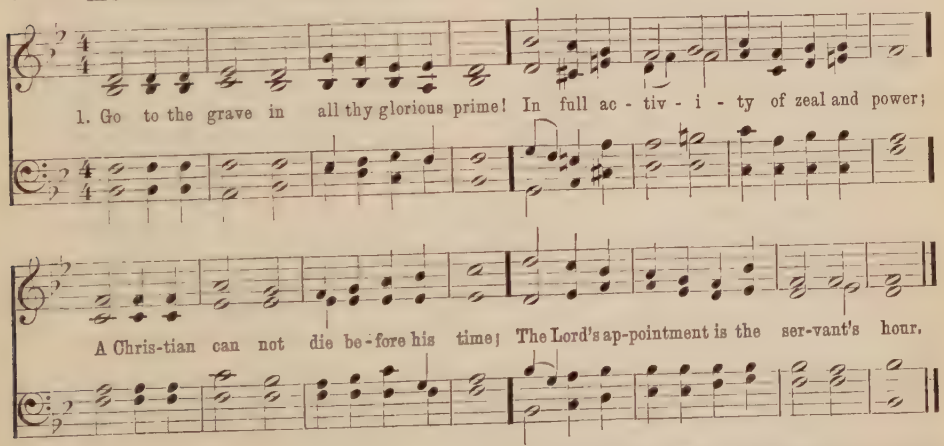
2 There the tears of earth are dried;
There its hidden things are clear;
There the work of life is tried
By a juster Judge than here.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

3 There the sinful souls that turn
To the cross their dying eyes,
All the love of Christ shall learn
At his feet in Paradise.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

4 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust,"
Calmly now the words we say;
Left behind, we wait in trust
For the resurrection-day.
Father, in thy gracious keeping
Leave we now thy servant sleeping.

John Ellerton, 1871.

747 MORECAMBE. 10s. (*First Tune.*)


1. Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime! In full ac-tiv-i-ty of zeal and power;
A Chris-tian can not die be-fore his time; The Lord's ap-pointment is the ser-vant's hour.

2 Go to the grave; at noon from labor cease;
Rest on thy sheaves, thy harvest-task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
Soldier! go home; with thee the fight is won.

3 Go to the grave, for there thy Saviour lay
In death's embraces, ere he rose on high;
And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

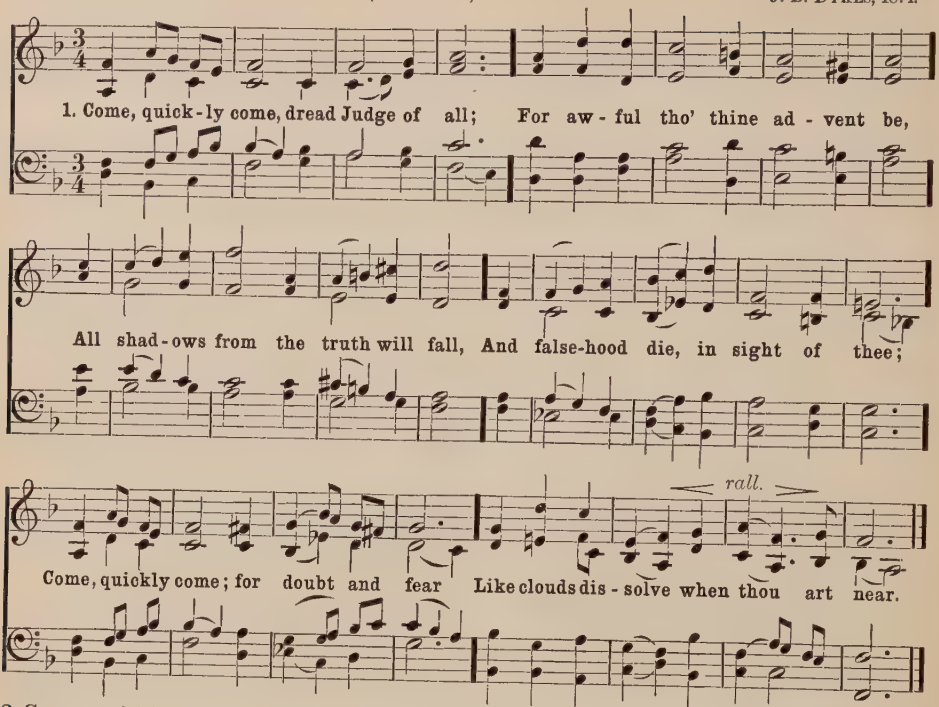
4 Go to the grave! no, take thy seat above!
Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
And open vision for the written word.

James Montgomery, 1771–1854.

(ALSO DALKEITH, OPPOSITE, AND EVENTIDE, No. 73.)

748 VENI CITO. L. M. 61. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1874.


1. Come, quick-ly come, dread Judge of all; For aw-ful tho' thine ad-vent be,
All shad-ows from the truth will fall, And false-hood die, in sight of thee;
rall.
Come, quickly come; for doubt and fear Like clouds dis-solve when thou art near.

2 Come, quickly come, great King of all;
Reign all around us, and within;
Let sin no more our souls enthrall,
Let pain and sorrow die with sin:
Come, quickly come; for thou alone
Canst make thy scattered people one.

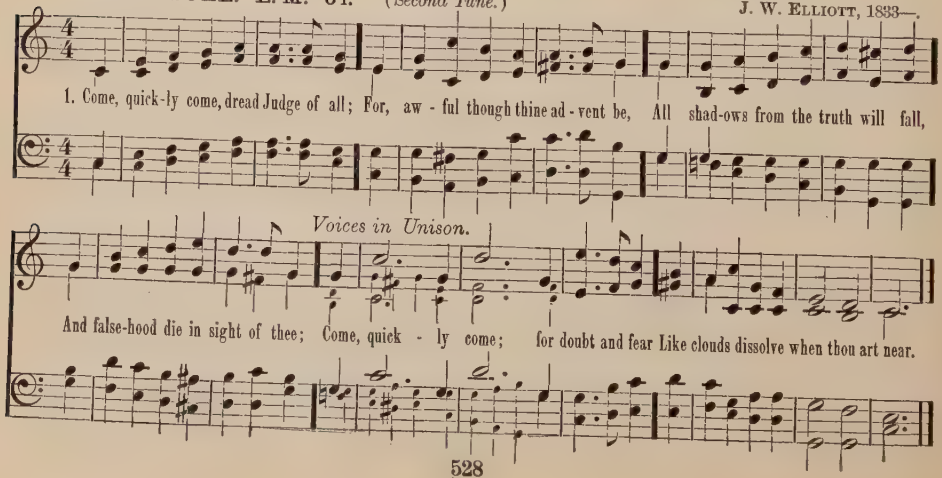
3 Come, quickly come; true Life of all;
The curse of death is on the ground;
On every home his shadows fall,
On every heart his mark is found:
Come, quickly come; for grief and pain
Can never cloud thy glorious reign.

4 Come, quickly come; sure Light of all,
For gloomy night broods o'er our way;
And fainting souls begin to fall,
With weary watching for the day:
Come, quickly come; for round thy throne
No eye is blind, no night is known.

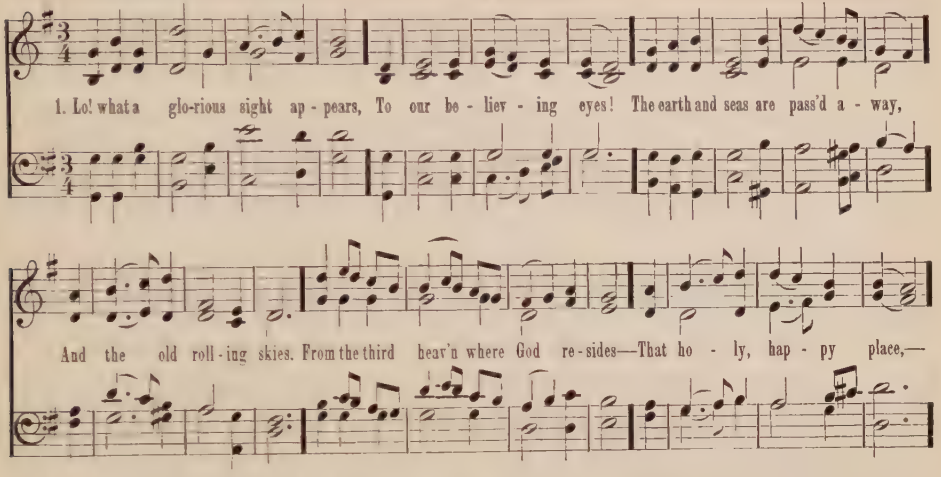
Lawrence Tuttiett, 1825—.

IMMANUEL. L. M. 61. (*Second Tune.*)

J. W. ELLIOTT, 1833—.


1. Come, quick-ly come, dread Judge of all; For, aw-ful though thine ad-vent be, All shad-ows from the truth will fall,
Voices in Unison.
And false-hood die in sight of thee; Come, quick-ly come; for doubt and fear Like clouds dissolve when thou art near.

749 BISSELL'S MAJESTY. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

T. Bissell, c. 1810–1877.

1. Lo! what a glo-rious sight ap - pears, To our be - liev - ing eyes! The earth and seas are pass'd a - way,
And the old roll - ing skies. From the third heav'n where God re - sides—That ho - ly, hap - py place,—
The New Jer-u-sa-lem comes down, Adorned with shining grace.

1 Lo! what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are passed away,
And the old rolling skies.
From the third heaven where God resides—
That holy, happy place,—
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace.

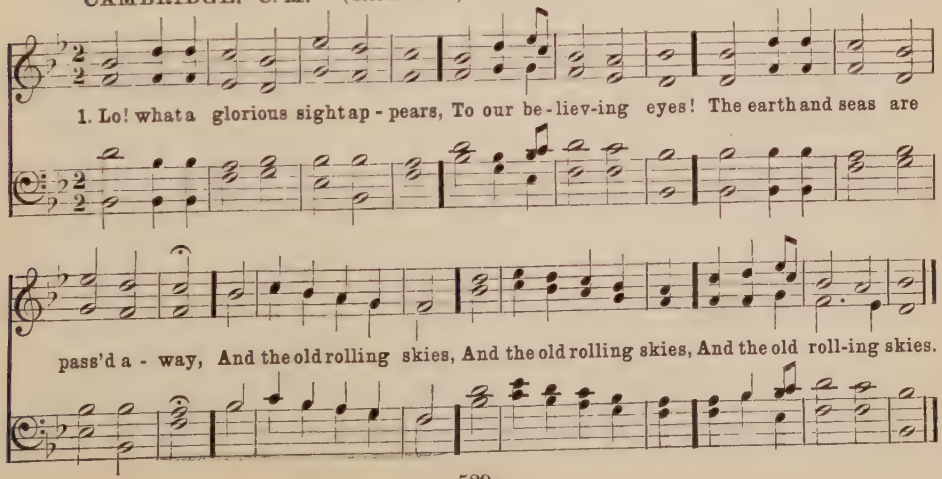
2 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
"Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King:—
The God of glory, down to men,
Removes his blest abode;
Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he their loving God:—

3 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye; [fears,
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
And death itself shall die!"
How long, dear Saviour! oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time!
And bring the welcome day.

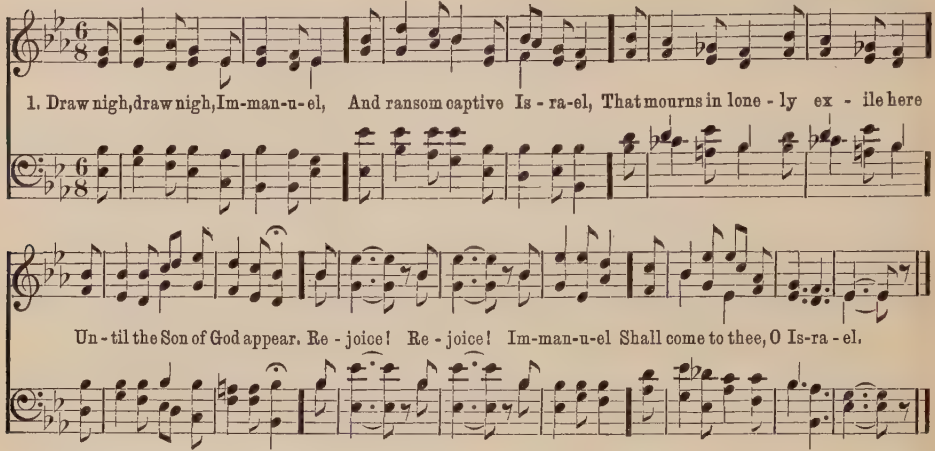
Isaac Watts, 1707.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

John Randall, 1715–1799.


1. Lo! what a glorious sight ap - pears, To our be - liev-ing eyes! The earth and seas are
pass'd a - way, And the old rolling skies, And the old rolling skies, And the old roll-ing skies.

750 ST. CLOUD. L. M. 61.

C. F. GOUNOD, 1872.

1. Draw nigh, draw nigh, Im-man-u-el, And ransom captive Is-ra-el, That mourns in lone-ly ex-ile here
Un-til the Son of God appear. Re-joice! Re-joice! Im-man-u-el Shall come to thee, O Is-ra-el.

2 Draw nigh, O Jesse's Rod, draw nigh,
To free us from the enemy;
From hell's abyss thy people save,
And give us victory o'er the grave.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

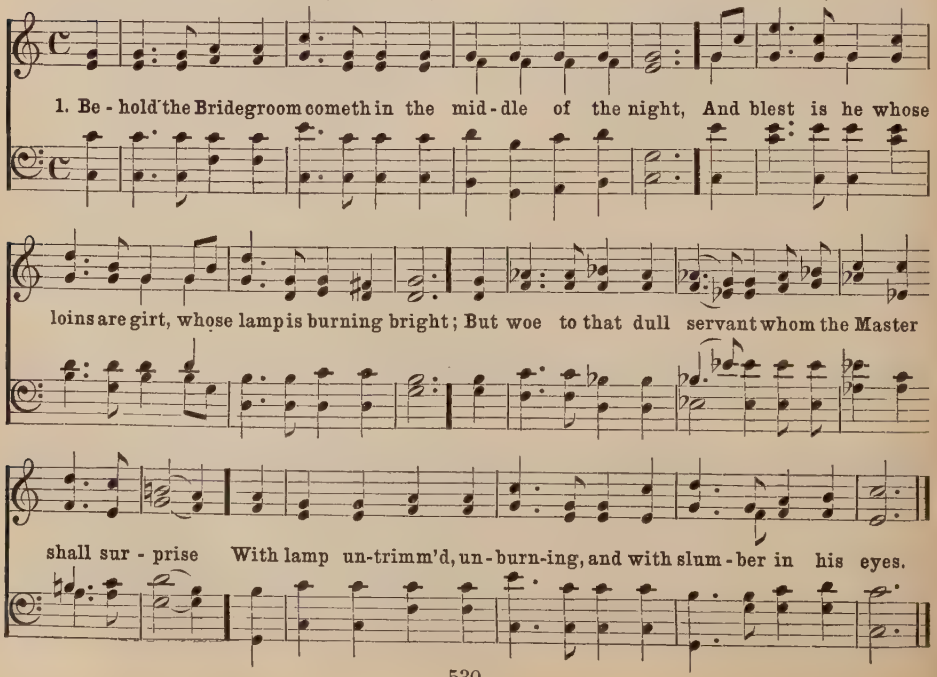
3 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O David's Key,
The heavenly gate unfolds to thee;
Make safe the way that leads on high,
And close the path to misery.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

4 Draw nigh, draw nigh, O Lord of might,
Who to thy tribes from Sinai's height,
In ancient time, didst give the law
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.
Rejoice! Rejoice! Immanuel
Shall come to thee, O Israel.

Latin, c. 12th century, tr. J. M. Neale, 1821, alt.

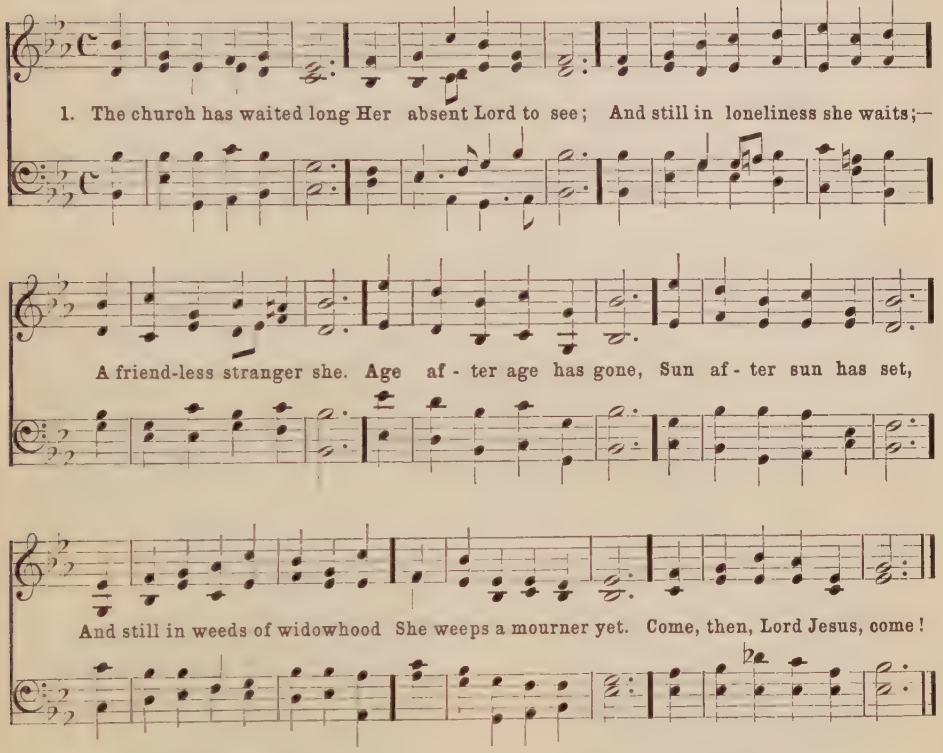
PAROUSIA. C. M. D. (*For No.* 752.)

G. A. MACFARREN, 1813–1887.


1. Be-hold the Bridegroom cometh in the mid-dle of the night, And blest is he whose
loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright; But woe to that dull servant whom the Master
shall sur-prise With lamp un-trimm'd, un-burn-ing, and with slum-ber in his eyes.

751 WALWORTH. S. M. 91.

C. Steggall, 1826.


1. The church has waited long Her absent Lord to see; And still in loneliness she waits;—
A friend-less stranger she. Age af - ter age has gone, Sun af - ter sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood She weeps a mourner yet. Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

2 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side;
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Until the glorious morn.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

3 We long to hear thy voice,
To see thee face to face,
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.
Should not the loving Bride
The absent Bridegroom mourn?
Should she not wear the weeds of grief
Until her Lord return?
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

4 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice,
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain;
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

Horatius Bonar, 1845.

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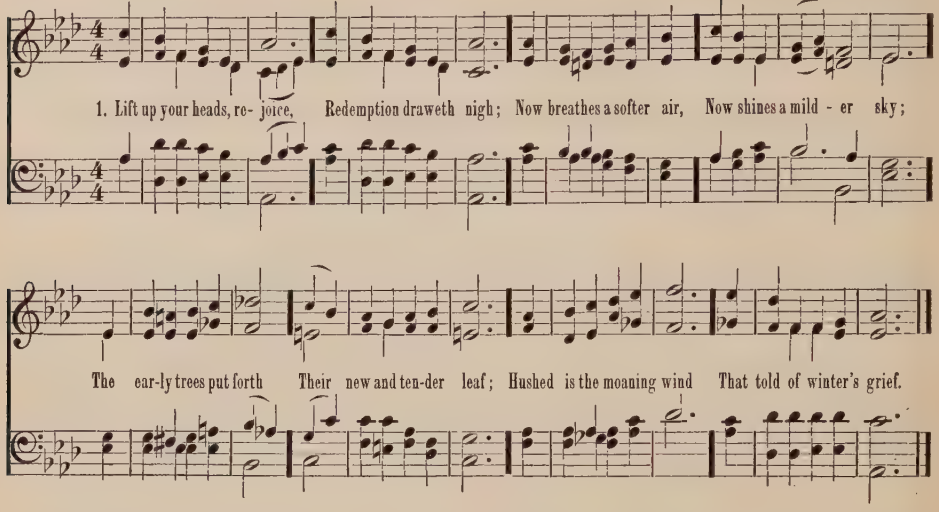
752 PAROUSIA. (*Opposite.*)

2 That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul, slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;
Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide;
'Behold, the Bridegroom comes! Arise! go forth to meet the Bride."

3 Beware, my soul! take thou good heed, lest thou in slumber lie,
And, like the five, remain without, and knock and vainly cry;
But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and Christ shall gird thee on
His own bright wedding-robe of light,—the glory of the Son.

Gerard Moultrie, 1867.

753 **ULVERSTON.** 6s. D. (*First Tune.*) SIR JOHN STAINER, 1875.

1. Lift up your heads, re- joice, Redemption draweth nigh; Now breathes a softer air, Now shines a mild - er sky;
The ear-ly trees put forth Their new and ten-der leaf; Hushed is the moaning wind That told of winter's grief.

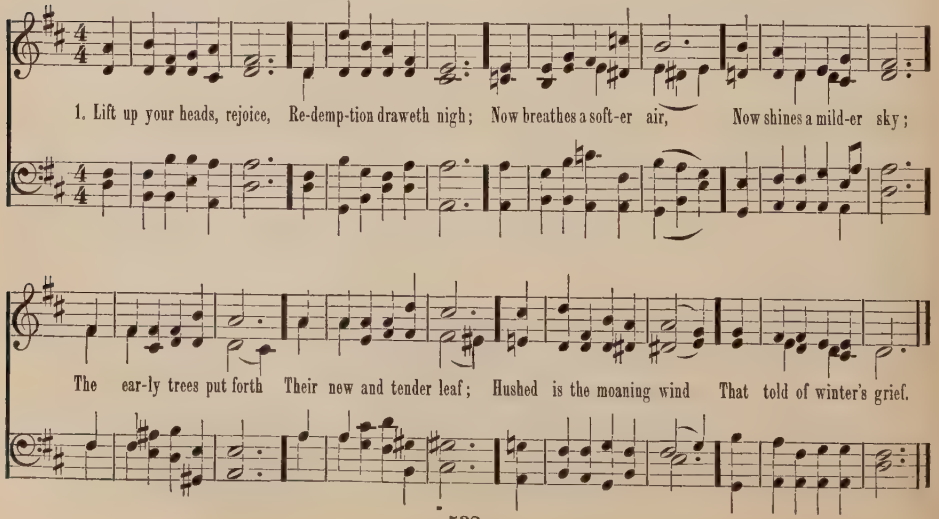
2 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
Now mount the laden clouds,
Now flames the darkening sky;
The early scattered drops
Descend with heavy fall,
And to the waiting earth
The hidden thunders call.

3 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
O note the varying signs
Of earth, and air, and sky;
The God of glory comes
In gentleness and might,
To comfort and alarm,
To succor and to smite.

4 He comes, the wide world's King,
He come's the true heart's Friend,
New gladness to begin,
And ancient wrong to end;
He comes, to fill with light
The weary waiting eye:
Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh.

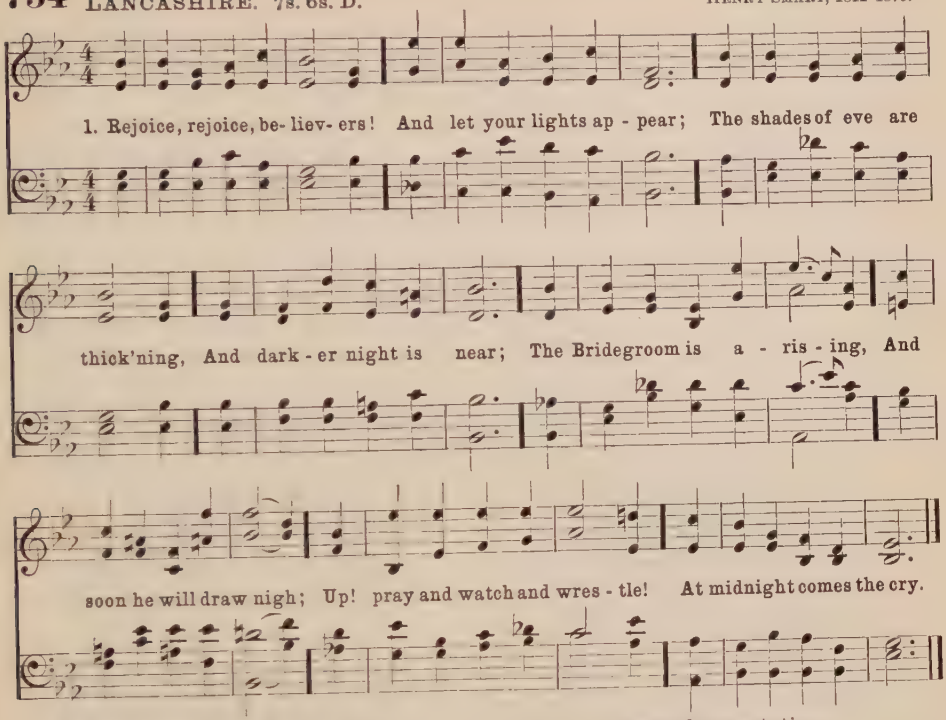
T. T. Lynch, 1856.

EVINGTON. 6s. D. (*Second Tune.*) A. LOWE.


1. Lift up your heads, rejoice, Re-demp-tion draweth nigh; Now breathes a soft-er air, Now shines a mild-er sky;
The ear-ly trees put forth Their new and tender leaf; Hushed is the moaning wind That told of winter's grief.

754 LANCASHIRE. 7s. 6s. D.

HENRY SMART, 1812–1879.


1. Rejoice, rejoice, be- liev- ers! And let your lights ap - pear; The shades of eve are
thick'ning, And dark - er night is near; The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And
soon he will draw nigh; Up! pray and watch and wres - tle! At midnight comes the cry.

2 O wise and holy virgins,
Now raise your voices higher,
Till in your jubilations
Ye meet the angel choir.
The marriage-feast is waiting,
The gates wide open stand;
Up, up, ye heirs of glory!
The Bridegroom is at hand.

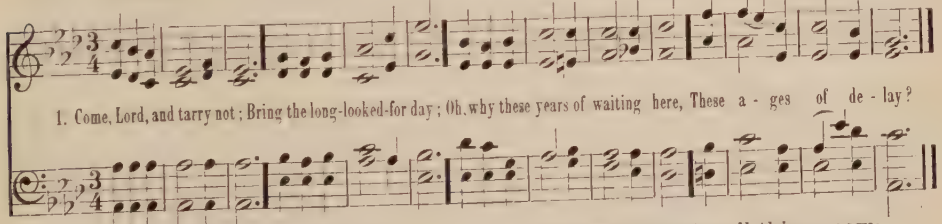
3 Our hope and expectation,
O Jesus, now appear;
Arise, thou Sun so longed for,
O'er this benighted sphere!
With hearts and hands uplifted,
We plead, O Lord, to see
The day of earth's redemption,
And ever be with thee.

L. Laurenti, 1660–1722, tr. by Jane Borthwick, 1854.

(ALSO WEBB, NO. 725.)

755 GREENWOOD. S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER, 1849.



2 Come, for thy saints still wait;
Daily ascends their sigh;
The Spirit and the Bride say, come!
Dost thou not hear the cry?

3 Come, for creation groans,
Impatient of thy stay,
Worn out with these long years of ill,
These ages of delay.

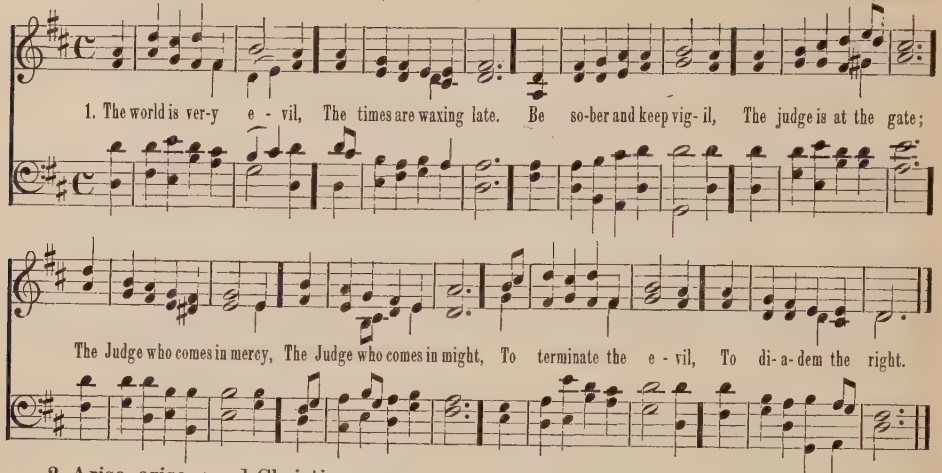
4 Come, and make all things new;
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

5 Come, and begin thy reign
Of everlasting peace;
Come, take the kingdom to thyself,
Great King of righteousness!

Horatius Bonar, 1857.

756 DRUMMOND. 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

ST. GAUL COL, 1863.


1. The world is ver-y e - vil, The times are waxing late. Be so-ber and keep vig- il, The judge is at the gate;
The Judge who comes in mercy, The Judge who comes in might, To terminate the e - vil, To di-a-dem the right.

2 Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penetential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one:

3 The home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children
Who here as exiles mourn,
Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The beatific vision
Shall glad the saints around.

4 Oh, happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest,
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight.

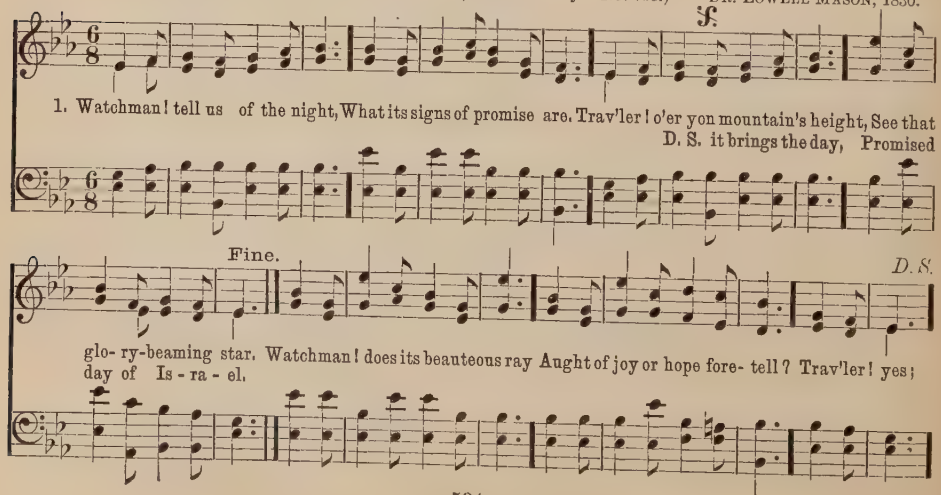
5 Oh, sweet and blessèd country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessèd country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, c. 1145, tr. Rev. John M. Neale, 1858.

(ALSO AURELIA, NO. 669.)

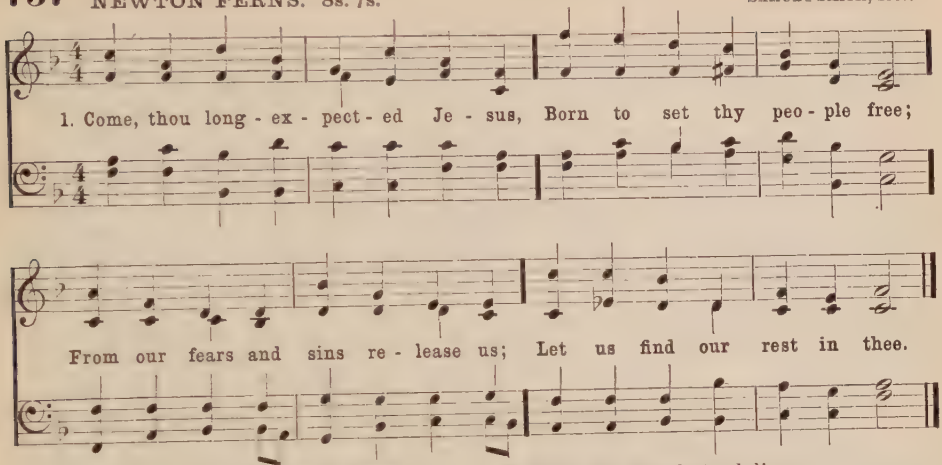
WATCHMAN, TELL US. 7s. D. (*Second Tune for No. 758.*)

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1830.


f
1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain's height, See that
D. S. it brings the day, Promised
Fine.
D. S.
glo- ry-beaming star. Watchman! does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope fore- tell? Trav'ler! yes;
day of Is - ra - el.

757 NEWTON FERNS. 8s. 7s.

SAMUEL SMITH, 1865.



1 Come, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free:
From our fears and sins release us;
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

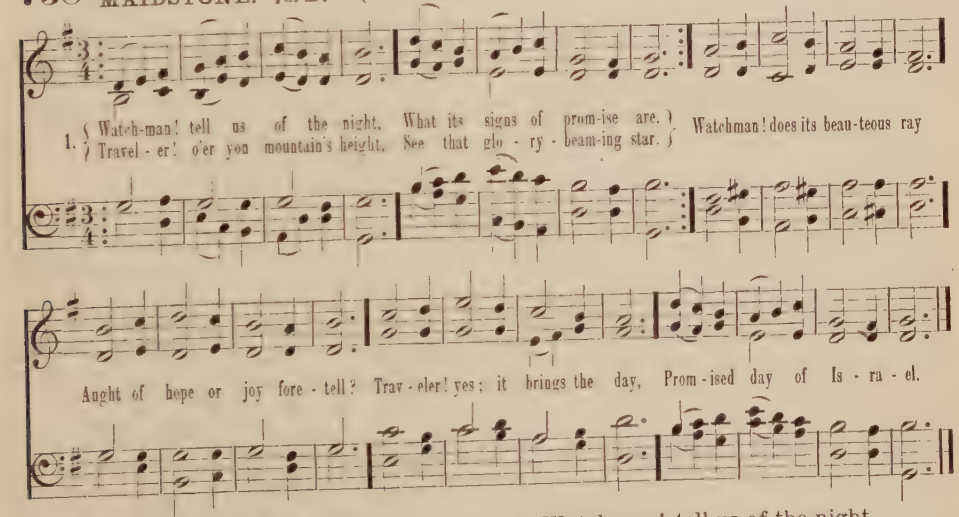
3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Charles Wesley, 1744.

758 MAIDSTONE. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*)

W. B. GILBERT, 1862.


1. Watch-man! tell us of the night, What its signs of prom-ise are. Watch-man! does its beau-teous ray
Trav-el-er! o'er yon mountain's height, See that glo - ry - beam-ing star.
Aught of hope or joy fore - tell? Trav - el-er! yes; it brings the day, Prom - ised day of Is - ra - el.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

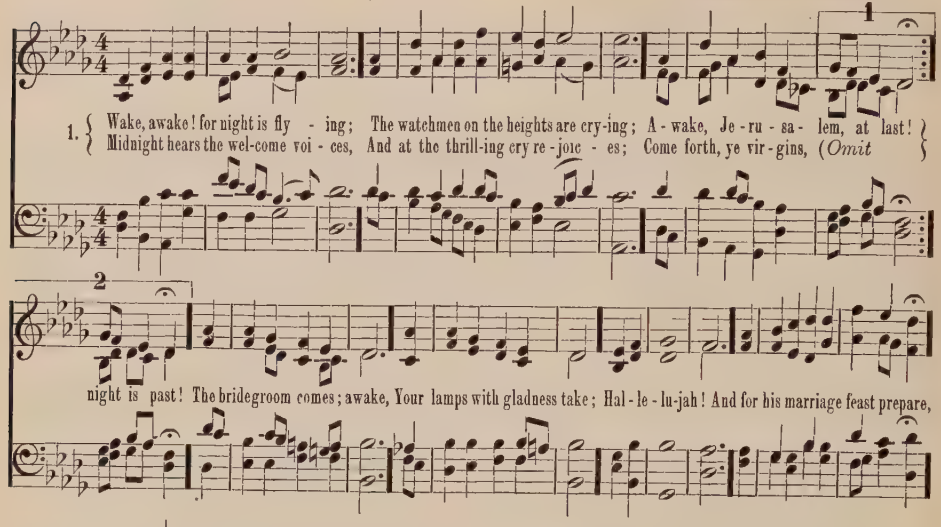
3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler! darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveler! lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come.

Sir John Bowring, 1823.

(ALSO WATCHMAN, TELL US, OPPOSITE.)

759 WACHET AUF. P. M. (*First Tune.*)

HAR. BY MENDELSSOHN, P. NICOLAI, 1597.


1.
Wake, awake! for night is fly - ing; The watchmen on the heights are cry-ing; A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, at last!
Midnight hears the wel-come voi - ces, And at the thrill-ing cry re - joic - es; Come forth, ye vir - gins, (*Omit*
2
night is past! The bridegroom comes; awake, Your lamps with gladness take; Hal - le - lu-jah! And for his marriage feast prepare,
For ye must go to meet him there.

2 Zion hears the watchmen singing,
All her heart with joy is springing;
She wakes, she rises from her gloom;
For her Lord comes down all-glorious;
The strong in grace, in truth victorious:
Her Star is risen, her Light is come!

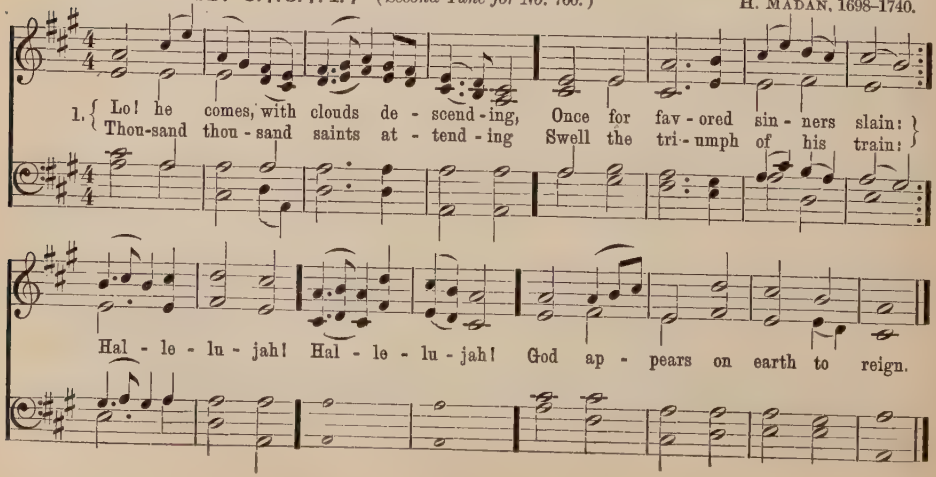
Ah, come, thou blessèd One,
God's own belovèd Son;
Hallelujah!
We follow till the halls we see,
Where thou hast bid us sup with thee.

3 Now let all the heavens adore thee,
And men and angels sing before thee
With harp and cymbal's clearest tone;
Of one pearl each shining portal,
Where we are with the choir immortal
Of angels round thy dazzling throne;
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear
Hath yet attained to hear,
What there is ours;
But we rejoice, and sing to thee
Our hymn of joy eternally.

(ALSO THORNE, OPPOSITE.) P. Nicolai, 1597, tr. C. Winkworth, 1858.

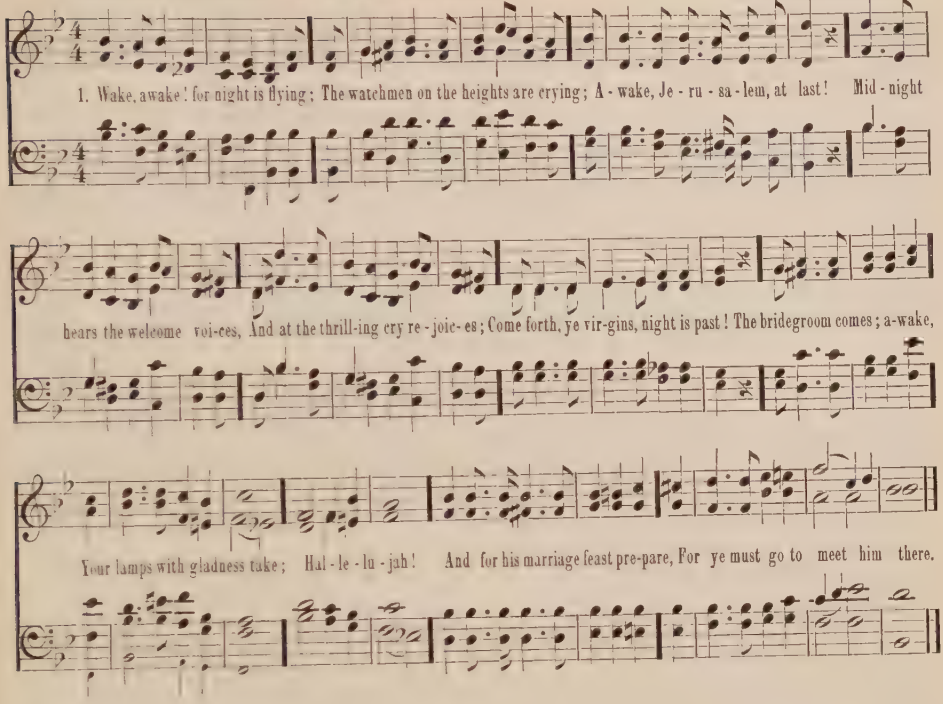
HELMSLEY. 8.7.8.7.4.7 (*Second Tune for No.* 760.)

H. MADAN, 1698–1740.


1.
Lo! he comes, with clouds de - scend - ing, Once for fav - ored sin - ners slain:
Thou-sand thou - sand saints at - tend - ing Swell the tri - umph of his train:
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! God ap - pears on earth to reign.

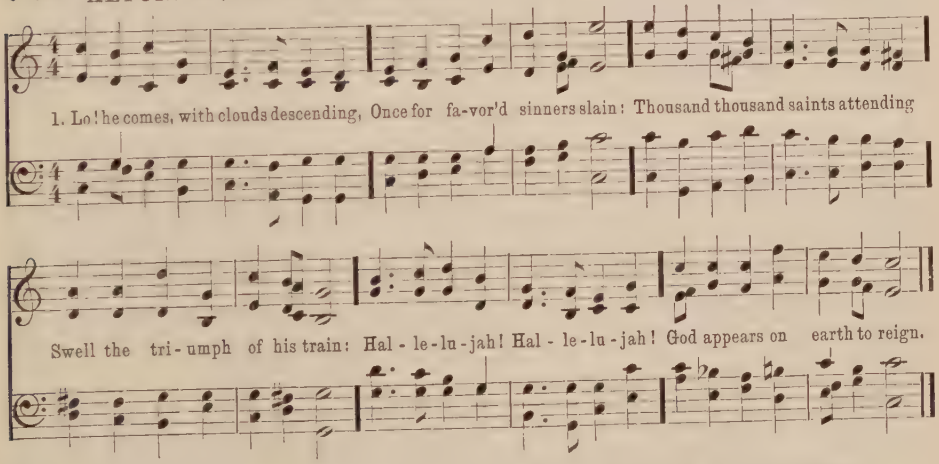
THORNE. P. M. (*Second Tune for No.* 759.)

E. H. THORNE, 1834—.


1. Wake, awake! for night is flying; The watchmen on the heights are crying; A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, at last! Mid - night
hears the welcome voi-ces, And at the thrill-ing cry re - joic- es; Come forth, ye vir-gins, night is past! The bridegroom comes; a-wake,
Your lamps with gladness take; Hal - le - lu - jah! And for his marriage feast pre-pare, For ye must go to meet him there.

760 ALTON. 8.7.8.7.4.7. (*First Tune.*)

HENRY SMART, 1868.


1. Lo! he comes, with clouds descending, Once for fa-vor'd sinners slain: Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the tri - umph of his train: Hal - le-lu - jah! Hal - le-lu - jah! God appears on earth to reign.

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at naught and sold him,
Pierced, and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

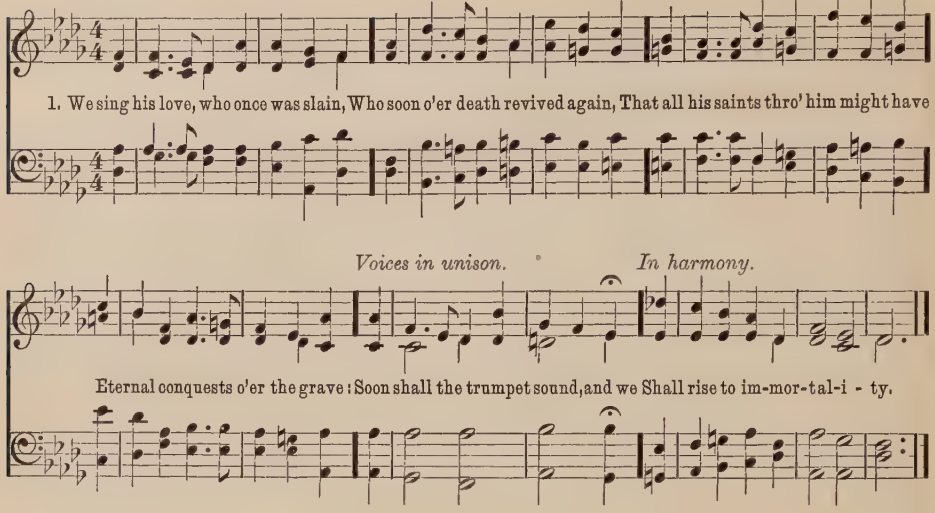
3 Now the Saviour, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp appear;
All his saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet him in the air:
Hallelujah!
See the day of God appear.

J. Cennick, 1752, alt.

(ALSO HELMSLEY, OPPOSITE.)

761 KENDALL. L. M. 61.

SIR JOHN STAINER, 1875.


1. We sing his love, who once was slain, Who soon o'er death revived again, That all his saints thro' him might have
Voices in unison.
In harmony.
Eternal conquests o'er the grave: Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we Shall rise to im-mor-tal-i - ty.

2 The saints who now with Jesus sleep
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day
When death itself shall die away:
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

3 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ his risen saints shall bring,
From beds of dust and silent clay,
To realms of everlasting day!
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

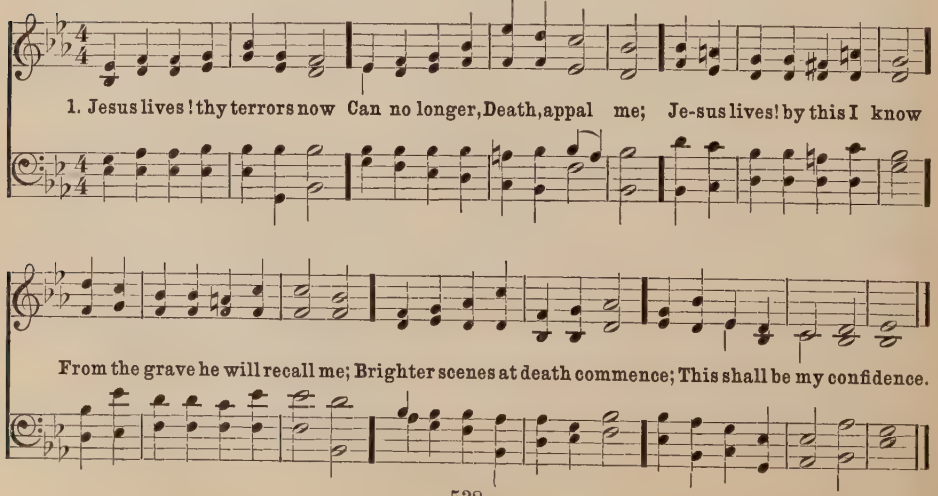
4 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete;
When landed on that heavenly shore,
Death and the curse will be no more:
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

5 Hasten, dear Lord, the glorious day,
And this delightful scene display,
When all thy saints from death shall rise
Raptured in bliss beyond the skies:
Soon shall the trumpet sound, and we
Shall rise to immortality.

Rowland Hill, 1796.

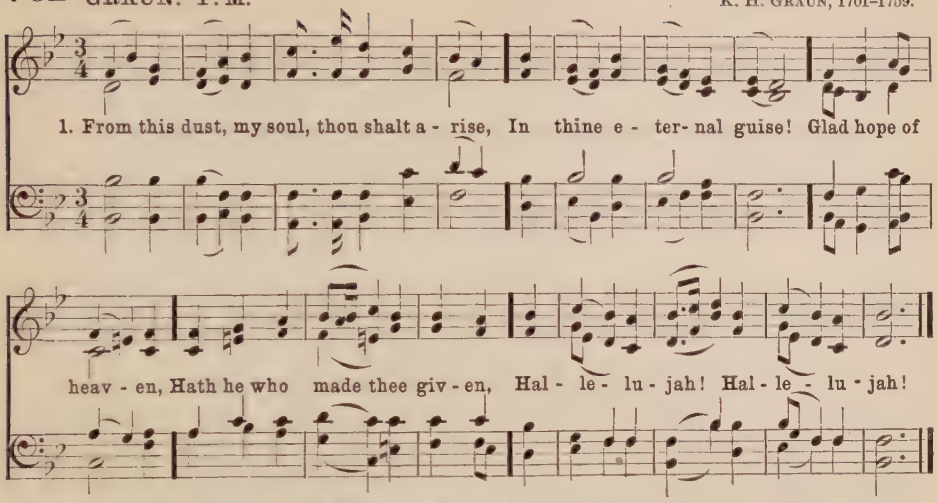
POIMEN. 7. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. (*Second Tune for No.* 763.)

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.


1. Jesus lives! thy terrors now Can no longer, Death, appal me; Je-sus lives! by this I know
From the grave he will recall me; Brighter scenes at death commence; This shall be my confidence.

762 GRAUN. P. M.

K. H. GRAUN, 1701–1759.


1. From this dust, my soul, thou shalt a - rise, In thine e - ter- nal guise! Glad hope of
heav - en, Hath he who made thee giv - en, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

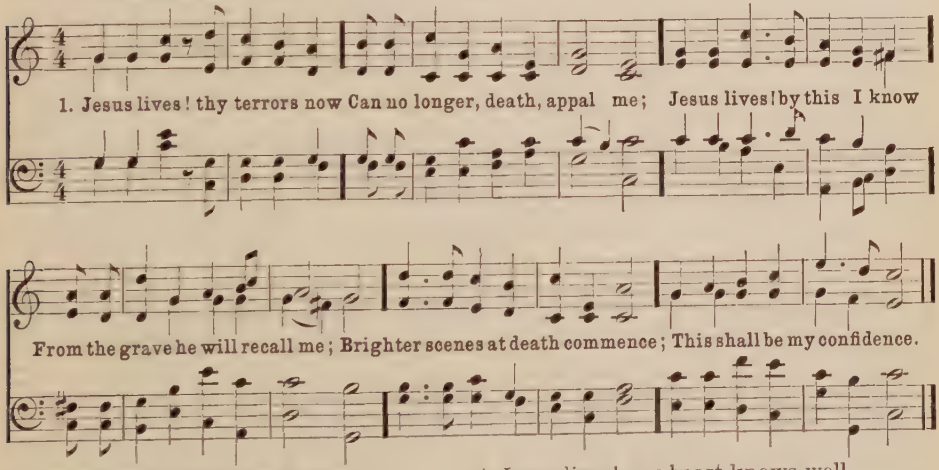
2 Day of thanks! of joyful tears, glad day!
My great Creator's day!
The Lord will number
My hours of deep death slumber,
Ere granting me eternity.

3 All his people he his aid will give,
Our Saviour, while we live;
In heavenly splendor
Praise to his name we'll render,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Tr. F. M. Raymond, 1861, alt.

763 ABCHURCH. 7.8.7.8.7.7. (*First Tune.*)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. Jesus lives! thy terrors now Can no longer, death, appal me; Jesus lives! by this I know
From the grave he will recall me; Brighter scenes at death commence; This shall be my confidence.

2 Jesus lives! to him the throne
High o'er heaven and earth is given;
I may go where he is gone,
Live and reign with him in heaven:
God through Christ forgives offence;
This shall be my confidence.

3 Jesus lives! for me he died;
Hence will I, to Jesus living,
Pure in heart and act abide,
Praise to him and glory giving:
Freely God doth aid dispense;
This shall be my confidence.

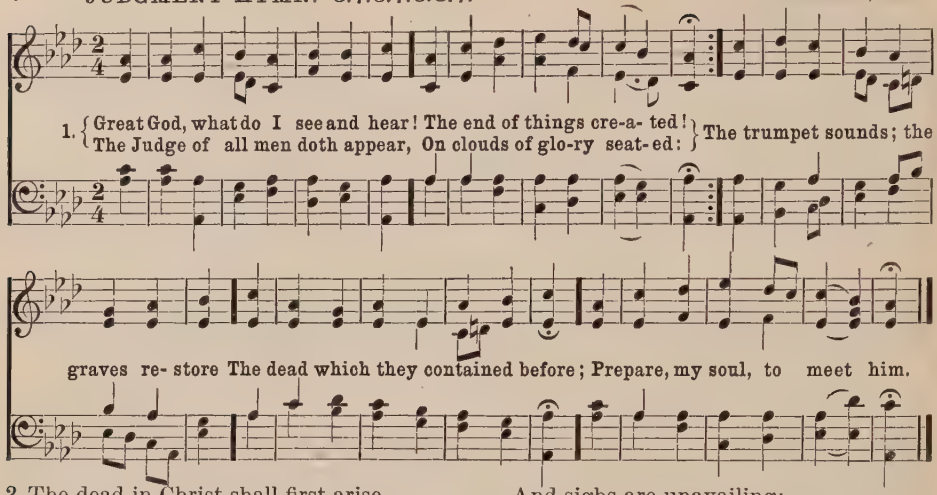
4 Jesus lives! my heart knows well
Naught from me his love shall sever;
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell,
Part me now from Christ for ever;
God will be a sure Defence;
This shall be my confidence.

5 Jesus lives! henceforth is death
Entrance-gate of life immortal;
This shall calm my trembling breath,
When I pass its gloomy portal:
Faith shall cry, as fails each sense,
Lord, thou art my Confidence,

C. F. Gellert, 1715–1767, tr. F. E. Cox, 1841, alt.

764 JUDGMENT HYMN. 8.7.8.7.8.8.7.

KLUG'S GESANGBUCH, 1535.


1. Great God, what do I see and hear! The end of things cre-a- ted!
The Judge of all men doth appear, On clouds of glo-ry seat-ed:
The trumpet sounds; the
graves re- store The dead which they contained before; Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

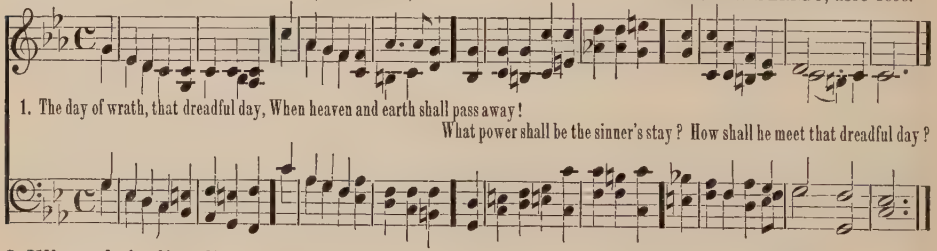
2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,—
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of all men doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Low at his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

B. Ringwaldt, 1585, and W. B. Collyer, 1812, alt.

765 DIES IRÆ. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.

1. The day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day?

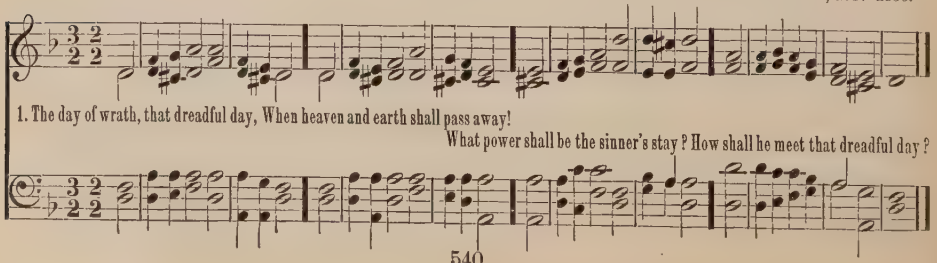
2 When shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Resounds the trump that wakes the dead?

3 Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

"Dies Iræ," Thomas of Celano, 13th cent. tr. by Sir Walter Scott, 1805.

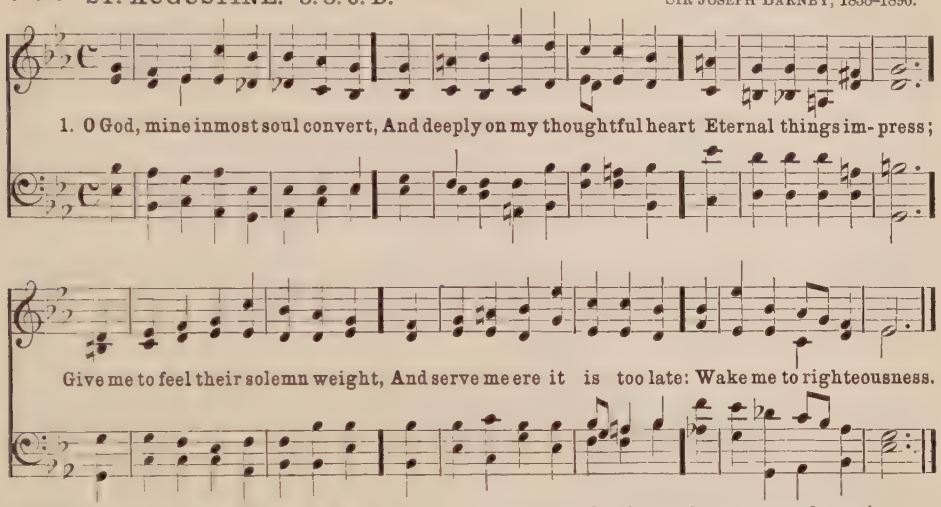
WINDHAM. L. M (*Second Tune.*)

DANIEL READ, 1757–1836.


1. The day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day?

766 ST. AUGUSTINE. 8. 8. 6. D.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. O God, mine inmost soul convert, And deeply on my thoughtful heart Eternal things im- press;
Give me to feel their solemn weight, And serve me ere it is too late: Wake me to righteousness.

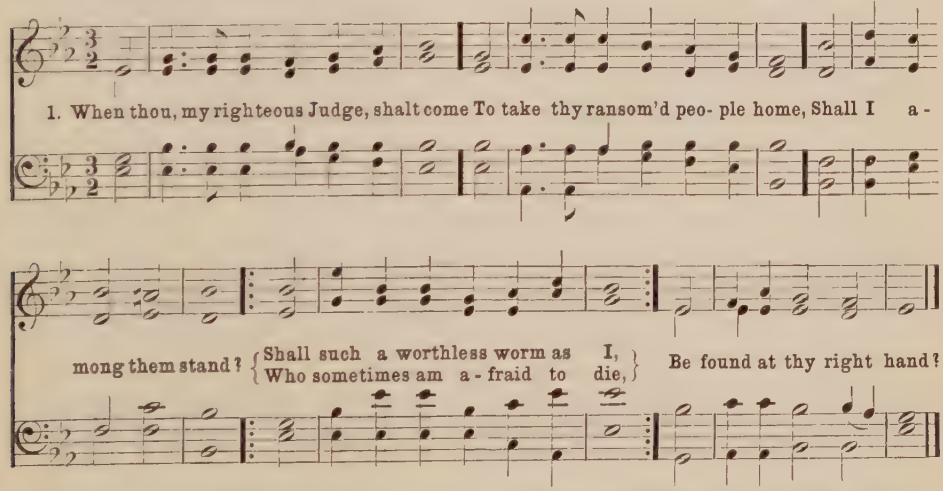
2 Before me place in dread array
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom?

3 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from the vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full, supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

Charles Wesley, 1749, alt.

767 MERIBAH. 8. 8. 6. D.

LOWELL MASON, 1839.


1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take thy ransom'd peo- ple home, Shall I a-
mong them stand? { Shall such a worthless worm as I, / Who sometimes am a- fraid to die, } Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy throne with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But—can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

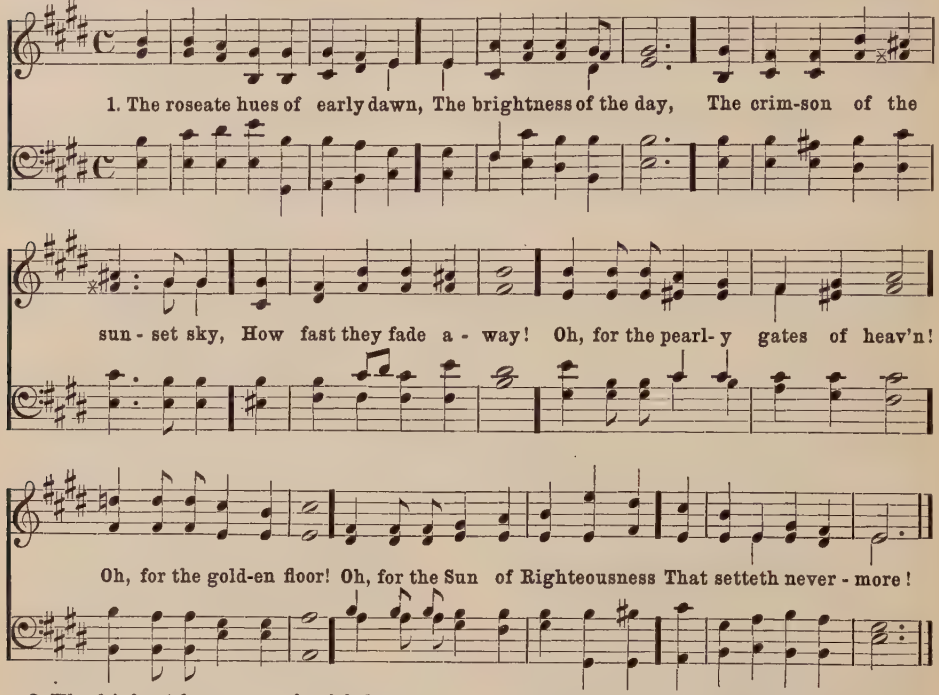
3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

Selina Shirley, Countess of Huntingdon, 1772.

768 ROSEATE HUES. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. The roseate hues of early dawn, The brightness of the day, The crim-son of the
sun - set sky, How fast they fade a - way! Oh, for the pearl- y gates of heav'n!
Oh, for the gold-en floor! Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness That setteth never - more!

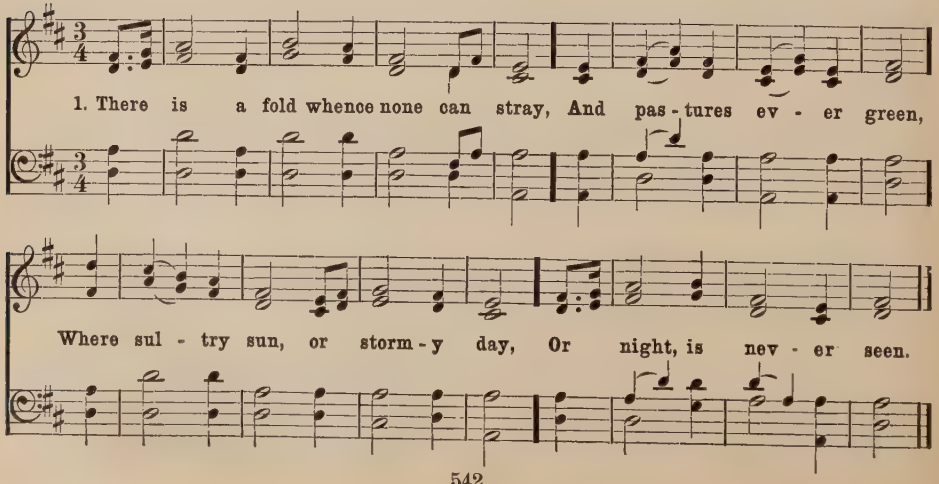
2 The highest hopes we cherish here,
How soon they tire and faint!
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a soul washed white!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day or night!

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by thy love and anguish, Lord,
And by thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from thy grace,
Nor fail to reach our crown!

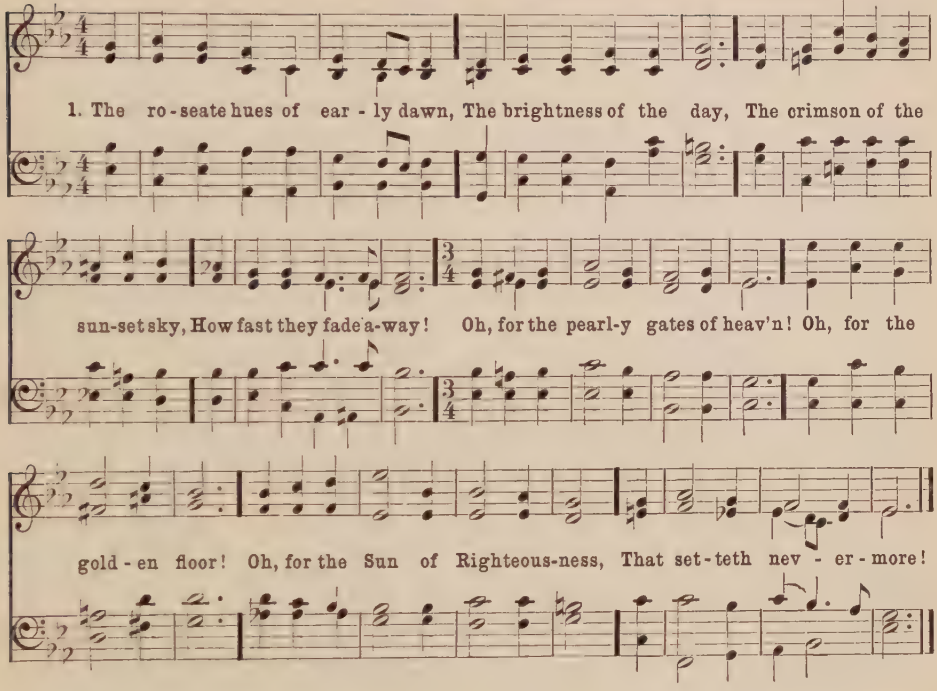
Mrs. C. F. Alexander, 1823–1895.

SILOAM. C. M. (*Second Tune for No.* 769.)

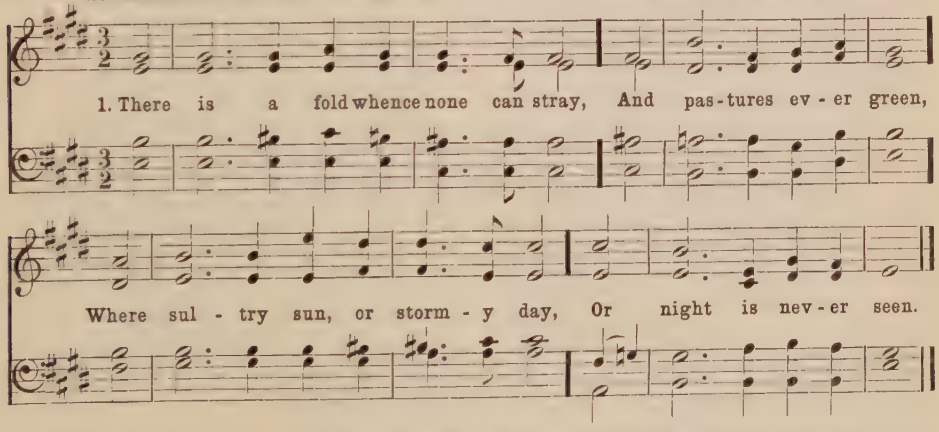
I. B. WOODBURY, 1842.



CASTLE RISING. C. M. D. (*Second Tune for No.* 768.) F. A. J. HERVEY, 1846—.


1. The ro-seate hues of ear-ly dawn, The brightness of the day, The crimson of the
sun-set sky, How fast they fade a-way! Oh, for the pearl-y gates of heav'n! Oh, for the
gold-en floor! Oh, for the Sun of Righteous-ness, That set-teth nev-er-more!

769 SERENITY. C. M. (*First Tune.*) ARR. FROM W. V. WALLACE, 1815–1866.



1 There is a fold whence none can stray,
And pastures ever green,
Where sultry sun, or stormy day,
Or night is never seen.

2 Far up the everlasting hills,
In God's own light it lies;
His smile its vast dimension fills
With joy that never dies.

3 Soon at his feet my soul will lie
In life's last struggling breath;
But I shall only seem to die,—
I shall not taste of death.

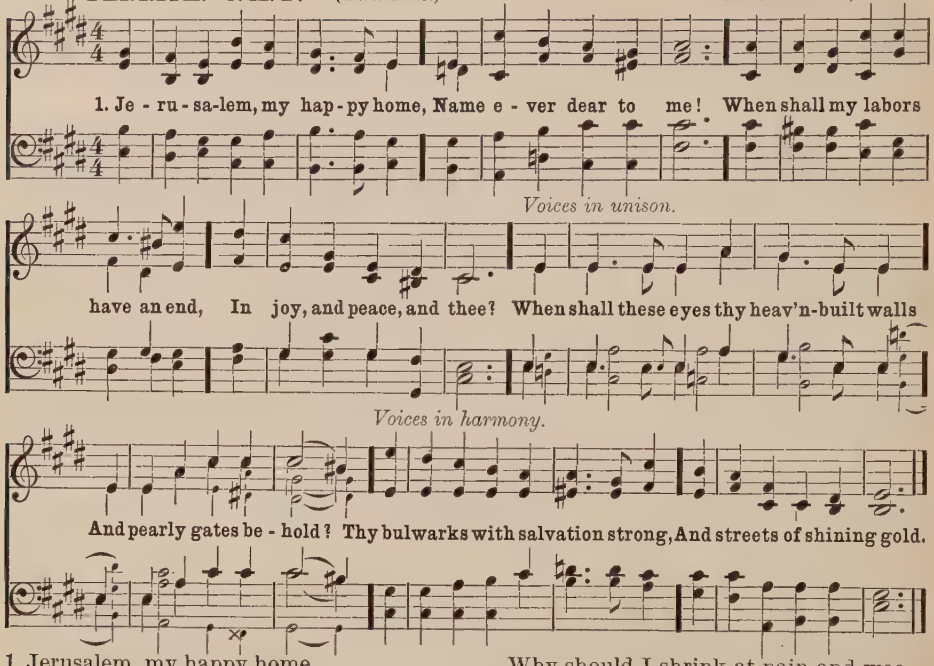
4 Far from this guilty world to be,
Exempt from toil and strife,
To spend eternity with thee,
My Saviour, this is life.

John East, 1836.

(ALSO SILOAM, OPPOSITE.)

770 PENRITH. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

SIR J. STAINER, 1840—.


1. Je - ru - sa-lem, my hap - py home, Name e - ver dear to me! When shall my labors
Voices in unison.
have an end, In joy, and peace, and thee? When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls
Voices in harmony.
And pearly gates be - hold? Thy bulwarks with salvation strong, And streets of shining gold.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee? [walls
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold.

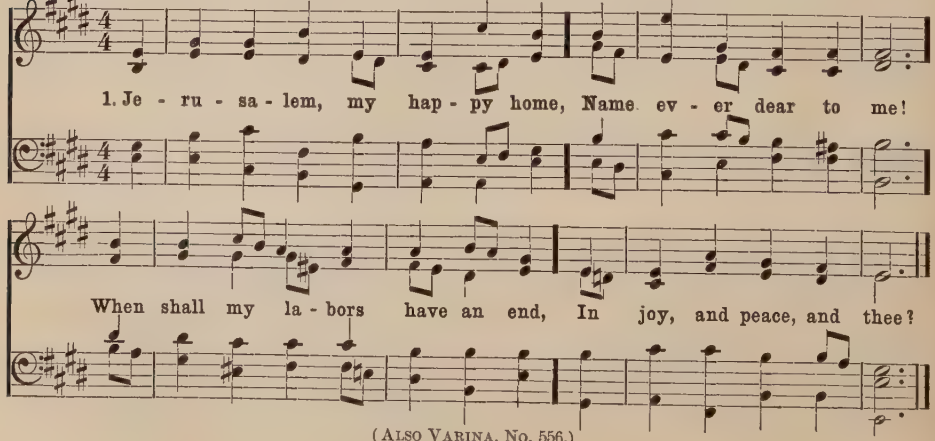
2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

3 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.
Jersusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

"F. B. P." in Ms. of 16th or 17 cent., alt. Eckington C. c. 1796.

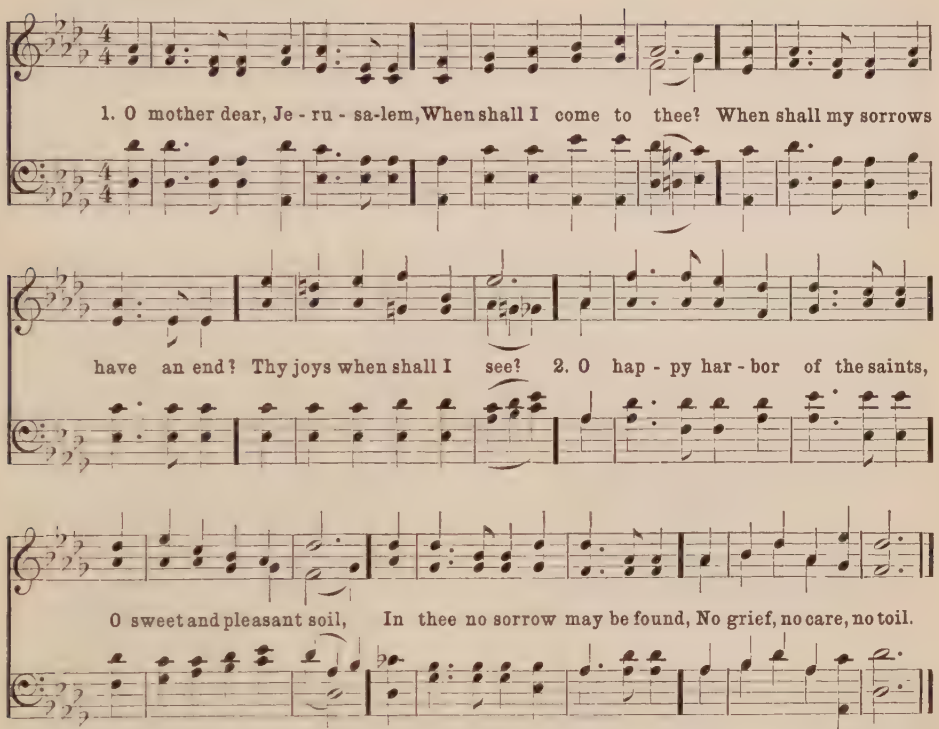
SOUTHWELL. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

H. S. IRONS, 1861.



(ALSO VARINA, No. 556.)

771 MATERNA. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

S. A. Ward, 1882.

1. O mother dear, Je - ru - sa-lem, When shall I come to thee? When shall my sorrows
have an end? Thy joys when shall I see? 2. O hap - py har - bor of the saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil, In thee no sorrow may be found, No grief, no care, no toil.

1 O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of the saints,
O sweet and pleasant soil,
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

2 Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

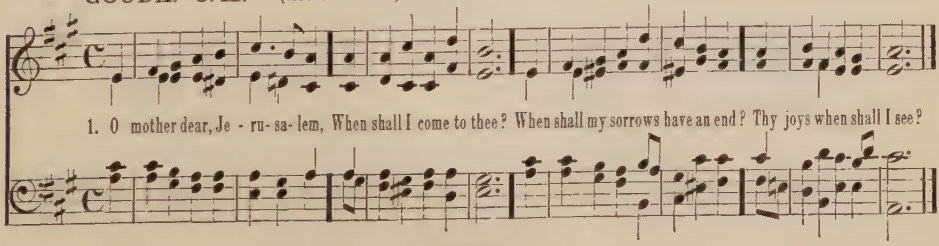
3 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The tree of life doth grow.

4 There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels are,
And evermore do sing.
Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

W. Prid, 1585, and "F. B. P.," in Mss. of 16th or 17th cent.

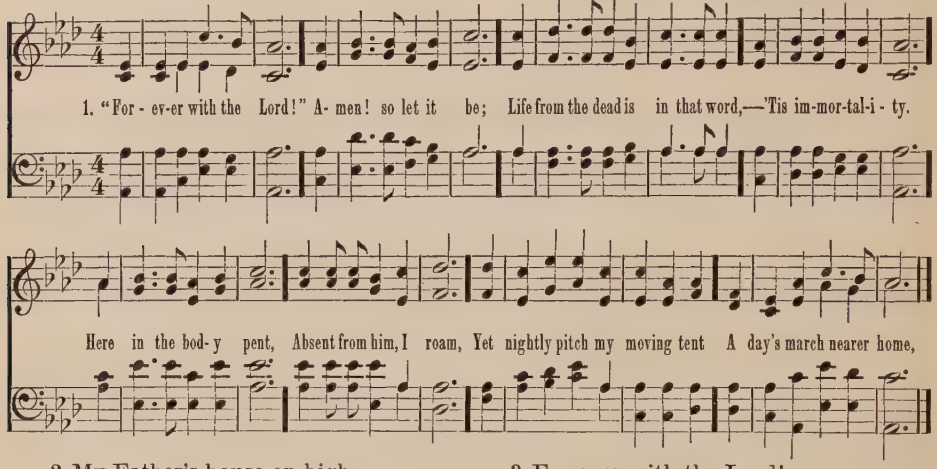
GOUDA. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

Berthold Tours, 1838–1897.



772 WOODBURY. S. M. D.

I. B. Woodbury, 1852.
Har. by Sir Arthur Sullivan, 1874.


1. "For - ev-er with the Lord!" A- men! so let it be; Life from the dead is in that word,—'Tis im-mor-tal-i - ty.
Here in the bod- y pent, Absent from him, I roam, Yet nightly pitch my moving tent A day's march nearer home,

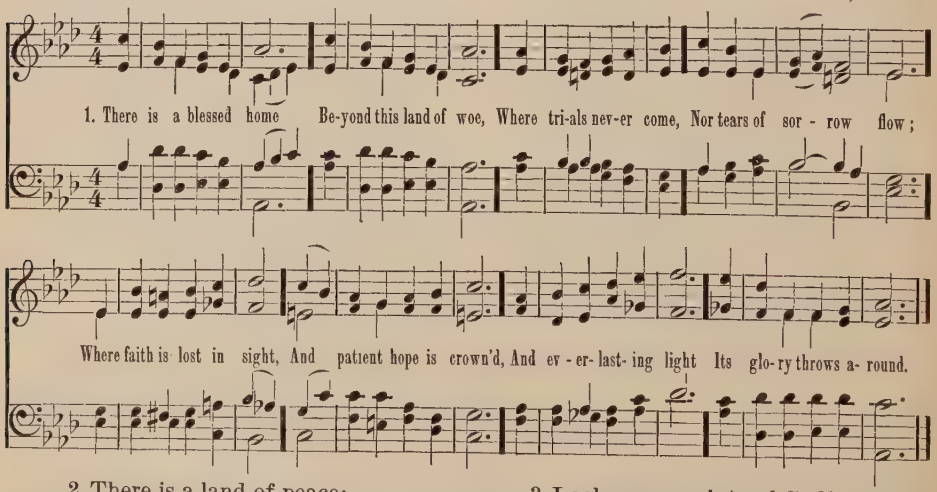
2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear:
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 For ever with the Lord!
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
E'en here to me fulfil:
Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail,
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand;
Fight, and I must prevail.

James Montgomery, 1835.

773 ULVERSTON. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

Sir J. Stainer, 1840—.


1. There is a blessed home Be-yond this land of woe, Where tri-als nev-er come, Nor tears of sor - row flow;
Where faith is lost in sight, And pa tient hope is crown'd, And ev - er- last- ing light Its glo-ry throws a- round.

2 There is a land of peace;
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one,
And Spirit, evermore.

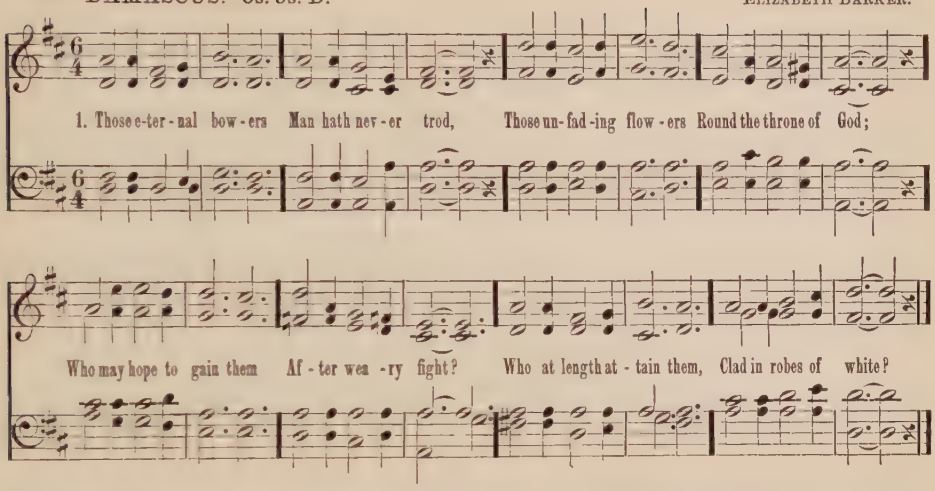
3 Look up, ye saints of God!
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe:
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love;
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Sir H. W. Baker, 1821-1877.

(Also Baxter, opposite.)

774 DAMASCUS. 6s. 5s. D.

ELIZABETH BARKER.


1. Those e-ter-nal bow-ers Man hath nev-er trod, Those un-fad-ing flow-ers Round the throne of God;
Who may hope to gain them Af-ter wea-ry fight? Who at length at-tain them, Clad in robes of white?

2 He who wakes from slumber
At the Spirit's voice,
Daring here to number
Things unseen his choice:
He who casts his burden
Down at Jesus' cross;
Christ's reproach his guerdon,
All beside but loss.

3 He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, "I will be crowned:"
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Knit in God's salvation
To the blest above.

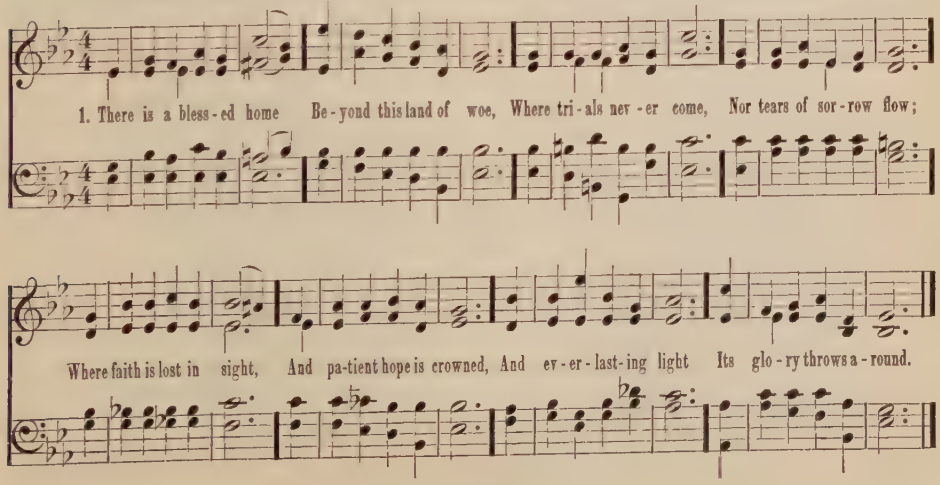
4 Shame upon you, legions
Of the heavenly King,
Citizens of regions
Past imagining!
What, with pipe and tabor
Dream away the light?
When he bids you labor.
When he tells you, "Fight!"

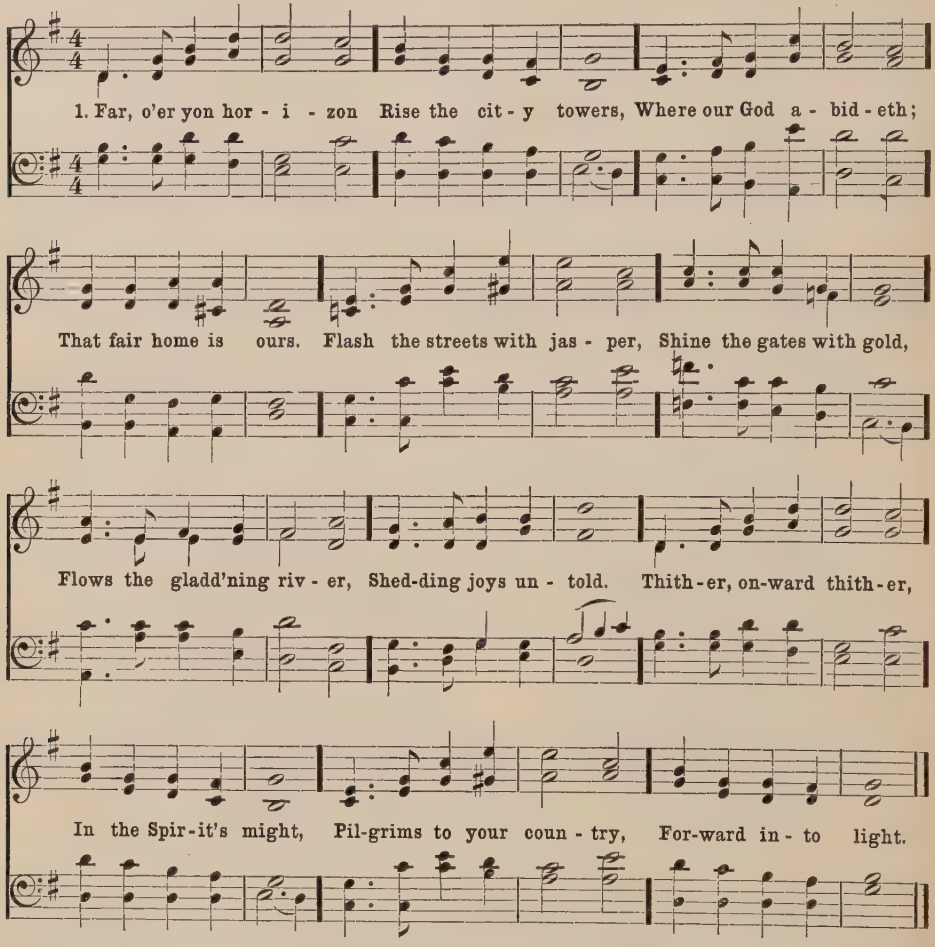
5 Jesus, Lord of glory,
As we breast the tide,
Whisper thou the story
Of the other side;
Where the saints are casting
Crowns before thy feet,
Safe for everlasting,
In thyself complete.

John of Damascus, tr. J. M. Neale, 1862.

BAXTER. 6s. D. (*Second Tune for No.* 773.)

U. C. BURNAP, 1834—.


1. There is a bless-ed home Be-yond this land of woe, Where tri-als nev-er come, Nor tears of sor-row flow;
Where faith is lost in sight, And pa-tient hope is crowned, And ev-er-last-ing light Its glo-ry throws a-round.

775 ST. BONIFACE. 6s. 5s. 12l. (*First Tune.*) H. R. GADSBY, 1875—.

1. Far, o'er yon hor - i - zon Rise the cit - y towers, Where our God a - bid - eth;
That fair home is ours. Flash the streets with jas - per, Shine the gates with gold,
Flows the gladd'ning riv - er, Shed-ding joys un - told. Thith-er, on-ward thith-er,
In the Spir-it's might, Pil-grims to your coun - try, For-ward in - to light.

2 Into God's high temple
Onward as we press,
Beauty spreads around us,
Born of holiness;
Arch, and vault, and carving,
Lights of varied tone,
Softened words and holy,
Prayer and praise alone:
Every thought upraising
To our city bright,
Where the tribes assemble
Round the throne of light.

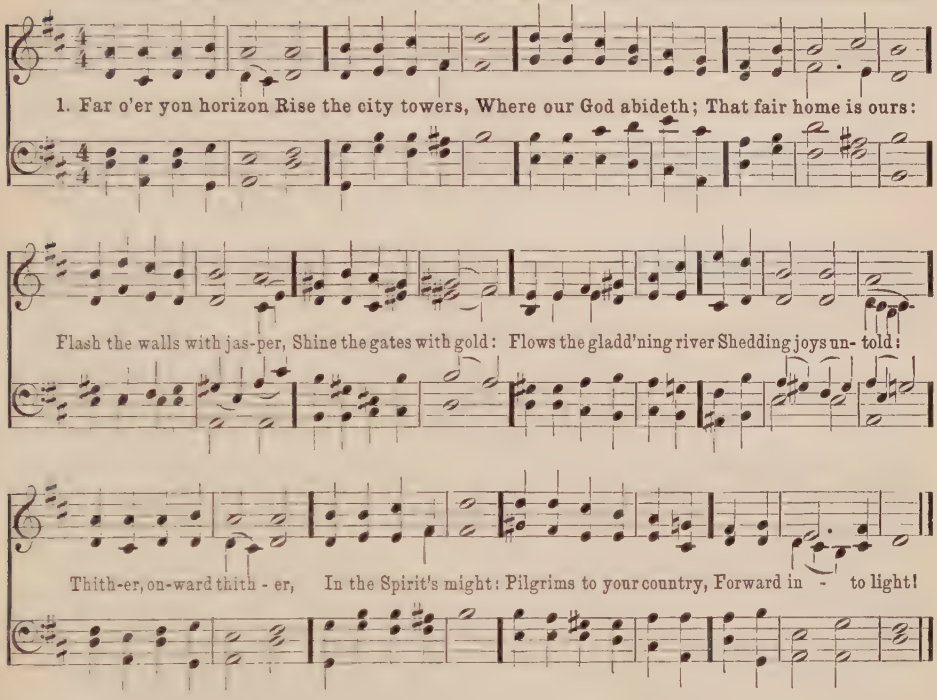
3 Naught that city needeth
Of these aisles of stone;
Where the Godhead dwelleth,
Temple there is none;
All the saints, that ever
In these courts have stood,
Are but babes, and feeding
On the children's food,
On through sign and token,
Stars amid the night,
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

4 To th'eternal Father
Loudest anthems raise;
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise;
To the Lord of glory,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honors done.
Weak are earthly praises;
Dull the songs of night;
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light!

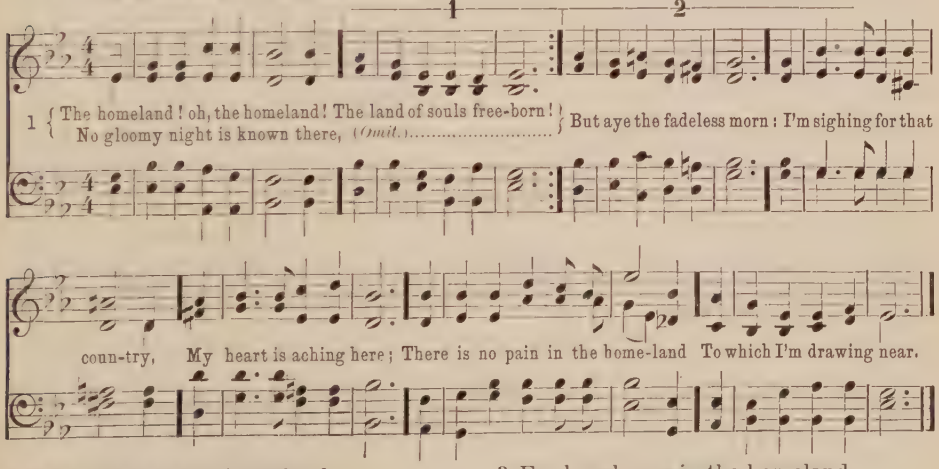
Henry Alford, 1871.

(ALSO SUNDERLAND, OPPOSITE.)

SUNDERLAND. 6s. 5s. 12 l. (*Second Tune for No. 775.*) SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838-1896.


1. Far o'er yon horizon Rise the city towers, Where our God abideth; That fair home is ours:
Flash the walls with jas-per, Shine the gates with gold: Flows the gladd'ning river Shedding joys un- told:
Thith-er, on-ward thith - er, In the Spirit's might: Pilgrims to your country, Forward in - to light!

776 HOMELAND. 7,6,7,6,7,6,8,6. SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.


1
2
1 { The homeland! oh, the homeland! The land of souls free-born! / No gloomy night is known there, (Omit.) } But aye the fadeless morn: I'm sighing for that
coun-try, My heart is aching here; There is no pain in the home-land To which I'm drawing near.

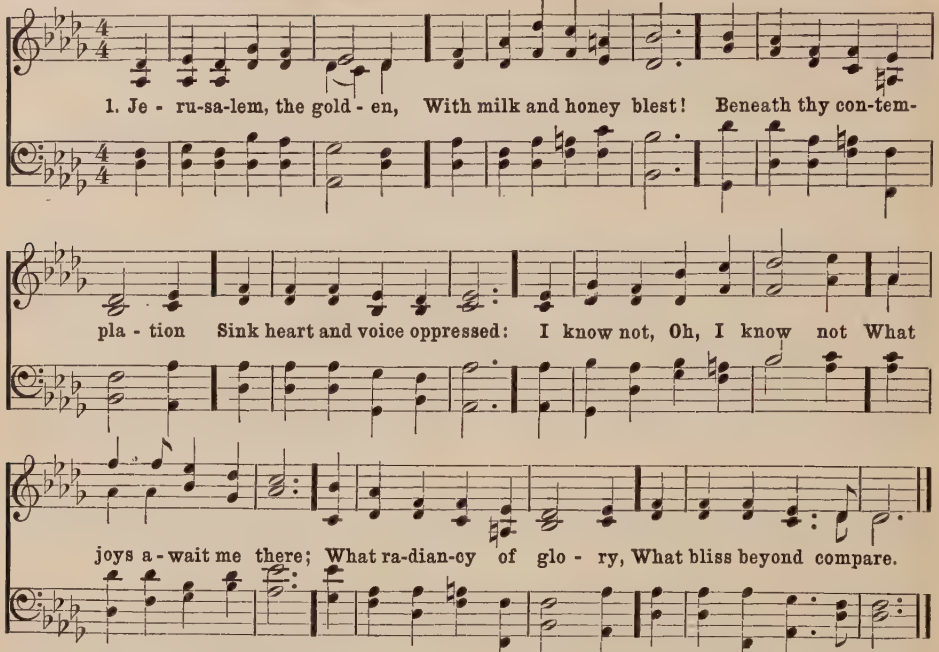
2 My Lord is in the homeland,
With angels bright and fair;
No sinful thing nor evil,
Can ever enter there;
The music of the ransomed
Is ringing in my ears,
And when I think of the homeland,
My eyes are wet with tears.

3 For loved ones in the homeland
Are waiting me to come
Where neither death nor sorrow
Invades their holy home:
Oh, dear, dear native country!
Oh, rest and peace above!
Christ bring us all to the homeland
Of his eternal love.

H. R. Haweis.

777 EWING. 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

ALEX. EWING, 1830–1873.


1. Je - ru-sa-lem, the gold - en, With milk and honey blest! Beneath thy con-tem-
pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed: I know not, Oh, I know not What
joys a - wait me there; What ra-dian-cy of glo - ry, What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

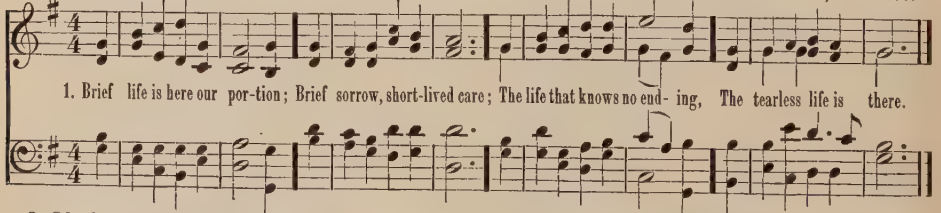
4 O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessed country,
Shall I e'er win thy grace?
Exult, O dust and ashes,
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

Bernard of Cluny, 1150, tr. by J. M. Neale, 1851.

(ALSO URBS BEATA, OPPOSITE.)

778 ALPHEGE. 7s. 6s.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1806–1876.



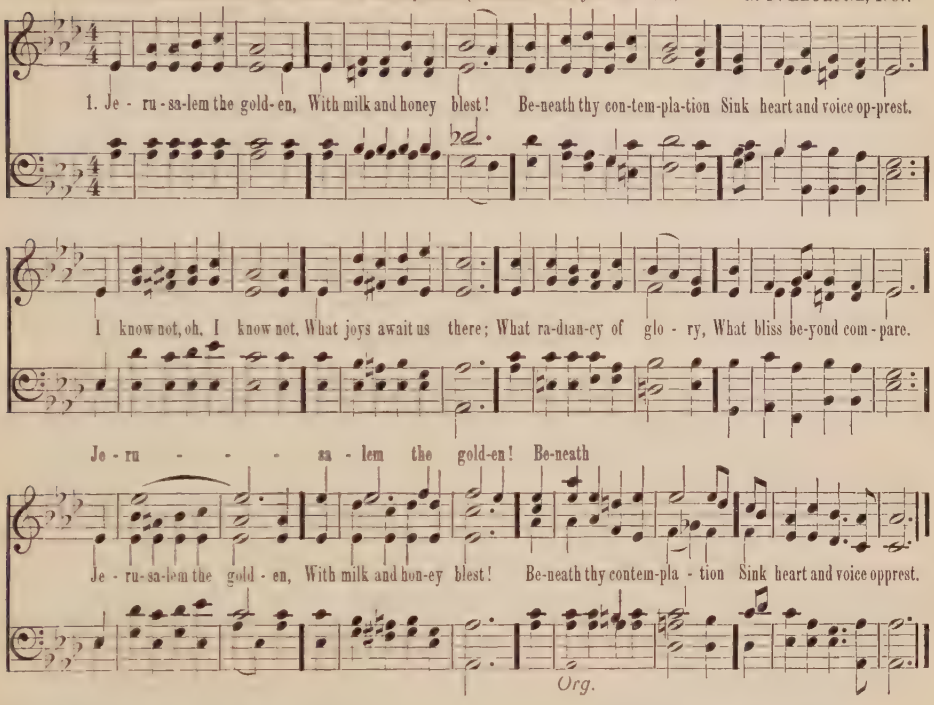
2 Oh, happy retribution;
Short toil, eternal rest!
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

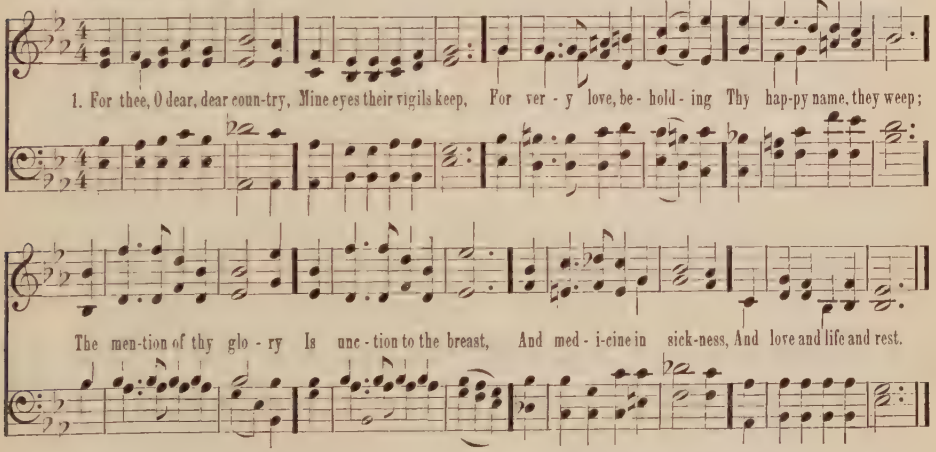
3 But he whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see him
Shall have him for their own.

4 There God, our King and portion,
In fullness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

5 Jesus, in mercy, bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Where thou art with the Father
And Spirit ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, about 1145. tr. by J. M. Neale, 1851.

URBS BEATA. 7s. 6s. D. *With Refrain.* (*Second Tune for No. 777.*) G. F. LE JEUNE, 1887.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and honey blest! Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest.
I know not, oh, I know not, What joys await us there; What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
Je - ru - - - - sa - lem the gold - en! Be - neath
Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest! Be - neath thy contem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice opprest.
Org.

779 BELDEN. 7s. 6s. D. SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838—.

1. For thee, O dear, dear coun - try, Mine eyes their vigils keep, For ver - y love, be - hold - ing Thy hap - py name, they weep;
The men - tion of thy glo - ry Is unc - tion to the breast, And med - i - cine in sick - ness, And love and life and rest.

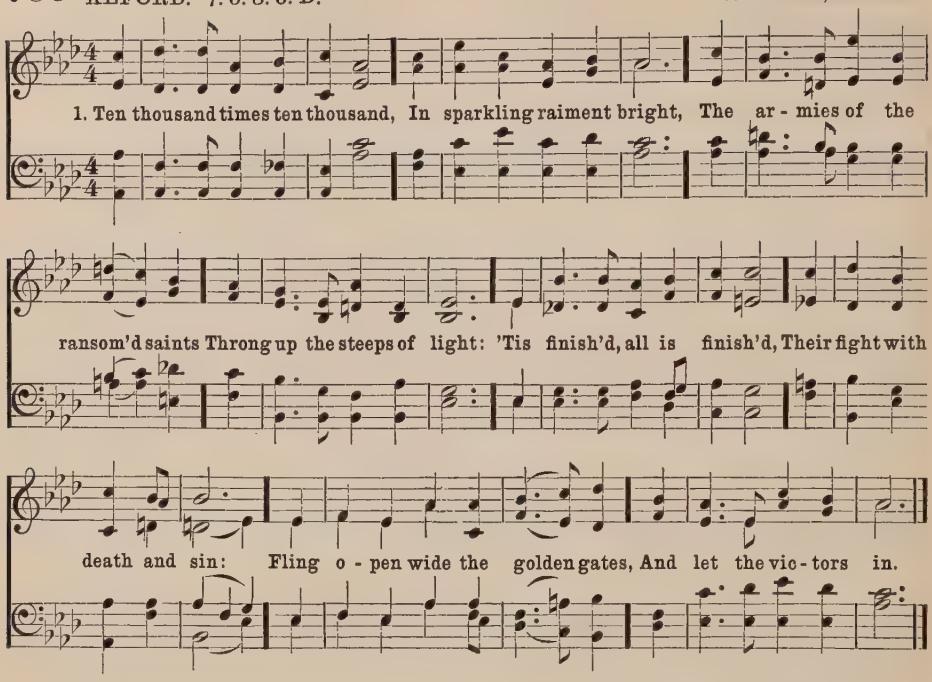
2 O one, O only mansion,
O paradise of joy,
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy:
The Lamb is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise.

3 O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect,
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect,
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest,
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

Bernard of Cluny, about 1145, tr. by J. M. Neale, 1858.

780 ALFORD. 7. 6. 8. 6. D.

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. Ten thousand times ten thousand, In sparkling raiment bright, The ar - mies of the
ransom'd saints Throng up the steeps of light: 'Tis finish'd, all is finish'd, Their fight with
death and sin: Fling o - pen wide the golden gates, And let the vic - tors in.

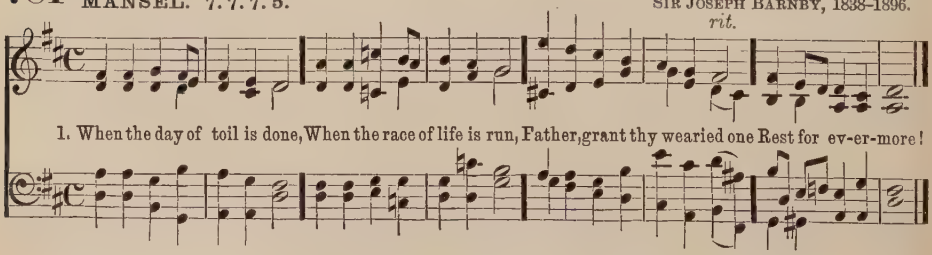
2 What rush of hallelujahs
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
Oh, day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made!
Oh, joy, for all its former woes
A thousand fold repaid!

3 Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore!
What knitting severed friendships up,
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late,
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Henry Alford, 1866.

781 MANSEL. 7. 7. 7. 5.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.



2 When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be thy gracious word fulfilled,
Peace for evermore!

3 When the heart, by sorrow tried,
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore.

4 When for vanished days we yearn,—
Days that never can return,—
Teach us in thy love to learn
Love for evermore!

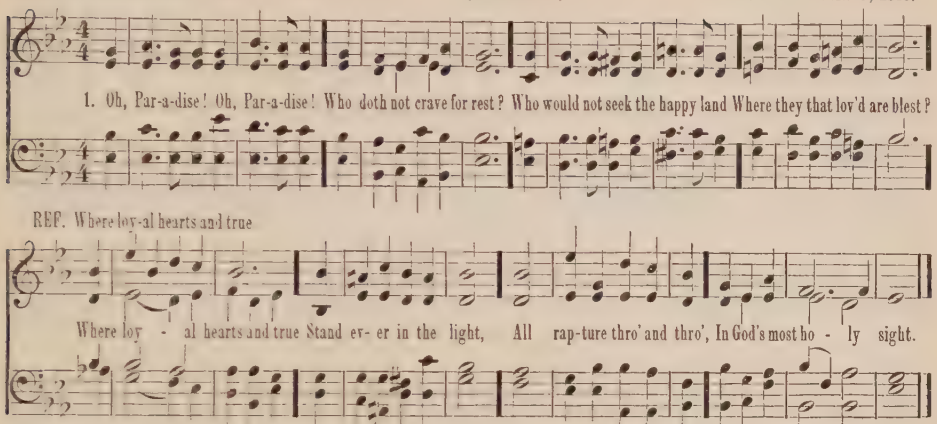
5 When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of life, be ours thy crown,—
Life for evermore!

John Ellerton, 1826–1893.

(ALSO EVERMORE, OPPOSITE.)

782 O PARADISE. 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1868.


1. Oh, Par-a-dise! Oh, Par-a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the happy land Where they that lov'd are blest?
REF. Where lov-al hearts and true
Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev- er in the light, All rap-ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

2 Oh, Paradise! Oh, Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free,
Where love is never cold?—*Ref.*

3 Oh, Paradise! Oh, Paradise!
We long to sin no more;
We long to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore.—*Ref.*

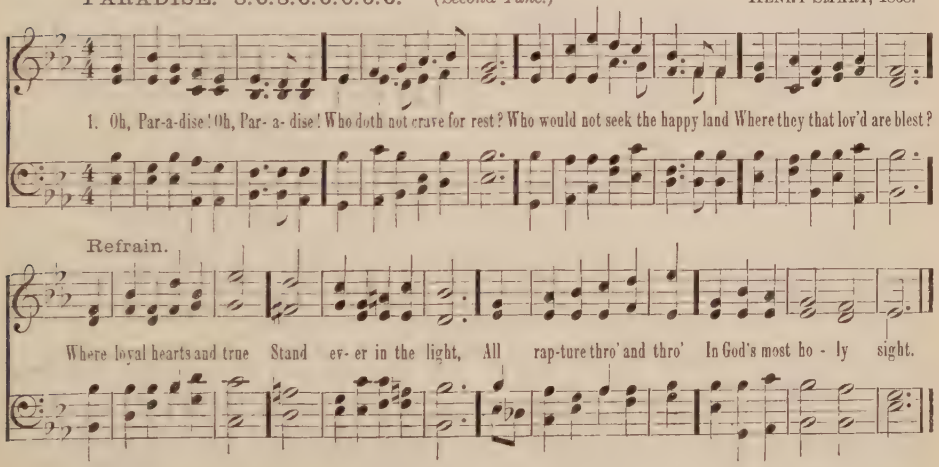
4 Oh, Paradise! Oh, Paradise!
We shall not wait for long;
E'en now the loving ear may catch
Faint fragments of thy song.—*Ref.*

5 Lord Jesus! King of Paradise,
O keep us in thy love,
And guide us to that happy land
Of perfect rest above.—*Ref.*

F. W. Faber, 1862.

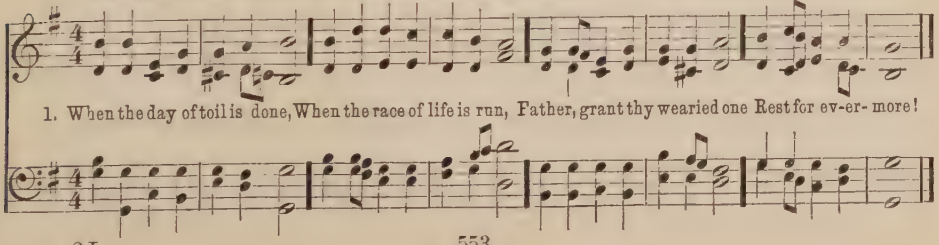
PARADISE. 8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6. (*Second Tune.*)

HENRY SMART, 1868.


1. Oh, Par-a-dise! Oh, Par- a- dise! Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the happy land Where they that lov'd are blest?
Refrain.
Where loyal hearts and true Stand ev- er in the light, All rap-ture thro' and thro' In God's most ho - ly sight.

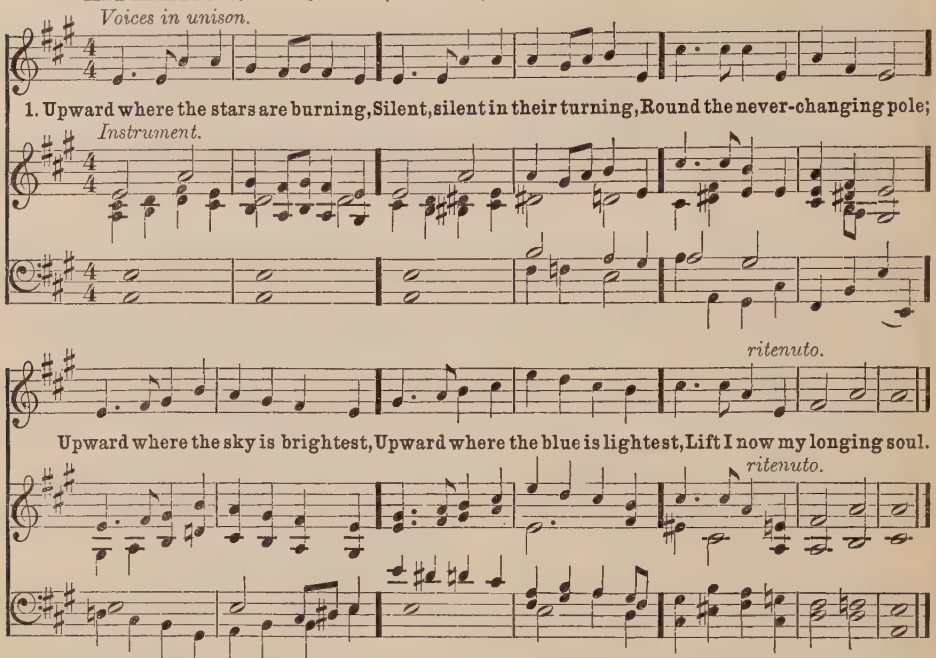
EVERMORE. 7.7.7.5. (*Second Tune for No.* 781.)

R. BROWN-BORTHWICK, 1840—.



783 ASPIRATION. 8. 8. 7. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. B. CALKIN, 1872.


Voices in unison.
1. Upward where the stars are burning, Silent, silent in their turning, Round the never-changing pole;
Instrument.
ritenuto.
Upward where the sky is brightest, Upward where the blue is lightest, Lift I now my longing soul.
ritenuto.

2 Far above that arch of gladness,
Far beyond these clouds of sadness,
Are the many mansions fair.
Far from pain and sin and folly,
In that palace of the holy
I would find my mansion there.

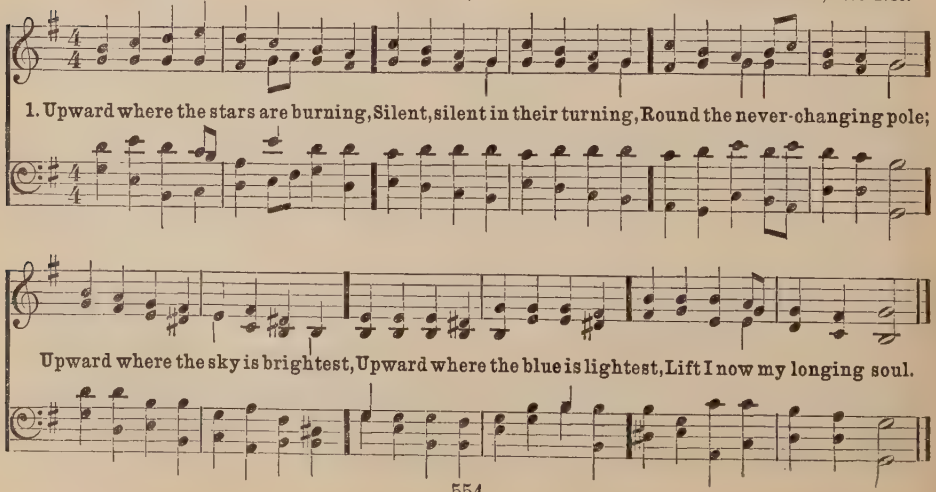
3 Where the Lamb on high is seated,
By ten thousand voices greeted:
Lord of lords, and King of kings.
Son of man, they crown, they crown him;
Son of God, they own, they own him;
With his name the palace rings.

4 Blessing, honor, without measure,
Heavenly riches, earthly treasure,
Lay we at his blessed feet.
Poor the praise that now we render,
Loud shall be our voices yonder,
When before his throne we meet.

Horatius Bonar, 1866.

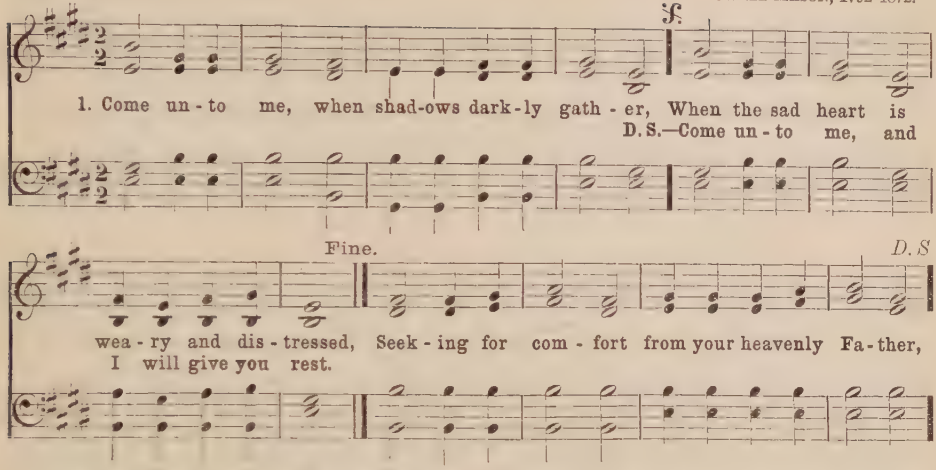
ARNSBERG. 8. 8. 7. D. (*Second Tune.*)

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1670–1739.


1. Upward where the stars are burning, Silent, silent in their turning, Round the never-changing pole;
Upward where the sky is brightest, Upward where the blue is lightest, Lift I now my longing soul.

784 HENLEY. 11s. 10s.

LOWELL MASON, 1792-1872.

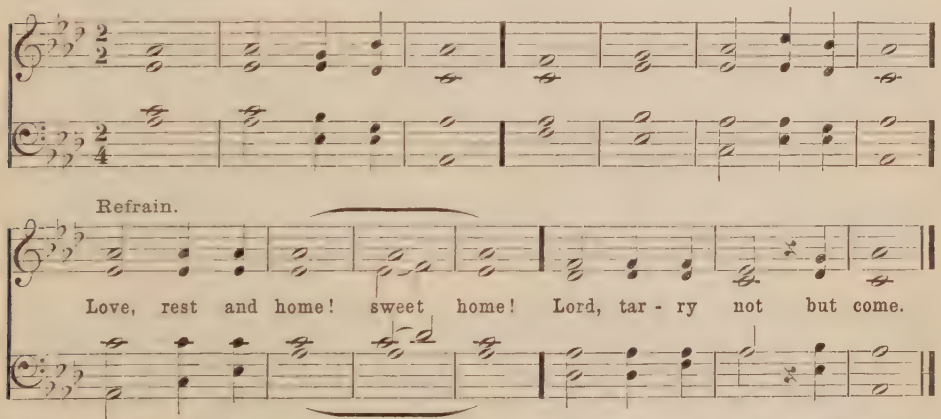

1. Come un - to me, when shad-ows dark-ly gath - er, When the sad heart is
D.S.—Come un - to me, and
Fine.
D.S
wea - ry and dis - tressed, Seek - ing for com - fort from your heavenly Fa - ther,
I will give you rest.

2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim;
Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely pressed;
Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Mrs. C. H. Esling, 1848.

785 LOVE, REST AND HOME. (*Chant.*)

W. A. TARBUTTON.

1 Beyond the smiling and the *weep*ing, |
I shall be | soon; ‖
Beyond the waking and the sleeping, |
Beyond the sowing and the *reap*ing, |
I shall be | soon. ‖ *Ref.*

2 Beyond the blooming and the *fad*ing, |
I shall be | soon; ‖
Beyond the shining and the shading, |
Beyond the hoping and the *dread*ing, |
I shall be | soon. ‖ *Ref.*

3 Beyond the rising and the *set*ting, |
I shall be | soon; ‖
Beyond the calming and the fretting, |
Beyond remembering and for*get*ting, |
I shall | be soon; ‖

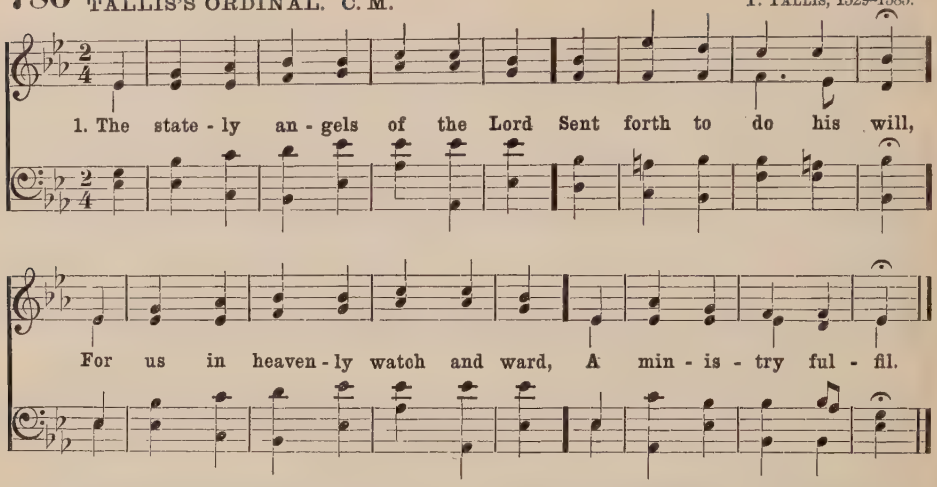
4 Beyond the parting and the *meet*ing, |
I shall be | soon; ‖
Beyond the farewell and the greeting, |
Beyond the pulse's fever *beat*ing, |
I shall be | soon. ‖ *Ref.*

5 Beyond the frost-chain and the *fe*ver, |
I shall be | soon; ‖
Beyond the rock-waste and the river, |
Beyond the ever and the *nev*er, |
I shall be | soon. ‖ *Ref.*

Horatius Bonar, 1808-1898.

786 TALLIS'S ORDINAL. C. M.

T. Tallis, 1529-1585.



1 The stately angels of the Lord
Sent forth to do his will,
For us in heavenly watch and ward
A ministry fulfil.

2 Oh, miracle of love and grace!
That heaven to earth should bend,
And beings of angelic race
On human steps attend.

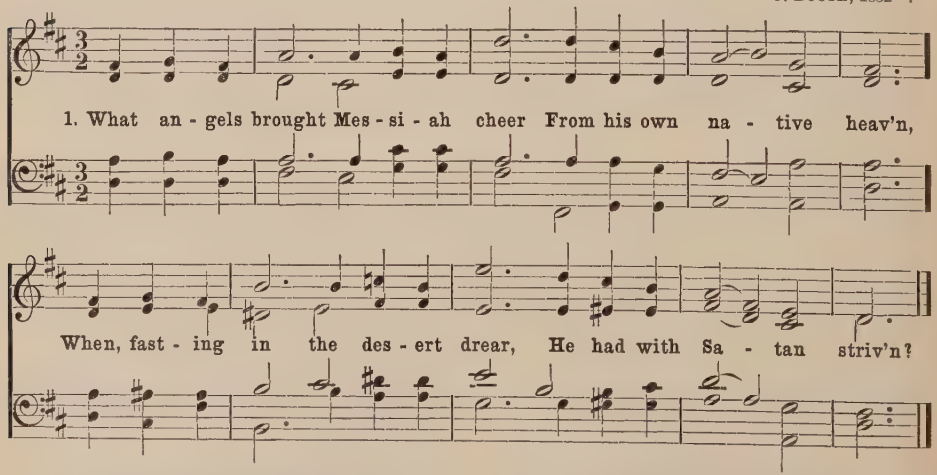
3 Lord, make us know how blest herein
We ransomed sinners are,
And for the angels' sake may sin
Still more from us be far.

4 Let our dear brethren of the skies
Behold that reign of love
On earth beginning, which their eyes
See whole in heaven above.

W. C. Wilkinson, 1897.

787 BRACONDALE. C. M.

J. Booth, 1852—.



1 What angels brought Messiah cheer
From his own native heaven,
When, fasting in the desert drear,
He had with Satan striven?

2 Which angel was it strengthened him
When, in Gethsemane,
Amid the olive shadows dim,
He wrought for thee and me?

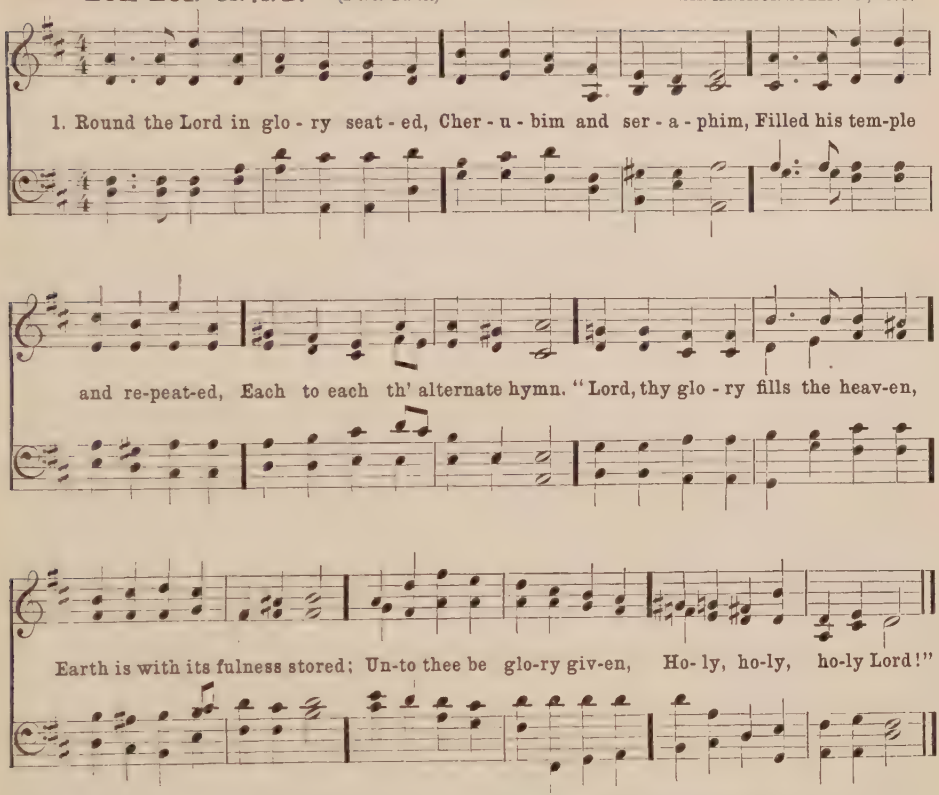
3 Perhaps those self-same angels now
Are sometimes earthward sent
Where over-laden pilgrims bow
Beneath their burdens bent.

4 Then up, my heart, be strong and brave,
Think thou what angels may,
Commissioned from the Lord to save,
Beside thee walk this day!

W. C. Wilkinson, 1897.

788 LUX EOI. 8s. 7s. D. (*First Tune.*)

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1875.


1. Round the Lord in glo - ry seat - ed, Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, Filled his tem-ple
and re-peat-ed, Each to each th' alternate hymn. "Lord, thy glo - ry fills the heav-en,
Earth is with its fulness stored; Un-to thee be glo-ry giv-en, Ho- ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord!"

1 Round the Lord in glory seated,
Cherubim and seraphim,
Filled his temple and repeated,
Each to each, th' alternate hymn.
"Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

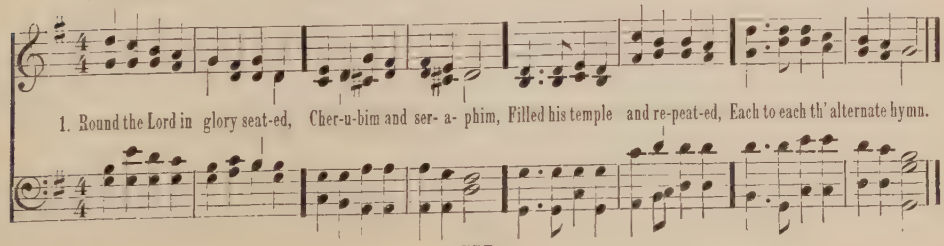
2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord Most High."
With his seraph train before him,
With his holy church below,
Thus conspire we to adore him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:

3 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
Thus thy glorious name confessing,
We adopt thine angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy," blessing
Thee, the Lord of hosts Most High.

Richard Mant, 1837.

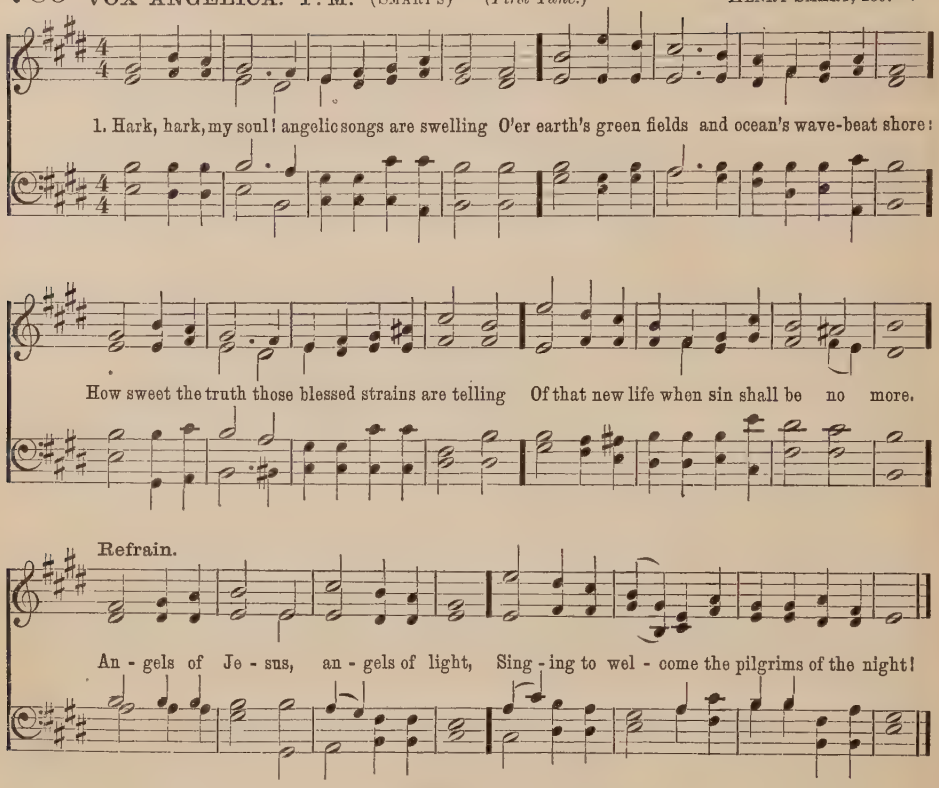
ANGELO. 8s. 7s. (*Second Tune.*)

MRS. C. A. BARNARD, 1830–1869.



789 VOX ANGELICA. P. M. (SMART'S) *(First Tune.)*

HENRY SMART, 1867—.


1. Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Refrain.
An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night!

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

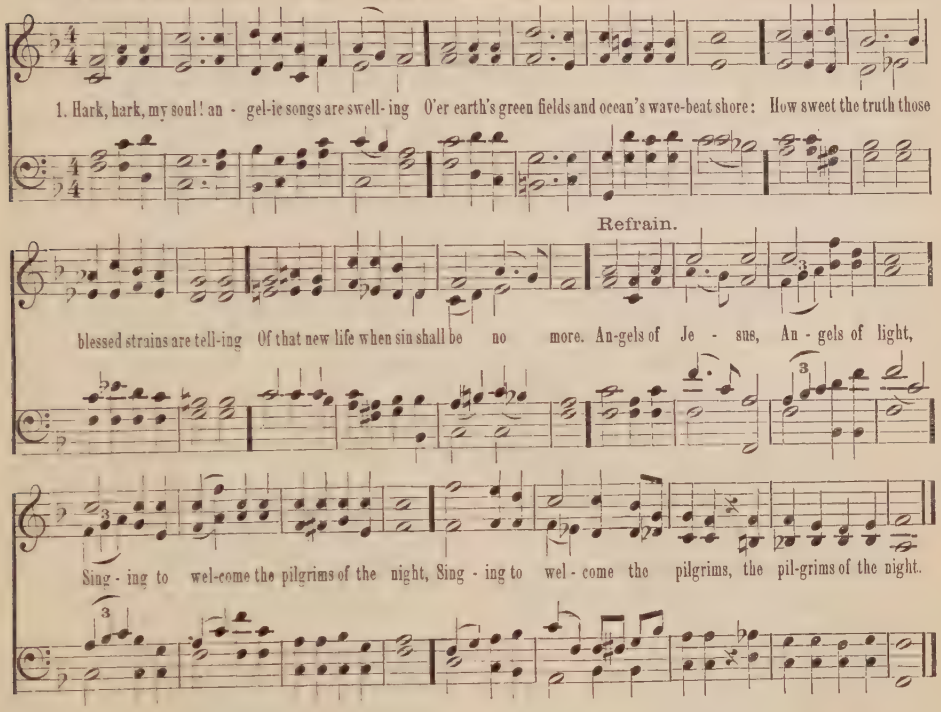
4 Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

5 Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

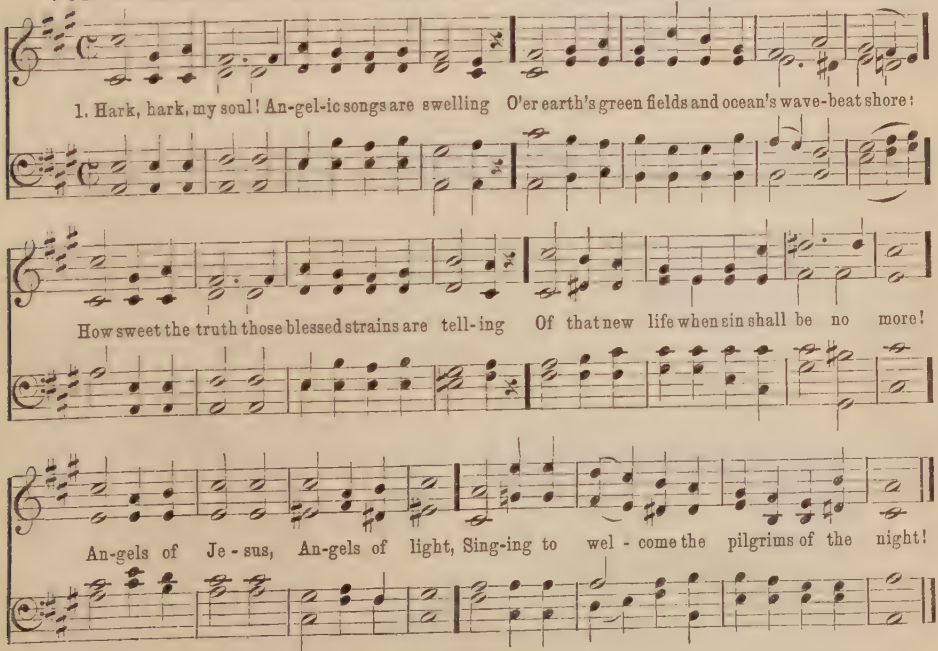
F. W. Faber, 1849.

(ALSO VOX ANGELICA (DYKES'), AND VOX ANGELICA (BARNBY'S), OPPOSITE.)

VOX ANGELICA. P. M. (DYKES'.) (*Second Tune for No.* 789.) J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.

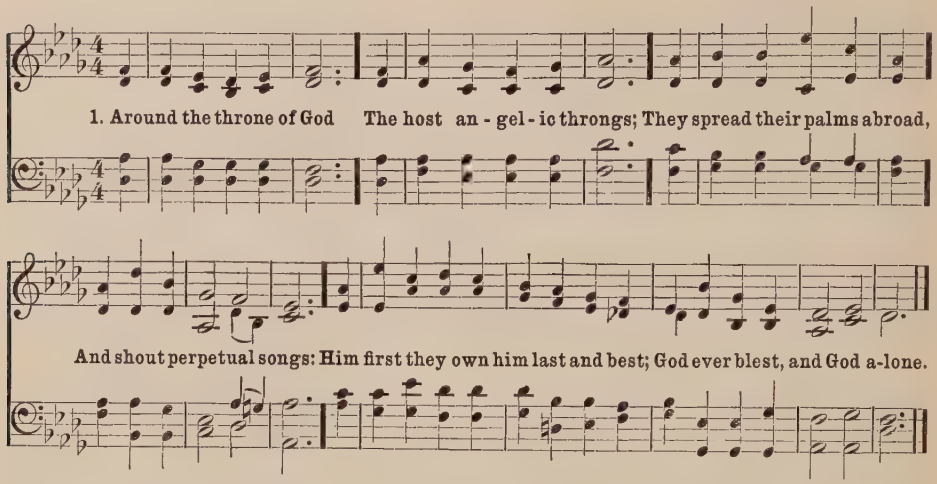

1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel-ic songs are swell- ing O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those
Refrain.
blessed strains are tell-ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An-gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light,
Sing - ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night, Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims, the pil-grims of the night.

VOX ANGELICA. P. M. (BARNBY'S.) (*Third Tune for No.* 789.) SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838-1896.


1. Hark, hark, my soul! An-gel-ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
An-gels of Je - sus, An-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel - come the pilgrims of the night!

790 ST. JOHN. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1827.


1. Around the throne of God The host an - gel - ic throngs; They spread their palms abroad,
And shout perpetual songs: Him first they own him last and best; God ever blest, and God a-lone.

2 Their golden crowns they fling
Before his throne of light,
And strike the rapturous string,
Unceasing, day and night:
Earth, heaven, and sea thy praise declare,
For thine they are, and thine shall be.

3 "O holy, holy Lord,
Creation's sovereign King,
Thy majesty adored
Let all creation sing;
Who wast, and art, and art to be;
Nor time shall see thy sway depart.

4 "Who shall not fear thee, Lord,
And magnify thy Name?
Thy judgments, sent abroad,
Thy holiness proclaim:
Let nations throng from every shore,
And all adore in one loud song."

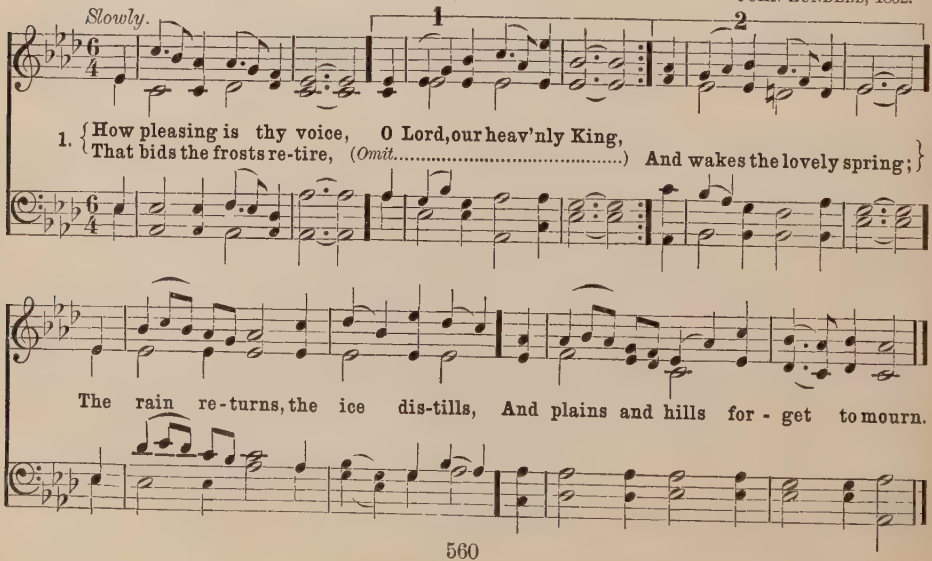
4 While thus the powers on high
Their swelling chorus raise,
Let earth and man reply,
And echo back the praise:
His glory own, first, last, and best;
God ever blest, and God alone.

Henry Ware, Jr., 1823.

(ALSO ORIOLE, BELOW, AND DARWELL, NO. 18.)

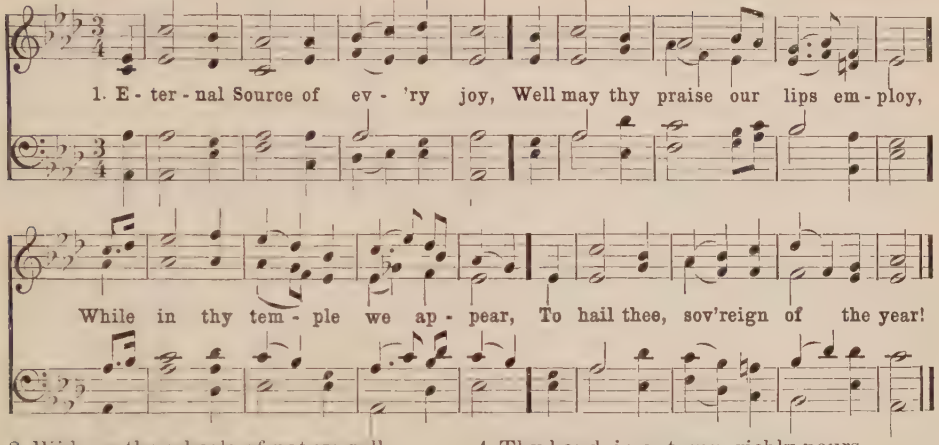
ORIOLE. 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*For No.* 792.)

JOHN ZUNDELL, 1852.


Slowly.
1
2
1. How pleasing is thy voice, O Lord, our heav'nly King,
That bids the frosts re-tire, (Omit.....) And wakes the lovely spring;
The rain re-turns, the ice dis-tills, And plains and hills for - get to mourn.

791 SEASONS. L. M. (*First Tune.*)

IGNACE PLEYEL, 1757–1831.


1. E - ter - nal Source of ev - 'ry joy, Well may thy praise our lips em - ploy,
While in thy tem - ple we ap - pear, To hail thee, sov'reign of the year!

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole,
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring at thy command
Perfumes the air, adorns the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, to cheer the vine.

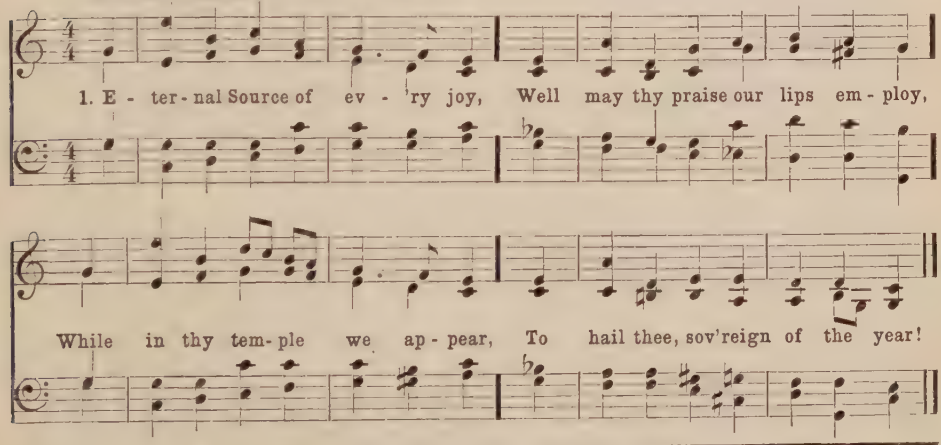
4 Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts redundant stores:
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

Philip Doddridge, 1702–1751.

SPITZBERGEN. L. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. H. STRONG, 1897.


1. E - ter - nal Source of ev - 'ry joy, Well may thy praise our lips em - ploy,
While in thy tem - ple we ap - pear, To hail thee, sov'reign of the year!

792 ORIOLE. (*Opposite.*)

2 The morn, with glory crowned,
Thy hand arrays in smiles;
Thou bid'st the eve decline,
Rejoicing o'er the hills.
Soft suns ascend, The mild wind blows,
And beauty glows To earth's far end.

3 Thy showers make soft the fields;
On every side behold
The ripening harvests wave
Their loads of richest gold.
The laborers sing With cheerful voice,
And, blest, rejoice In God, their King.

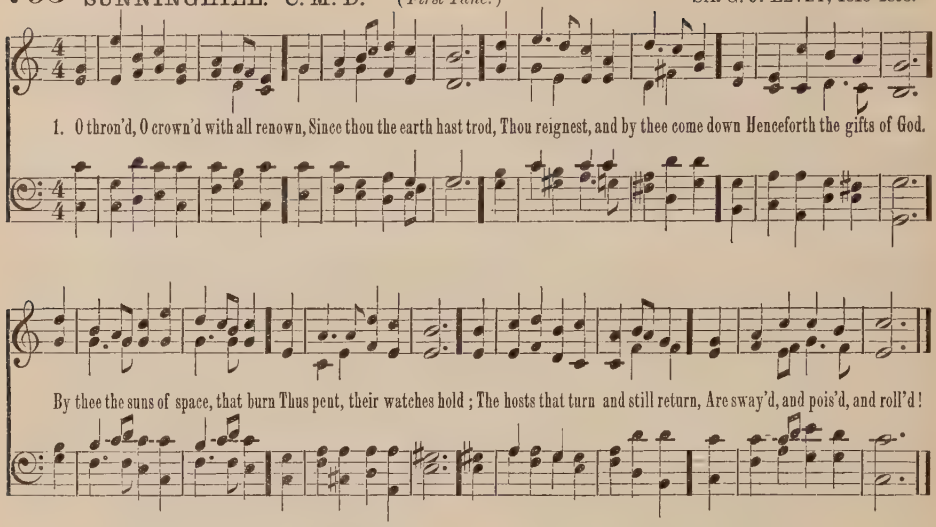
4 The thunder is his voice;
His arrows, blazing fires;
He glows in yonder sun,
And smiles in starry choirs.
The balmy breeze His breath perfumes,
His beauty blooms In flowers and trees.

5 With life he clothes the spring,
The earth with summer warms;
He spreads the autumnal feasts,
And rides in wintry storms.
His gifts divine Through all appear,
And round the year His glories shine.

Timothy Dwight, 1752–1817.

793 SUNNINGHILL. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

SIR G. J. ELVEY, 1816–1893.


1. O thron'd, O crown'd with all renown, Since thou the earth hast trod, Thou reignest, and by thee come down Henceforth the gifts of God.
By thee the suns of space, that burn Thus pent, their watches hold; The hosts that turn and still return, Are sway'd, and pois'd, and roll'd!

2 And as, when ebbed the flood, our sires
Kneeled on the mountain sod,
While o'er the new world's altar fires
Shone out the bow of God;
And sweetly fell the peaceful spell,
Word that shall aye avail,
"Summer and winter shall not cease,
Seed-time nor harvest fail,"—

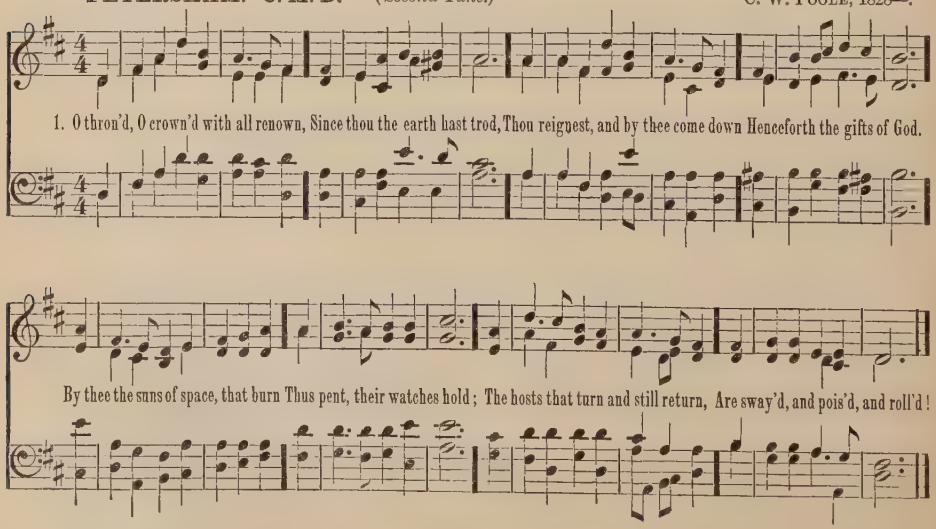
3 Thus in their change let frost and heat
And winds and dews be given;
All fostering power, all influence sweet
Breathe from the bounteous heaven:
Attemper fair with gentle air
The sunshine and the rain,
That kindly earth, with timely birth,
May yield her fruits again;

4 That we may feed thy poor aright,
And, gathering round thy throne,
Here, in the holy angels' sight,
Repay thee of thine own;
That we may praise thee all our days,
And with the Father's Name,
And with the Holy Spirit's gifts,
The Saviour's love proclaim.

E. W. Benson, 1860, alt.

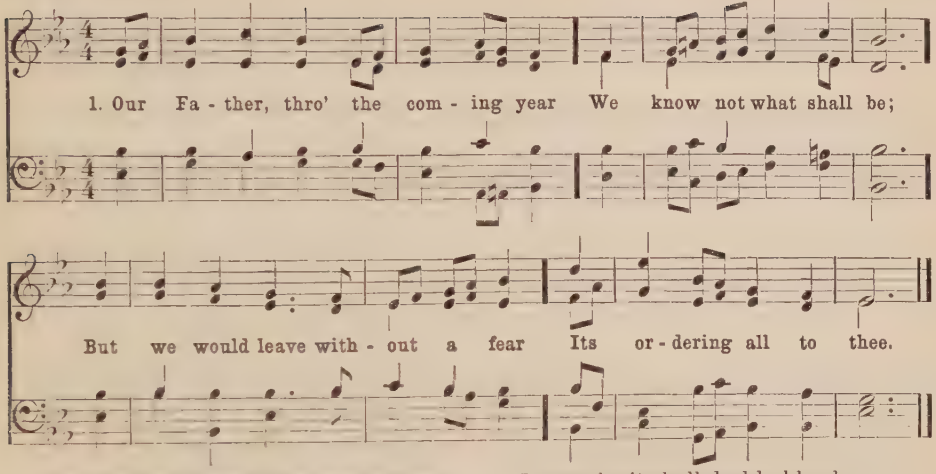
PETERSHAM. C. M. D. (*Second Tune.*)

C. W. POOLE, 1828—.


1. O thron'd, O crown'd with all renown, Since thou the earth hast trod, Thou reignest, and by thee come down Henceforth the gifts of God.
By thee the suns of space, that burn Thus pent, their watches hold; The hosts that turn and still return, Are sway'd, and pois'd, and roll'd!

794 FROME. C. M.

HUGH BOND, 1762–1792.



1 Our Father, through the coming year
We know not what shall be;
But we would leave without a fear
Its ordering all to thee.

2 It may be we shall toil in vain
For what the world holds fair;
And all the good we thought to gain,
Deceive and prove but care.

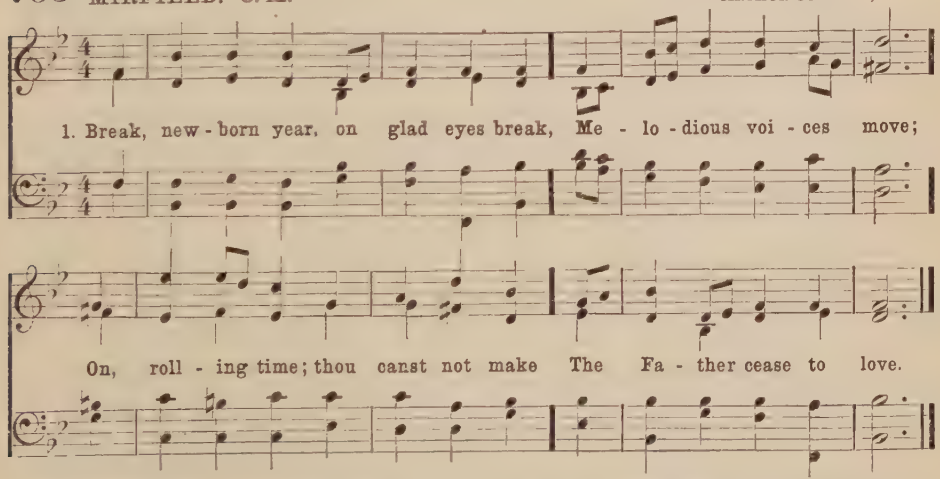
3 It may be it shall darkly blend
Our love with anxious fears,
And snatch away the valued friend,
The tried of many years.

4 But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest;
No fears our trust shall move;
Thou knowest what for each is best,
And thou art perfect Love.

William Gaskell, 1805–1884.

795 MIRFIELD. C. M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN, 1872.


1. Break, new - born year, on glad eyes break, Me - lo - dious voi - ces move;
On, roll - ing time; thou canst not make The Fa - ther cease to love.

2 The parted year had winged feet;
The Saviour still doth stay:
The new year comes; but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goest not away.

3 Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;
But, Lord, thy smile still beams:
Our sins are swelling evermore,
But pardoning grace still streams.

4 Lord, from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight:
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with thee more bright.

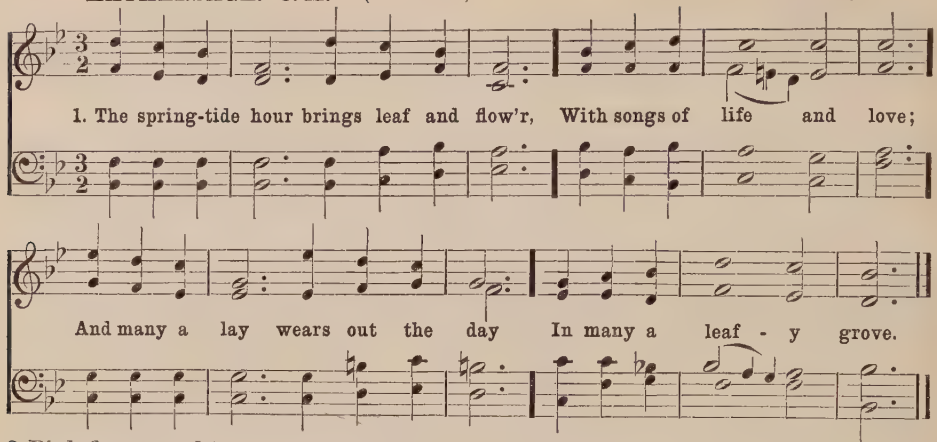
5 Then we may bless its precious things
If earthly cheer should come,
Or gladsome mount on angels' wings
If thou wouldst take us home.

T. H. Gill, 1855.

(ALSO DEDHAM, NO. 645.)

796 HATHERSAGE. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

R. Jackson, 1842—.


1. The spring-tide hour brings leaf and flow'r, With songs of life and love;
And many a lay wears out the day In many a leaf - y grove.

2 Bird, flower, and tree seem to agree
Their choicest gifts to bring;
Let this poor heart bear well its part,
And in it be a spring.

3 Dews fall apace, the dews of grace,
Upon this soul of sin;
And love divine delights to shine
Upon the waste within.

4 Oh, year by year fruit, flowers appear,
And birds their praises sing;
Then let my heart bear too its part,
Its winter have a spring.

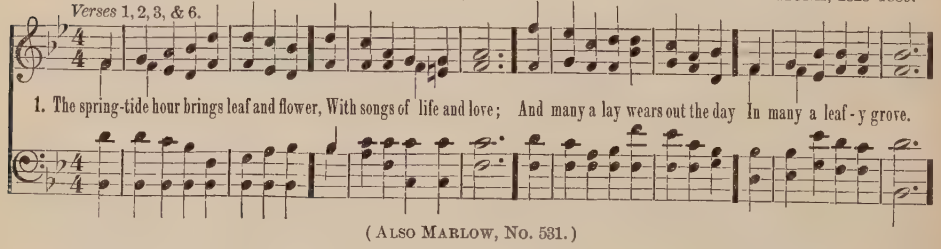
5 Lord, let thy love, fresh from above,
Soft as the south wind blow,
Call forth its bloom, wake its perfume,
And bid its spices flow.

6 And when thy voice makes earth rejoice,
And all the hills to sing;
Lord, teach this heart to bear its part,
And join the praise of spring.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1811–1875, alt.

SPRINGTIME. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

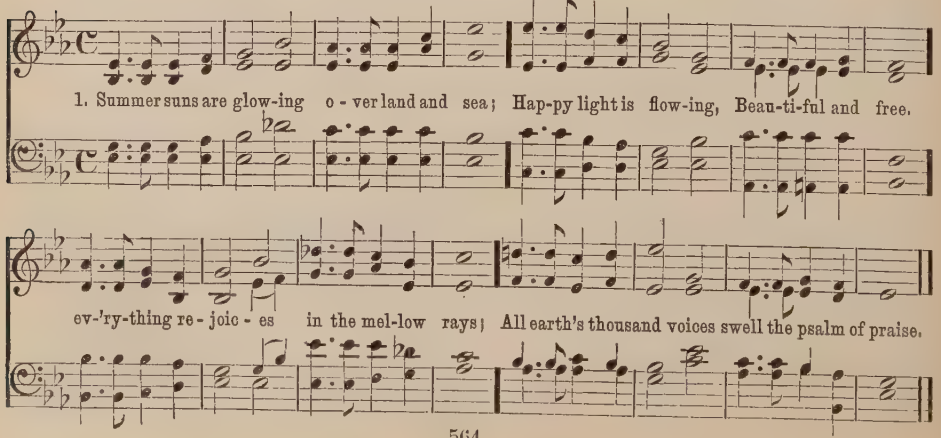
W. H. Monk, 1823–1889.


Verses 1, 2, 3, & 6.
1. The spring-tide hour brings leaf and flower, With songs of life and love; And many a lay wears out the day In many a leaf - y grove.

(Also Marlow, No. 531.)

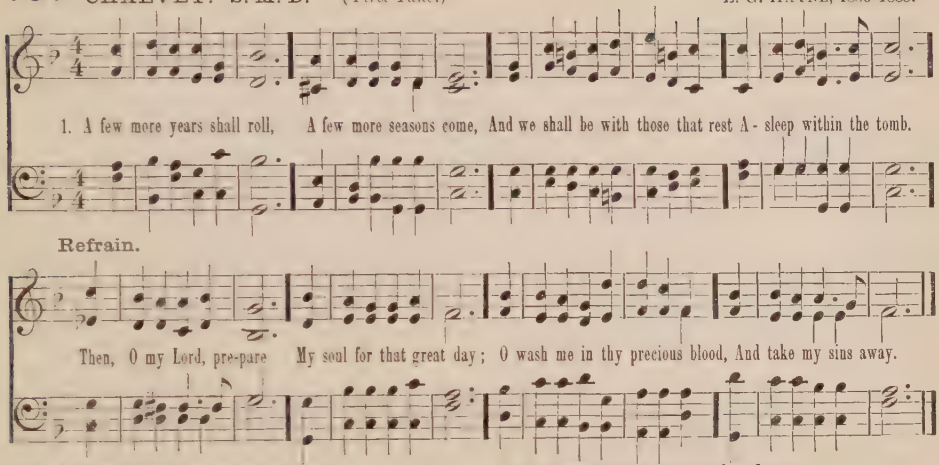
SUMMER. 6s. 5s. D. (*For No.* 798.)

Samuel Smith, 1821—.


1. Summer suns are glow-ing o - ver land and sea; Hap-py light is flow-ing, Beau-ti-ful and free.
ev-'ry-thing re - joic - es in the mel-low rays; All earth's thousand voices swell the psalm of praise.

797 CHALVEY. S. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

L. G. HAYNE, 1836-1883.


1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep within the tomb.
Refrain.
Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for that great day; O wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.—*Ref.*

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.—*Ref.*

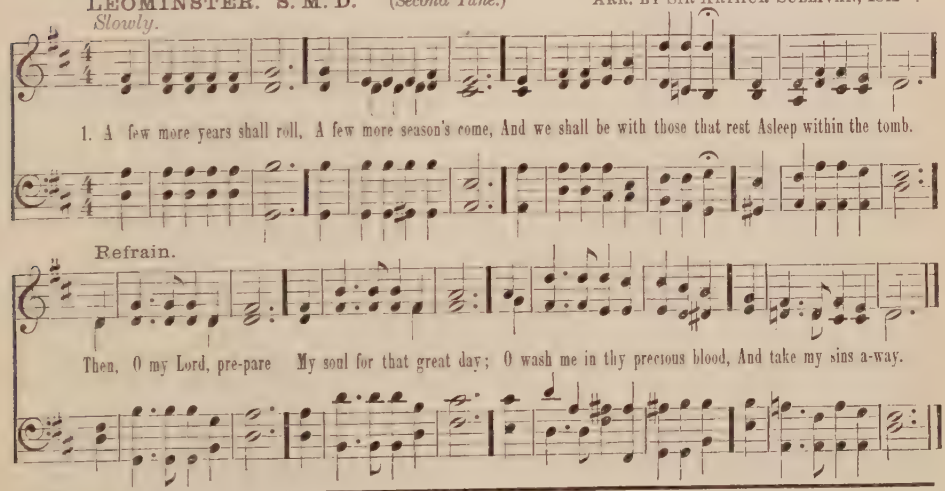
4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.—*Ref.*

5 'Tis but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign.—*Ref.*

Horatius Bonar, 1844.

LEOMINSTER. S. M. D. (*Second Tune.*)

ARR. BY SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.


Slowly.
1. A few more years shall roll, A few more season's come, And we shall be with those that rest Asleep within the tomb.
Refrain.
Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My soul for that great day; O wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins a-way.

798 SUMMER. (*Opposite.*)

2

God's free mercy streameth
Over all the world,
And his banner gleameth
Everywhere unfurled.
Broad and deep and glorious
As the heaven above,
Shines in might victorious
His eternal love.

3

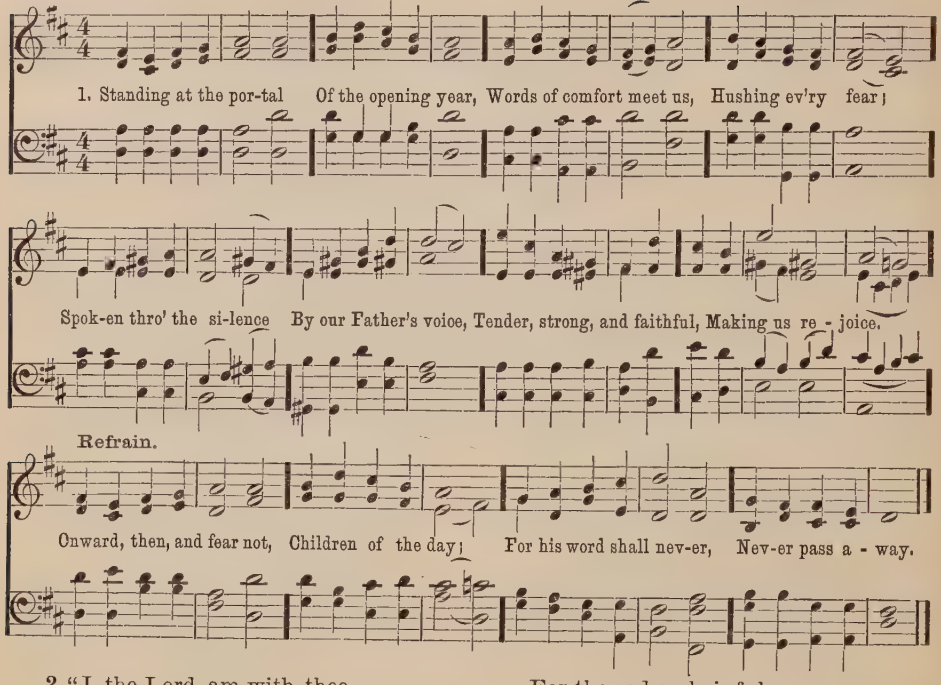
Lord, upon our blindness
Thy pure radiance pour;
For thy loving-kindness
Make us love thee more.
And when clouds are drifting
Dark across our sky,
Then, the veil uplifting,
Father, be thou nigh.

4

We will never doubt thee,
Though thou veil thy light:
Life is dark without thee;
Death with thee is bright.
Light of light! shine o'er us
On our pilgrim way,
Go thou still before us
To the endless day.

W. W. How, 1823—.

799 DEVA. 6s. 5s. D. (*With Refrain.*) E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. Standing at the por-tal Of the opening year, Words of comfort meet us, Hushing ev'ry fear;
Spok-en thro' the si-lence By our Father's voice, Tender, strong, and faithful, Making us re - joice.
Refrain.
Onward, then, and fear not, Children of the day; For his word shall nev-er, Nev-er pass a - way.

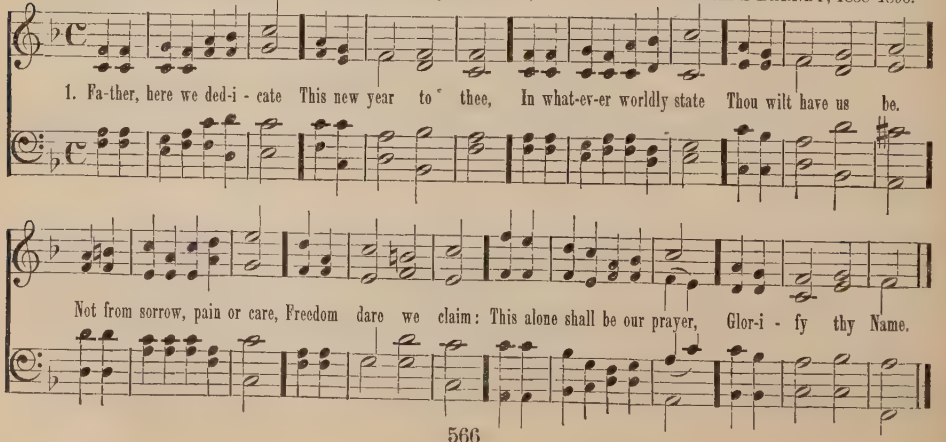
2 "I, the Lord, am with thee,
Be thou not afraid;
I will help and strengthen,
Be thou not dismayed.
Yea, I will uphold thee
With my own right hand;
Thou art called and chosen
In my sight to stand."—*Ref.*

3 For the year before us,
Oh, what rich supplies!
For the poor and needy
Living streams shall rise;
For the sad and sinful
Shall his grace abound:
For the faint and feeble
Perfect strength be found.—*Ref.*

4 He will never fail us.
He will not forsake;
His eternal covenant
He will never break.
Resting on his promise,
What have we to fear?
God is all-sufficient
For the coming year.—*Ref.*

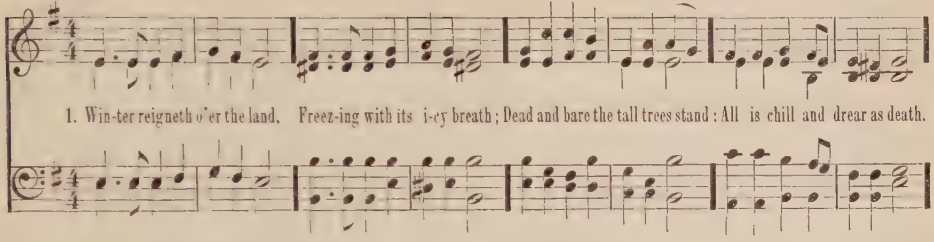
Frances Ridley Havergal, 1873.

SOLWAY. 7s. 5s. D. (*Second Tune for No.* 801.) SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. Fa-ther, here we ded-i - cate This new year to thee, In what-ev-er worldly state Thou wilt have us be.
Not from sorrow, pain or care, Freedom dare we claim: This alone shall be our prayer, Glor-i - fy thy Name.

800 WINTER. 7s. (*Part I.*)

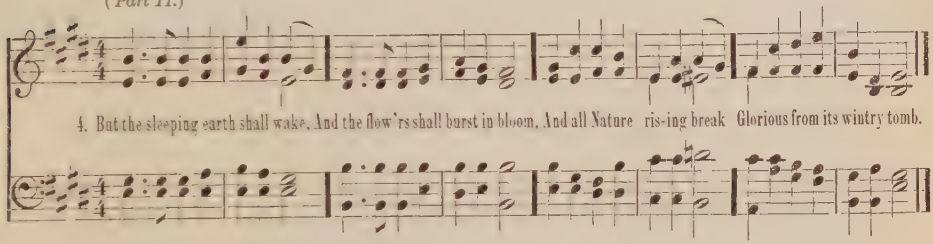
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.


1. Win-ter reigneth o'er the land, Freez-ing with its i-cy breath; Dead and bare the tall trees stand: All is chill and drear as death.

2 Sunny days are past and gone:
So the years go, speeding fast,
Onward ever, each new one
Swifter speeding than the last.

3 Life is waning; life is brief;
Death, like winter, standeth nigh:
Each one, like the falling leaf,
Soon shall fade and fall and die.

(*Part II.*)

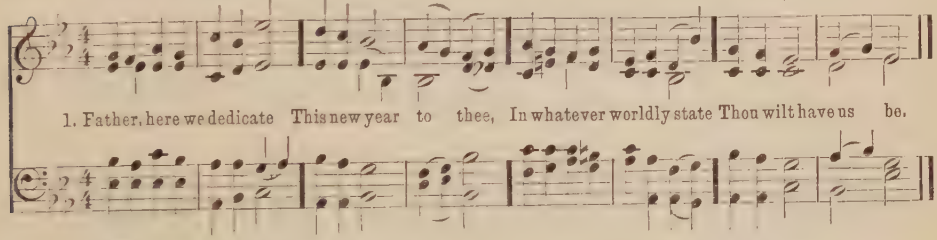

4. But the sleeping earth shall wake, And the flow'rs shall burst in bloom, And all Nature ris-ing break Glorious from its wintry tomb.

5 So the saints, from slumber blest
Rising, shall awake and sing,
And our flesh in hope shall rest
Of a never-fading Spring.

W. W. How.

801 KIRK. 7s. 5s. (*First Tune.*)

B. SMITH, 1897.



1 Father, here we dedicate
This new year to thee,
In whatever worldly state
Thou wilt have us be.
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
Freedom dare we claim:
This alone shall be our prayer,
Glorify thy name.

2 Can a child presume to choose
Where or how to live?
Can a Father's love refuse
All the best to give?
More thou givest every day
Than the best can claim;
Nor withholdest aught that may
Glorify thy name.

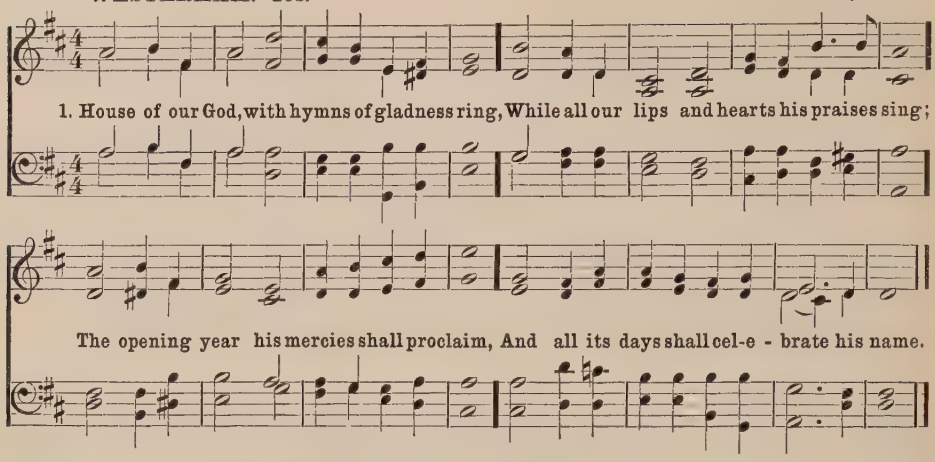
3 If in mercy thou wilt spare
Joys we yet partake;
If on life, serene and fair,
Brighter rays may break;
Thee our hearts, while glad they sing,
Shall in all proclaim;
And, whate'er the year shall bring,
Glorify thy name.

4 If thou callest to the cross,
And its shadow come,
Turning all our gain to loss,
Shrouding heart and home;
Teach us, Lord, how thy dear Son
To his glory came;
In our woe we'll still pray on,
Glorify thy name.

Lawrence Tuttiett, 1825—.

802 WESTERHAM. 10s.

W. C. Filby, 1836—.


1. House of our God, with hymns of gladness ring, While all our lips and hearts his praises sing;
The opening year his mercies shall proclaim, And all its days shall cel-e - brate his name.

2 Ye angel choirs on high, whose dwelling-place
Shines with the glory of his unveiled face,
Through your immortal life, as love still grows,
Tell of his goodness, which no ending knows.

3 O earth, enlightened by his rays divine,
Stored by his hand with corn and oil and wine,
Crowned with his goodness, let thy nations raise
From shore to shore the song of ceaseless praise.

4 O church, his chosen dwelling and delight,
Graven on his hands, and precious in his sight,
Sing the deep marvels of that boundless grace
Which sheds on thee the brightness of his face.

5 Burst into praise, my soul; and evermore
Through changing life thy changeless God adore:
He is thy trust, thy refuge, and thy fear;
Strong in his strength, begin the new-born year.

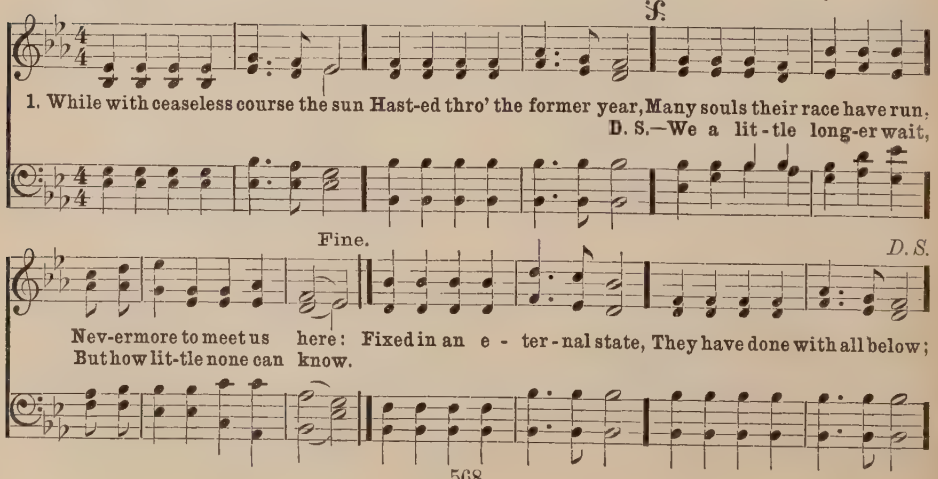
Philip Doddridge, 1755, alt.

(Also Irené, No. 31.)

BENEVENTO. 7s. D.

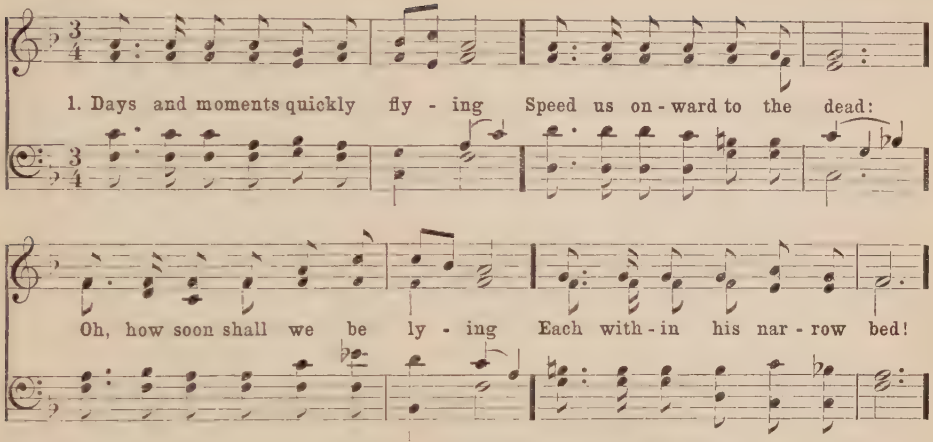
(*For No.* 804.)

S. Webbe, 1740–1816.


1. While with ceaseless course the sun Hast-ed thro' the former year, Many souls their race have run,
D. S.—We a lit-tle long-er wait,
Fine.
D. S.
Nev-ermore to meet us here: Fixed in an e - ter-nal state, They have done with all below;
But how lit-tle none can know.

803 ST. SYLVESTER. 8s. 7s.

J. B. DYKES, 1862.



2 Jesus, merciful Redeemer,
Rouse dead souls to hear thy voice;
Wake, O wake each idle dreamer
Now to make the eternal choice.

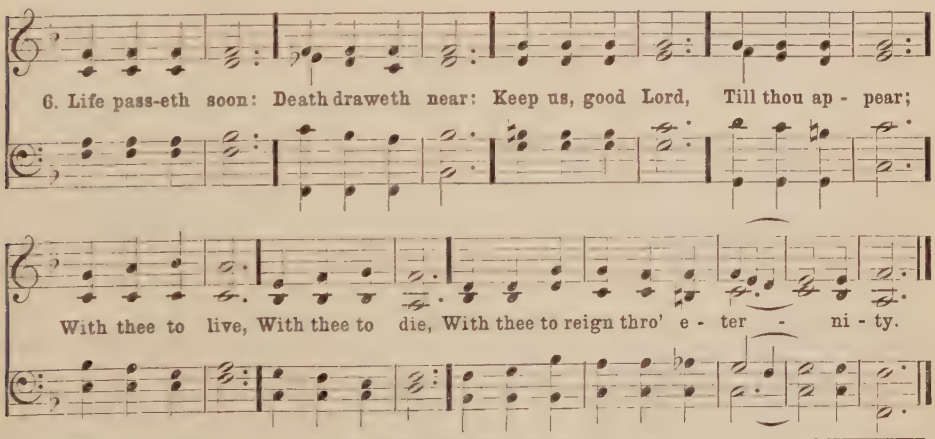
3 As a shadow life is fleeting;
As a vapor so it flies;
For the old year now retreating
Pardon grant, and make us wise;

4 Wise that we our days may number,
Strive and wrestle with our sin,
Stay not in our work, nor slumber
Till thy glorious rest we win.

5 Soon before the Judge all glorious
We with all the dead shall stand:
Saviour, over death victorious,
Place us then on thy right hand.

Edward Caswall, 1858, alt.

8. 8. 8. 9.


6. Life pass-eth soon: Death draweth near: Keep us, good Lord, Till thou ap - pear;
With thee to live, With thee to die, With thee to reign thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

804* BENEVENTO. (*Opposite.*)

2 As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

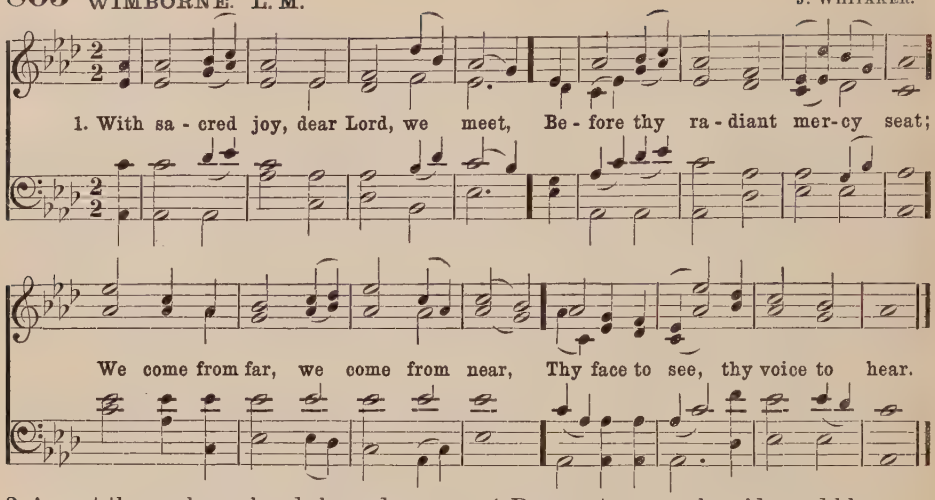
3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view:
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

John Newton, 1799.

*For autumn hymns see No's. 809–815.)

805 WIMBORNE. L. M.

J. WHITAKER.


1. With sa - cred joy, dear Lord, we meet, Be - fore thy ra - diant mer-cy seat;
We come from far, we come from near, Thy face to see, thy voice to hear.

2 Accept the work our hands have done;
Accept our praise for triumphs won;
Our faith, our zeal, our strength increase,
And o'er us breathe divinest peace.

3 Let all unite with glad accord,
To magnify our Saviour Lord;
Thy various gifts are large and free,
So let our grateful offerings be,

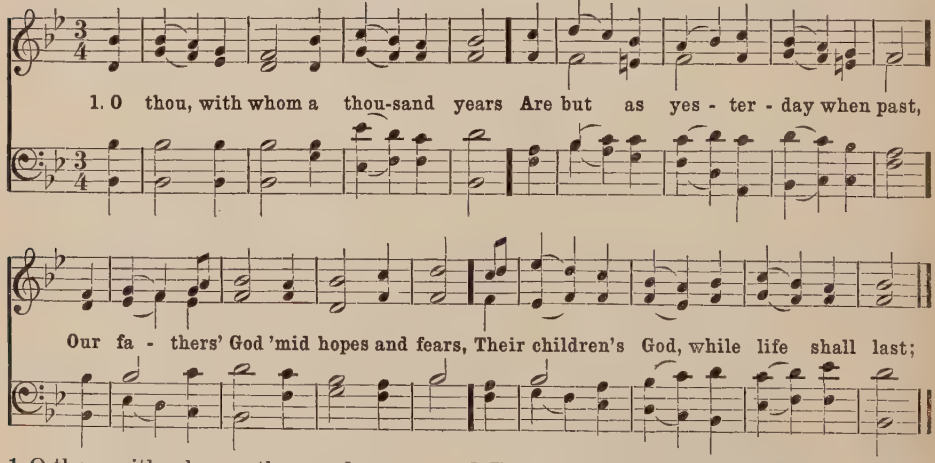
4 Be near to counsel, guide, and bless;
Thy presence, Lord, insures success;
Surpass thy wonders wrought of old,
Increase thy flock, and guard thy fold.

5 In every land assert thy right,
Fill all the world with gospel light;
Let all mankind thy voice obey,
And speed redemption's crowning day.

John Clark, 1843—.

806 ALL SAINTS. L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP, 1698–1768.


1. O thou, with whom a thou-sand years Are but as yes - ter - day when past,
Our fa - thers' God 'mid hopes and fears, Their children's God, while life shall last;

1 O thou, with whom a thousand years
Are but as yesterday when past,
Our fathers' God 'mid hopes and fears,
Their children's God, while life shall last;

2 We lift to thee our heartfelt praise,
Assembled in thy courts to-day,
Recall the memories of thy grace,
The wonders of thy perfect way.

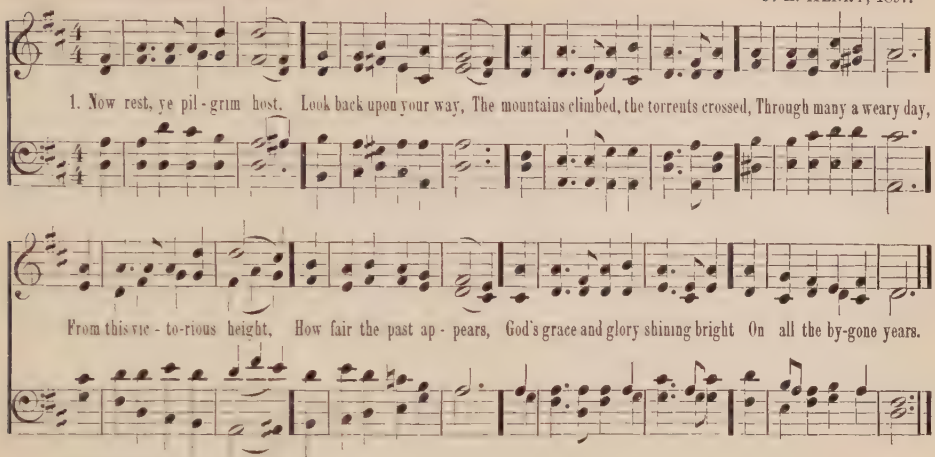
3 Beneath the shade of spreading boughs,
Made strong and fruitful by thy love,
We joyful meet, and pay our vows
To thee, who hearest from above.

4 Life, growth, and fruitage are bestowed
By thy divine and sovereign will;
The past owns thee its gracious God,
And hope rests sweetly on thee still.

H. M. King, 1871.

807 CHILDREY. S. M. D.

J. E. Henry, 1897.


1. Now rest, ye pil - grim host. Look back upon your way, The mountains climbed, the torrents crossed, Through many a weary day,
From this vic - to-rious height, How fair the past ap - pears, God's grace and glory shining bright On all the by-gone years.

2 How many, at his call,
Have parted from our throng!
They watch us from the crystal wall,
And echo back our song.
They rest, beyond complaints,
Beyond all sighs and tears:
Praise be to God for all his saints
Who wrought in bygone years.

3 The banners they upbore
Our hands still lift on high;
The Lord they followed evermore
To us is also nigh.
Arise, arise, and tread
The future without fears;
He leadeth still, whose hand hath led
Through all the bygone years.

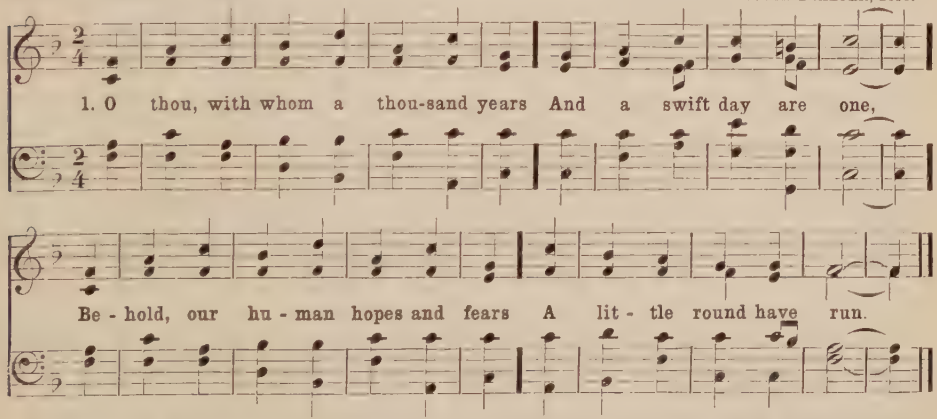
4 When we have reached the home
We seek with weary feet,
Our children's children still shall come
To keep these ranks complete;
And he, whose host is one
Throughout the countless spheres,
Will guide his marching servants on
Through all the countless years.

R. W. Raymond, 1879, rev. by the Author.

(Also Chalvey, No. 486.)

808 YORK. C. M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



2 Hopes for thy cause, ennobling hopes!
How foolish all the fears! [gropes,
Shamed were a faith that droops and
Since such accomplished years.

3 Our hearts are large with thankfulness;
We glory in the Lord;
His Spirit doth our spirits press
As we his grace record.

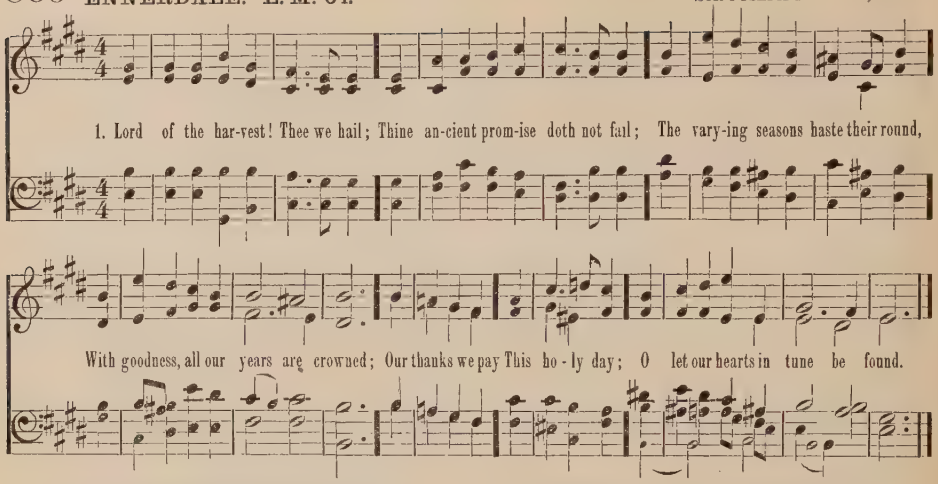
4 Short rest in camp, then forth for fight!
Welcome the long campaign!
Girded with meekness and with might,
Spread we Immanuel's reign.

5 Like the blue, bending firmament,
That kingdom yet must span,
From shore to shore, a continent
Redeemed to God for man.

W. C. Wilkinson, 1882.

809 ENNERDALE. L. M. 61.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1872.


1. Lord of the har-vest! Thee we hail; Thine an-cient prom-ise doth not fail; The vary-ing seasons haste their round,
With goodness, all our years are crowned; Our thanks we pay This ho-ly day; O let our hearts in tune be found.

2 If Spring doth wake the song of mirth;
If Summer warms the fruitful earth;
When Winter sweeps the naked plain,
Or Autumn yields its ripened grain;
Still do we sing to thee, our King;
Thro' all their changes thou dost reign.

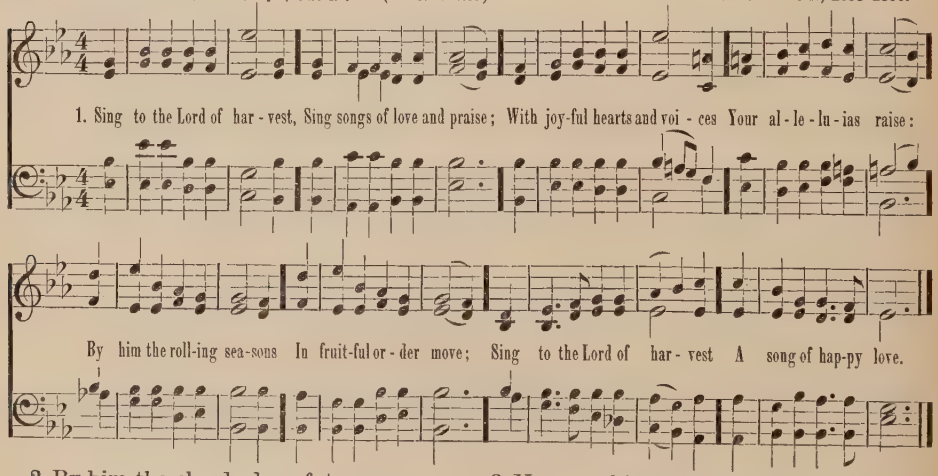
3 But chiefly when thy liberal hand
Scatters new plenty o'er the land,
When sounds of music fill the air,
As homeward all their treasures bear;
We too will raise our hymn of praise,
For we thy common bounties share.

4 Lord of the harvest! all is thine!
The rains that fall, the suns that shine,
The seed once hidden in the ground,
The skill that makes our fruits abound!
New, every year, thy gifts appear;
New praises from our lips shall sound!

J. H. Gurney, 1802–1862, 1851.

810 GREENLAND. 7s, 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

J. M. HAYDN, 1835–1806.


1. Sing to the Lord of har-vest, Sing songs of love and praise; With joy-ful hearts and voi-ces Your al-le-lu-ias raise:
By him the roll-ing sea-sons In fruit-ful or-der move; Sing to the Lord of har-vest A song of hap-py love.

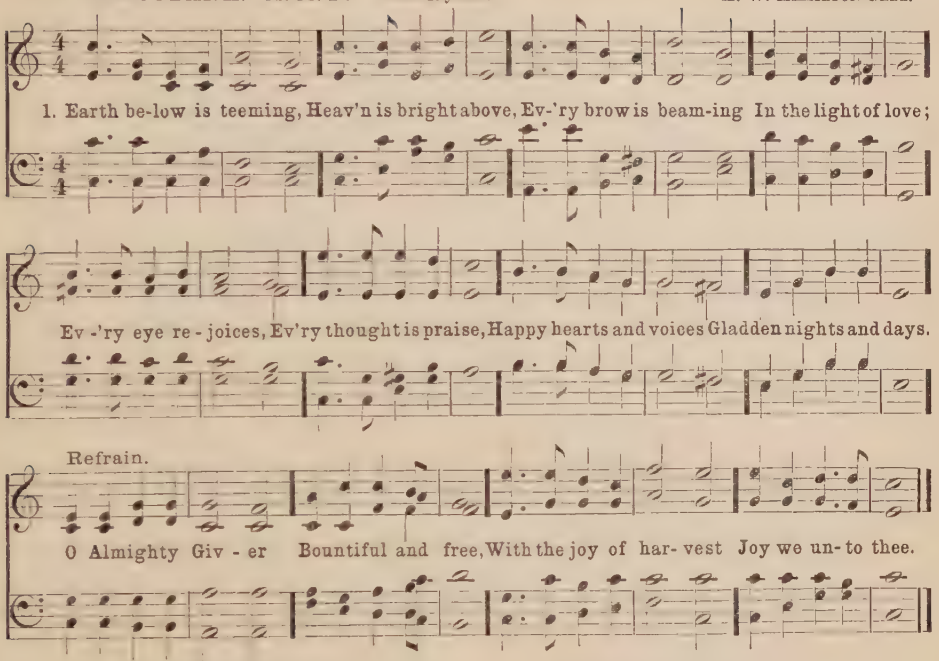
2 By him the clouds drop fatness,
The deserts bloom and spring,
The hills leap up in gladness,
The valleys laugh and sing:
He filleth with his fulness
All things with large increase,
He crowns the year with goodness,
With plenty and with peace.

3 Heap on his sacred altar
The gifts his goodness gave,
The golden sheaves of harvest,
The souls he died to save:
Your hearts lay down before him,
When at his feet ye fall,
And with your lives adore him,
Who gave his life for all.

J. S. B. Monsell, 1866.

(ALSO CASKEY, OPPOSITE.)

811 WINCOBANK. 6s. 5s. D. *With Refrain.* A. W. HAMILTON-GELL.


1. Earth be-low is teeming, Heav'n is bright above, Ev-'ry brow is beam-ing In the light of love;
Ev-'ry eye re-joices, Ev'ry thought is praise, Happy hearts and voices Gladden nights and days.
Refrain.
O Almighty Giv-er Bountiful and free, With the joy of har-vest Joy we un-to thee.

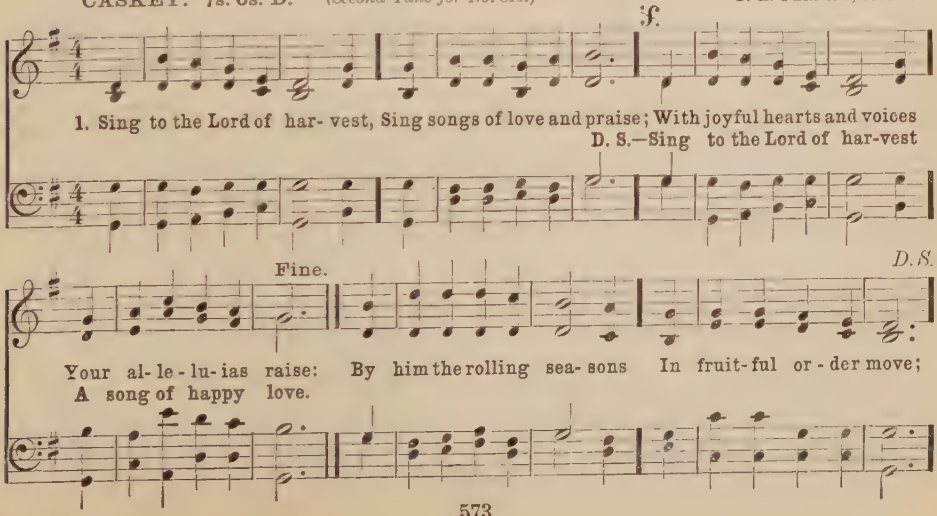
2 For the sun and showers,
For the rain and dew,
For the nurturing hours
Spring and Summer knew;
For the golden Autumn,
And its precious stores,
For the love that brought them
Teeming to our doors.—*Ref.*

3 Earth's broad harvest whitens
In a brighter sun
Than the orb that lightens
All we tread upon;
Send out laborers, Father!
Where fields ripening wave,
All the nations gather,
Gather in and save.—*Ref.*

J. S. B. Monsell, 1863. Refrain alt.

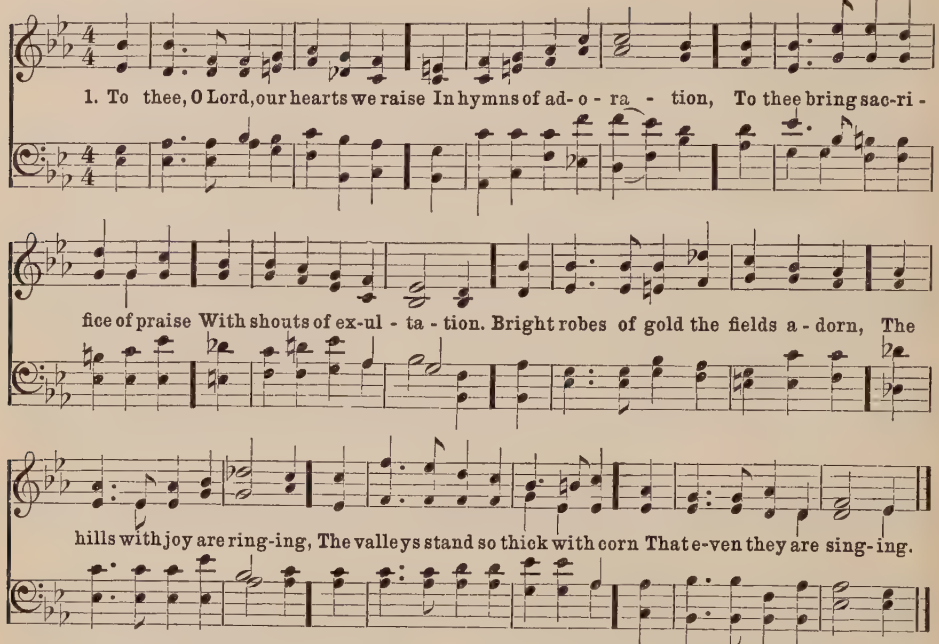
(ALSO ST. ALBAN'S, NO. 565.)

CASKEY. 7s. 6s. D. *(Second Tune for No. 810.)* T. E. PERKINS, 1831—.


f.
1. Sing to the Lord of har-vest, Sing songs of love and praise; With joyful hearts and voices
D. S.—Sing to the Lord of har-vest
Fine.
D. S.
Your al-le-lu-ias raise: By him the rolling sea-sons In fruit-ful or-der move;
A song of happy love.

812 HARVEST SONG. 8s. 7s. D.

SIR JOHN STAINER, 1840—, arr.


1. To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ad- o - ra - tion, To thee bring sac-ri -
fice of praise With shouts of ex-ul - ta - tion. Bright robes of gold the fields a - dorn, The
hills with joy are ring-ing, The valleys stand so thick with corn That e-ven they are sing-ing.

2 And now, on this our festal day,
Thy bounteous hand confessing,
Upon thine altar, Lord, we lay
The first-fruits of thy blessing:
By thee the souls of men are fed
With gifts of grace supernal;
Thou who dost give us daily bread,
Give us the Bread eternal.

3 We bear the burden of the day,
And often toil seems dreary;
But labor ends with sunset ray,
And rest is for the weary:
May we, the angel-reaping o'er,
Stand at the last accepted,
Christ's golden sheaves for evermore
To garners bright elected.

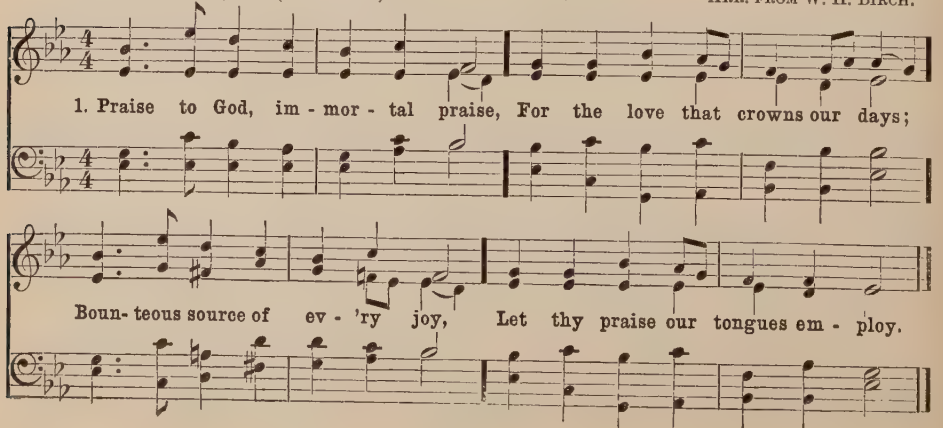
4 Oh, blessèd is that land of God,
Where saints abide for ever;
Where golden fields spread fair and broad,
Where flows the crystal river:
The strains of all its holy throng
With ours to-day are blending;
Thrice blessèd is that harvest-song
Which never hath an ending.

W. C. Dix, 1864.

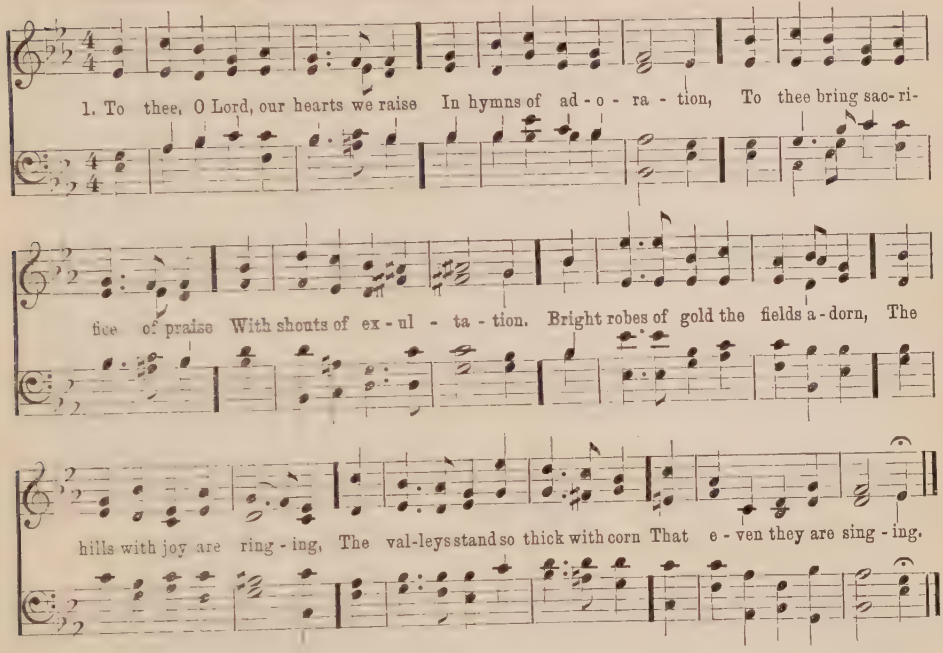
(ALSO DENMARK AND GOLDEN SHEAVES, OPPOSITE.)

READING. 7s. (*For No.* 813.)

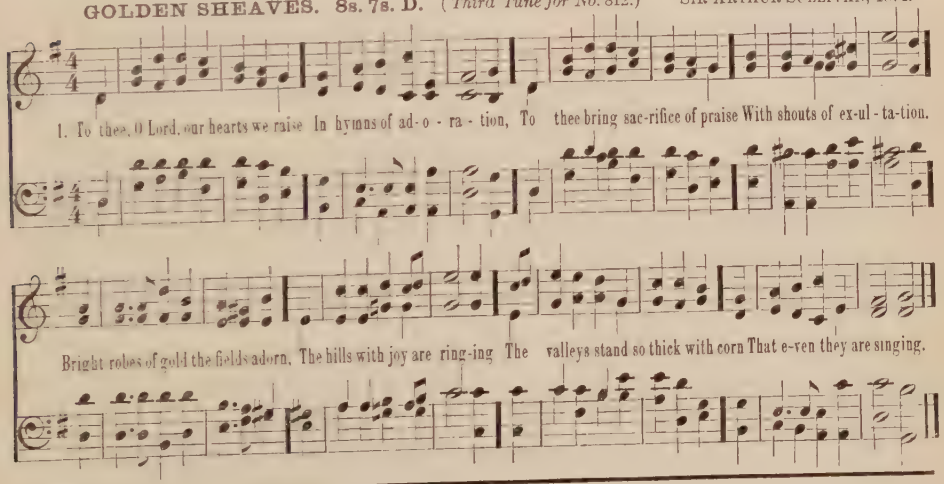
ARR. FROM W. H. BIRCH.


1. Praise to God, im - mor - tal praise, For the love that crowns our days;
Boun- teous source of ev - 'ry joy, Let thy praise our tongues em - ploy.

DENMARK. 8s.7s. D. (*Second Tune for No. 812.*) ADAPTED FROM N. W. GADE, 1817–1890.


1. To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ad - o - ra - tion, To thee bring sac-ri-
fice of praise With shouts of ex - ul - ta - tion. Bright robes of gold the fields a - dorn, The
hills with joy are ring - ing, The val-leys stand so thick with corn That e - ven they are sing - ing.

GOLDEN SHEAVES. 8s. 7s. D. (*Third Tune for No. 812.*) SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1874.


1. To thee, O Lord, our hearts we raise In hymns of ad-o - ra - tion, To thee bring sac-rifice of praise With shouts of ex-ul - ta-tion.
Bright robes of gold the fields adorn, The hills with joy are ring-ing The valleys stand so thick with corn That e-ven they are singing.

813 READING. (*Opposite.*)

2 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse

3 All that spring with beauteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores,—

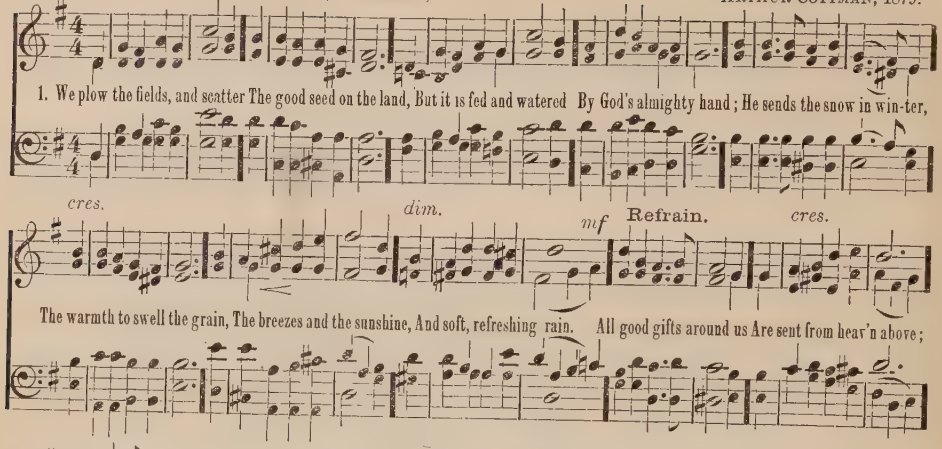
4 These to thee, my God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

5 Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee for thyself alone.

Anna Laetitia Barbauld, 1743–1825.

814 COTTMAN. P. M. (*First Tune.*)

ARTHUR COTTMAN, 1879.


1. We plow the fields, and scatter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and watered By God's almighty hand; He sends the snow in win-ter,
cres.
dim.
mf
Refrain.
cres.
The warmth to swell the grain, The breezes and the sunshine, And soft, refreshing rain. All good gifts around us Are sent from heav'n above;
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all his love.

2 He only is the Maker
Of all things near and far;
He paints the wayside flower,
He lights the evening star;
The winds and waves obey him,
By him the birds are fed;
Much more to us, his children,
He gives our daily bread.

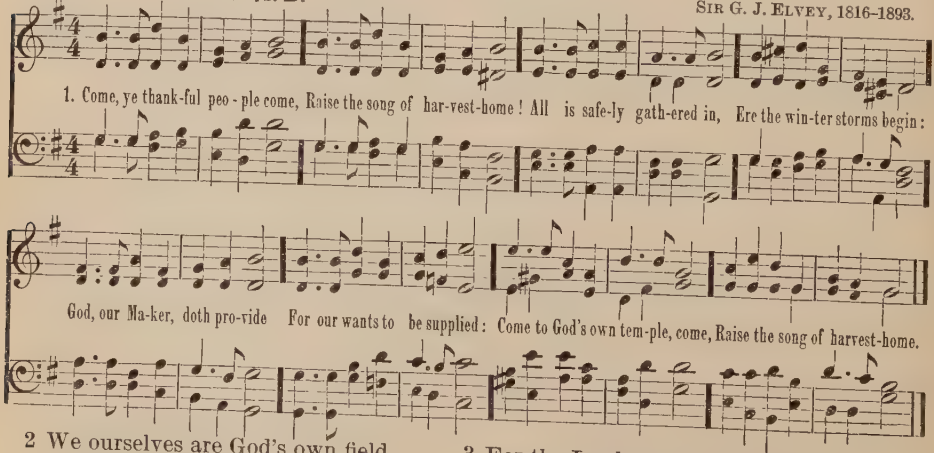
3 We thank thee, then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food:
Accept the gifts we offer,
For all thy love imparts,
And, what thou most desirest,
Our humble, thankful hearts.

Matthias Claudius, 1782, tr. by Miss J. M. Campbell, 1861.

(ALSO HARVEST AND DRESDEN, OPPOSITE.)

815 ST. GEORGE. 7s. D.

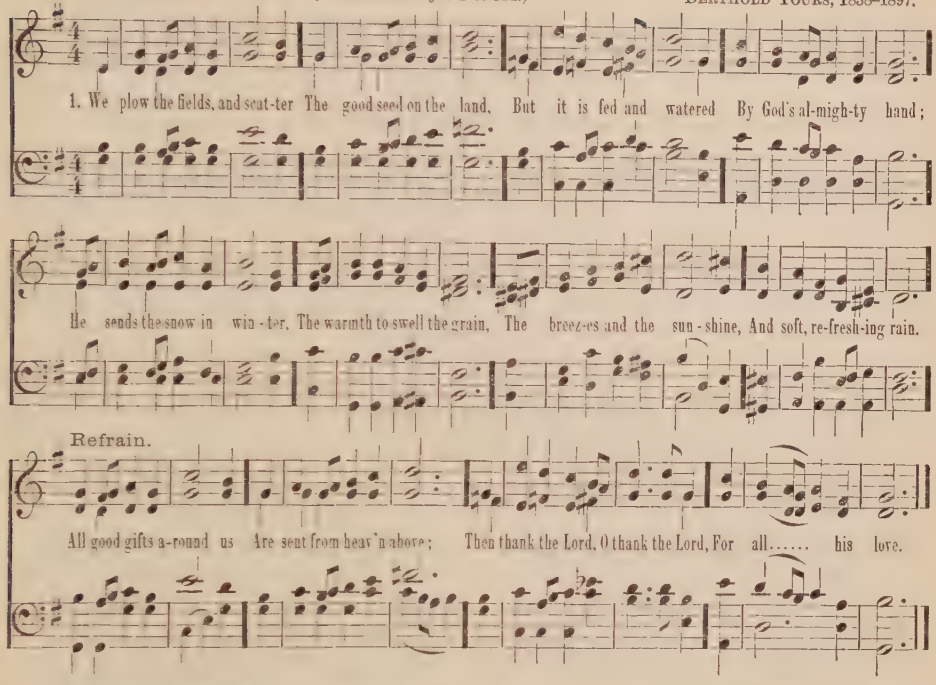
SIR G. J. ELVEY, 1816–1893.


1. Come, ye thank-ful peo-ple come, Raise the song of har-vest-home! All is safe-ly gath-ered in, Ere the win-ter storms begin:
God, our Ma-ker, doth pro-vide For our wants to be supplied: Come to God's own tem-ple, come, Raise the song of harvest-home.

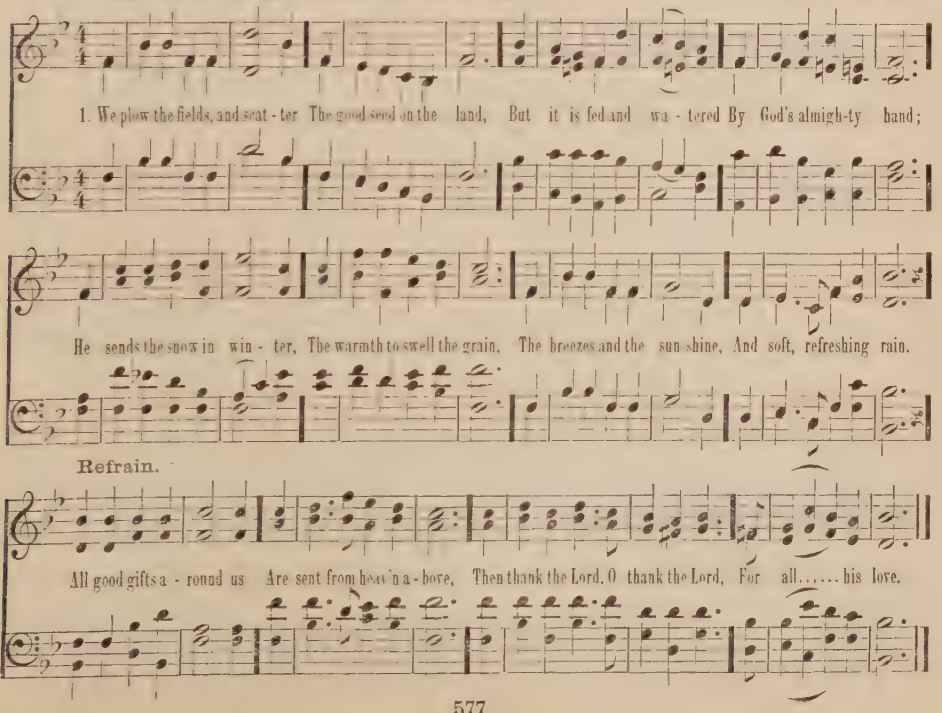
2 We ourselves are God's own field
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear;
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest! grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

3 For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home;
From his field shall purge away
All that doth offend that day;
Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore. Henry Alford, 1844.

HARVEST. P. M. (*Second Tune for No. 814.*) BERTHOLD TOURS, 1838–1897.

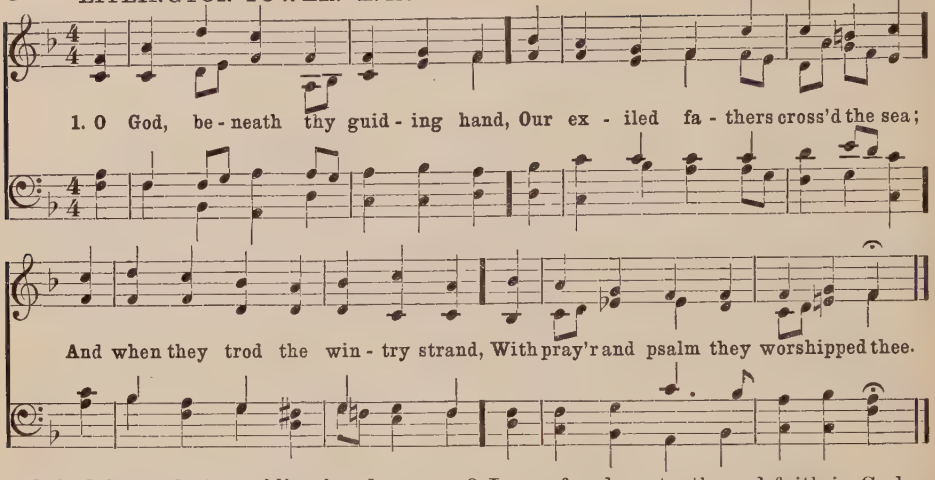

1. We plow the fields, and scat-ter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and watered By God's al-migh-ty hand;
He sends the snow in win-ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breez-es and the sun-shine, And soft, re-fresh-ing rain.
Refrain.
All good gifts a-round us Are sent from heav'n above; Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all..... his love.

DRESDEN. P. M. (*Third Tune for No. 814.*) J. A. P. SCHULZ, 1747–1800.


1. We plow the fields, and scat-ter The good seed on the land, But it is fed and wa-tered By God's almigh-ty hand;
He sends the snow in win-ter, The warmth to swell the grain, The breezes and the sunshine, And soft, refreshing rain.
Refrain.
All good gifts a-round us Are sent from heav'n a-bove, Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord, For all..... his love.

816 LITLINGTON TOWER. L. M.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1862.


1. O God, be - neath thy guid - ing hand, Our ex - iled fa - thers cross'd the sea;
And when they trod the win - try strand, With pray'r and psalm they worshipped thee.

1 O God, beneath thy guiding hand,
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped thee.

2 Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the prayer:
Thy blessing came; and still its power
Shall onward, through all ages, bear
The memory of that holy hour.

3 Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

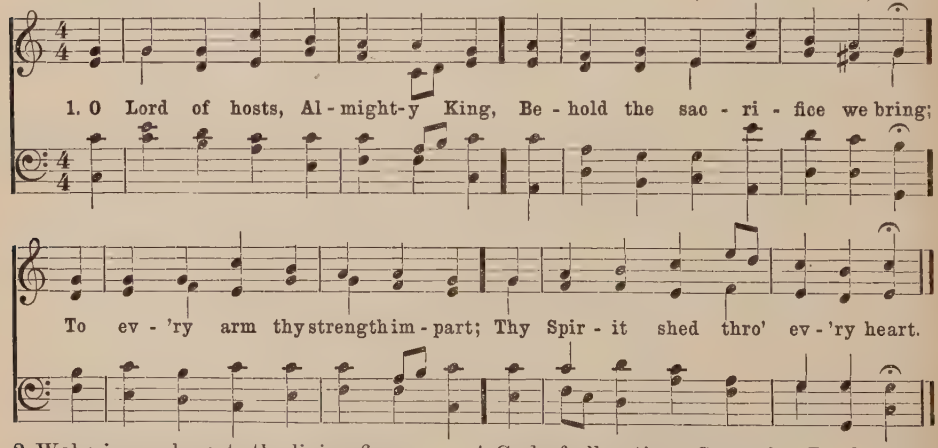
4 And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Leonard Bacon, 1833 and 1845.

(ALSO ALL SAINTS, NO. 706.)

817 MAINZER. L. M.

JOSEPH MAINZER, 1845.


1. O Lord of hosts, Al - might-y King, Be - hold the sac - ri - fice we bring;
To ev - 'ry arm thy strength im - part; Thy Spir - it shed thro' ev - 'ry heart.

2 Wake in our breasts the living fires,
The holy faith that warmed our sires:
Thy hand hath made our nation free;
To die for her is serving thee.

3 Be thou a pillared flame to show
The midnight snare, the silent foe:
And when the battle thunders loud,
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

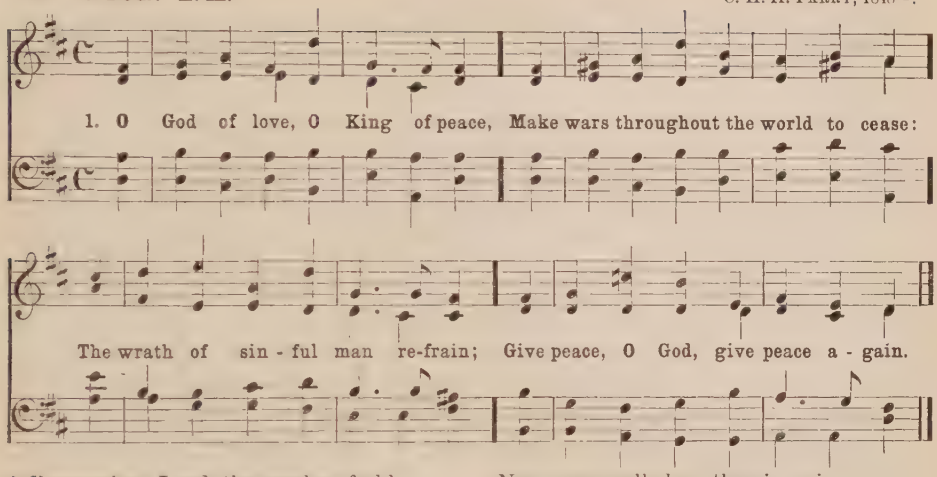
4 God of all nations, Sovereign Lord,
In thy dread Name we draw the sword,
We lift the starry flag on high
That fills with light our stormy sky

5 From treason's rent, from murder's stain,
Guard thou its folds till peace shall reign,
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,
Join our loud anthem,—Praise to thee.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, 1861.

818 ETON. L. M.

C. H. H. Parry, 1848—.


1. O God of love, O King of peace, Make wars throughout the world to cease:
The wrath of sin - ful man re-frain; Give peace, O God, give peace a - gain.

2 Remember, Lord, thy works of old,
The wonders that our fathers told;
Remember not our sin's dark stain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

3 Whom shall we trust but thee, O Lord?
Where rest but on thy faithful word?
None ever called on thee in vain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

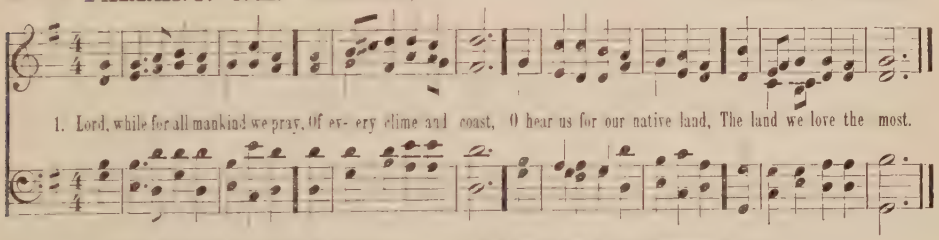
4 Where saints and angels dwell above
All hearts are knit in holy love;
O bind us in that heavenly chain;
Give peace, O God, give peace again.

Sir H. W. Baker, 1861.

(Also Hursley, No. 46.)

819 FARRANT. C. M. *(First Tune.)*

R. Farrant, c. 1530–1580.



1 Lord, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.

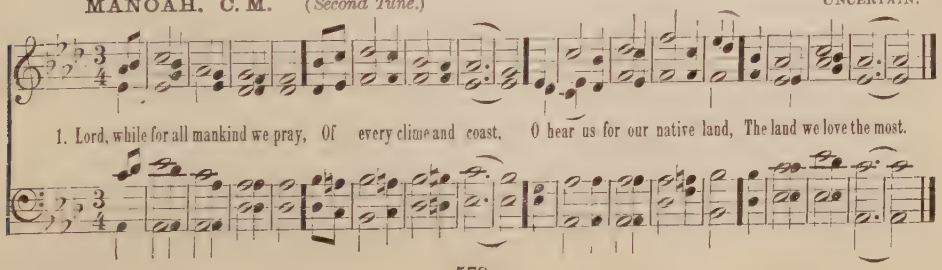
2 O guard our shores from every foe,
With peace our borders bless;
With prosperous times our cities crown,
Our fields with plenteousness.

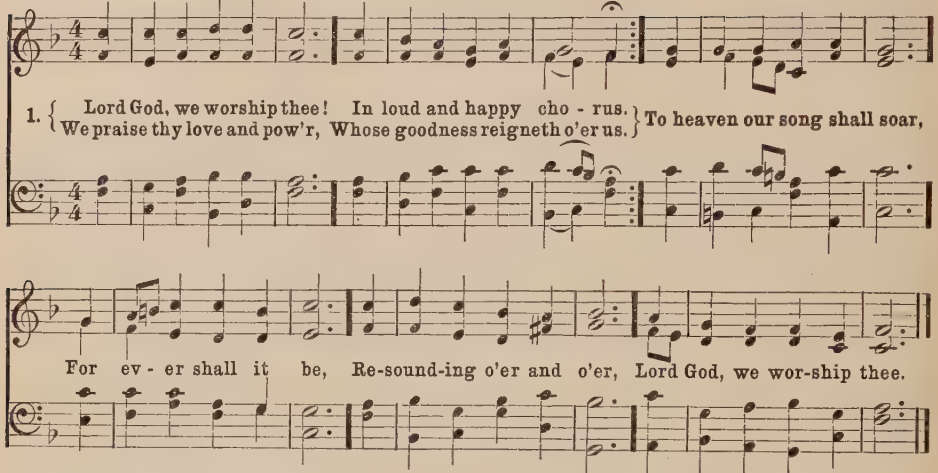
3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth and thee;
And let our hills and valleys shout
The songs of liberty.

4 Lord of the nations, thus to thee
Our country we commend;
Be thou her refuge and her trust,
Her everlasting friend.

J. R. Wreford, 1837.

MANOAH. C. M. *(Second Tune.)*

Uncertain.

820 CRUGER. (Nun Danket.) 6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6. J. CRUGER, 1598–1662.


1. Lord God, we worship thee! In loud and happy cho - rus.
We praise thy love and pow'r, Whose goodness reigneth o'er us.
To heaven our song shall soar,
For ev - er shall it be, Re-sound-ing o'er and o'er, Lord God, we wor-ship thee.

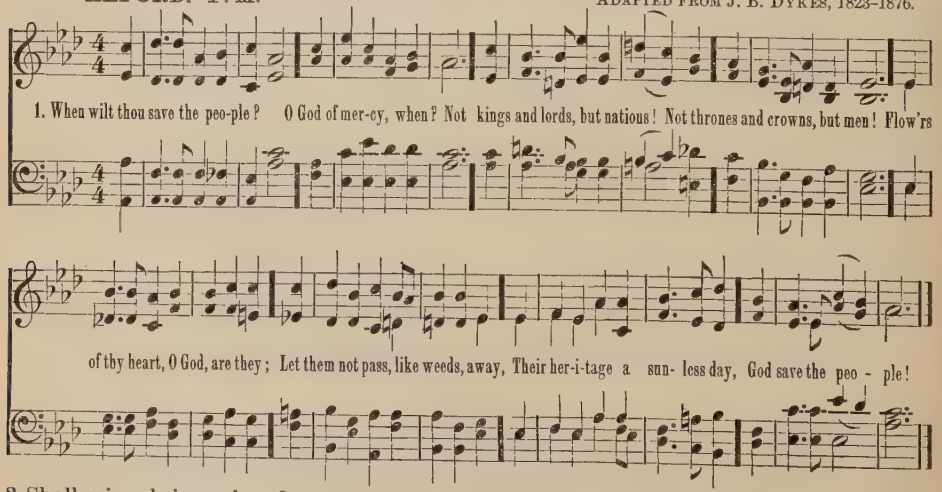
2 Lord God, we worship thee!
For thou our land defendest;
Thou pourest down thy grace,
And strife and war thou endest.
Since golden peace, O Lord,
Thou grantest us to see,
Our land, with one accord,
Lord God, gives thanks to thee!

3 Lord God, we worship thee!
Thou didst indeed chastise us,
Yet still thy anger spares,
And still thy mercy tries us:
Once more our Father's hand
Doth bid our sorrows flee,
And peace rejoice our land:
Lord God, we worship thee!

J. Franck, tr. C. Winkworth.

821 ALFORD. P. M.

ADAPTED FROM J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. When wilt thou save the peo-ple? O God of mer-cy, when? Not kings and lords, but nations! Not thrones and crowns, but men! Flow'rs
of thy heart, O God, are they; Let them not pass, like weeds, away, Their her-i-tage a sun- less day, God save the peo - ple!

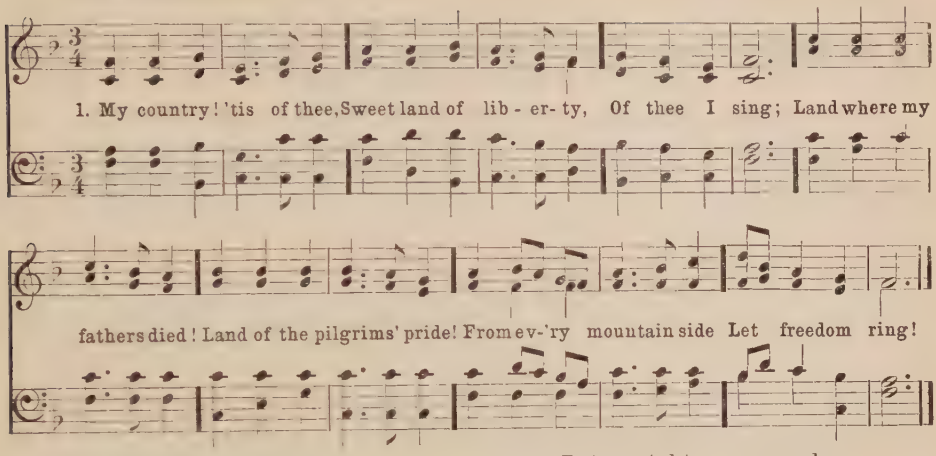
2 Shall crime bring crime forever,
Strength aiding still the strong?
Is it thy will, O Father,
That man shall toil for wrong?
No, say thy mountains; No, thy skies;
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs ascend, instead of sighs,
God save the people!

3 When wilt thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people; thine they are,
Thy children, as thine angels fair.
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people!

Ebenezer Elliott, 1781–1849

822 AMERICA. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

HENRY CAREY, (?) 1685–1743.


1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er- ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
fathers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev-'ry mountain side Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

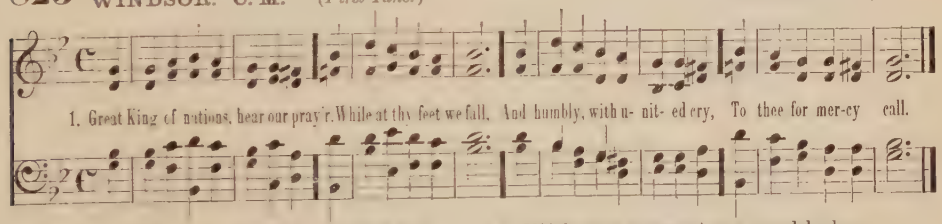
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

S. F. Smith, 1833.

823 WINDSOR. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

GEORGE KIRBYE, 1592.



2 The guilt is ours, but grace is thine,
O turn us not away;
And hear us from thy lofty throne,
And help us when we pray.

3 When dangers, like a stormy sea,
Beset our country round,
To thee we looked, to thee we cried,
And help in thee was found.

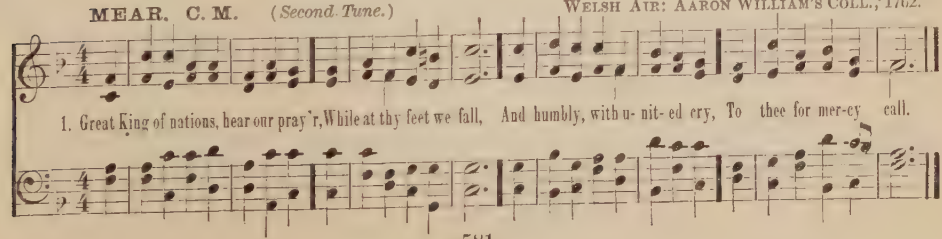
4 With one consent we meekly bow
Beneath thy chastening hand,
And, pouring forth confession meet,
Mourn with our mourning land.

5 With pitying eye behold our need,
As thus we lift our prayer;
Correct us with thy judgments, Lord,
Then let thy mercy spare.

J. H. Gurney, 1838

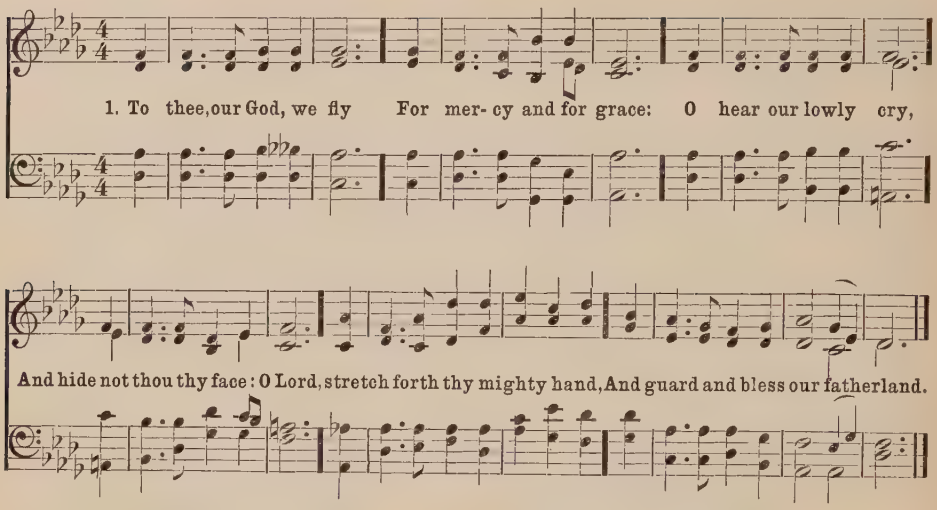
MEAR. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

WELSH AIR: AARON WILLIAM'S COLL., 1762.



824 WAVERTON. 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*First Tune.*)

ROBERT JACKSON, 1876.


1. To thee, our God, we fly For mer- cy and for grace: O hear our lowly cry,
And hide not thou thy face: O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand, And guard and bless our fatherland.

2 Arise, O Lord of hosts;
Be jealous for thy name,
And drive from out our coasts
The sins that put to shame:
O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

3 Thy best gifts from on high
In rich abundance pour,
That we may magnify
And praise thee more and more:
O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

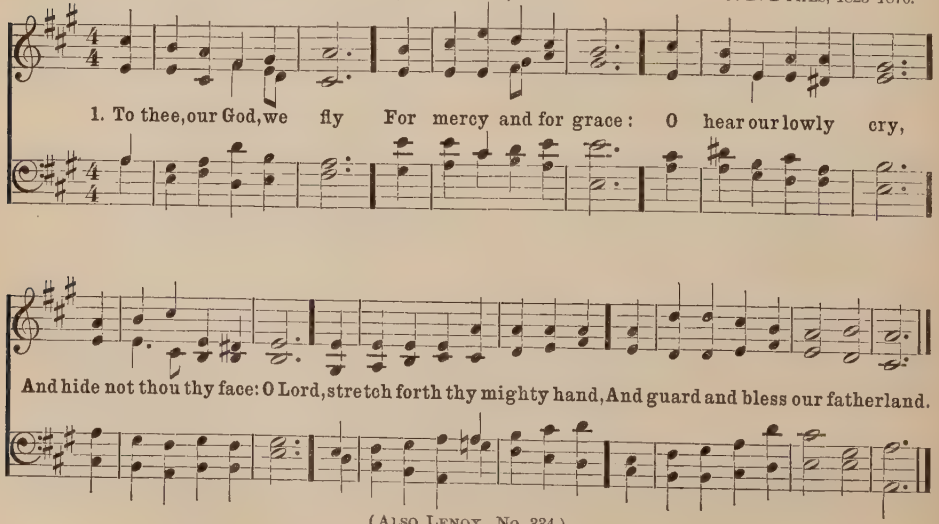
4 The powers ordained by thee
With heavenly wisdom bless;
May they thy servants be,
And rule in righteousness:
O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

5 Give peace, Lord, in our time;
O let no foe draw nigh,
Nor lawless deed of crime
Insult thy Majesty:
O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand,
And guard and bless our fatherland.

W. W. How, 1871.

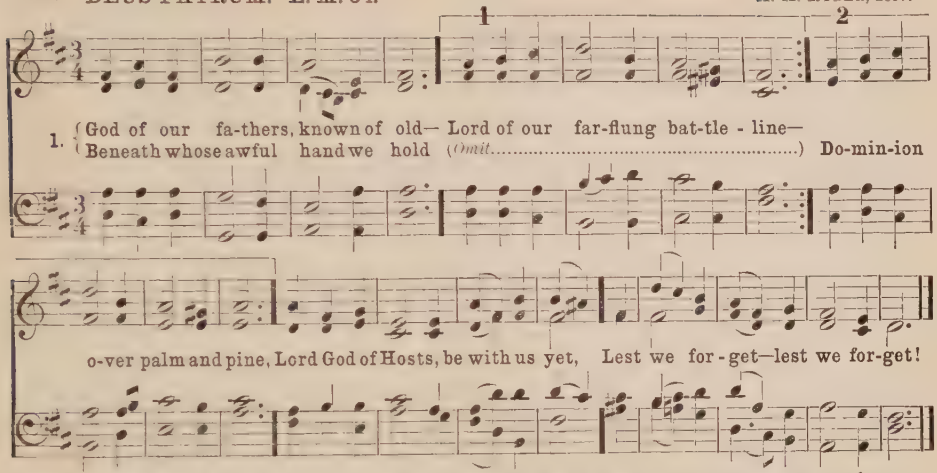
ST. GODRIC. 6.6.6.6.8.8. (*Second Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1823–1876.


1. To thee, our God, we fly For mercy and for grace: O hear our lowly cry,
And hide not thou thy face: O Lord, stretch forth thy mighty hand, And guard and bless our fatherland.

(ALSO LENOX, No. 334.)

825 DEUS PATRUM. L. M. 61.

A. H. Ryder, 1897.

1
2
1. God of our fa-thers, known of old— Lord of our far-flung bat-tle - line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold (Omit.....) Do-min-ion
o-ver palm and pine, Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for - get—lest we for-get!

2 The tumult and the shouting dies —
The captains and the kings depart —
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget?

3 Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget —lest we forget!

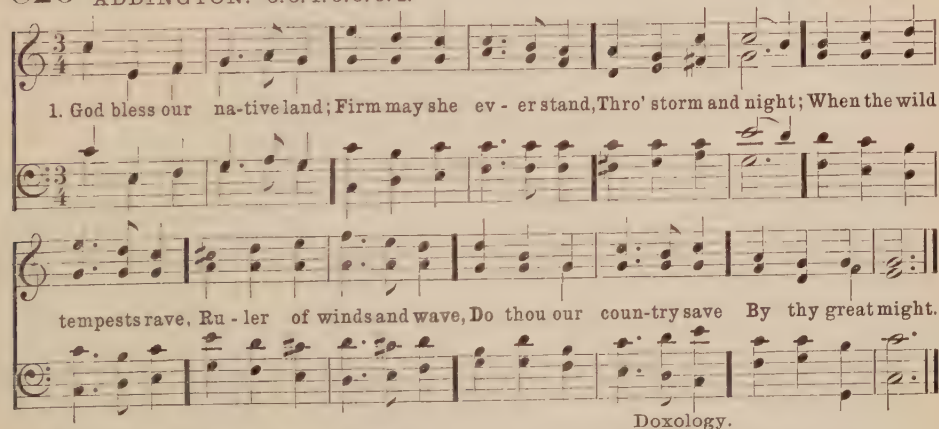
4 If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not thee in awe,
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling, 1897.

826 ADDINGTON. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4.

E. Prout, 1835—.


1. God bless our na-tive land; Firm may she ev - er stand, Thro' storm and night; When the wild
tempests rave, Ru - ler of winds and wave, Do thou our coun-try save By thy great might.

Doxology.

2 For her our prayers shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State.

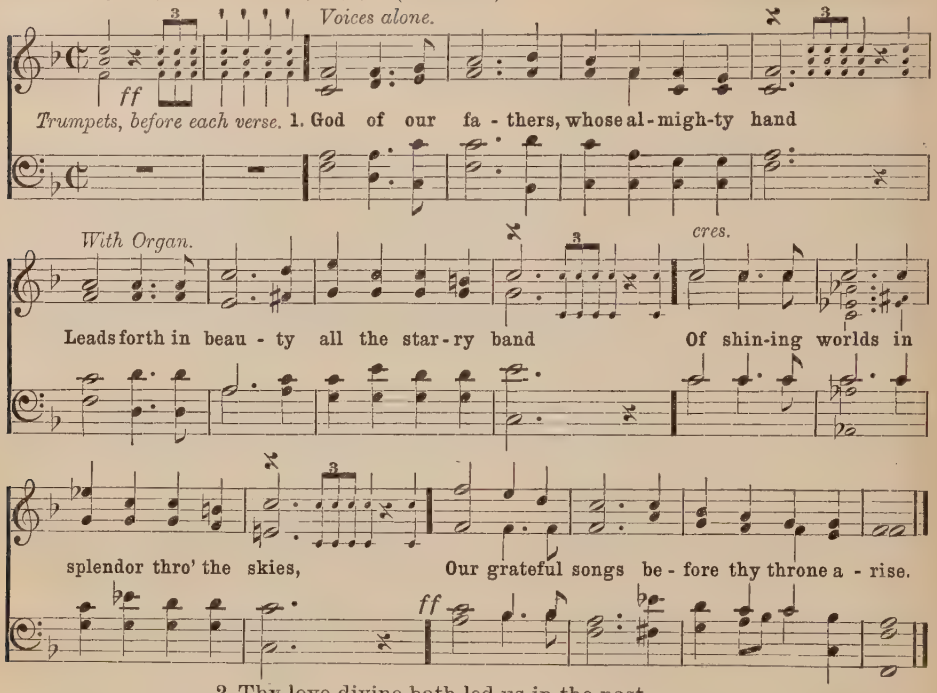
To God,—the Father, Son,
And Spirit,—three in one,
All praise be given!
Crown him in every song;
To him your hearts belong;
Let all his praise prolong,—
On earth, in heaven.

C. T. Brooks, tr. from German, c. 1834, alt. by J. S. Dwight, 1844.

(Also Italian Hymn, No. 306.)

827 NATIONAL HYMN. 10s. (*First Tune.*)

GEO. WM. WARREN, 1828—.


Voices alone.
ff
Trumpets, before each verse. 1. God of our fa - thers, whose al - migh-ty hand
With Organ.
cres.
Leads forth in beau - ty all the star - ry band
Of shin-ing worlds in
splendor thro' the skies,
Our grateful songs be - fore thy throne a - rise.
ff

2 Thy love divine hath led us in the past,
In this free land by thee our lot is cast;
Be thou our ruler, guardian, guide and stay,
Thy word our law, thy paths our chosen way.

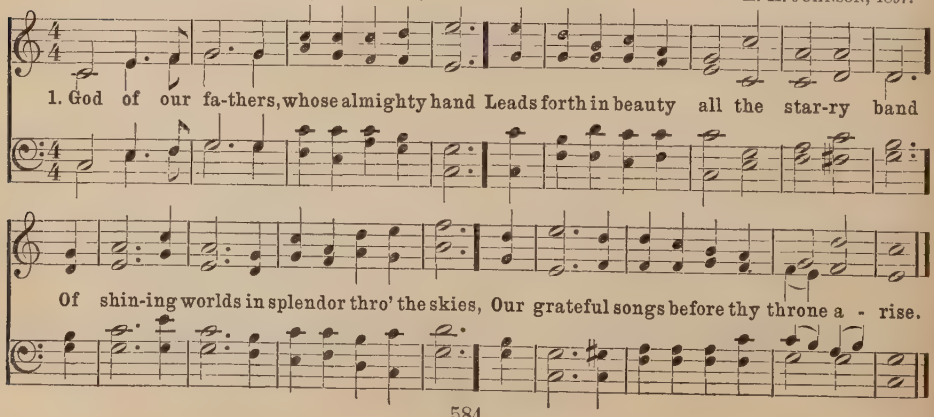
3 From war's alarms, from deadly pestilence,
Be thy strong arm our ever sure defence;
Thy true religion in our hearts increase,
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.

4 Refresh thy people on their toilsome way,
Lead us from night to never-ending day;
Fill all our lives with love and grace divine,
And glory, laud, and praise be ever thine.

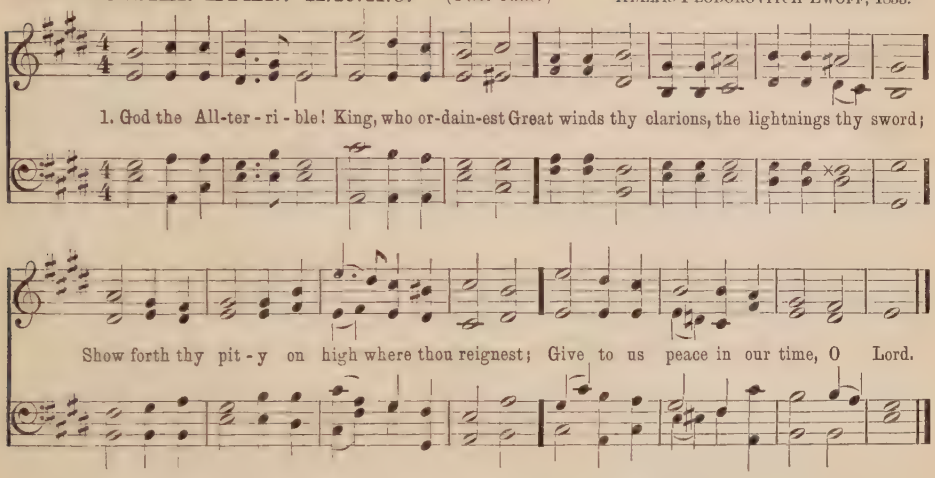
D. C. Roberts, 1876.

WORTLEY. 10s. (*Second Tune.*)

E. H. JOHNSON, 1897.


1. God of our fa-thers, whose almighty hand Leads forth in beauty all the star-ry band
Of shin-ing worlds in splendor thro' the skies, Our grateful songs before thy throne a - rise.

828 RUSSIAN HYMN. 11.10.11.9. (*First Tune.*) ALEXIS FEODOROVITCH LWOFF, 1833.


1. God the All-ter - ri - ble! King, who or-dain-est Great winds thy clarions, the lightnings thy sword;
Show forth thy pit - y on high where thou reignest; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

2 God the All-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy way of blessedness, slighted thy word;
Bid not thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

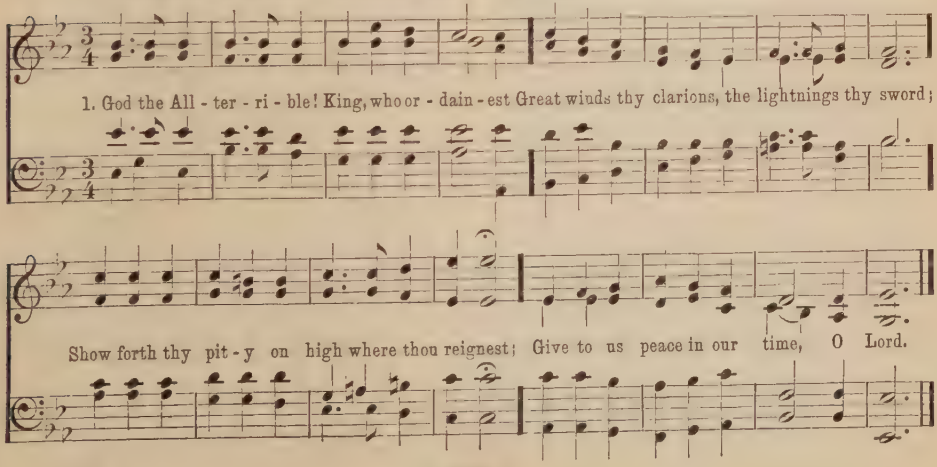
3 God the All-righteous One! man hath defied thee;
Yet to eternity standeth thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

4 God the All-wise! by the fire of thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Thro' the thick darkness thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in thy time, O Lord.

5 So shall thy children in thankful devotion
Laud him who saved them from peril abhorred,
Singing in chorus from ocean to ocean,
"Peace to the nations and praise to the Lord."

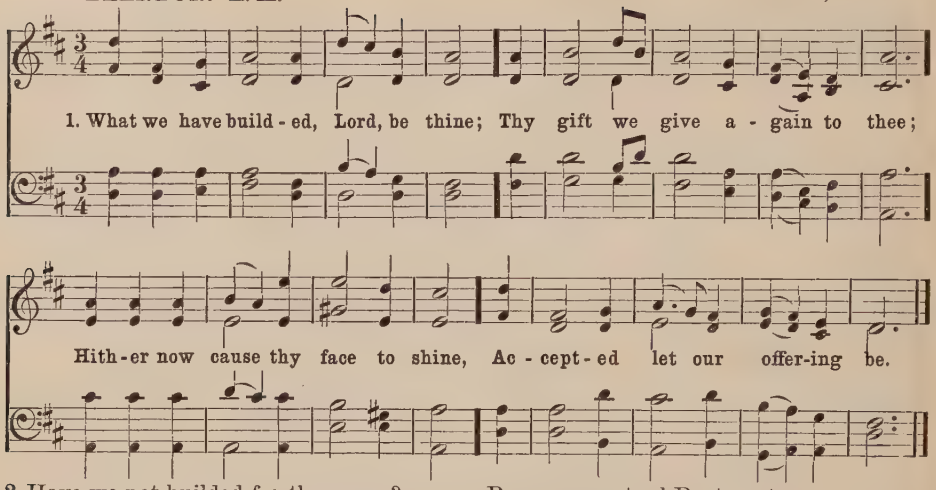
H. F. Chorley, 1808–1872.

ULTOR OMNIPOTENS. 11.10.11.9. (*Second Tune.*) SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.


1. God the All - ter - ri - ble! King, who or - dain - est Great winds thy clarions, the lightnings thy sword;
Show forth thy pit - y on high where thou reignest; Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

829 BLENDON. L. M.

FELIX DI GIARDINI, 1716–1796.


1. What we have build - ed, Lord, be thine; Thy gift we give a - gain to thee;
Hith - er now cause thy face to shine, Ac - cept - ed let our offer-ing be.

2 Have we not builded for thy name?
Here thy great name in grace record;
Visit the place in hallowing flame,
And fill it with thy Spirit, Lord.

3 Souls in that fulness plunged and lost,
That awful baptism from above,
Reap a perpetual Pentecost
Of power and wisdom, joy and love:

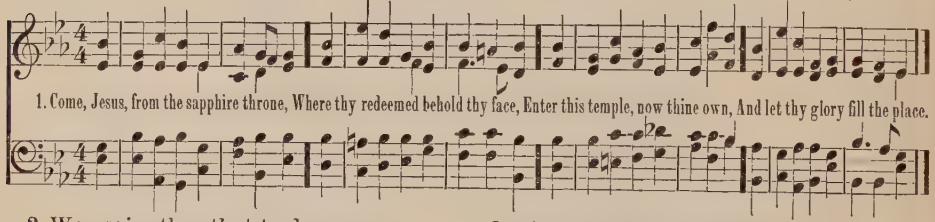
4 Thus, Lord, baptized from thee to learn,
Or thus from thee baptized to teach,
Here with one passion may we burn,
Christ and his cross to live and preach.

W. C. Wilkinson, 1879.

(ALSO WELLS, No. 353.)

830 CRUCIFER. L. M.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. Come, Jesus, from the sapphire throne, Where thy redeemed behold thy face, Enter this temple, now thine own, And let thy glory fill the place.

2 We praise thee that to-day we see
Its sacred walls before thee stand;
'Tis thine for us—'tis ours for thee;
Reared by thy kind assisting hand.

3 Oft as returns the day of rest,
Let heartfelt worship here ascend;
With thine own joy fill every breast,
With thine own power thy word attend.

4 Here, in the dark and sorrowing day,
Bid thou the throbbing heart be still;
O wipe the mourner's tears away,
And give new strength to meet thy will.

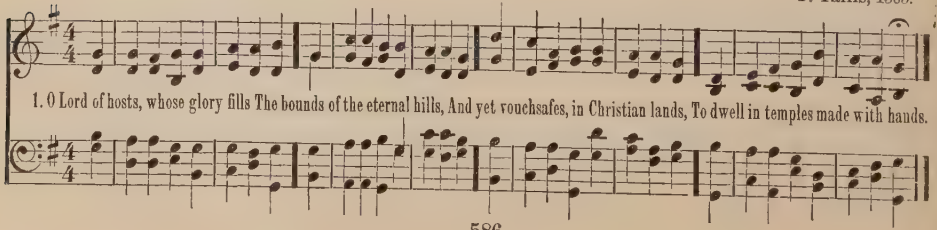
5 When round this board thine own shall meet,
And keep the feast of dying love,
Be our communion ever sweet,
With thee, and with thy church above.

6 Come, faithful Shepherd, feed thy sheep;
In thine own arms the lambs enfold;
Give help to climb the heavenward steep,
Till thy full glory we behold.

Ray Palmer, 1808–1887.

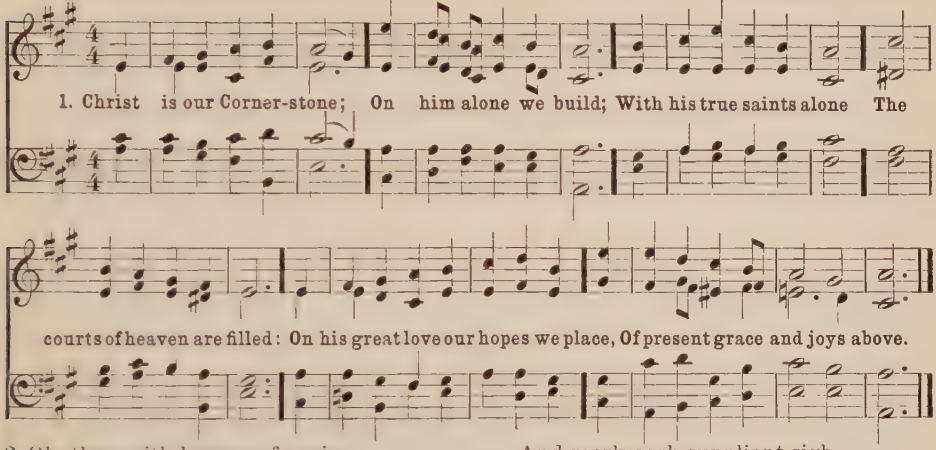
TALLIS' CANON. L. M. (*For No.* 833.)

T. Tallis, 1565.


1. O Lord of hosts, whose glory fills The bounds of the eternal hills, And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands, To dwell in temples made with hands.

831 HARLEY. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

S. S. Wesley, 1810–1876.


1. Christ is our Corner-stone; On him alone we build; With his true saints alone The
courts of heaven are filled: On his great love our hopes we place, Of present grace and joys above.

2 Oh, then with hymns of praise
These hallowed courts shall ring;
Our voices we will raise
The Three in One to sing;
And thus proclaim in joyful song,
Both loud and long, that glorious name.

3 Here, gracious God, do thou
For evermore draw nigh;
Accept each faithful vow,
And mark each suppliant sigh;
In copious shower on all who pray,
Each holy day, thy blessings pour.

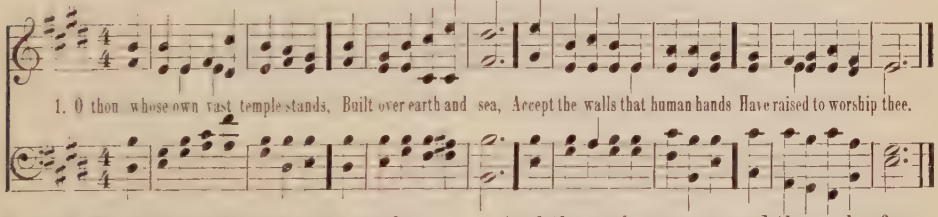
4 Here may we gain from heaven
The grace which we implore:
And may that grace, once given,
Be with us evermore,
Until that day when all the blest
To endless rest are called away.

Latin, 6th or 7th cent., tr. John Chandler, 1837.

(Also Lenox, No. 334.)

832 FULBERT. C. M.

H. J. Gauntlett, 1872.


1. O thou whose own vast temple stands, Built over earth and sea, Accept the walls that human hands Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord, from thine inmost glory send,
Within these courts to bide,
The peace that dwelleth without end,
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds that worship here
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotion rise,
While round these hallowed walls the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

W. C. Bryant, 1835.

(Also St. Ann's, No. 667.)

833 TALLIS' CANON. (*Opposite.*)

2 Grant that all we, who here to-day
Rejoicing this foundation lay,
May be in very deed thine own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

3 Endue the creatures with thy grace
That shall adorn thy dwelling-place;
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them thine.

4 To thee they all belong; to thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to thy throne
We but present thee with thine own.

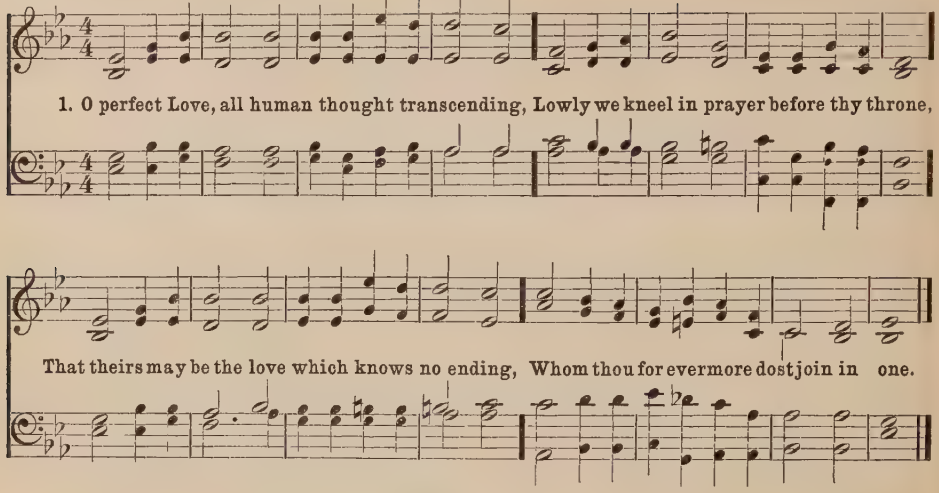
5 The hearts that guide endue with skill,
The hands that work preserve from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the top-stone in its day.

6 Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of thine own elect;
Be thou in them, and they in thee,
O ever-blessèd trinity.

J. M. Neale, 1844.

834 SANDRINGHAM. 11s. 10s. (*First Tune.*)

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1889.


1. O perfect Love, all human thought transcending, Lowly we kneel in prayer before thy throne,
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending, Whom thou for evermore dost join in one.

2 O perfect Life, be thou their full assurance
Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
With childlike trust that fears not pain nor death.

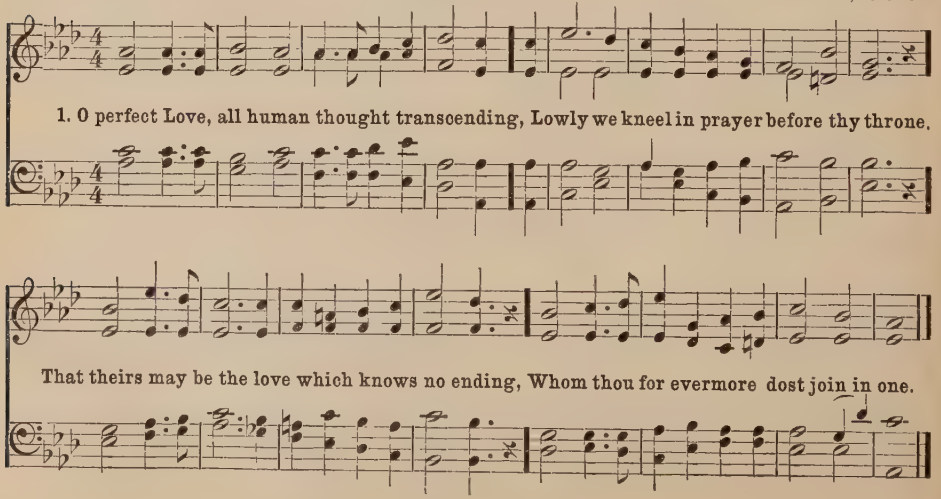
3 Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife,
And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
That dawns upon eternal love and life.

4 Hear us, O Father, gracious and forgiving,
Through Jesus Christ thy co-eternal Word,
Who, with the Holy Ghost, by all things living
Now and to endless ages art adored.

Dorothy F. Blomfield, 1883, doxology, John Ellerton, 1875.

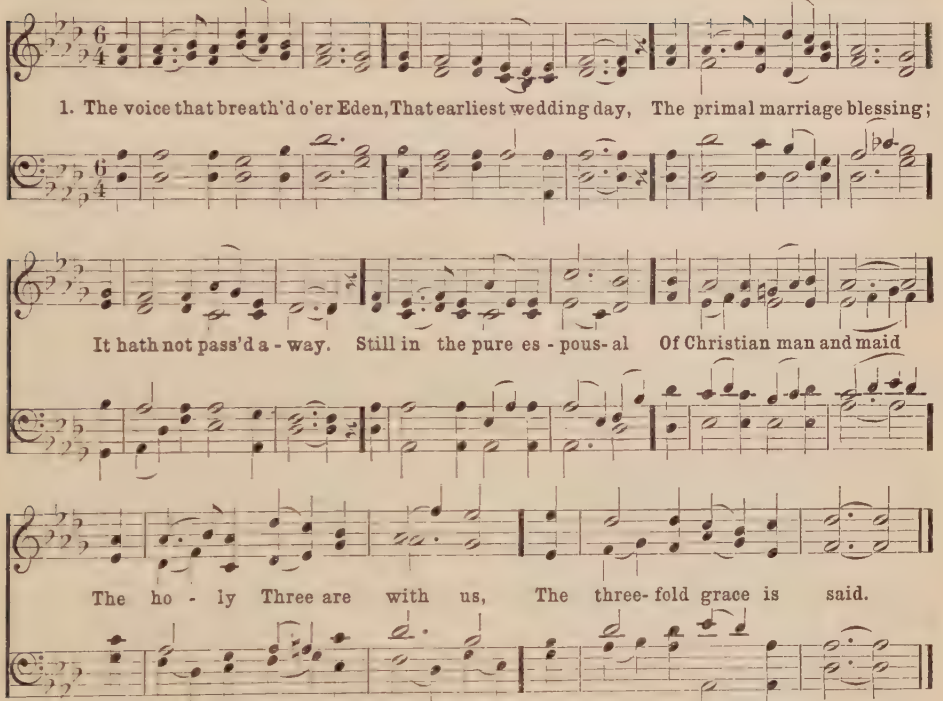
ELVERSTON. 11s. 10s. (*Second Tune.*)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.


1. O perfect Love, all human thought transcending, Lowly we kneel in prayer before thy throne.
That theirs may be the love which knows no ending, Whom thou for evermore dost join in one.

835 BALDWIN. 7s. 6s. D. (*First Tune.*)

ARR. FROM SILCHER.


1. The voice that breath'd o'er Eden, That earliest wedding day, The primal marriage blessing;
It hath not pass'd a - way. Still in the pure es - pous- al Of Christian man and maid
The ho - ly Three are with us, The three- fold grace is said.

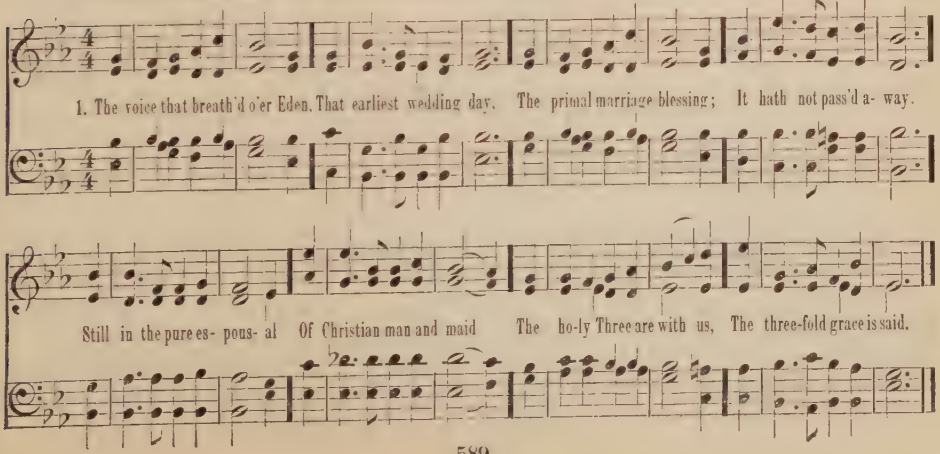
2 Be present, loving Father,
To give away this bride,
As Eve thou gav'st to Adam
Out of his own pierced side:
Be present, Son of Mary,
To join their loving hands,
As thou didst bind two natures
In thine eternal bands:

3 Be present, Holiest Spirit,
To bless them as they kneel,
As thou, for Christ the Bridegroom,
The heavenly Spouse dost seal.
O spread thy pure wing o'er them,
Let no ill power find place,
While onward to thy presence
Their hallowed path they trace.

John Keble, 1857, alt.

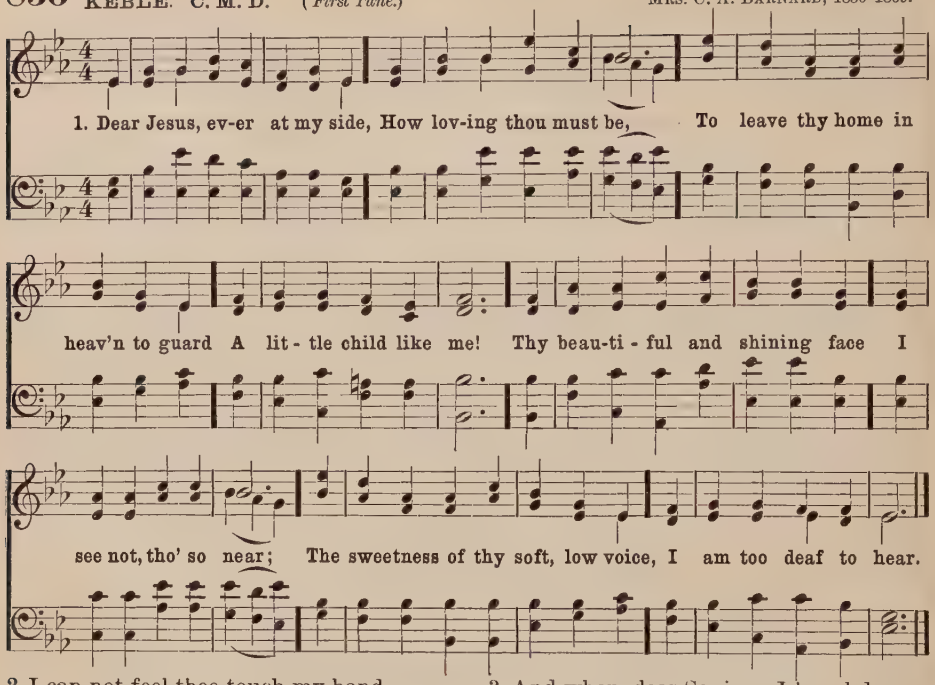
BLAIRGOWRIE. 7s. 6s. D. (*Second Tune.*)

J. B. DYKES, 1872.


1. The voice that breath'd o'er Eden, That earliest wedding day, The primal marriage blessing; It hath not pass'd a- way.
Still in the pure es- pous- al Of Christian man and maid The ho-ly Three are with us, The three-fold grace is said.

836 KEBLE. C. M. D. (*First Tune.*)

MRS. C. A. BARNARD, 1830–1869.


1. Dear Jesus, ev-er at my side, How lov-ing thou must be, To leave thy home in
heav'n to guard A lit-tle child like me! Thy beau-ti-ful and shining face I
see not, tho' so near; The sweetness of thy soft, low voice, I am too deaf to hear.

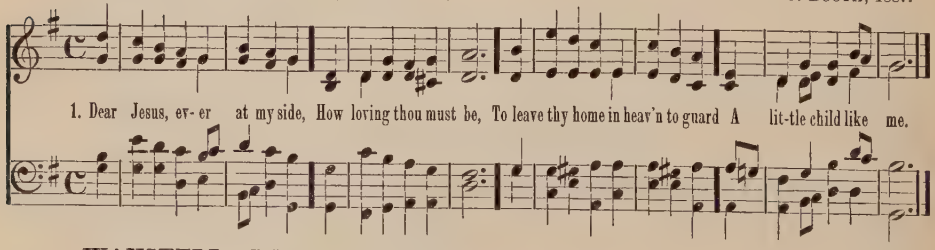
2 I can not feel thee touch my hand
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child:
But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And, when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

3 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.
Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too:
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.

F. W. Faber, 1849.

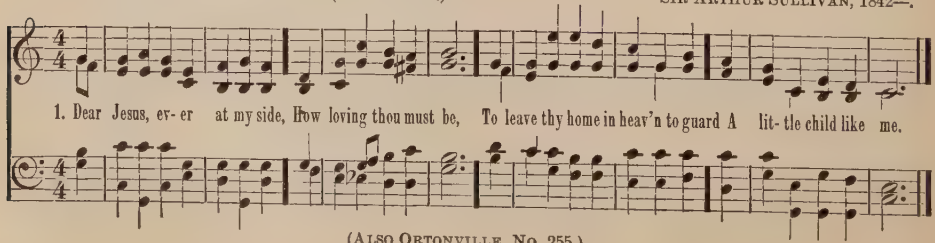
FERNSHAW. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. BOOTH, 1887.



WANSFELL. C. M. (*Third Tune.*)

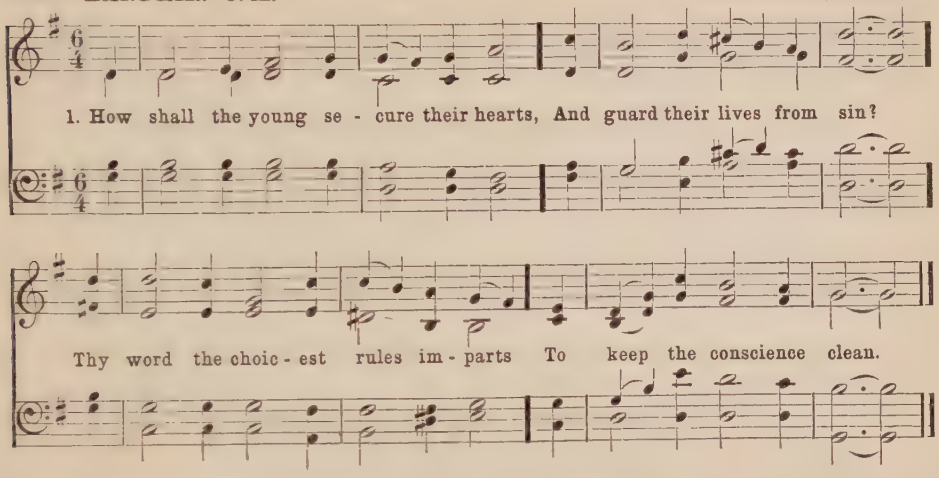
SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.



(ALSO ORTONVILLE, No. 255.)

837 LANFAIR. C. M.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896.


1. How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choic - est rules im - parts To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

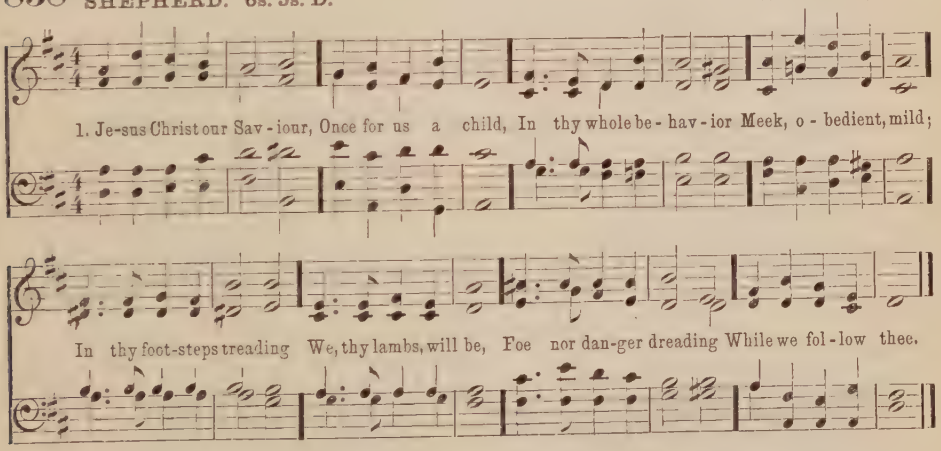
4 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God.

5 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Isaac Watts, 1710.

838 SHEPHERD. 6s. 5s. D.

J. B. CALKIN, 1827.


1. Je-sus Christ our Sav - iour, Once for us a child, In thy whole be - hav - ior Meek, o - bedient, mild;
In thy foot-steps treading We, thy lambs, will be, Foe nor dan-ger dreading While we fol - low thee.

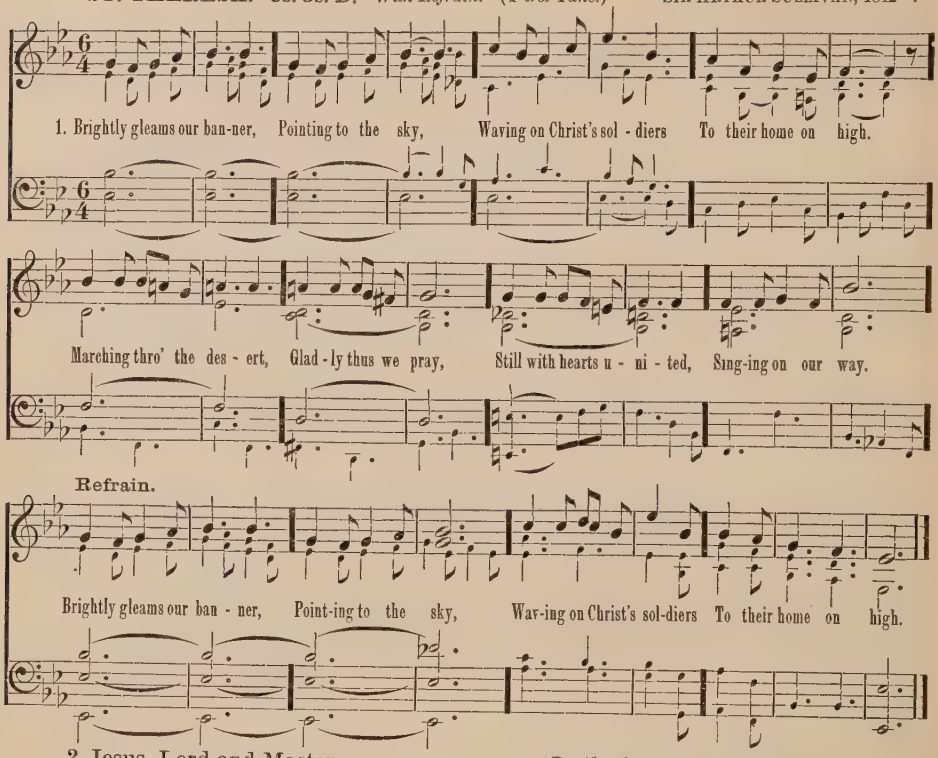
1 Jesus Christ our Saviour,
Once for us a child,
In thy whole behavior
Meek, obedient, mild;
In thy footsteps treading
We, thy lambs, will be,
Foe nor danger dreading
While we follow thee.

2 We, thy children, raising
Unto thee our hearts,
In thy constant praising
Bear our duteous parts:
As thy love hath won us
From the world away,
Still thy hands put on us;
Bless us day by day.

3 Let thine angels guide us;
Let thine arms enfold;
In thy bosom hide us,
Sheltered from the cold;
To thyself us gather,
'Mid the ransomed host,
Praising thee, the Father
And the Holy Ghost.

William Whiting, 1860.

839 ST. THERESA. 6s. 5s. D. *With Refrain.* (*First Tune.*) SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1842—.


1. Brightly gleams our ban-ner, Pointing to the sky, Waving on Christ's sol - diers To their home on high.
Marching thro' the des - ert, Glad - ly thus we pray, Still with hearts u - ni - ted, Sing-ing on our way.
Refrain.
Brightly gleams our ban - ner, Point-ing to the sky, Wav-ing on Christ's sol-diers To their home on high.

2 Jesus, Lord and Master,
At thy sacred feet,
Here, with hearts rejoicing,
See thy children meet.
Often have we left thee,
Often gone astray;
Keep us, mighty Saviour,
In the narrow way.—*Ref.*

3 Pattern of our childhood,
Once thyself a child,
Make our childhood holy,
Pure, and meek, and mild.
In the hour of danger
Whither can we flee,
Save to thee, dear Saviour,
Only unto thee?—*Ref.*

4 Then with saints and angels
May we join above,
Offering prayers and praises
At thy throne of love.
When the march is over,
Then come rest and peace,
Jesus in his beauty,
Songs that never cease.—*Ref.*

T. J. Potter, 1860, alt.

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840 BETHUNE. (*Opposite.*)

1 Come, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and accents blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only Friend:
His holy soul rejoices,
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices
Exulting in his love.

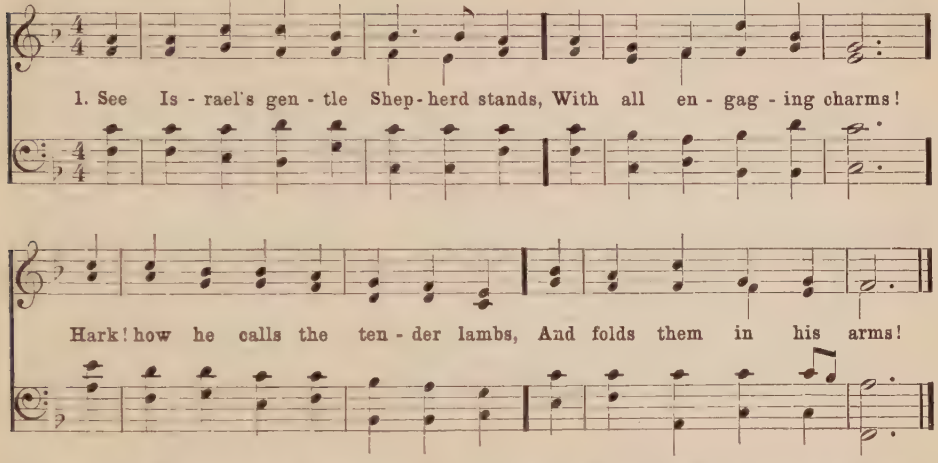
2 We love to sing of Jesus,
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And in our hour of danger,
We'll trust his love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.

3 Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay,
And hope to sing of Jesus
Throughout eternal day;
For those who here confess him,
He will in heaven confess;
And faithful hearts that bless him,
He will forever bless.

G. W. Bethune, 1850.

841 SOUTHWOLD. C. M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, 1852.


1. See Is - rael's gen - tle Shep - herd stands, With all en - gag - ing charms!
Hark! how he calls the ten - der lambs, And folds them in his arms!

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all engaging charms!
Hark! how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms!

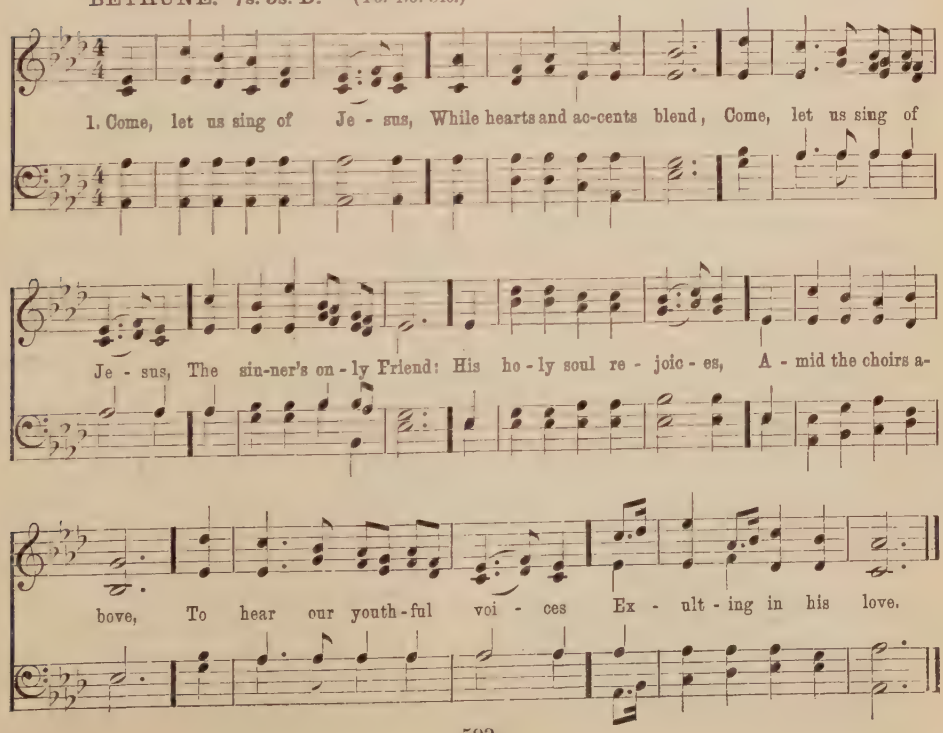
2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,—
Thine let our offspring be.

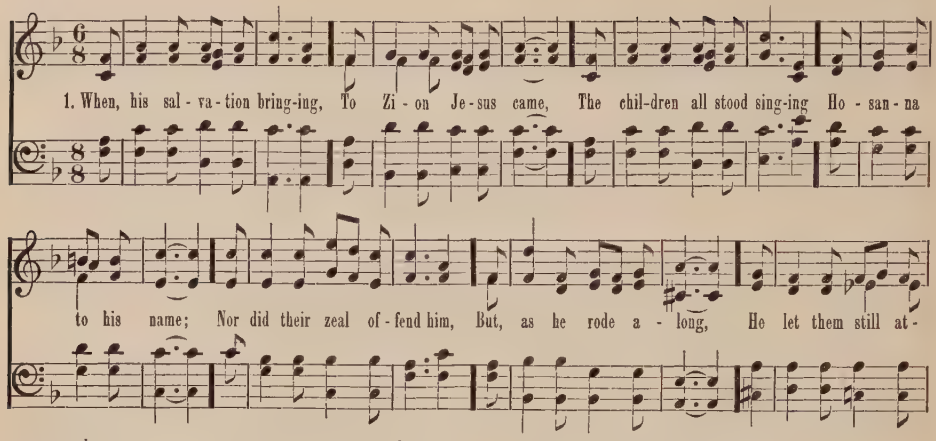
Philip Doddridge, 1740.

BETHUNE. 7s. 5s. D. (*For No.* 840.)

G. F. ROOT.


1. Come, let us sing of Je - sus, While hearts and ac-cents blend, Come, let us sing of
Je - sus, The sin-ner's on - ly Friend: His ho - ly soul re - joic - es, A - mid the choirs a-
bove, To hear our youth - ful voi - ces Ex - ult - ing in his love.

842 ST. CYR. 7s. 6s. D.

E. J. HOPKINS, 1818—.

1. When, his sal - va - tion bring-ing, To Zi - on Je - sus came, The chil-dren all stood sing-ing Ho - san - na
to his name; Nor did their zeal of - fend him, But, as he rode a - long, He let them still at -
tend him, Well pleased to hear their song.

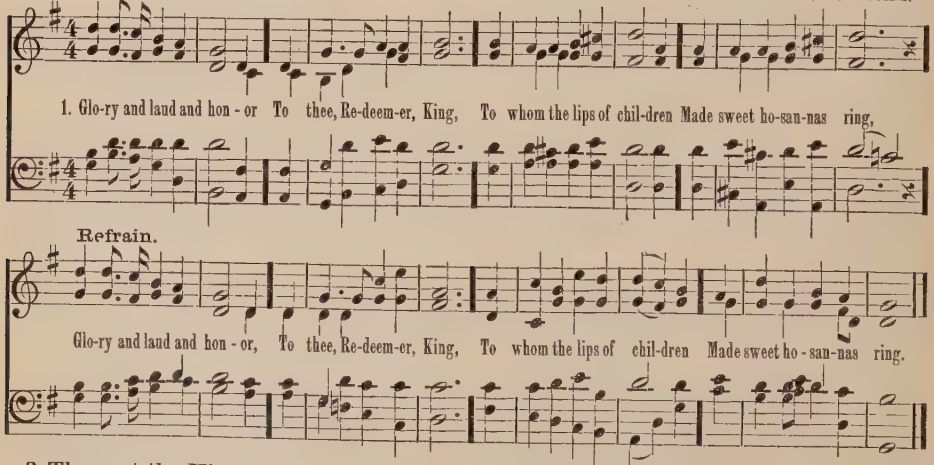
2 And since the Lord retaineth
His love for children still,
Though now as King he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his banner,
Who sits upon his throne,
And cry aloud, "Hosanna
To David's royal Son."

3 For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They too shall be the Lord's.

John King, 1830.

843 VALENS. 7s. 6s. D.

ARR. FROM CATHOLIC HYMNS.


1. Glo-ry and laud and hon - or To thee, Re-deem-er, King, To whom the lips of chil-dren Made sweet ho-san-nas ring.
Refrain.
Glo-ry and laud and hon - or, To thee, Re-deem-er, King, To whom the lips of chil-dren Made sweet ho - san-nas ring.

2 Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's royal Son,
Who in the Lord's name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.—*Ref.*

3 The people of the Hebrews
With palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before thee we present.—*Ref.*

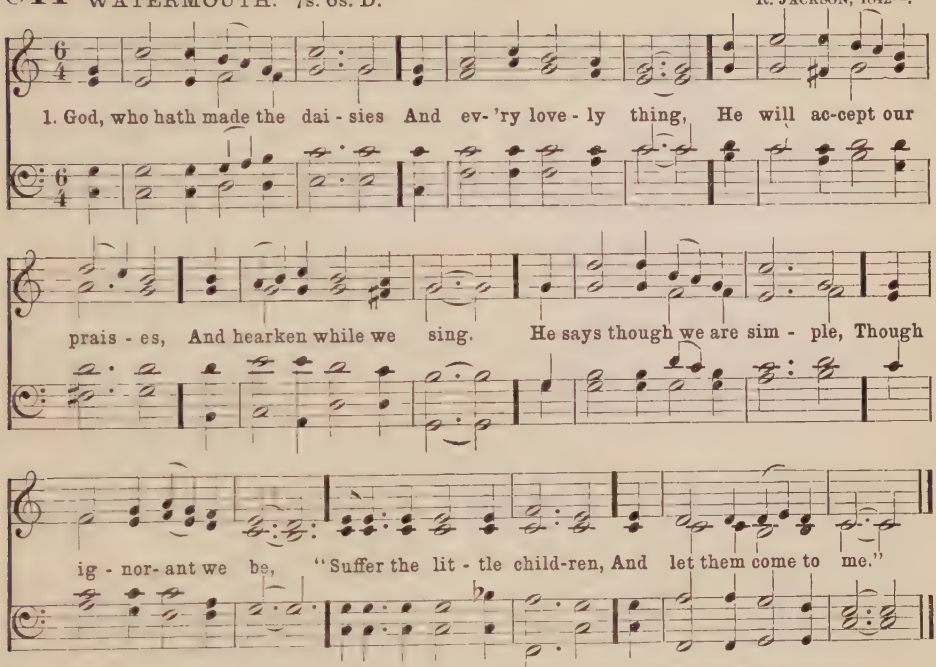
4 Thou wentest to thy passion
Amid their shouts of praise;
Thou reignest now in glory,
While we our anthems raise.—*Ref.*

5 Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King!—*Ref.*

Theodulph, Bp. of Orleans, 821, tr. by J. M. Neale, 1856.

844 WATERMOUTH. 7s. 6s. D.

R. JACKSON, 1842—.


1. God, who hath made the dai - sies And ev- 'ry love - ly thing, He will ac-cept our
prais - es, And hearken while we sing. He says though we are sim - ple, Though
ig - nor- ant we be, "Suffer the lit - tle child-ren, And let them come to me."

2 Though we are young and simple,
In praise we may be bold;
The children in the temple
He heard in days of old.
And if our hearts are humble,
He says to you and me,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to me."

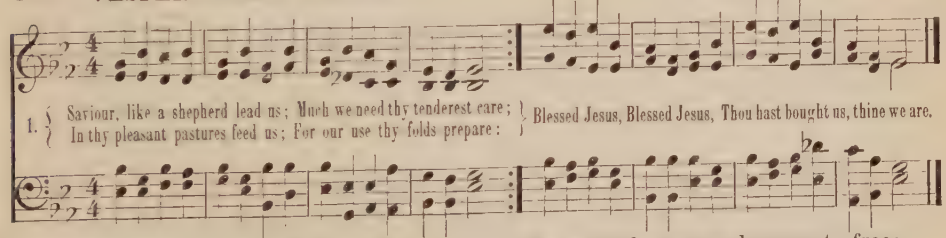
3 He sees the bird that wingeth
Its way o'er earth and sky;
He hears the lark that singeth
Up in the heaven so high;
But sees the heart's low breathings,
And says (well pleased to see,)
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to me."

4 Therefore we will come near him,
And solemnly we'll sing;
No cause to shrink or fear him,
We'll make our voices ring;
For in our temple speaking,
He says to you and me,
"Suffer the little children,
And let them come to me."

E. P. Hood, 1870.

845 VESPER HYMN. 8.7.8.7.4.7.

D. S. BORTNIANSKY, 1751-1825.


1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us; Much we need thy tenderest care; In thy pleasant pastures feed us; For our use thy folds prepare: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

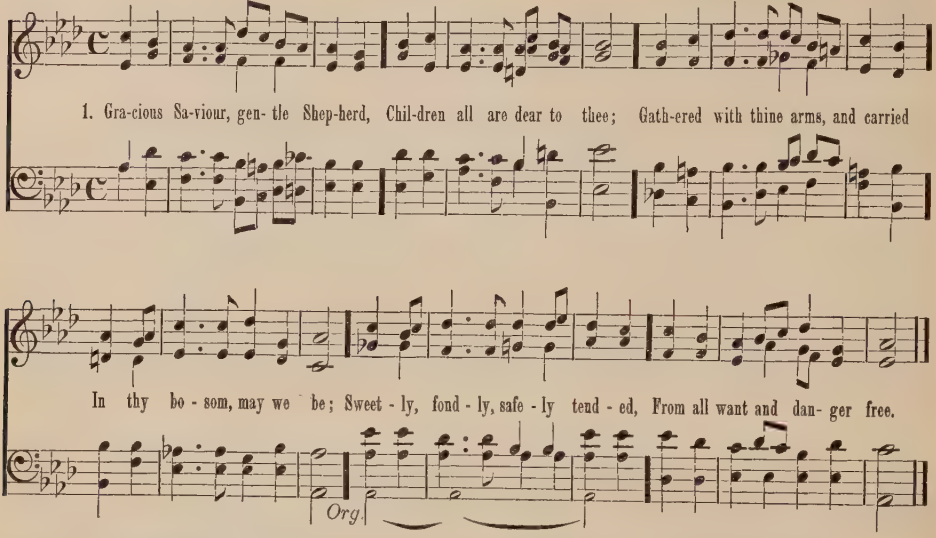
2 We are thine; do thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear the children, when they pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

4 Early let us seek thy favor;
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosom fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy Ann Thrupp, 1838.

846 DULWICH. 8s. 7s. 6 l. (*First Tune.*) W. A. F. SCHULTHES, 1816–1879.


1. Gra-cious Sa-viour, gen- tle Shep-herd, Chil-dren all are dear to thee; Gath-ered with thine arms, and carried
In thy bo - som, may we be; Sweet - ly, fond - ly, safe - ly tend - ed, From all want and dan- ger free.
Org.

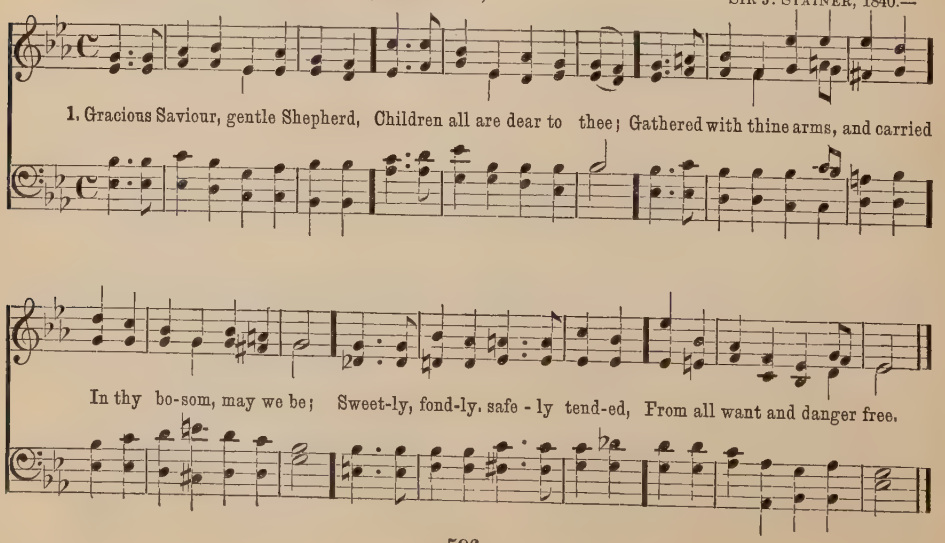
2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From thy fold to go astray;
By thy look of love directed
May we walk the narrow way;
Thus direct us, and protect us,
Lest we fall an easy prey.

3 Let thy holy word instruct us;
Guide us daily by its light;
Let thy love and grace constrain us
To approve whate'er is right;
Take thine easy yoke, and wear it,
Strengthened with thy heavenly might.

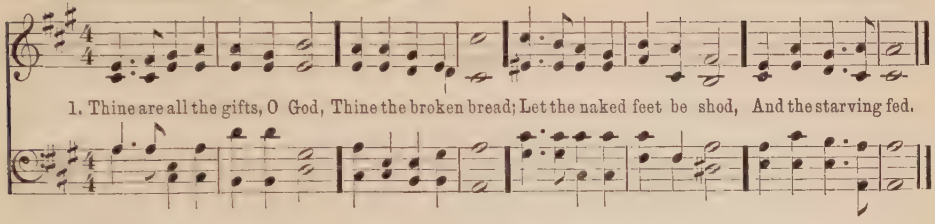
4 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth thy children sing,
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned,
May we our thank-offerings bring;
Then with all the saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King.

Jane E. Leeson, 1842, alt. by John Keble, 1857.

CHALMERS. 8s. 7s. 6 l. (*Second Tune.*) SIR J. STAINER, 1840.—


1. Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd, Children all are dear to thee; Gathered with thine arms, and carried
In thy bo-som, may we be; Sweet-ly, fond-ly, safe - ly tend-ed, From all want and danger free.

847 ST. PIRAN. 7s. 5s. (*First Tune.*)

E. J. Hopkins, 1818—.

2 Let thy children, by thy grace,
Give as they abound,
Till the poor have breathing-space,
And the lost are found.

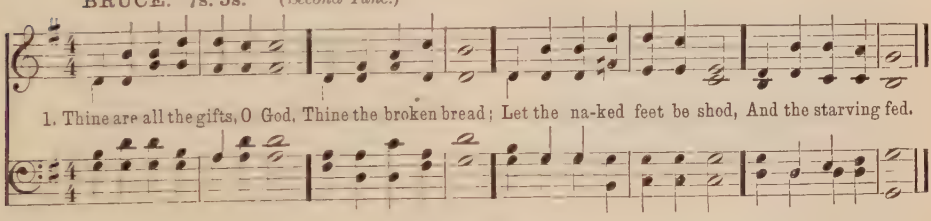
3 Wiser than the miser's hoards
Is the giver's choice:
Sweeter than the song of birds
Is the thankful voice;

4 Welcome smiles on faces sad
As the flowers of spring:
Let the tender hearts be glad
With the joy they bring.

5 Happier for their pity's sake
Make their sports and plays,
And from lips of childhood take
Thy perfected praise.

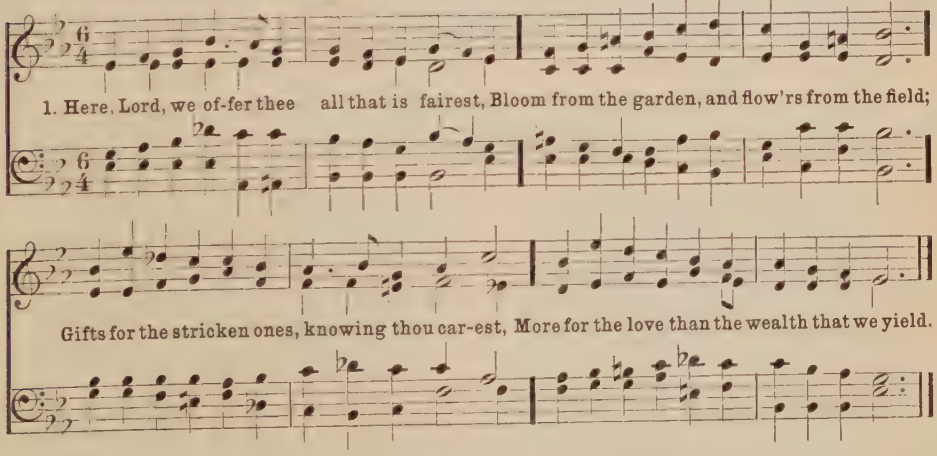
J. G. Whittier, 1878.

BRUCE. 7s. 5s. (*Second Tune.*)



848 ROSENTHAL. 11s. 10s.

J. W. Elliott, 1833—.


1. Here, Lord, we of-fer thee all that is fairest, Bloom from the garden, and flow'rs from the field;
Gifts for the stricken ones, knowing thou car-est, More for the love than the wealth that we yield.

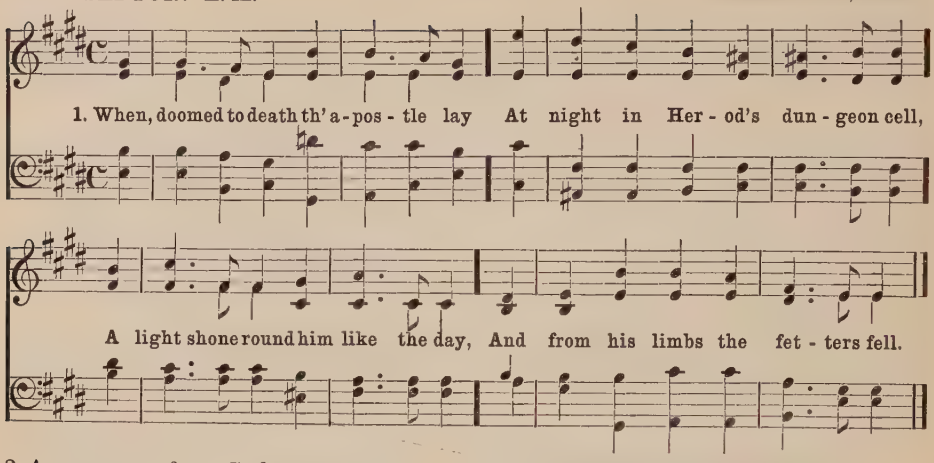
2 Send, Lord, by these to the sick and the dying,
Speak to their hearts with a message of peace;
Comfort the sad, who in weakness are lying,
Grant the departing a gentle release.

3 Raise, Lord, to health again those who have sickened,
Fair be their lives as the roses in bloom;
Give of thy grace to the souls thou hast quickened,
Gladness for sorrow, and brightness for gloom.

A. G. W. Blunt, 1879.

849 SEFTON. L. M.

J. Baptiste Calkin, 1827—.


1. When, doomed to death th' a - pos - tle lay At night in Her - od's dun - geon cell,
A light shone round him like the day, And from his limbs the fet - ters fell.

2 A messenger from God was there,
To break his chain and bid him rise;
And lo! the saint, as free as air,
Walked forth beneath the open skies.

3 Chains yet more strong and cruel bind
The victims of that deadly thirst
Which drowns the soul, and from the mind
Blots the bright image stamped at first.

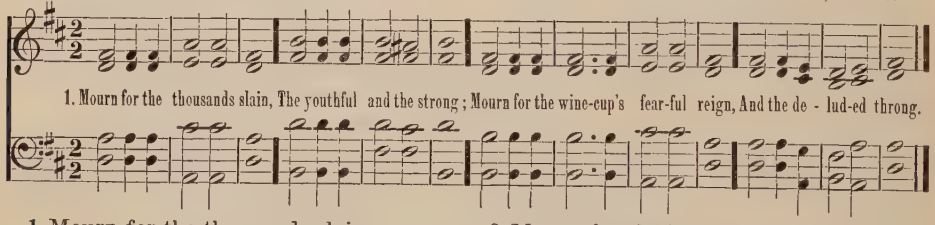
4 O God of love and mercy, deign
To look on those with pitying eye
Who struggle with that fatal chain,
And send them succor from on high.

5 Send down in its resistless might,
Thy gracious Spirit, we implore,
And lead the captive forth to light,
A rescued soul, a slave no more.

W. C. Bryant, 1878.

850 SHAWMUT. S. M. (*First Tune.*)

Arr. by Lowell Mason, 1792–1872.



1 Mourn for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.

2 Mourn for the ruined soul,—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.

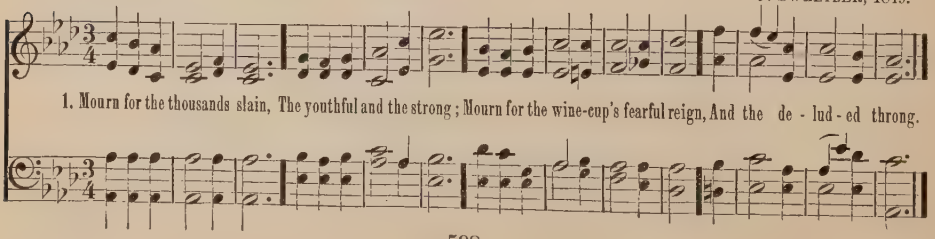
3 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun the dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.

4 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

S. C. Brace, 1843.

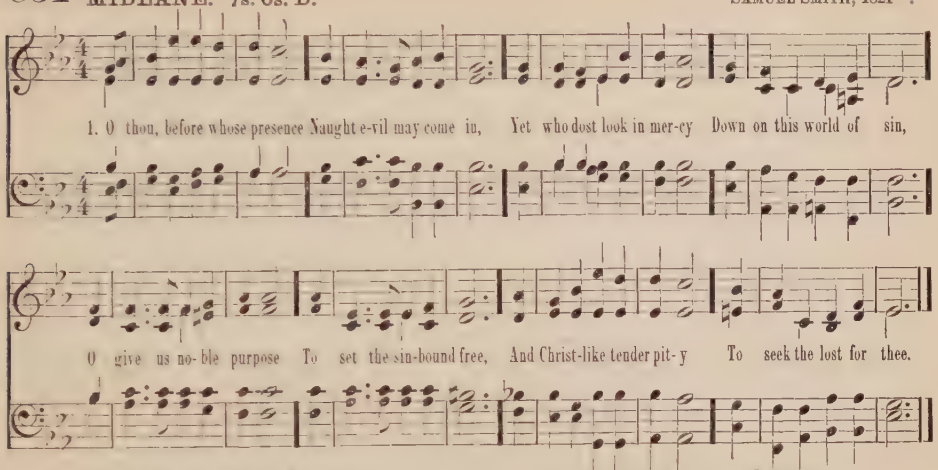
GREENWOOD. S. M. (*Second Tune.*)

J. Sweetzer, 1849.



851 MIDLANE. 7s. 6s. D.

SAMUEL SMITH, 1821—.


1. O thou, before whose presence Naught e-vil may come in, Yet who dost look in mer-cy Down on this world of sin,
O give us no- ble purpose To set the sin-bound free, And Christ-like tender pit- y To seek the lost for thee.

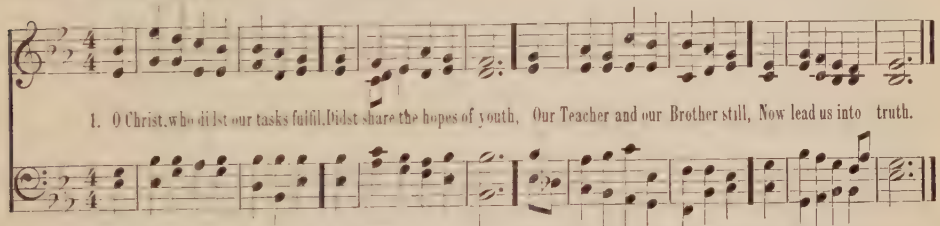
2 Fierce is our subtle foeman:
The forces at his hand
With woes that none can number
Despoil the pleasant land:
All they who war against them,
In strife so keen and long,
Must in their Saviour's armor
Be stronger than the strong.

3 Lead on, O Love and Mercy,
O Purity and Power;
Lead on till peace eternal
Shall close this battle hour;
Till all who prayed and struggled
To set their brethren free,
In triumph meet to praise thee,
Most Holy Trinity.

S. J. Stone, 1889.

852 ST. PETER'S. C. M. (*First Tune.*)

A. R. REINAGLE, 1826.


1. O Christ, who didst our tasks fulfil. Didst share the hopes of youth, Our Teacher and our Brother still, Now lead us into truth.

2 The call is thine: be thou the Way,
And thine the hearts that guide;
Let wisdom broaden with the day,
Let human faith abide.

3 Who learns of thee the truth shall find,
Who follows, wins the goal;
With reverence crown the earnest mind,
And speak within the soul.

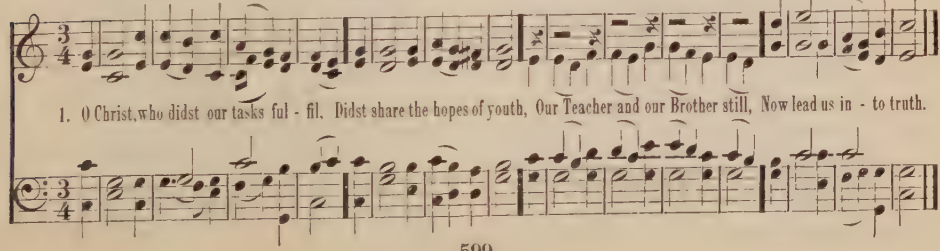
4 Waken the purpose high which strives,
And, falling, stands again;
Confirm the will of eager lives
To quit themselves like men:

5 Thy life the bond of fellowship,
Thy love the law that rules,
Thy name, proclaimed by every lip,
The Master of our schools.

L. F. Benson, 1894.

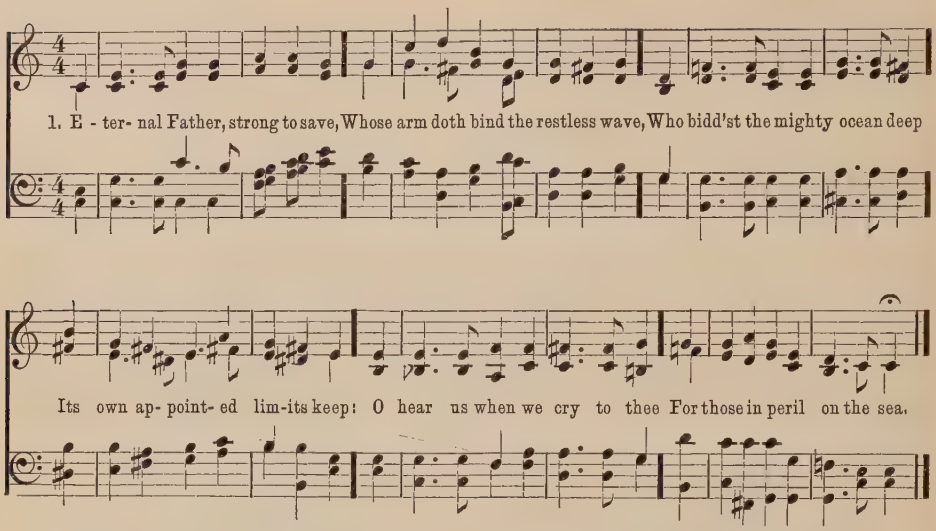
COVENTRY. C. M. (*Second Tune.*)

ENGLISH. ARR. BY L. MASON, 1841.


1. O Christ, who didst our tasks ful - fil. Didst share the hopes of youth, Our Teacher and our Brother still, Now lead us in - to truth.

853 MELITA. L. M. 61.

J. B. Dykes, 1861.


1. E - ter- nal Father, strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the restless wave, Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own ap- point- ed lim-its keep: O hear us when we cry to thee For those in peril on the sea.

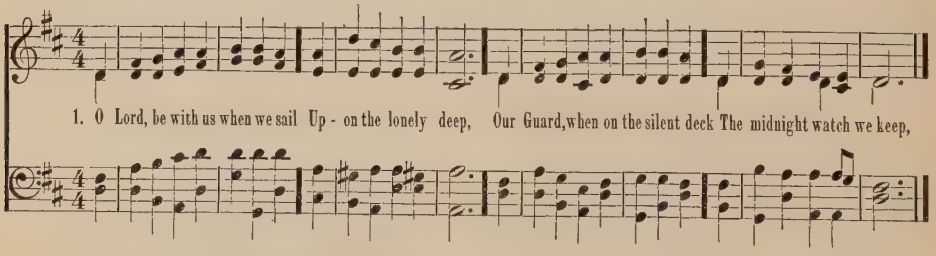
2 O Saviour, whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid its rage didst sleep:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 O Sacred Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who badd'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light and life and peace:
O hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

William Whiting, 1860 and 1869.

854 TALLIS'S ORDINAL. C. M.

Thomas Tallis, 1560.

2 We need not fear, though all around
'Mid rising winds we hear
The multitude of waters surge;
For thou, O God, art near.

3 The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm,
That pass from land to land,
All, all are thine, are held within
The hollow of thy hand.

* 4 If duty calls from threatened strife
To guard our native shore,
And shot and shell are answering
The booming cannon's roar.

* 5 Be thou the Mainguard of our host,
Till war and dangers cease;
Defend the right, put up the sword,
And through the world make peace.

6 Across this troubled tide of life
Thyself our Pilot be,
Until we reach that better land,
The land that knows no sea.

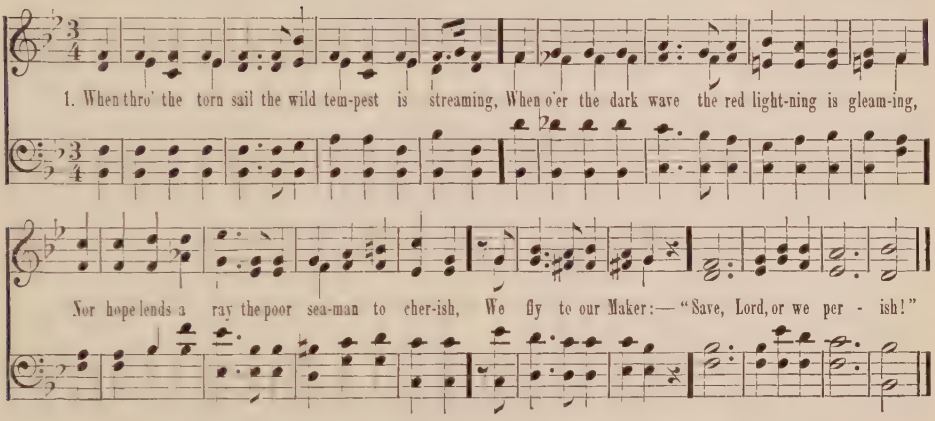
7 To thee the Father, thee the Son,
Whom earth and sky adore,
And Spirit moving on the deep,
Be praise for evermore.

E. A. Dayman, 1865.

* For use in the Navy.

855 SULLIVAN. 12s.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN, 1869.


1. When thro' the torn sail the wild tem-pest is streaming, When o'er the dark wave the red light-ning is gleam-ing,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor sea-man to cher-ish, We fly to our Maker:—"Save, Lord, or we per - ish!"

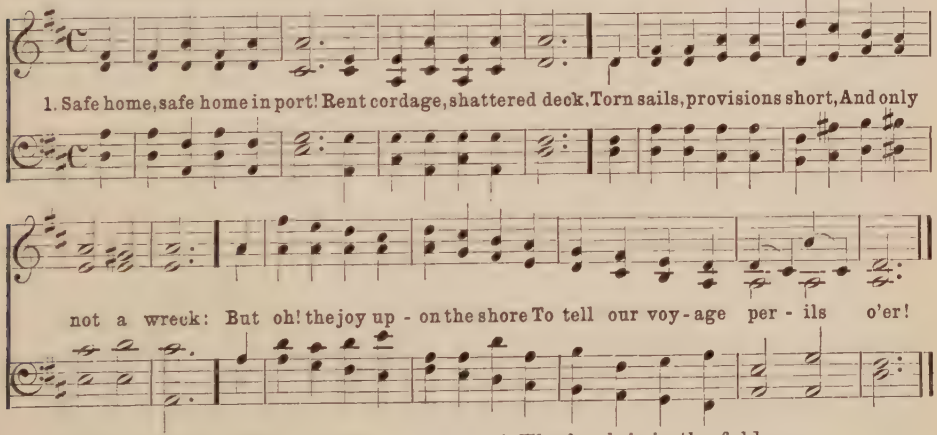
2 O Jesus, once tossed on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now, seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his danger, "Help, Lord, or we perish!"

3 And, oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts, its wild warfare is waging,
Arise in thy strength, thy redeemed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer—"Help, Lord, or we perish!"

Reginald Heber, 1820.

856 HARBOR. 6. 6. 6. 6. 8. 8.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.


1. Safe home, safe home in port! Rent cordage, shattered deck, Torn sails, provisions short, And only
not a wreck: But oh! the joy up - on the shore To tell our voy - age per - ils o'er!

2 The prize, the prize secure!
The warrior nearly fell;
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well:
But he may smile at troubles gone
Who sets the victor-garland on.

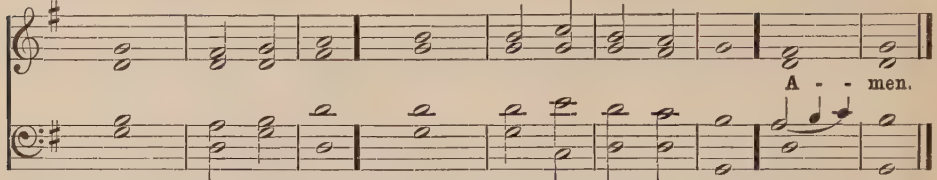
3 No more the foe can harm;
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed.

4 The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end:
But One came by, with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

5 The exile is at home!
O nights and days of tears,
O longings not to roam,
O sins, and doubts, and fears:
What matter now this bitter fray?
The King has wiped those tears away.

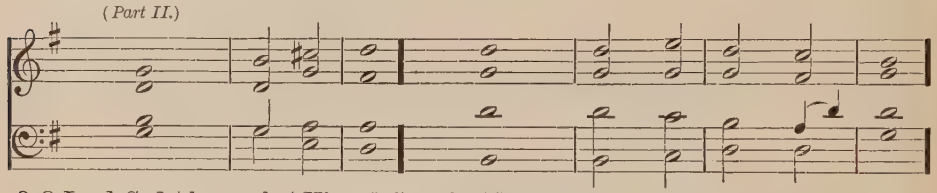
St. Joseph the Hymnographer, c. 830, tr. J. M. Neale, 1863.

857 No. 1. GLORY BE TO GOD. (Gloria in Excelsis.) (*Part I.*) UNKNOWN.



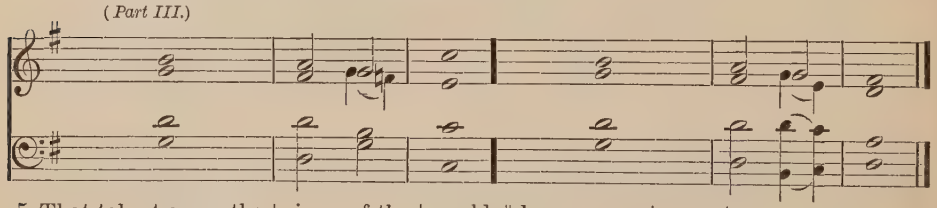
1 Glory *be* to | God on | high, || and on *earth* | peace, good- | will toward | men.
2 We praise thee, we bless *thee*, we | worship | thee, || we glorify thee, we give *thanks* to | thee for | thy great | glory.

(*Part II.*)



3 O Lord *God*, | heavenly | King, || *God*, the | Father | Al — | mighty;
4 O Lord, the only-begotten *Son*, | Jesus | Christ; || O Lord God, *Lamb* of | God, Son | of the | Father:

(*Part III.*)

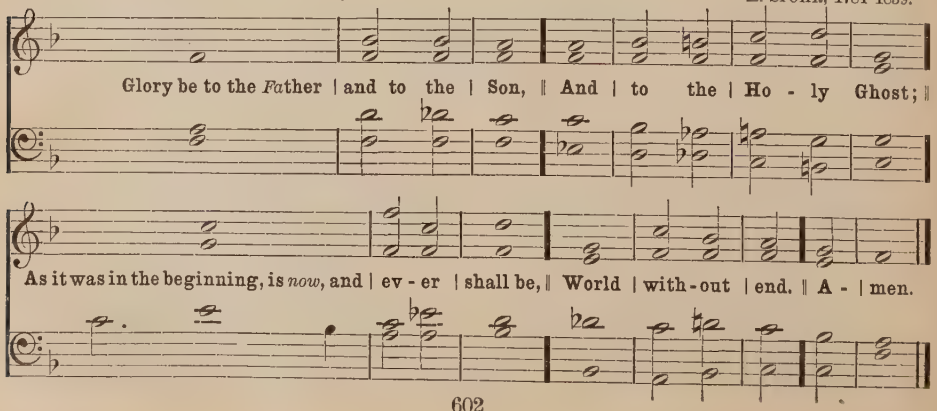


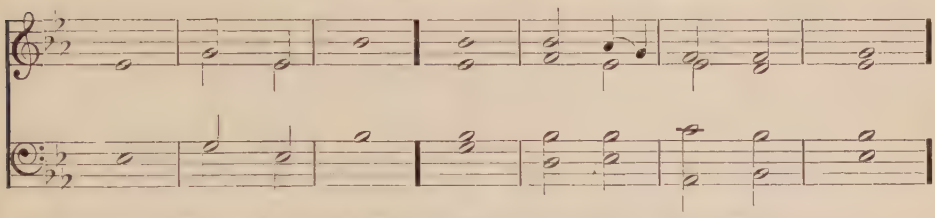
5 That takest a*way* the | sins • of the | world, || have *mercy* | upon | us.
6 Thou that takest a*way* the | sins • of the | world, || have *mercy* | upon | us.
7 Thou that takest a*way* the | sins • of the | world, || *re-* | ceive our | prayer.
8 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father, || have *mercy* | upon | us.

(*Return to Part I.*)

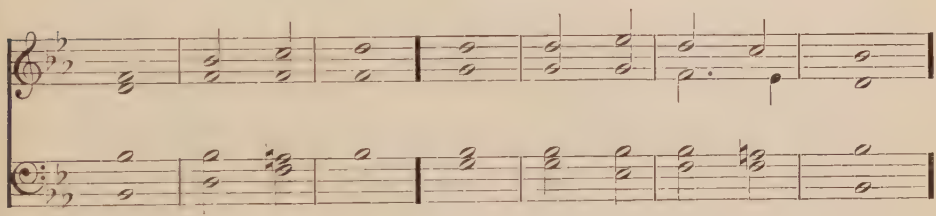
9 For *thou* | only • art | holy; || *thou* | only | art the | Lord.
10 Thou only, O *Christ*, with the | Holy | Ghost, || art most *high* in the | glory • of | God the | Father. || A — | men.

858 No. 2. GLORIA PATRI. L. SPOHR, 1784-1839.


Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and to the | Son, || And | to the | Ho - ly Ghost; ||
As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ev - er | shall be, || World | with-out | end. || A - | men.

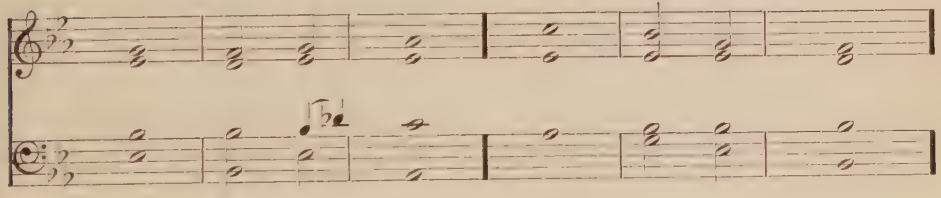
859 No. 3. GLORY BE TO GOD ON HIGH. (Gloria in Excelsis.) H. C. Zeuner, 1795-1857.

1 Glory *be* to | God on | high, ‖ and on *earth* | peace, good | will towards | men.

2 We praise thee, we bless *thee*, we | worship | thee, ‖ we glorify thee, we give *thanks* to | thee for | thy great | glory.



3 O Lord *God*, | heavenly | King, ‖ *God*, the | Father | Al — | mighty;

4 O Lord, the only-begotten *Son*, | Jesus | Christ; ‖ O Lord God, *Lamb* of | God, Son | of the | Father:

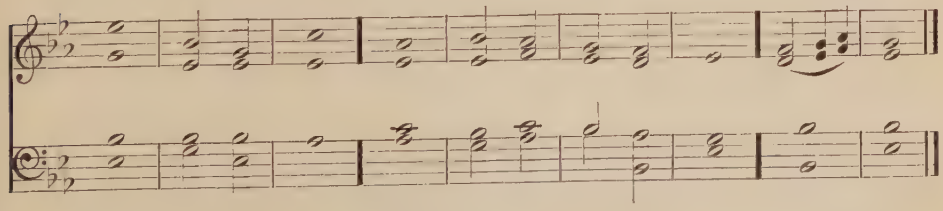


5 That takest a*way* the | sins • of the | world, ‖ have *mer*cy | upon | us.

6 Thou that takest a*way* the | sins • of the | world, ‖ have *mer*cy | upon | us.

7 Thou that takest a*way* the | sins • of the | world, ‖ *re-* | ceive our | prayer.

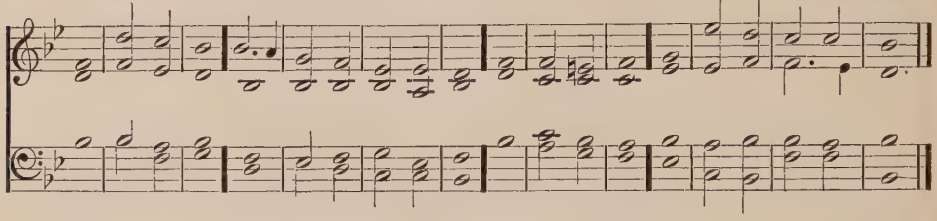
8 Thou that sittest at the right *hand* of | God the | Father, ‖ have *mer*cy | upon | us



9 For *thou* | only • art | holy; ‖ *thou* | only | art the | Lord.

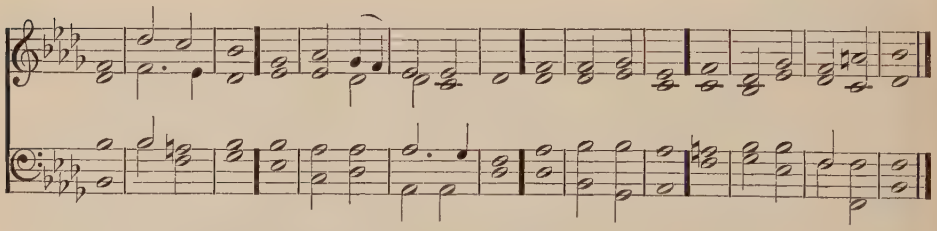
10 Thou only, O *Christ*, with the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ art most *high* in the | glory • of | God the | Father. ‖ A — | men.

860 **No. 4. WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.** (Te Deum Laudamus.) H. Lawes, 1596–1662.



1 We *praise* | thee, O | God; ‖ we ac*know*ledge | thee to | be the | Lord.
2 All the *earth* doth | worship | thee, ‖ *the* | Father | ever- | lasting.
3 To thee all *an*gels | cry a- | loud, ‖ the *heavens* and | all the | powers • there- | in.
4 To thee *cher*ubim and | sera- | phim ‖ *con-* | tin- • ual- | ly do | cry.
5 *Ho*ly | holy | holy, ‖ *Lord* | God of | Saba- | oth;
6 *Heaven* and | earth are | full ‖ *of* the | majes- • ty | of thy | glory.
7 The glorious company of the *apos*tles | praise — | thee; ‖ the goodly fellowship *of* the | prophets | praise — | thee;
8 The noble army of *mar*tyrs | praise — | thee; ‖ the holy church throughout all the *world* | doth ac- | knowledge | thee;
9 The Father *of* an | infi- • nite | majesty; ‖ thine a*dor*able | true and only | Son;
10 *Al*so the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ *the* | Com — | — for- | ter.
11 *Thou* | art the | King ‖ *of* | glory, | O — | Christ.
12 Thou art the *ever-* | lasting | Son ‖ *of* | — the | Fa — | ther.

R. Cooke, — 1814.



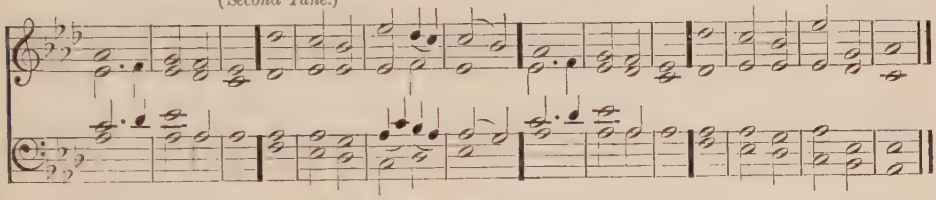
13 When thou tookest upon *thee* to de- | liver | man, ‖ thou didst humble thy*self* to be | born — | of a | virgin.
14 When thou hadst over*come* the | sharpness • of | death ‖ thou didst open the *king*dom of | heaven to | all be- | lievers.
15 Thou sittest at the *right* | hand of | God, ‖ *in* the | glory | of the | Father.
16 We be*lieve* that | thou shalt | come ‖ *to* | be — | our — | Judge.
17 We therefore *pray* thee | help thy | servants, ‖ whom thou hast re*dee*med | with thy | precious | blood.
18 Make them to be *num*bered | with thy | saints, ‖ *in* | glory | ever- | lasting.
19 O *Lord*, | save thy | people; ‖ *and* | bless thine | heri- | tage.
20 *Gov-* | — ern | them, ‖ *and* | lift them | up for | ever.

(*Return to First Part.*)

21 *Day* | — by | day ‖ *we* | magni- | fy — | thee;
22 *And* we | worship • thy | name, ‖ *ever* | world with- | out — | end.
23 *Vouch-* | safe, O | Lord, ‖ to *keep* us this | day with- | out — | sin.
24 O *Lord*, have | mercy • up- | on us, ‖ *have* | mercy • up- | on — | us.
35 O Lord, let thy *mer*cy | be up- | on us; ‖ *as* our | trust — | is in | thee.
26 O Lord, in *thee* | have I | trusted; ‖ *let* me | never | be con- | founded.

No. 5. WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD. (Te Deum Laudamus.) No. II.

(*Second Tune.*) G. HEATHCOTE, 1814—.



1 We *praise* | thee O | God; ‖ we ac*knowl*edge | thee to | be the | Lord.

2 All the *earth* doth | worship | thee, ‖ *the* | Father | ever- | lasting.

3 To thee all *an*gels | cry a- | loud, the *heavens* and | all the | powers • there- | in.

4 To thee *cher*ubim and | sera- | phim ‖ *con-* | tin • ual- | ly do | cry:

5 *Ho*ly | holy | holy, ‖ *Lord* | God of | Saba- | oth;

6 *Heaven* and | earth are | full ‖ *of* the | majes • ty | of thy | glory.

7 The glorious company of the *apos*tles | praise— | thee; ‖ the goodly fellowship *of* the | prophets | praise— | thee.

8 The noble army of *mar*tyrs | praise— | thee; ‖ the holy church throughout all the *world* | doth ac- | knowledge | thee.

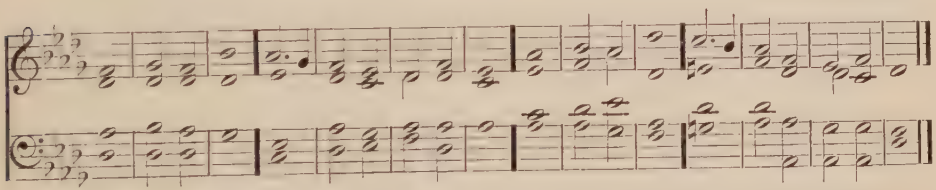
9 The Father *of* an | infi • nite | majesty; ‖ thine a*dor*able | true and | only | Son;

10 *Al*so the | Holy | Ghost, ‖ *the* | Com— | —fort- | er.

11 *Thou* | art the | King ‖ *of* | glory, | O— | Christ.

12 Thou art the *ever-* | lasting | Son ‖ *of* | —the | Fa— | ther.

B. V. WESTBROOK.



13 When thou tookest upon *thee* to de- | liver | man, ‖ thou didst humble thy*self* to be | born— | of a | virgin.

14 When thou hadst over*come* the | sharpness • of | death ‖ thou didst open the *king*dom of | heaven to | all be- | lievers.

15 Thou sittest at the *right* | hand of | God, ‖ *in* the | glory | of the | Father.

16 We be*lieve* that | thou shalt | come ‖ *to* | be— | our— | Judge.

17 We therefore *pray* thee | help thy | servants, ‖ whom thou hast re*dee*med | with thy | precious | blood.

18 Make them to be *num*bered | with thy | saints; ‖ *in* | glory | ever- | lasting.

19 O *Lord*, | save thy | people; ‖ *and* | bless thine | heri- | tage.

20 *Gov-* | —ern | them ‖ *and* | lift them | up for | ever.

(*Return to First Part.*)

21 *Day* | —by | day ‖ *we* | magni- | fy— | thee;

22 *And* we | worship • thy | name, ‖ *ever* | world with- | out— | end.

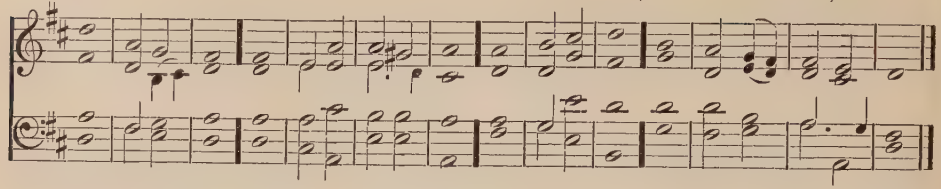
23 *Vouch-* | safe, O | Lord, ‖ to *keep* us this | day with- | out— | sin.

24 O *Lord*, have | mercy • up- | on us, ‖ *have* | mercy • up- | on— | us.

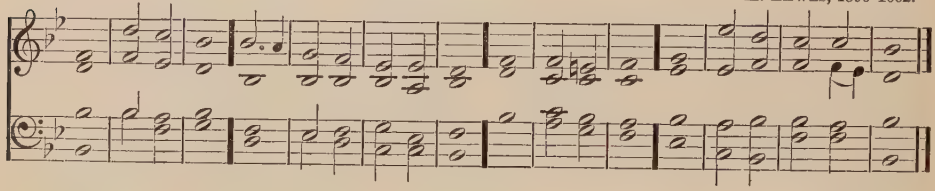
25 O Lord, let thy *mer*cy | be up- | on us; ‖ *as* our | trust— | is in | thee.

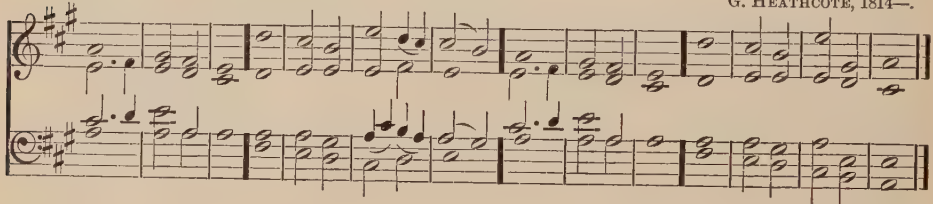
26 O Lord, in *thee* | have I | trusted; ‖ *let* me | never | be con- | founded.

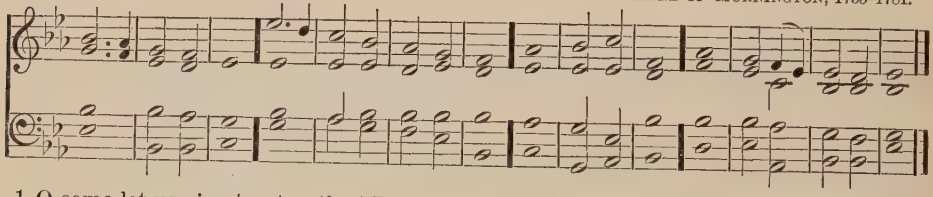
861 No. 6. **O COME LET US SING.** (Venite Exultemus.) WM. BOYCE, 1710–1779.



No. 7. H. LAWES, 1596–1662.



No. 8. G. HEATHCOTE, 1814—.

No. 9. EARL OF MORNINGTON, 1735–1781.



1 O come let us *sing* | unto • the | Lord; || let us heartily re*joice* in the | strength of | our sal- | vation.

2 Let us come before his *pres*ence | with thanks- | giving, || and *show* ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.

3 For the *Lord* is a | great— | God, || and a *great* | King a- | bove all | gods.

4 In his hand are all the *cor*ners | of the | earth; || and the *strength* of the | hills is | his— | also.

5 The sea is *his* | and he | made it; || and his *hands* pre- | pared • the | dry— | land.

6 O come, let us *wor*ship | and fall | down; || and *kneel* be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.

7 For *he* is the | Lord our | God; || and we are the people of his *pas*ture, | and the | sheep • of his | hand.

8 O worship the *Lord* in the | beauty • of | holiness; || let the whole *earth* | stand in | awe of | him.

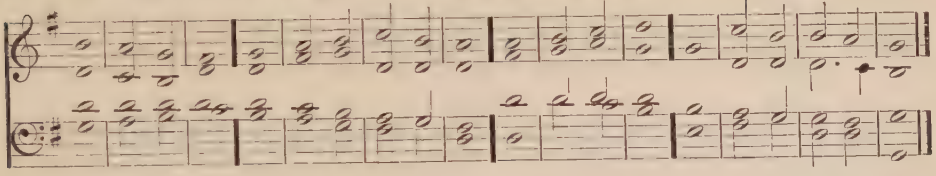
(*Part II.*)

9 For he cometh, for he *com*eth to | judge the | earth; || and with righteousness to judge the *world* and the | people | with his | truth.

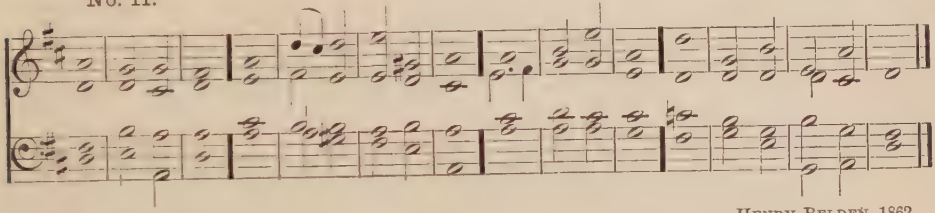
10 Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and • to the | Son, || *And* | to the | Holy | Ghost;

11 As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ever | shall be, || *world* | without | end. A- | men.

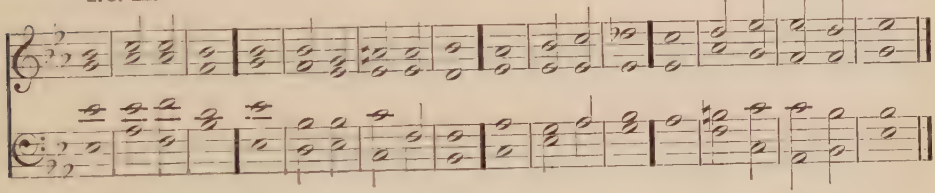
862 No. 10. PRAISE THE LORD. (Benedic Anima Mea.) W. CROTCH, 1775–1847.



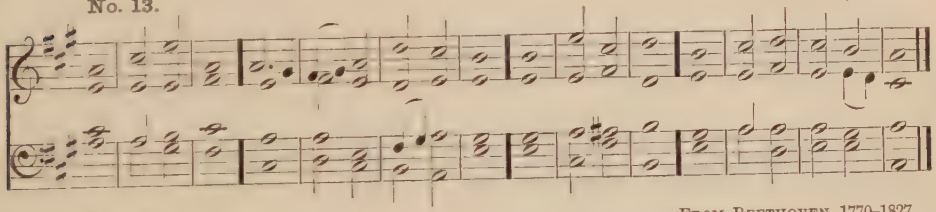
No. 11. E. H. JOHNSON, 1892.



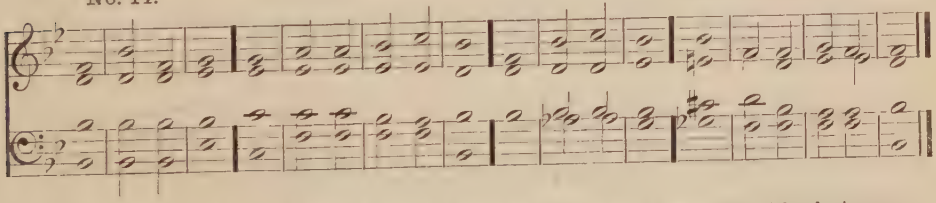
No. 12. HENRY BELDEN, 1862.



No. 13. T. NORRIS, — 1790.



No. 14. FROM BEETHOVEN. 1770–1827.



1 Praise the *Lord*, | O my | soul, ‖ and all that is with*in* me | praise his | ho-ly | name.

2 Praise the *Lord*, | O my | soul, ‖ and forget *not* | all his | bene- | fits.

3 Who for*gi*veth | all thy | sin, ‖ and healeth *all* | thine in- | firmi- | ties.

4 Who saveth thy *life* | from de- | struction, ‖ and crowneth *thee* with | mercy · and | loving | kindness.

5 O praise the Lord, ye angels of his, *ye* that ex- | cel in | strength; ‖ ye that fulfil his commandment, and *hearken* un- | to the | voice of · his | word.

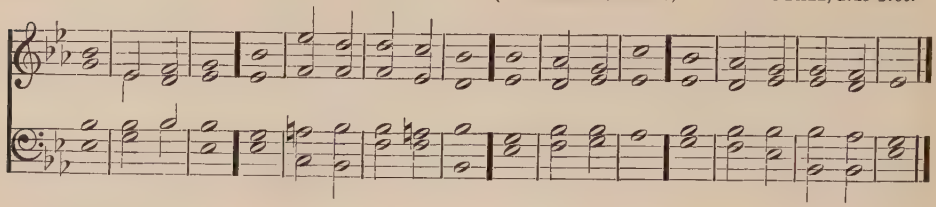
6 O praise the *Lord*, all | ye his | hosts; ‖ ye *ser*vants of | his that | do his | pleasure.

7 O speak good of the Lord, *all* ye | works of | his, ‖ in *all* | places · of | his do- | minion.

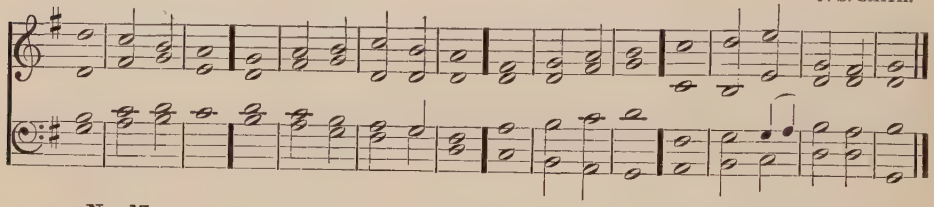
8 Praise thou the *Lord*, | O my | soul, ‖ praise *thou* the | Lord — | O my | soul.

Psalm ciii.

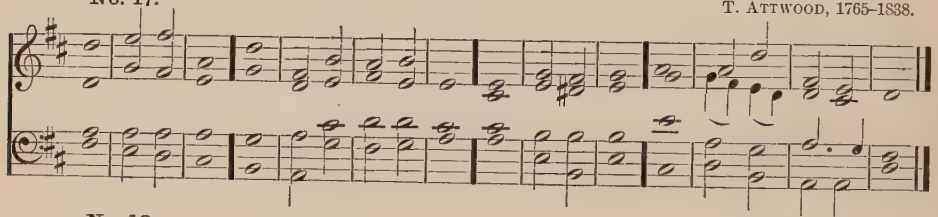
863 No. 15. O SING UNTO THE LORD. (Cantata Domino.) JOHN RANDALL, 1715–1790.



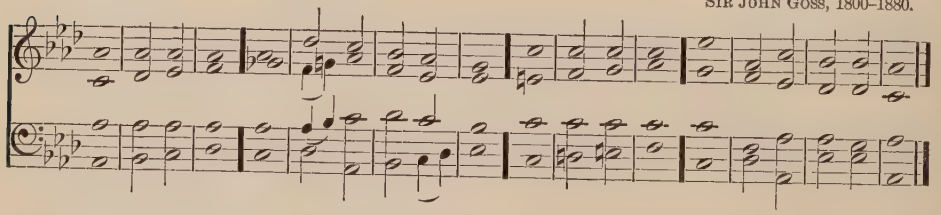
No. 16. J. S. SMITH.



No. 17. T. ATTWOOD, 1765–1838.



No. 18. SIR JOHN GOSS, 1800–1880.



1 O sing unto the *Lord* a | new — | song; || *for* he | hath done | marvel- • ous | things;

2 With his own right hand, and *with* his | holy | arm, || hath he *got*ten him- | self the | victo- | ry.

3 The Lord hath de*clar*ed | his sal- | vation; || his righteousness hath he openly *showed* in the | sight — | of the | heathen.

4 He hath remembered his mercy and truth *toward* the | house of | Israel, || and all the ends of the world have *seen* the sal- | vation | of our | God.

5 Show yourselves joyful unto the *Lord*, | all ye | lands; || *sing*, re- | joice and | give — | thanks.

6 Praise the *Lord* up- | on the | harps; || sing to the *harp* with a | psalm of | thanks— | giving.

7 With *trum*pets and | sound of | cornet || make a joyful *noise* be- | fore the | Lord the | King.

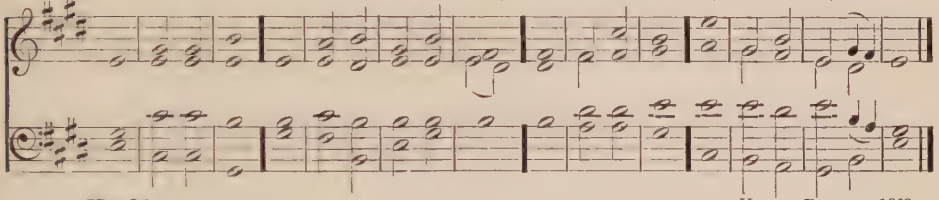
8 Let the sea *roar*, and the | fulness • there- | of, || the *world*, and | they that | dwell there- | in.

9 Let the floods clap their hands, let the hills be joyful to*geth*er be- | fore the | Lord; || *for* he | cometh • to | judge the | earth;

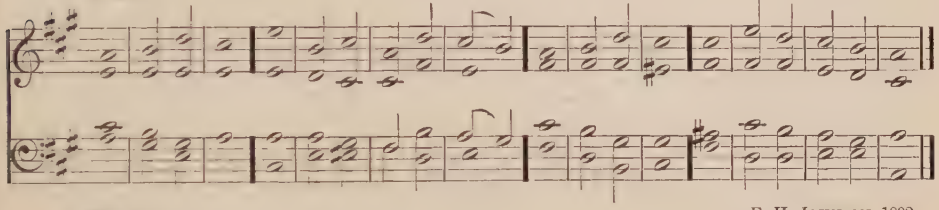
10 With righteousness *shall* he | judge the | world, || *and* the | people • with | equi- | ty.

Psalm xcviii.

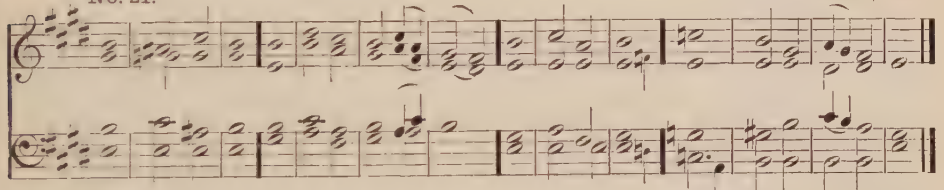
864 No. 19. IT IS A GOOD THING TO GIVE THANKS. (Bonum est Confiteri.) T. Attwood, 1765–1838.



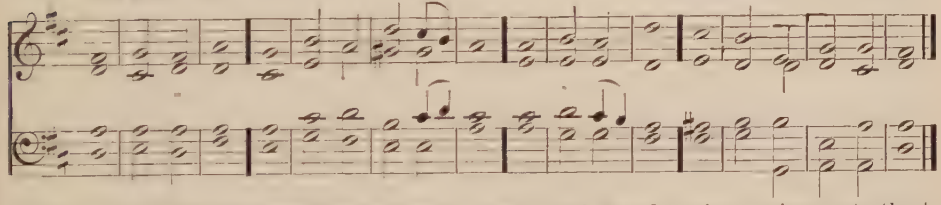
No. 20. Henry Belden, 1862.



No. 21. E. H. Johnson, 1892.



No. 22. Sir. Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896.



1 It is a good thing to give *thanks* | unto · the | Lord, || and to sing praises *un*to thy | name — | O Most | Highest;

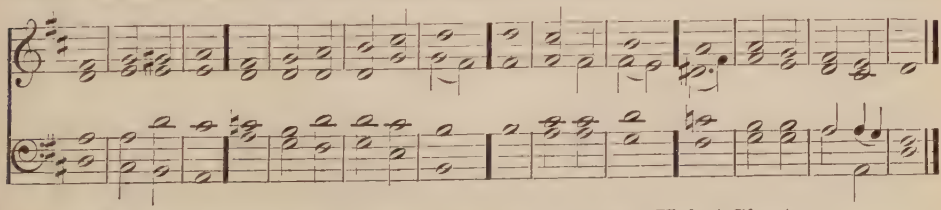
2 To tell of thy loving-kindness *ear*ly | in the | morning; || and of *thy* | truth · in the | night — | season;

3 Upon an instrument of ten strings, *and* up- | on the | lute; || upon a loud *in*strument | and up- | on the | harp.

4 For thou Lord hast made me *glad* | through thy | works; || and I will rejoice in giving praise for the *op*er- | ations | of thy | hands.

Psalm xcii.

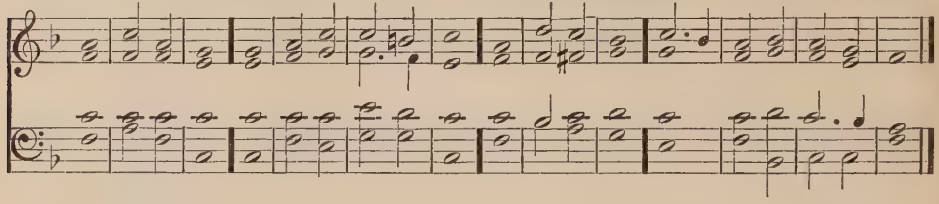
865 No. 23. GLORY BE TO THE FATHER. (Gloria Patri.) T. Webb.



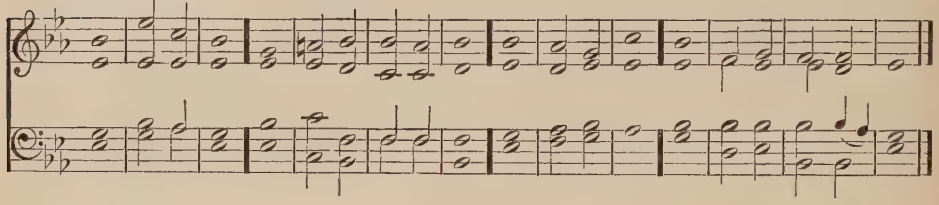
1 Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and · to the | Son, || *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;

2 As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ever | shall be, || *world* | without | end. A- | men.

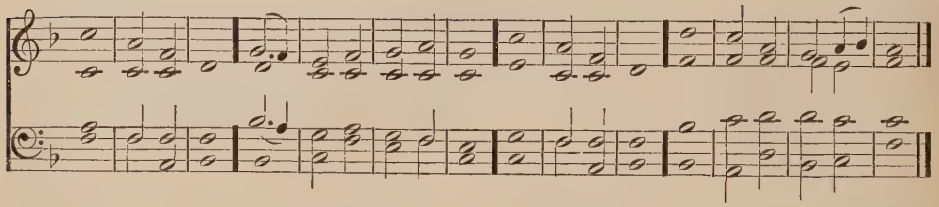
866 No. 24. O BE JOYFUL IN THE LORD. (Jubilate Deo.) H. N. ALDRICH, 1647–1710.



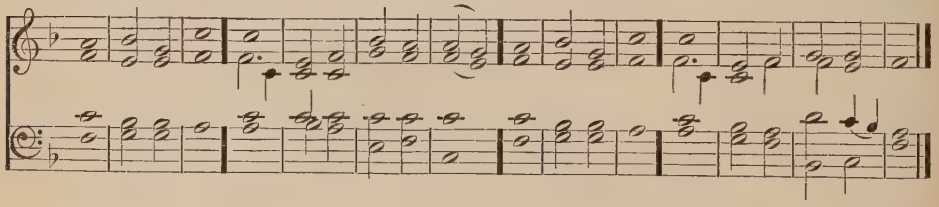
No. 25. J. ROBINSON.



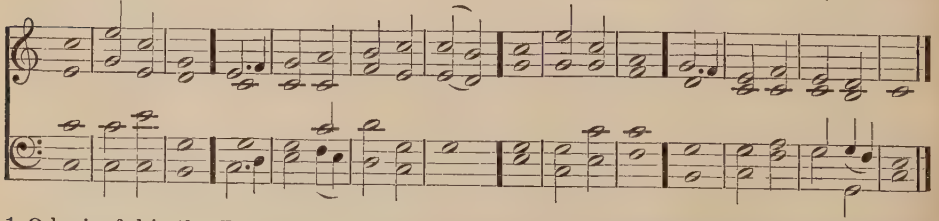
No. 26. DR. BARROW.



No. 27. R. P. GOODENOUGH.



No. 28. SIR G. J. ELVEY, 1816–1893.



1 O be joyful in the *Lord* | all ye | lands; | serve the Lord with gladness, and come *before* his | presence | with a | song.

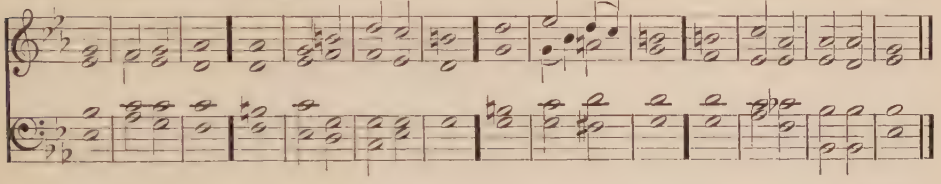
2 Be ye sure that the *Lord* | he is | God: ‖ it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people *and* the | sheep of | his — | pasture.

3 O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and *into* his | courts with | praise; ‖ be thankful unto *him*, and | speak good | of his | name.

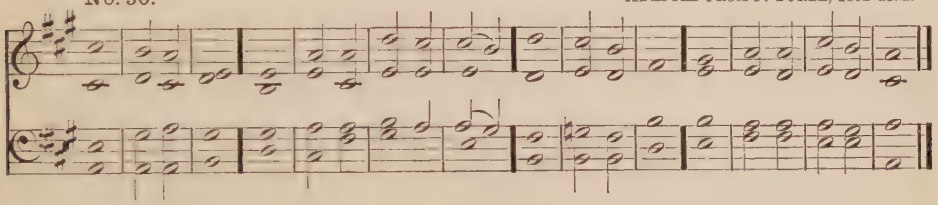
4 For the Lord is gracious, his *mercy* is | ever- | lasting; ‖ and his truth endureth from *gener*- | ation • to | gener- | ation.

Psalm c.

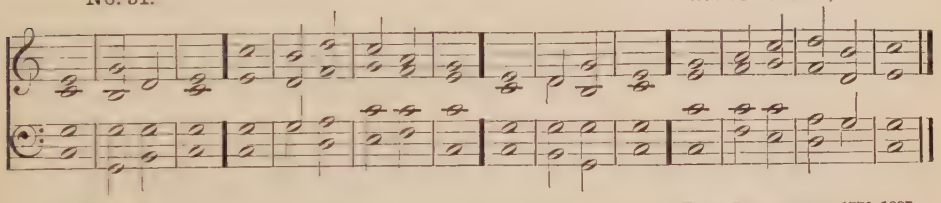
867 No. 29. GOD BE MERCIFUL UNTO US. (Deus Misereatur.) HENRY BELDEN, 1862.



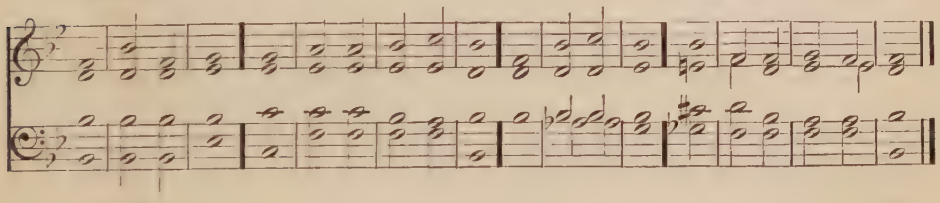
No. 30. ADAPTED FROM J. TURLE, 1802–1882.



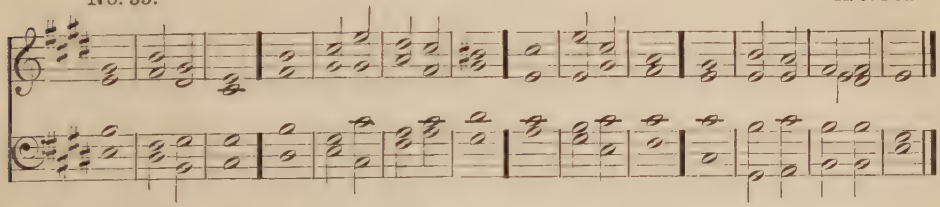
No. 31. W. H. HAVERGAL, 1793–1870.



No. 32. FROM BEETHOVEN, 1770–1827.



No. 33. K. J. PYE.



1 God be merciful *un*to | us and | bless us; ‖ and show us the light of his countenance, *and* be | merci • ful | unto | us;

2 That thy *way* may be | known up • on | earth, ‖ thy *sav*ing | health a- | mong all | nations.

3 Let the people *praise* | thee, O | God; ‖ yea, let *all* the | people | praise — | thee.

4 O let the nations re*joice* | and be | glad; ‖ for thou shalt judge the folk righteously, and *gov*ern the | nations | upon | earth.

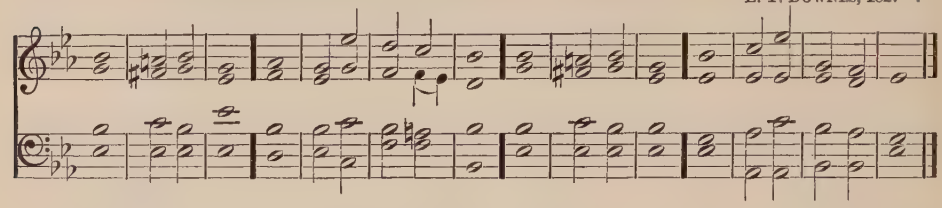
5 Let the people *praise* | thee, O | God; ‖ yea, let *all* the | people | praise — | thee.

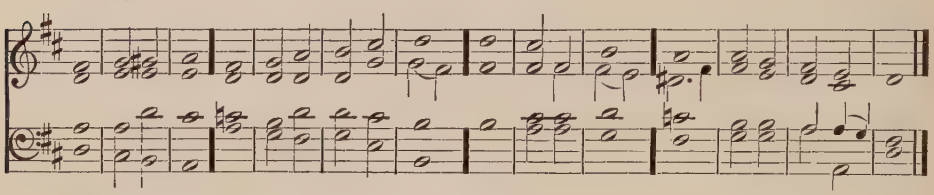
6 Then shall the *earth* bring | forth her | increase, ‖ and God, even our own *God*, shall | give — | us his | blessing.

2d Part.—7 *God* shall | bless — | us, ‖ and all the *ends* of the | world shall | fear — | him.

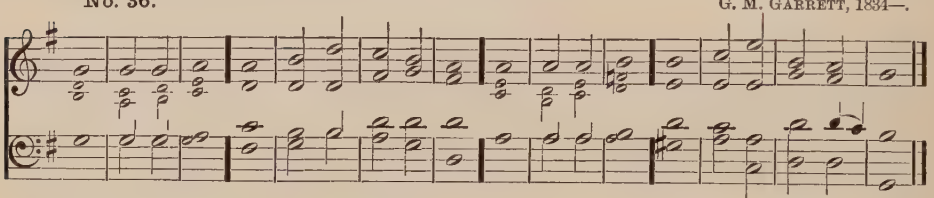
Psalm lxvii.

868 No. 34. BLESSED BE THE LORD GOD OF ISRAEL. (Benedictus.)

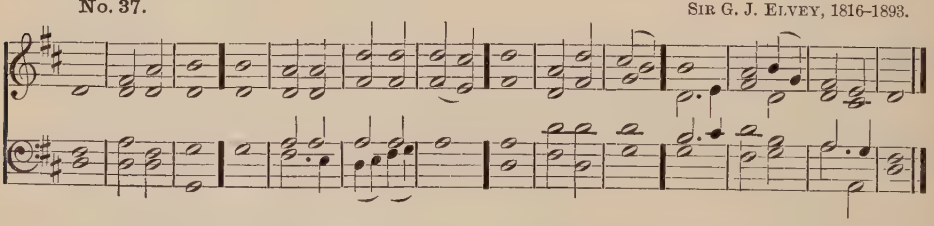
L. T. Downes, 1827—.

No. 35. T. Webb.



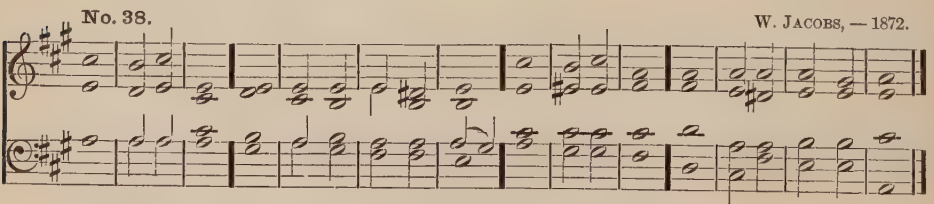
No. 36. G. M. Garrett, 1834—.



No. 37. Sir G. J. Elvey, 1816–1893.



No. 38. W. Jacobs, — 1872.



1 Blessed be the Lord *God* of | Isra- | el; || for he hath *visited* | and re- | deemed • his | people;

2 And hath raised up a *mighty* sal- | vation | for us, || in the *house* | of his | servant | David.

3 As he spake by the *mouth* of his | holy | prophets, || which have *been* | since the | world be- | gan;

4 That we should be *saved* | from our | enemies, || and *from* the | hand of | all that | hate us.

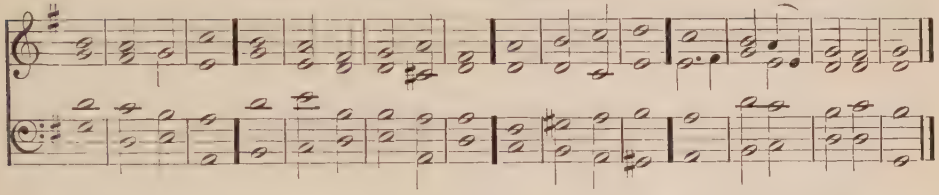
5 Through the tender *mercy* | of our | God; || whereby the dayspring *from* on | high hath | visit • ed | us;

6 To give light to *them* that | sit in | darkness, || and to guide our *feet* | into • the | way of | peace.

Luke i. 68–79.

869 No. 39. THE HEAVENS DECLARE THE GLORY OF GOD. (Coeli Enarrant.)

S. Wesley, 1766–1837.



1 The heavens de*clare* the | glory • of | God, ‖ and the *firm*ament | showeth • his | handi- | work.

2 Day unto *day* | utter • eth | speech, ‖ and night *un*to | night— | showeth | knowledge.

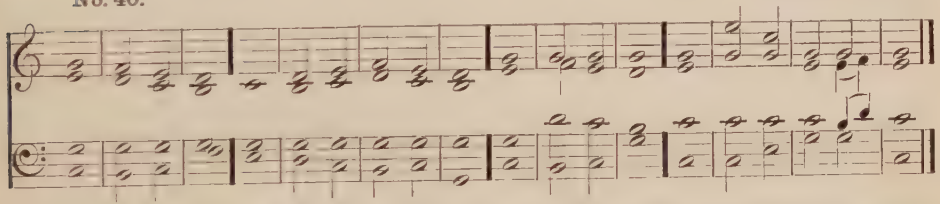
3 There *is* no | speech nor | language; ‖ *their* | voice can- | not be | heard.

4 Their line is gone *out* through | all the | earth, ‖ and their words *to* the | end— | of the | world.

5 In them hath he set a taber*nac*le | for the | sun; ‖ which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and re*joic*eth as a | strong • man to | run his | course.

6 His going forth is unto the end of the heaven, and his *cir*cuit unto the | ends of | it; ‖ and there is nothing *hid* | from the | heat there- | of.

No. 40.

H. W. Greatorex, 1811–1858.

7 The law of the Lord is *perfect* con- | ver • ting the | soul; ‖ the testimony of the Lord is *sure* | making | wise the | simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are *right* • re- | joicing • the | heart; ‖ the commandment of the Lord is *pure* • en- | lighten- | ing the | eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord is *clean* • en- | during • for- | ever; ‖ the judgments of the Lord are *true* and | righteous | altо- | gether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, *yea*, than | much fine | gold; ‖ sweeter also than *ho*ney | and the | honey- | comb.

11 Moreover by *them* is thy | servant | warned; ‖ and in keeping of *them* | there is | great re- | ward.

12 Who can *un*der- | stand his | errors? ‖ *Cleanse* thou | me from | secret | faults.

13 Keep back thy servant *al*so from pre- | sump • tuous | sins; ‖ let them not *have* do- | minion | over me.

14 *Then* shall | I be | upright, ‖ and I shall be *in*nocent | from the | great trans- | gression.

15 Let the *words* | of my | mouth, ‖ and the *me*di- | tation | of my | heart,

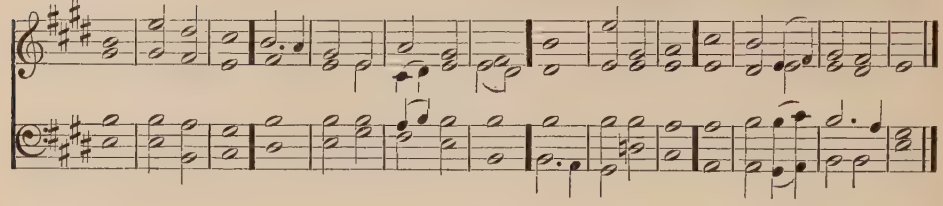
16 Be *accep*table | in thy | sight; ‖ O *Lord*, my | strength and | my re- | deemer.

17 Glory be to the *Fa*ther | and • to the | Son, ‖ *and* | to the | Holy | Ghost;

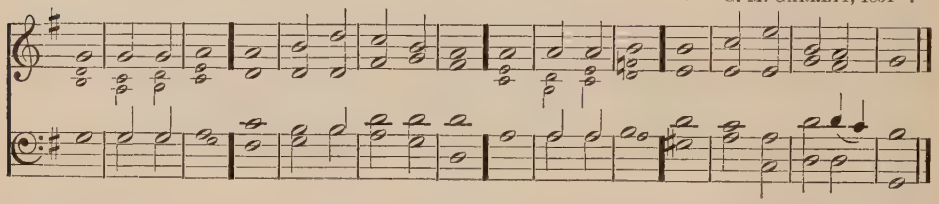
18 As it was in the beginning, is *now*, and | ever | shall be, ‖ *world* | without | end. A- | men.

Psalm xix.

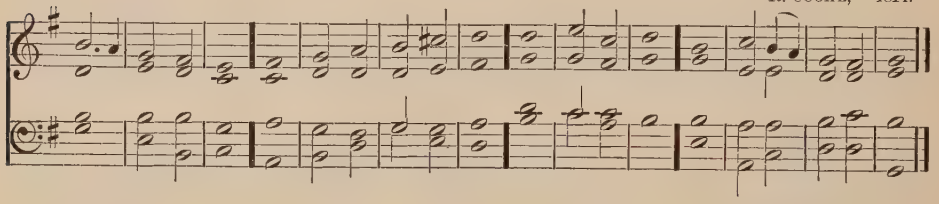
870 No. 41. **THE EARTH IS THE LORD'S.** (Domini est Terra.) W. Russell, 1777–1813.



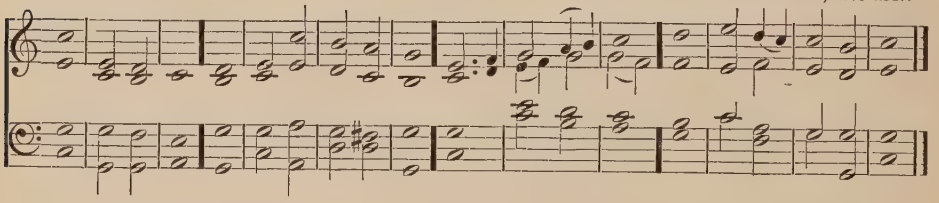
No. 42. G. M. Garrett, 1834—.



No. 43. R. Cooke, — 1814.



No. 44. Dr. W. Crotch, 1775–1847.



1 The earth is the *Lord's* and the | fulness · there- | of; || the *world* and | they that | dwell there- | in.

2 For he hath *foun*ded it up- | on the | seas, || and es*tab*lished | it up- | on the | floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the *hill* | of the | Lord? || or who shall *stand* | in his | holy | place?

4 He that hath clean *hands* and a | pure— | heart; || who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, *nor* | sworn de- | ceitful- | ly.

5 He shall receive the *bles*sing | from the | Lord, || and righteousness *from* the | God of | his sal- | vation.

6 This is the gene*ra*tion of | them that | seek him, || *that* | seek thy | face, O | Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye *ever*- | lasting | doors; || and the *King* of | glory | shall come | in.

8 *Who* is this | King of | glory? || The Lord strong and *migh*ty, the | Lord— | mighty in | battle.

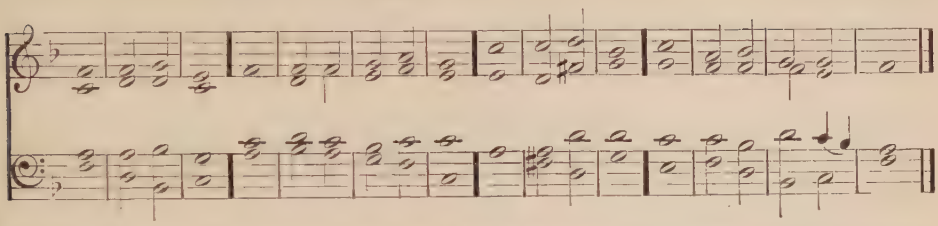
9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye *ever*- | lasting | doors; || and the *King* of | glory | shall come | in.

10 *Who* is this | King of | glory? || The Lord of hosts, *he* | is the | King of | glory.

Psalm xxiv.

871 No. 45. I WAS GLAD. (Lætatus Sum.)

J. Turle, 1802–1882.

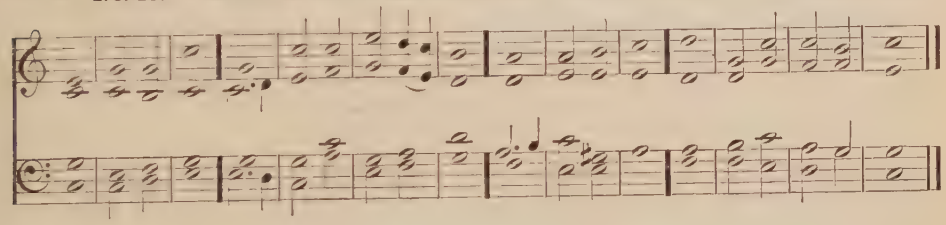


1 I was glad when they *said* | unto me, | let us *go* into the | house — | of the | Lord.
2 Our feet shall *stand* with- | in thy | gates, || *O* | — Je- | rusa- | lem.
3 Jerusalem is *built*ded | as a | city | *that* | is com- | pact to- | gether.
4 *Whith*er the | tribes go | up, || *the* | tribes — | of the | Lord;
5 Unto the testi*mony* of | Isra- | el, || to give *thanks* unto the | name — | of the | Lord.
6 For there are *set* | thrones of | judgment, || the *thrones* | of the | house of | David.
7 Pray for the *peace* of Je- | rusa- | lem; || *they* shall | prosper • that | love — | thee.
8 *Peace* be with- | in thy | walls, || and pros*per*ity with- | in thy | pala- | ces.
9 For my brethren *and* com- | panions' | sakes | I will *now* say, | Peace — | be with- | in thee.
10 Because of the *house* of the | Lord our | God, || *I* | — will | seek thy | good.

Psalm cxxii.

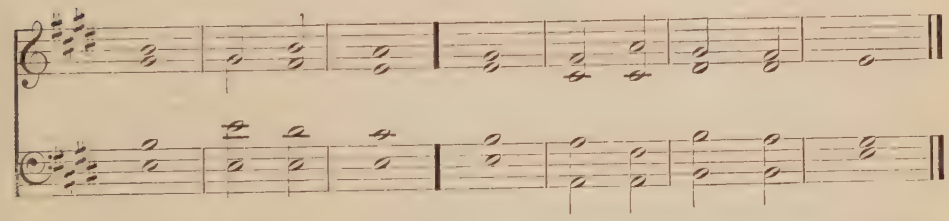
872 No. 46. I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES. (Levavi Oculos.)

J. Turle, 1802–1882.



No. 47.

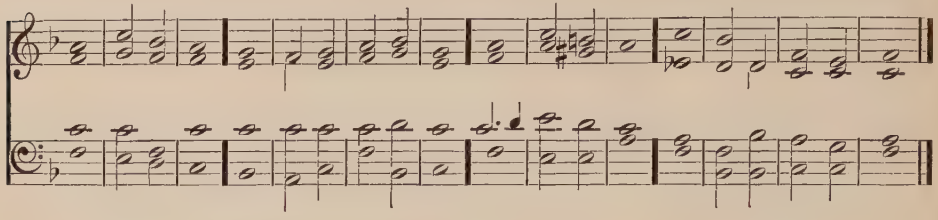
Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896.



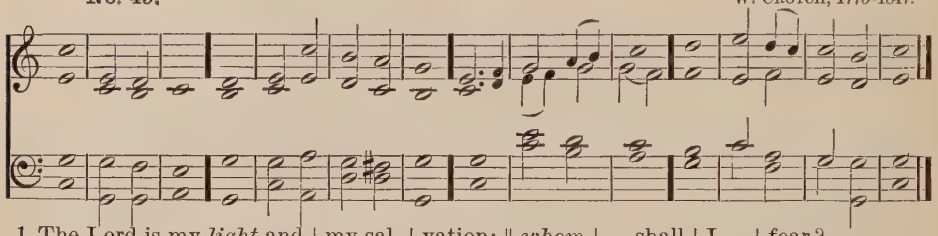
1 I will lift up mine *eyes* | unto • the | hills, || *from* | whence — | cometh • my | help.
2 My help *com*eth | from the | Lord, || *which* | made — | heaven and | earth.
3 He will not suffer thy *foot* | to be | moved; || *he* that | keepeth • thee | will not | slumber.
4 Behold, he that *keep*eth | Isra- | el || *shall* | neither | slumber • nor | sleep.
5 The *Lord* | is thy | keeper; || the Lord is thy *shade* up- | on thy | right — | hand.
6 The sun shall not *smite* | thee by | day, || *nor* the | moon — | by — | night.
7 The Lord shall pre*serve* thee | from all | evil; || *he* | shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out *and* thy | coming | in || from this time *forth*, and | even • for | ever- | more.

Psalm cxxi.

873 No. 48. THE LORD IS MY LIGHT. (Dominus Illuminatio.) Sir Joseph Barnby.



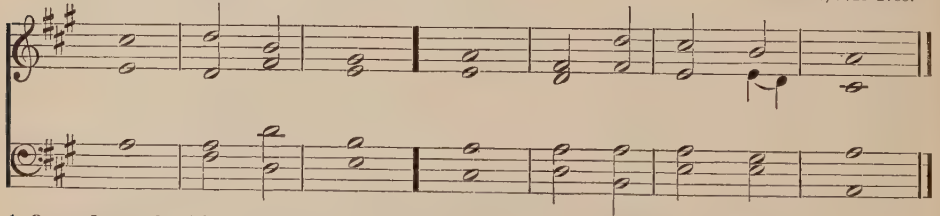
No. 49. W. Crotch, 1775–1847.



1 The Lord is my *light* and | my sal- | vation; ‖ *whom* | — shall | I — | fear?
2 The *Lord* is the | strength " of my | life; ‖ of *whom* | shall I | be a- | fraid?
3 One thing have *I* de- | sired • of the | Lord; ‖ *that* | — will | I seek | after;
4 That I may dwell in the house of the Lord *all* the | days • of my | life, ‖ to behold the beauty of the *Lord*, and to in- | quire — | in his | temple.
5 For in the time of trouble shall he *hide* • me in | his pa- | vilion; ‖ he shall *set* me | up up- | on a | rock.
6 Therefore will I offer in his *dwel*ling sacri- | fi- • ces of | joy; ‖ I will sing, yea I will *sing* | prai- • ses un- | to the | Lord.
7 Hear, O Lord, when I *cry* | with my | voice; ‖ have mercy *al*so up- | on me • and | answer | me.
8 When thou *saidst* Seek | ye my | face ‖ my heart said unto *thee* Thy | face, Lord | will I | seek.
9 Hide not thy *face* | far — | from me; ‖ put *not*, thy | servant • a- | way in | anger.
10 *Thou* hast | been my | help; ‖ leave me not, neither for*sake* me, O | God of | my sal- | vation.
11 *Wait* | on the | Lord; ‖ *be* | of good | cour — | age;
12 And *he* shall | *strength*en thine | heart. ‖ Wait | — • I say | on the | Lord.

Psalm xxvii.

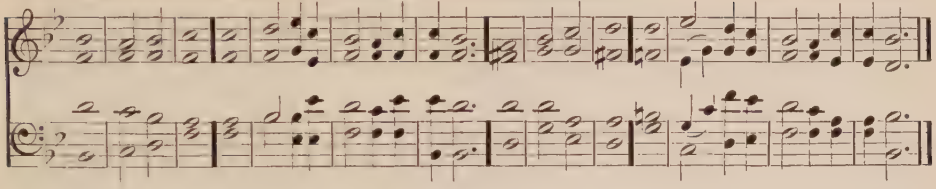
874 No. 50. O SEND OUT THY LIGHT. J. Nares, 1715–1783.



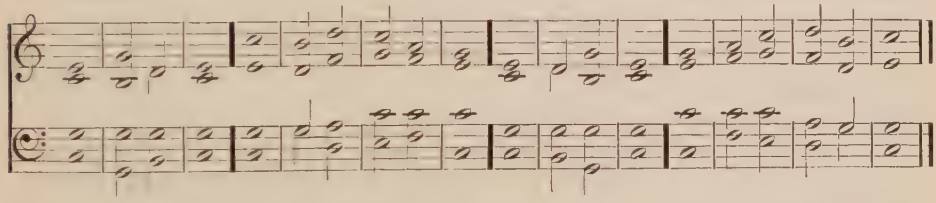
1 O send *out* thy | light and • thy | truth. ‖ *Let* | — them | lead — | me.
2 *Let* them | bring — | me ‖ unto thy *ho*ly | hill and | to thy | dwelling.
3 Then will I *go* unto the | altar • of | God; ‖ *un*to | God • my ex- | ceeding | joy.
4 *Yea*, up- | on the | harp ‖ will I *praise* | thee, O | God my | God.
5 Why art thou cast *down* | O my | soul? ‖ And why art *thou* dis- | quiet- | ed with- | in me?
6 *Hope* | thou in | God; ‖ for I shall yet praise him, who is the *health* of my | counte- • nance | and my | God.

Psalm xliii, 3–5.

875 No. 51. HIS MERCY ENDURETH. (Confitemini.) W. H. DOANE, 1832—.

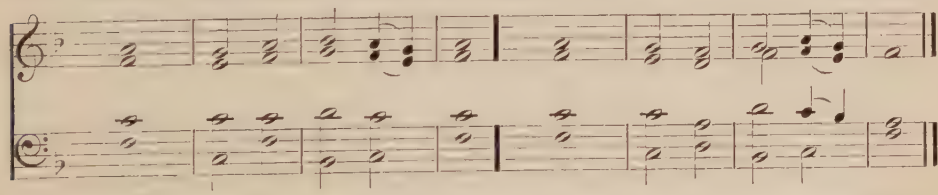


No. 52. W. H. HAVERGAL, 1793–1870.

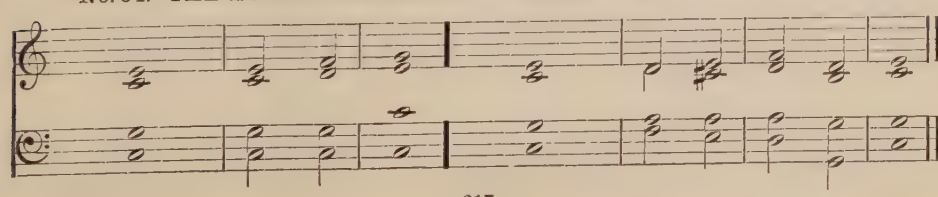


1 O give thanks unto the *Lord* for | he is | good: ‖ *and* his | mer·cy en- | du·reth for | ever.
2 O give *thanks* unto the | God of | gods: ‖ *for* his | mer · cy en- | du · reth for | ever.
3 O give *thanks* to the | Lord of | lords: ‖ *for* his | mer · cy en- | du · reth for | ever.
4 To him who a*lone* | doeth · great | wonders: ‖ *for* his | mer · cy en- | du · reth for | ever.
5 To him that by *wis*dom | made the | heavens: ‖ *for* · his | mer·cy en- | du·reth for | ever.
6 Who stretched out the *earth* a- | bove the waters: ‖ *for* his | mer·cy en- | du·reth for | ever.
7 *Who* hath | made great | lights: ‖ *for* his | mer · cy en- | du · reth for | ever.
8 The *sun* to | rule by | day: ‖ *for* his | mer · cy en- | du · reth for | ever.
9 The moon and the *stars* to | govern · the | night: ‖ *for* his | mer·cy en- | du·reth for | ever.
10 Who remembered us *in* our | low es- | tate: ‖ *for* his | mer · cy en- | du·reth for | ever.
11 Who giveth *food* to | all — | flesh: ‖ *for* his | mer · cy en- | du · reth for | ever.
12 O give *thanks* unto the | God of | heaven: ‖ *for* his | mer·cy en- | du·reth for | ever.

Psalm cxxxvi.

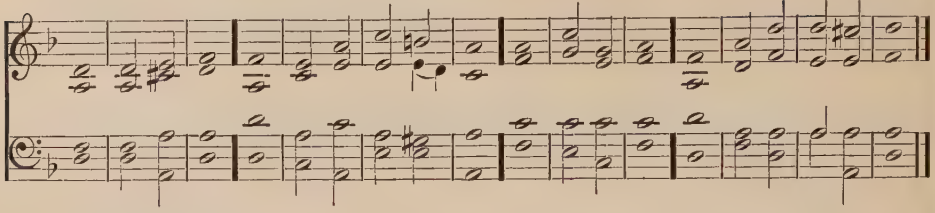
876 No. 53. THE LORD'S PRAYER. (Pater Noster.) GREGORIAN.

1 Our Father who art in *heaven*, | hallow-ed | be thy | name; ‖ thy kingdom come, thy will be *done* in | earth · as it | is in | heaven.
2 Give *us* this | day our | daily | bread; ‖ and forgive us our *debts*, as | we for- | give our | debtors.
3 And lead us not into temptation, *but* de- | liver | us from | evil; ‖ for thine is the kingdom, the *pow*er and the | glory · for | ever. ·· A- | men.

No. 54. THE LORD'S PRAYER. II. (Pater Noster.) L. T. DOWNS, 1824.



877 No. 55. PRAYER OF HABAKKUK.

W. MORLEY.



1 God came from Teman, and the Holy *One* from | mount— | Paran. || His glory covered the *heavens* and the | earth was | full of • his | praise.

2 And his *bright*ness was | as the | light; || He had rays coming forth from his hand: and *there* was the | hiding | of his | power.

3 Be*fore* him | went the | pestilence, || and burning *coals* | went forth | at his | feet.

4 He *stood* and | measured • the | earth, || he be*held* and | drove a- | sunder • the | nations.

5 The mountains *saw* thee | and they | trembled: || the over*flow*ing | of the | water • passed | by.

6 The *deep* | uttered • his | voice, || and *lif*ted | up his | hands on high.

7 The sun and moon stood *still* in their | habi- | tation: || at the light of thine arrows they went, at the *shin*ing | of thy | glitter • ing | spear.

8 Thou wentest forth for the sal*va*tion | of thy | people, || even for sal*va*tion with | thine a- | noin— | ted.

9 Although the *fig* tree | shall not | blossom, || *nei*ther shall | fruit be | in the | vines.

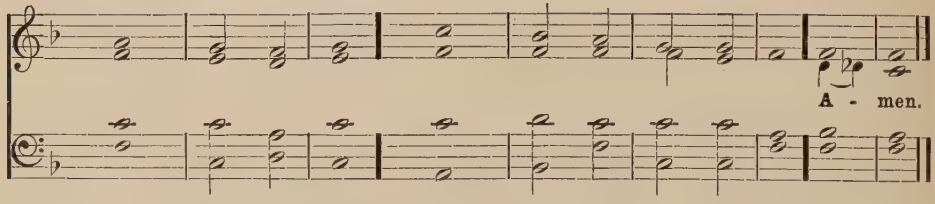
10 The labor *of* the | olive • shall | fail, || and the *fields* shall | yield— | no— | meat;

11 The *flock* shall be | cut off • from the | fold, || and there shall *be* no | herd— | in the | stall;

12 Yet I *will* re- | joice • in the | Lord, || I will joy *in* the | God of | my sal- | vation.

Hab. iii. 3–18.

878 No. 56. COME UNTO ME. (Venite Ad Me.)

UNKNOWN.

1 Come unto me, all ye that *la*bor and are | heavy | laden, || *and* | I will | give you | rest.

2 *Take* my | yoke up- | on you, || *and* | learn— | of— | me.

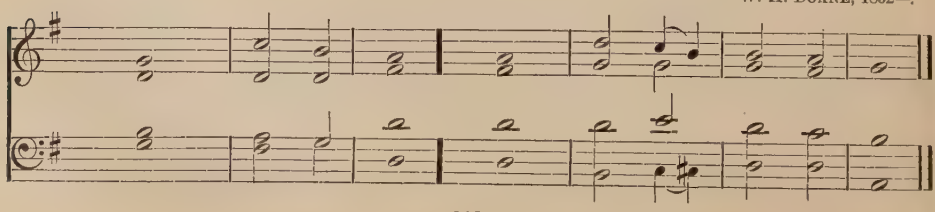
3 For I am *meek* and | lowly • in | heart; || and ye shall *find* | rest un- | to your | souls.

4 *For* my | yoke is | easy, || *and* my | bur— | den is | light.

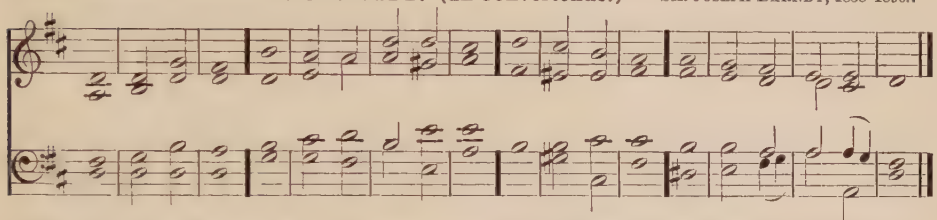
Matt. xi. 28–30. Rev. xxii. 17.

No. 57.

W. H. DOANE, 1832—.



879 No. 58. WHEN THE LORD TURNED AGAIN THE CAPTIVITY. (In Convertendo.) Sir Joseph Barnby, 1838–1896.



1 When the Lord turned again the cap*tivi*- | ty of | Zion, ‖ then were we *like* | unto | them that | dream.

2 Then was our *mouth* | filled • with | laughter, ‖ *and* our | tongue — | with — | joy.

3 Then said *they* a- | mong the | heathen, ‖ The *Lord* hath | done great | things for | them.

4 Yea, the Lord hath *done* great | things for | us, ‖ *where*- | of — | we re- | joice.

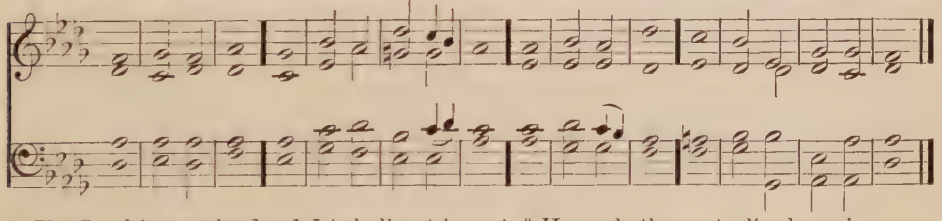
5 Turn our cap*tivi*- | ty, O | Lord, ‖ *as* the | rivers | in the | south.

6 *They* that | sow in | tears ‖ *shall* | reap — | in — | joy.

7 He that now goeth on his way weeping, and *bear*eth | forth good | seed, ‖ shall doubtless come again with *joy*, and | bring his | sheaves — | with him.

Psalm cxxvi.

880 No. 59. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD. (Dominus Regit Me.) Sir Joseph Barnby.



1 The Lord is my *shepherd*, I | shall not | want. ‖ He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth *me* be- | side the | still — | waters.

2 He re- | storeth • my | soul; ‖ he leadeth me in the paths of *right*eousness | for his | name's — | sake.

3 Yea, though I walk through the *val*ley of the | shadow • of | death, ‖ *I* | —will | fear no | evil;

4 *For* | thou art | with me; ‖ thy *rod* and thy | staff they | comfort | me.

5 Thou pre*par*est a | table • be- | fore me, ‖ *in* the | presence | of mine | enemies.

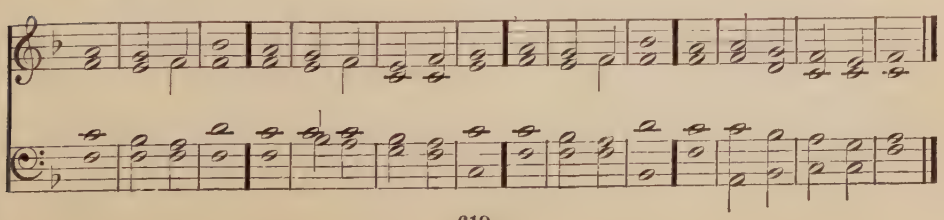
6 Thou *anoint*est my | head with | oil; ‖ *my* | cup — | runneth | over.

7 Surely goodness and *mer*cy shall | follow | me | all | — the | days of • my | life.

8 And *I* will | dwell • in the | house ‖ of | — the | Lord for- | ever.

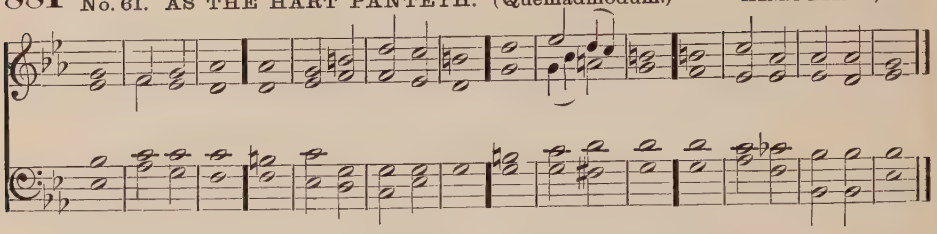
Psalm xxiii.

No. 60. Unknown.



881 No. 61. AS THE HART PANTETH. (Quemadmodum.)

HENRY BELDEN, 1862.



1 As the hart panteth *af*ter the | water | brooks, || so panteth my *soul* | after | thee, O | God.

2 My soul thirsteth for *God*, for the | living | God; || *when* shall I | come • and ap- | pear be • fore | God?

3 My tears have been my *meat* | day and | night, || while they continually say unto *me*, | Where is | now thy | God?

4 When I remember these things, I pour *out* my | soul with- | in me; || for I went with the throng and *led* them | to the | house of | God;

5 With the *voice* of | joy and | praise, || with a *mul*titude | keeping | holy | day.

6 Why art | *thou* cast | down • O my | soul? || and why art *thou* dis- | quiet • ed | within | me?

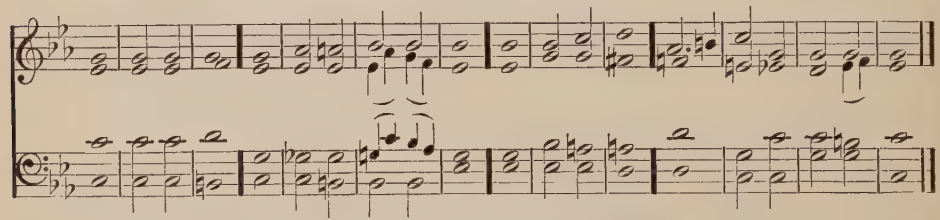
7 *Hope* | thou in | God; || for I shall yet praise him for the *help* | of his | counte- | nance.

8 *Hope* | thou in | God; || for I shall yet praise him, who is the *health* of my | counte • nance | and my | God.

Psalm xlii.

882 No. 62. HAVE MERCY UPON ME. (Miserere Mei.)

FROM BEETHOVEN.



1 Have *mercy* upon | me, O | God, || *accord*ing | to thy | loving | kindness;

2 According unto the multitude *of* thy | tender | mercies, || *blot* | — out | my transgressions.

3 Wash me thoroughly from *mine* in- | iqui- | ty, || *and* | cleanse me | from my | sin.

4 For I *acknowl*edge | my trans- | gressions; || *and* my | sin is | ever • be- | fore me.

5 Against thee, thee *on*ly | have I | sinned, || and *done* this | evil | in thy | sight;

6 That thou mightest be | *just*ified | when thou | speakest, || *and* be | clear — | when thou | judgest.

7 Hide thy *face* | from my | sins; || and *blot* out | all mine • in- | iqui- | ties.

8 Create in me a *clean* | heart, O | God; || *and* re- | new a • right | spirit • with- | in me.

9 Cast me not a*way* | from thy presence; || and *take* not thy | Holy | Spirit | from me.

10 Restore unto me the *joy* of | thy sal- | vation; || and up*hold* me | with thy | free — | Spirit.

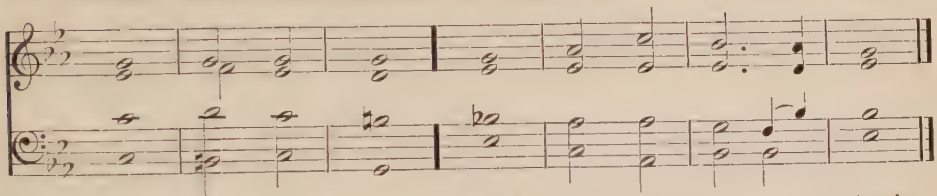
11 Then will I *teach* trans- | gressors • thy | ways, || and sinners shall *be* con- | verted | unto | thee.

12 O Lord, *o*pen | thou my | lips, || *and* my | mouth shall • show | forth thy | praise.

Psalm li.

883 No. 63. OUT OF THE DEPTHS. (De Profundis.)

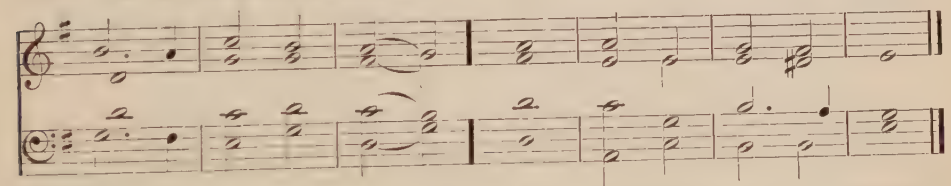
W. Felton, c. 1715–1769.



1 Out of the depths have I cried *un*to | thee, O | Lord. ‖ *Lord*, | hear — | my — | voice,
2 Let thine *ears* | be at- | tentive ‖ *to* the | voice of • my | suppli- | cation
3 If thou *Lord*, shouldst | mark in- | iquities, ‖ *O* | Lord, who | — shall | stand?
4 But there *is* for- | giveness • with | thee, | *that* thou | mayest • be | fear — | ed.
5 I wait for the *Lord*, my | soul doth | wait, ‖ and *in* his | word — | do I | hope.
6 My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that *watch* | for the | morning; ‖ I say, more than *they* that | watch — | for the | morning.
7 Let Israel hope in the Lord, for with the *Lord* | there is | mercy, ‖ *and* with | him is | plenteous • re- | demption.
8 And he shall *redeem* | Isra- | el ‖ *from* | all — | his in- | iquities.

Psalm cxxx.

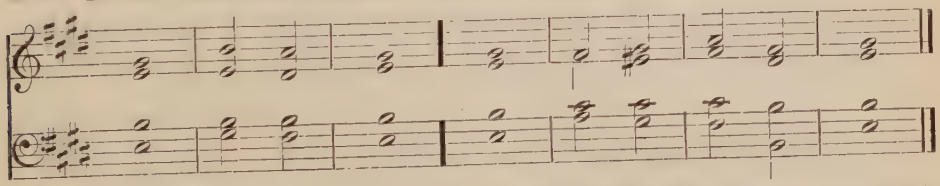
884 No. 64. HE WAS DESPISED.

Tonus Peregrinus.

1 He was despised *and* re- | jected • of | men, ‖ a man of *sor*rows | and ac- | quainted • with | grief.
2 And we hid as it *were* our | faces | from him; ‖ he was de*spised* and | we es- | teemed • him | not.
3 Surely *he* hath | borne our | griefs, ‖ *and* | carried • our | sor — | rows.
4 Yet we *did* es- | teem him | stricken, ‖ *smitten* of | God • and af- | flic — | ted.
5 But he was *wounded* for | our trans- | gressions; ‖ he was *bruised* for | our in- | iqui- | ties.
6 The chastisement *of* our | peace was • up- | on him; ‖ *and* with | his stripes | we are | healed.
7 All we like *sheep* have | gone a- | stray; ‖ we have turned *ev*ery | one to | his own | way.
8 And the *Lord* hath | laid up • on | him ‖ *the* in- | iqui • ty | of us | all.

Isaiah liii. 3–6.

885 No. 65. THE LORD BLESS US AND KEEP US. (Benediction.)

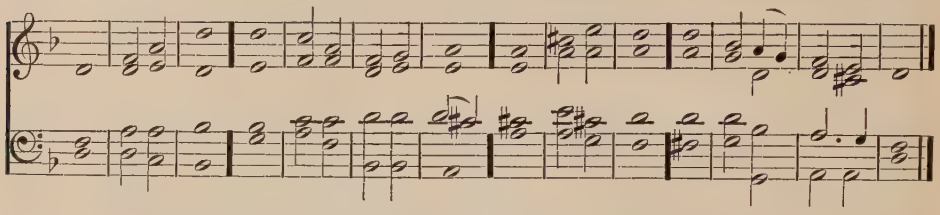
Anon.



1 The *Lord* | bless us • and | keep us; ‖ the Lord make his face shine upon us, *and* be | gracious | unto | us;
2 The Lord lift up his *coun*tenance | upon | us, ‖ *and* | give — | us — | peace.

Numbers vi. 24–26.

886 No. 66. GOD IS OUR REFUGE. (Deus Noster Refugium.) B. C. WAINWRIGHT, 1860—.



1 *God* is our | refuge • and | strength, || a *very* | present | help in | trouble.

2 Therefore will we not fear, *though* the | earth • be re- | moved, || and though the mountains be carried *into* the | midst — | of the | sea.

3 Though the waters there*of* | roar • and be | troubled, || though the *moun*tains | shake • with the | swelling | thereof.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make *glad* the | city • of | God, || the holy place of the *ta*bernacles | of the | Most — | High.

5 God is in the midst of her, *she* shall | not be | moved; || *God* shall | help her • and | that right | early.

6 The heathen *raged*, the | kingdoms • were | moved; || He *uttered* his | voice, the | earth — | melted.

7 The *Lord* of | hosts is | with us, || the *God* of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

8 Come be*hold* the | works • of the | Lord, || what desolations *he* hath | made — | in the | earth.

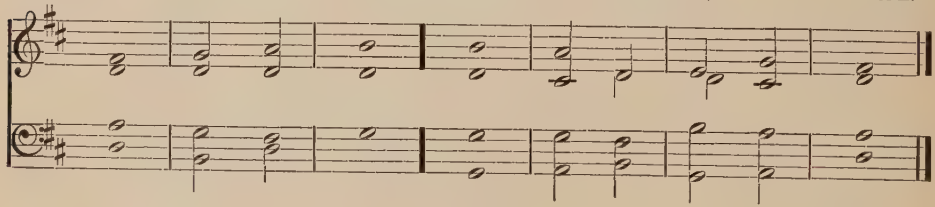
9 He maketh wars to *cease* unto the | end • of the | earth; || he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder, he *bur*neth the | chari • ot | in the | fire.

10 Be still and *know* that | I am | God; || I will be exalted among the heathen, *I* will be ex- | alted | in the | earth.

2d Part.—11 The *Lord* of | hosts is | with us, || the *God* of | Jacob | is our | refuge.

Psalm xlvi.

887 No. 67. O SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD. (Salvator Mundi.) W. H. MONK.



1 O Saviour of the *world*, the | Son Lord | Jesus, || stir up thy strength, and help *us*, we | humbly • be- | seech — | thee.

2 By thy cross and precious *blood* thou | hast re- | deemed us; || save us and help *us*, we | humbly • be- | seech — | thee.

3 Thou didst save thy disciples when | ready • to | perish; || hear us and save *us*, we | humbly • be- | seech — | thee.

4 Let the *pitifulness* of | thy great | mercy || loose us from our *sins;* we | humbly • be- | seech — | thee.

5 Make it appear that thou art our *Saviour* and | mighty • De- | liverer; || O save us that we may praise *thee*, we | humbly • beseech — | thee.

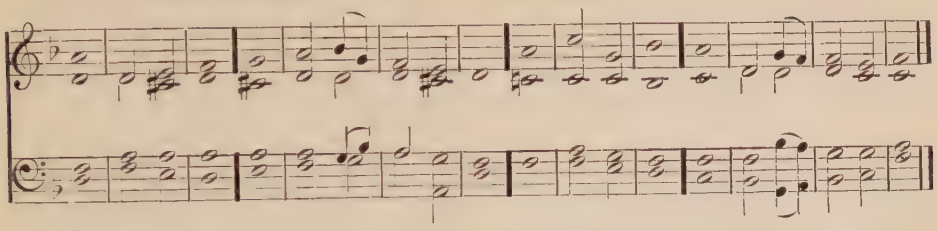
6 Draw near, according to thy promise, from the *throne* | of thy | glory; || look down and hear our *crying*, we | humbly • be- | seech — | thee.

7 Come again and dwell with *us*, O | Lord Christ | Jesus; || abide with us for *ever* we | humbly • be- | seech — | thee.

8 And when thou shalt appear with *po*wer | and great | glory, || may we be made like unto *thee* | in thy | glori • ous kingdom.

9 *Thanks* be to | thee, O | Lord. || *Hal*le- | lujah! | A — | men.

888 No. 68. THE BEATITUDES.



1 Bless*ed* are the | poor in | spirit; ‖ *for* | theirs • is the | kingdom • of | heaven.

2 Bless*ed* are | they that | mourn; ‖ *for* | they • shall be | comfor- | ted.

3 Bless*ed* | are the | meek; ‖ *for* | they • shall in- | herit • the | earth.

4 Blessed are they which do hunger and *thirst* after | righteous- | ness; ‖ *for* | they — | shall be | filled.

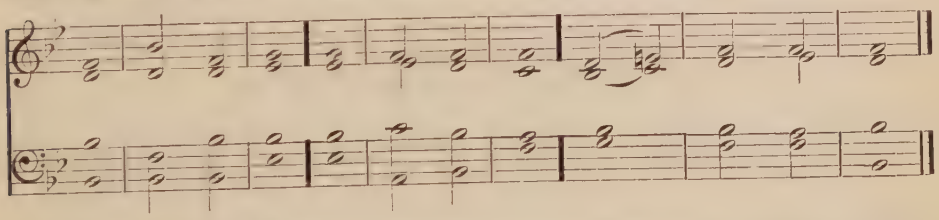
5 Bless*ed* are the | merci- | ful; ‖ *for* | they • shall ob- | tain — | mercy.

6 Bless*ed* are the | pure in | heart; ‖ *for* | they shall | see — | God.

7 Bless*ed* are the | peace— | makers; ‖ for they shall be *cal*led the | children | of— | God.

8 Blessed are they which are persecu*ted* for | righteous- • ness' | sake; ‖ *for* | theirs • is the | kingdom • of | heaven.

889 No. 69. FROM THE RECESSES OF A LOWLY SPIRIT. J. E. Gould, 1822–1875.



1 From the recesses of a lowly spirit, our humble prayer as*cends*, O | Father | hear it; ‖
Borne on the trembling *wings* of | fear and | meekness, ‖ *for*- | give its | weakness.

2 We know, we feel, how mean and how unworthy the lowly *sac*rifice we | pour be- | fore thee. ‖
What can we offer *thee*, O | thou most | holy, ‖ *but* | sin and | folly?

3 We see thy hand, it leads us, it supports us; we hear thy voice, it *coun*sels | and it | courts us; ‖
And then we turn *away*, yet | still thy | kindness ‖ *for*- | gives our | blindness.

4 Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing to every generous *thought* and | grateful | feeling? ‖
Oh who can hear the *ac*cents | of thy | mercy, ‖ *and* | never | love thee?

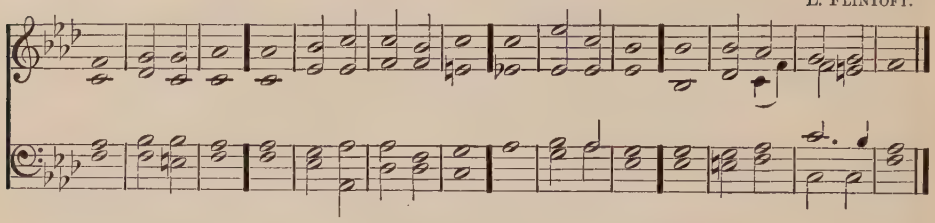
5 Kind Benefactor, plant within this *bo*som the | seeds of | holiness, ‖ and let them blossom
In fragrance, and in *beau*ty | bright and | vernal, ‖ *and* | spring e- | ternal.

6 Then place them in those everlasting gardens, where angels walk, and *se*- raphs | are the | wardens; ‖
Where every flower, brought *safe* through | death's dark | portal, ‖ *be*- | comes im- | mortal.

Sir John Bowring, 1792–1872.

890 No. 70. LORD, LET ME KNOW MINE END. (Funeral Chant.)

L. FLINTOFT.



1 Lord, let me know mine end, and the *num*ber | of my | days, || that I may be certi*fied* how | long I | have to | live.

2 Behold thou hast made my days as a span long, and mine age is even as *no*thing in re- | spect of | thee; || and verily every man living is *al*to- | gether | vani- | ty.

3 For man walketh in a vain shadow, and dis*qui*eteth him- | self in | vain; || he heapeth up riches, and *can*not tell | who shall | gather | them.

4 And now *Lord*, what | is my | hope? || *Tru*ly my | hope is | even • in | thee.

5 Deliver me from *all* | mine of- | fences, || and make me *not* a re- | buke — | unto • the | foolish.

6 Hear my prayer, O Lord, and with thine *ears* con- | sider • my | calling; || hold *not* thy | peace — | at my | tears.

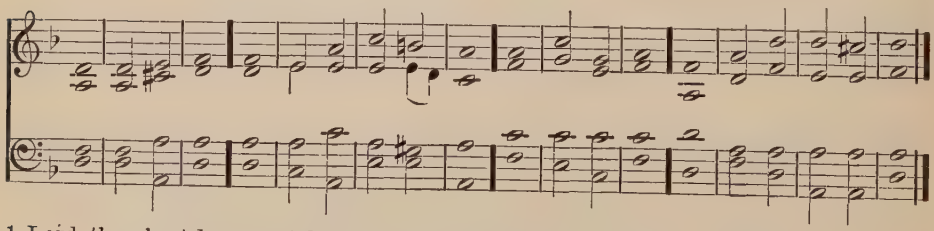
7 For *I* am a | stranger • with | thee, || and a so*journ*er, as | all my | fathers | were.

8 O spare me a little that *I* may re- | cover • my | strength, || before I go *hence*, | and be | no more | seen.

Psalm xxxix. 4-13.

891 No. 71. LORD, THOU HAST BEEN OUR DWELLING-PLACE. (Domine, Refugium.)

W. MORLEY —1727.



1 Lord, thou hast *been* our | dwelling | place, || *in* | all — | gene- | rations.

2 Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst *formed* the | earth and • the | world, || even from everlasting to *ever*- | lasting | thou art | God.

3 Thou turnest *man* | to de- | struction, || and *say*est, Re- | turn ye | children • of | men.

4 For a thousand years in thy sight, are but as yester*day* when | it is | past, || and *as* a | watch— | in the | night.

5 Thou carriest them away as with a flood; *they* are | as a sleep; || in the morning they are *like* | grass which | groweth | up;

6 In the morning it flourish*eth*, and | groweth | up; || in the evening it is cut *down* | and— | wither- | eth.

7 For all our days are passed *away* | in thy | wrath; || we spend our *years* | as a | tale that • is | told.

8 So teach *us* to | number • our | days, || that we ap*ply* our | hearts— | unto | wisdom.

Psalm xc. 1-7, 12.

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Hamilton-Gell, Rev. A. W. (nineteenth century), English...811.
Händel, George Frederick (1685–1795), a German who did his best work in England. He wrote many forgotten operas and a few immortal oratorios, which apart from certain of their unapproachable arias, are chiefly notable for their choruses. These are sometimes startlingly secular, even gay, but singularly fitted to vocal rendering, and the best of them remain the type of the sublime in music...15, 94, 126, 159, 396, 433, 542, 555, 600, 632.
Hardacre, G. A...497.
Harrison, Rev. Ralph (1748–1810), English, editor of "Sacred Harmony"...37, 717.
Hassler, Hans Leo (1564–1612), German, organist to Rudolph II.; composed for secular words....199.
Hastings, Thomas, MUS. D. (1784–1872), American, influential but unscientific writer on church music, active trainer of choirs, and co-laborer of Lowell Mason in reforming American hymn tunes...255, 360, 411, 424 (478), 509, 614, 673.
Hatton, John (—1793), English...87.
Havergal, Miss Frances Ridley (1836–1879), English, daughter of W. H. Havergal, poetess. See Index of Authors...230.
Havergal, Rev. William Henry (1793–1870), English, canon of Worcester Cathedral, writer on psalmody, advocate of older styles...1, 17, 516, 659.
Haweis, Rev. Thomas, M. D., LL. B. (1732–1820), English...238 (318).
Haydn, Franz Joseph, MUS. D. (1732–1809), Austrian, father of modern instrumental quartettes and symphonies, which latter Mozart elaborated and Beethoven perfected; his greatest works were oratorios ...43, 110, 144, 271 (672), 281, 565.
Haydn, Johann Michael (1737–1806), brother of F. J. Haydn, composer of admirable sacred music...37 (481), 52 (158), 725 (810).
Hayes, William, MUS. D. (1707–1777), English, professor of music at Oxford...146 (410).
Hayne, Rev. Leighton George, MUS. D. (1836–1883), English, coryphæus of University of Oxford; edited "Merton Tune Book."...178, 228 (486, 797).
Henry, J. E...1, 183, 265, 289, 492, 538, 605 (807), 738.
Henselt, Adolph (1814—), German, resident in Russia, pianist to Empress of Russia...233.
Hermann, J. (seventeenth century), German....199 (438).
Hermann, Nicolaus (—1561), German, precentor and schoolmaster in Bohemia...254 (459).
Hervey, Rev. Frederick Alfred John (1846—), English, domestic chaplain to Prince of Wales...767.
Hews, George (1806–1873), American...60 (698).
Hewlett, Thomas, MUS. B. (1845–1874), English...747.
Hiles, Henry, MUS. D. (1826—), English, professor of composition in Royal Manchester College of Music, editor of "Quarterly Musical Review."...33 (179), 52 (255), 277.
Hiller, Ferdinand von, MUS. D. (1811–1885), German, of Jewish parentage, teacher, conductor, composer of operas, cantatas, etc.; his tunes eccentric but strong...251, 305.
Hodges, Edward, MUS. D. (1796–1867), English, resident in New York, long organist of Trinity Church ...512.
Holden, Oliver (1765–1844), American, music-seller, compiler of tune books...251.
Holland national air...227.
Holroyd, Israel (1702–1753)...353.
Hopkins, Edward John, MUS. D. (1818—), English, organist of Temple Church, London, musical editor of "Congregational Church Hymnal." Less lovely in melody and harmony, also less sentimental, than Dykes and Barnby, less robust than Smart, and less austere than Redhead, he stands with W. H. Monk in the front rank as editor and composer of hymn tunes exactly fitted to their words...13, 15, 29 (619), 31, 41, 56, 66, 69, 83 (308, 336), 101, 145 (619), 146 (410), 156, 157, 161, 206, 223, 243, 245, 258 (799), 267 (729), 272, 412, 423, 468, 503, 554 (830), 567, 626, 763, 834, 842, 847.
Horsley, William, MUS. B. (1774–1858), English, organist of Charterhouse...197 (328).
Howard, Samuel, MUS. D. (1710–1782), English, organist of St. Bridget's, Fleet Street...344.
Hullah, John, LL. D. (1812–1884), English, great popular teacher of vocal music, and writer on musical themes...347 (464).
Hurndall, Rev. W. F., M. A., PH. D., English...623.
Husband, Rev. Edward (1843—), English...382 (439).

Ilsley, Frank Grenville (1831–1887), American...289.
Ingalls, Jeremiah (1764–1828), American...459.
Irons, Herbert Stephen (1834—), English, organist of St. Andrew's Church, Nottingham....280 (594, 676), 477 (770).
Isaac, Heinrich (c. 1440–c. 1518), German, director of choir to Maximilian I.; composed to secular words...376 (448).

Jackson, Robert (1842—), English...292 (539, 824), 295, 392 (796), 518, 612 (844).
Jenner, Rt. Rev. Henry Lascelles, D. D. (1820)—, Anglican bishop of Dunedin (retired in 1871), and vicar of Preston-next-Wingham...587.
Jewish...103.
Johnson, Elias Henry, D. D. (1841—), see "Index of Authors"...27 (674, 827), 314, 321, 414, 434, 522, 589, 608, 640, 740.
Jones, Darius Eliot (1815–1881), Welsh...446.
Jones, Rev. William (1726–1800), English...123, 586 (?).
Josephi, Georg (middle of seventeenth century), musician of prince-bishop of Breslau, composer of many hymn tunes...8.
Jude, W. H., English, Liverpool, editor of "Popular Congregational Music"...547.

Kettle, Charles Edward (1833—), English...358, 488.
King, O. A., MUS. D. (1837—), English...104.
Kingsley, George (1811–1884), American...249, 284 (680), 333 (637).
Kinross, John (1848—), English...252, 394 (556).
Kirbye, George (sixteenth and seventeenth centuries), English, composer of madrigals and a harmonizer of Este's Psalter; said to have been Queen Elizabeth's organist...823.
Klug, Joseph (sixteenth century), German, printer at Wittenberg; published in 1529 "Ein Feste Burg." ...149 (373, 764).

Knapp, William (1698–1768), English, parish clerk of Poole, Dorsetshire...456 (706, 806).
Knecht, Justin Heinrich (1752–1817), Swabian, distinguished instrumentalist, theoretrician, and composer; music director at Biberach..165, 566 (694).
Kocher, Conrad, PH. D. (1786–1872), German, organist of Stiftskirche in Stuttgart, labored to improve church music...163 (617).
Koschat, Thomas...152.

Lahee, Henry (1826—), English, organist of Holy Trinity, Brompton; composer of cantatas and hymn tunes...159, 553.
Lampe, Johann Frederick (1693–1751), Saxon, writer of songs and operas...50.
Lancaster, J., English...633.
Lane, Spencer...403.
Langran, James, MUS. B. (1835—), English, organist of parish church, Tottenham...452.
Latin...75 (214).
Leigh, Rev. Walter, English...213 (250).
Le Jeune, George Fitz Curwood (1842—), American, organist of St. John's Church, New York...777.
Leslie, Henry David (1822–1896), English, organizer and conductor of various musical societies...236, 519 (545).
Lockhart, Charles (1745–1815), English...540.
Lomas, George (1834–1884), English...721.
Lowe, Albert (nineteenth century), English...106. (141), 207, 547, 753.
Lucas, J...511.
Luther, Dr. Martin (see "Index of Authors"); to him the congregational singing of hymns is chiefly due...148.
Lwoff, Alexis Feodorovich (1799–1870), Russian, composer of the national anthem...828.

Macfarren, Sir George Alexander, M. A., MUS. D. (1830–1887), English, professor of music in Cambridge University, principal of Royal Academy of Music, knighted, 1883; composer chiefly of vocal works... 25, 315, 752.
Madan, Rev. Martin (1726–1790), English (see "Index of Authors")...760.
Mainzer, Rev. Joseph, MUS. D. (1801–1851), German, abbé...113 (247, 817).
Maker, Frederick C. (1844—), English...199 (613), 248 (599), 345, 469, 499 (700), 502.
Malan, Rev. Cæsar Henry Abraham (1787–1864), Swiss, writer of hymns and music...467, 617, 704.
Mann, Arthur Henry, MUS. D. (1850—), English...264, 541.
Marsh, Simeon Butler (1798–1875)...616.
Marshall, Leonard (1809–1890), American...362, 707.
Martin, George Clement, MUS. D. (1844—), English... 507.
Mason, Lowell, MUS. D. (1792–1872), American, compiler of many tune books, founder of the Boston Academy of Music. Though holding for many years low views of music as an art, he did for it unique service in America. Finding the people deeply prejudiced against teaching of music in the public schools and given to the use of spurious and absurd fuguing hymn tunes, inherited from William Billings, he succeeded in supplanting these by chorals, and created an unparalleled enthusiasm for study of vocal music. His numerous compositions are of the simplest harmony and generally uninteresting; but the best of them are melodious and strong, expressed the sentiment of their times, and some are of permanent value...50, 81, 83, 86, 111, 122 (484), 154, 196, 244, 277, 288 (604), 292, 324, 328, 331, 352, 357, 374 (767), 385 (705), 408, 444, 461, 486, 491, 516, 527, 562, 631 (666), 641, 668, 675, 678, 724, 758, 784, 850, 852.
Matthews, Rev. Timothy Richard, B. A. (1826—), English...174, 568, 683.
Mehul, Etienne Henry (1763–1817), French, composer of operas...438, 553.
Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Jacob Ludwig Felix, PH. D. (1809–1847), German of Jewish descent; a great pianist; a master of musical form, while in substance both delicate and strong, he was during his lifetime, partly on account of his personal charm, the most idolized of musicians. For English-speaking peoples, his fame rests chiefly on the oratorio of "Elijah," which was composed to English words... 150 (622), 156, 165, 199 (438), 348 (615), 383, 442 (467), 522, 544 (616), 701, 759.
Merrick, Rev. G. P., MUS. B., English...636.
Messinger, J...419 (528).
Miller, Edward, MUS. D. (1731–1807), English, organist of Doncaster for fifty-one years...340.
Minshall, Edward (1845—)...517.
Monk, Edwin George, MUS. D., F. R. A. S. (1819—), English, organist of York Minster, editor of "The Anglican Hymn Book" and books of chants...36, 153, 450, 486, 560.
Monk, William Henry, MUS. D. (1823–1889), English, professor of vocal music in King's College, London; organist of St. Matthias, Stoke Newington; musical editor of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," by far the most widely used and most influential collection of high-class church music...28 (235), 40 (662), 46 (302), 73, 93 (235), 217, 232, 237 (328, 796), 258 (497), 269, 290 (329), 293, 368, 372, 377, 408 (462), 571, 653.
Mornington, Garrett Wellesley, first earl of, MUS. D. (1735–1781), Irish, father of duke of Wellington...561.
Morse, Charles H. (1853—), American, organist of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn...589.
Morley, Henry L...108, 259.
Mozart, Johann Wolfgang Amadeus (1756–1791), German; by some considered "the greatest composer of the world from the combined versatility and power of his genius," by others as merely "the most facile and naïve," and as now "old-fashioned," while Bach is never so regarded...137, 175, 277, 325, 546, 552.

Nägeli, Johann Georg (1768–1836), German...516.
Nares, James, MUS. D. (1715–1783), English, organist and master of the boys in the Chapel Royal, London...500.
Naylor, John, MUS. D. (1838—), English, organist and choir master of York Minster...228, 387 (714).
Neander, Rev. Joachim (1640–1680), German...82.
Neefe, Carl (1748–1798), German, early teacher of Beethoven...471 (529), 745 (cf. 471 and 529).
Neumark, Georg Christian (1621–1681), German, librarian of archives at Weimar; composed words and music, after deliverance from great straits, and tune so popular that four hundred hymns are said to have been written for it in one hundred years...590.
Newman, Richard S...343.
Nicolai, Philip, D. D. (1556–1608), German...274, 759.
Novello, Vincent (1781–1861), English of Portuguese descent; organist of the Portuguese Chapel; music publisher...390 (422, 585).
Noyes...196 (476).
Nürnburger, Gebetbuch (1677—)...187.

Oakeley, Sir Herbert Stanley, MUS. D., LL. D., D. C. L. (1830—), English, professor of music in Edinburg University; knighted, 1876...78, 113, 495.
Oliver, Henry Kemble, A. B., MUS. D. (1800–1885), American, adjutant-general of Massachusetts, afterward State treasurer...92.
Ouseley, Rev. Sir Frederick Arthur Gore, Bart., MUS. D. (1825–1889), English, professor of music in Oxford University...20, 107, 201, 291 (709), 549 (591, 623).

Palestrina, Giovanni Pierluigi, da (c. 1515–1594), Italian; generally credited with saving musical science to the church. The pious ends of church music, it is said, had been so subordinated to the ingenuities of counterpoint, or sacrificed to profane airs, that the council of Trent was on the point of forbidding all but Gregorian tones. But Palestrina was commissioned to write three masses, and these proved that musical science was compatible with religious sentiment. The mass to Pope Marcellus was especially admired, and Palestrina was appointed composer to the Apostolic Chapel. His sacred music for voices alone (*a capella*) is often of unearthly beauty...222, 601 (731).
Parish Hymnal; see J. H. Knecht.
Parker, H. (1845—), English, 131 (487).
Parry, Charles Hubert Hastings, MUS. D. (1848—), English pianist and composer...631 (818).
Parry, Thomas Gambier (nineteenth century), English...226.

Peace, Albert Lister, MUS. D. (1845—), English...479 (580).
Perkins, Theodore Edson (1831—), American, musical editor and composer...810.
Pitts, W. (1828—)...259.
Playford, John (1613-1693), English, music publisher, clerk of Temple Church...12 (120, 256).
Playford's Psalter (seventeenth century)...353.
Pleyel, Ignaz Josef (1757-1831), Austrian, chapel master of Strasburg Cathedral until French Revolution, then in Paris music publisher and piano manufacturer...7 (791), 13, 466, 475.
Poole, C. W. (1828—), English...253 (793).
Pope, G. A., English...73.
Prout, Ebenezer (1835—), English...260 (306, 826), 560.
Psalmodia Nova, see J. Clauder.
Psalmodia Sacra (1715), Gotha...141.
Purcell, Henry (1658-1695), English, organist of Westminster Abbey and of the Chapel Royal, esteemed the greatest of England's musicians...98.

Ramsey, D. Mansell, English...537.
Randall, John, MUS. D. (1715-1799), English...327 (749).
Read, Daniel (1757-1836), American, comb manufacturer, music teacher, composer, and editor of "Columbian Harmony."...765.
Reading, John (1677-1764), English, organist in various London churches; said by V. Novello, organist of Portuguese Chapel, London, to be composer of "Portuguese Hymn"; but a claim is made for M. Simao, chapel master to king of Portugal...173 (627).
Reay, Samuel, MUS. B. (nineteenth century), English ...115.
Redhead, Richard (1820—), English, organist of St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington; publisher of many books of church music and composer of many Introits and choral tunes; the most rigidly ecclesiastical in style of recent English composers...2 (630), 75 (214), 143, 205 (614), 266, 370 (739), 426 (532), 542.
Reed, Thomas German (1817-1888), English...80.
Reinagle, Alexander Robert (1799-1877), English, organist in Oxford; published "Psalm Tunes for Voice and Piano."...124 (249, 852).
Richardson, John (1816-1879), English, organist of various Roman Catholic churches. From "Tochter Zion," Cologne, arranged...102 (398, 514).
Rink, Johann Christian Heinrich (1770-1846), German, famous organist...556.
Ritter, Peter (1760-1846), German, chapel master to Grand Duke of Baden...46 (302, 303).
Roe, J. E. (—1871)...447.
Root, George Frederick, MUS. D. (1820-1895), American, composer of popular war songs during the Civil War, and of much church music...128, 690, 840.
Rousseau, Jean Jacques (1712-1778), Swiss, famous political philosopher and novelist, often copied music for livelihood. From his air called "Rousseau's Dream," has been arranged...29.
Ryder, Arthur Hilton (1875—), American, organist of St. Stephen's Church, Boston...825.

Sage, Adoniram Judson, D. D. (1836—), American... 646.
St. Alban's Tune Book (1865), London...356, 379.
St. Gall Collection (Katholisches Gesangbuch), (1863)...756.
Salvatori, S...572.
Schachner, J. R. (1821—), German...20.
Schein, Johann Hermann (1586-1630), German, Cantor of St. Thomas' School, Leipsic; gave himself to elevation of church music...177.
Schneider, Friedrich Johann Christian (1786-1853), German, a great teacher and composer of elevated works...81.
Scholefield, Rev. Clement Coterill (1839—), English ...64 (294), 70.
Schubert Franz (1797-1828), Austrian, wrote instrumental works and hundreds of songs; pre-eminent for fresh and captivating melody with fitting harmony...48, 655.
Schulthes, William Augustus Ferdinand (1816-1879), German living in London, director of music in Oratory of St. Philip Neri, and professor of music at Roman Catholic establishments near London...212 (846).
Schulz, Johann Abraham Peter (1747-1800), German, writer of opera...814.
Schumann, Robert, PH. D. (1810-1856), German, composer in nearly all forms save oratorio; in symphony considered second to Beethoven only; founder of the "romantic school," which he promoted by establishing the *Neue Zeitschrift* in Leipsic, where he was also professor of composition in the conservatory which Mendelssohn founded. A gifted writer and a highly intellectual as well as emotional composer, his influence is wide and enduring. The history of modern music has been said to "revolve about Bach, the master of counterpoint, Beethoven, the master of tone color (instrumentation), and Schumann, the master of harmony"...40 (53, 129, 287), 114 (385, 419, 526).
Scotch...111, 195.
Scotch Psalter (1615)...95 (693), 118 (808).
Shaw, Oliver (1778-1848), American, "the blind musician of Rhode Island"; a by no means contemptible composer of ballads and religious songs pure in melody and not uninteresting in harmony. From his setting for Moore's "There's nothing true but heaven" is arranged...391 (531, 597).
Sherwin, William Fisk (1826-1887), American, active leader in Sunday-school work, and composer of energetic Sunday-school music...63, 635.
Shore, William (1791-1877), English...355 (420, 708).
Shrubsole, William (1752-1806), English, organist of Spafield's Chapel, London; not hymn writer of same name...251.
Sicilian...145.
Silcher, Frederick, PH. D. (1789-1860), German, composer of a Reformation cantata and popular ballads ...402, 435.
Simpson, Robert (1792-1832), Scotch...286.
Smart, Sir George Thomas (1776-1867), English, organist of the Chapel Royal, composer to the queen, conductor of music at coronations of William IV. and Victoria, knighted 1811...427.
Smart, Henry (1813-1879), nephew of Sir George Smart, organist of various churches in London, finally of St. Pancras; though blind, "the most celebrated conductor of his day"; composer of secular works, and pre-eminently of sacred. With peculiar skill in writing for ladies' voices, and capable of producing tunes purely beautiful, such as "Cecil" and "Wishart," his hymn tunes are the most robust of the modern school and always unmistakably English. In this sphere his has been perhaps the most wholesome influence of recent years...8 (48, 690), 58, 72, 170 (377), 212, 229, 231 (273), 268, 312 (670), 323, 332, 374, 380 (412), 489, 564 (724, 754), 569, 686 (760), 711, 782, 789.
Smith, B...49, 152, 188, 454, 801.
Smith, Rev. H. Percy (1825—), English ...90 (472, 718).
Smith, Isaac (—c. 1800), English, precentor of Alie Street Meeting House, London; published (c. 1770) a "Collection of Psalm Tunes in Three Parts."... 14, 16.
Smith, Samuel (1804-1873), mayor of Bradford, England...798.
Smith, Samuel (1821—), English...757, 851.
Southgate, Thomas Bishop (1814-1868)...36.
Spanish...241.
Spark, William, MUS. D. (1825—), English, organist of St. George's, Leeds, celebrated as organist, composer of organ, piano, and vocal music...157 (227, 316).
Spinney, Frank (1850—), English...160 (430).
Spohr, Louis, PH. D. (1784-1859), German, a great violinist and famous composer of operas, oratorios, and instrumental music...421.
Stainer, Sir John, M. A., MUS. D. (1840—), English, organist of St. Paul's, London, professor of music in Oxford University, knighted, 1888, Chevalier of Legion of Honor (France), writer on musical theory, a musical editor of revised "Hymns Ancient and Modern," composer of sacred music chiefly...43, 45, 86 (349), 139 (470), 197 (361, 770), 204, 206, 417 (644, 761), 425, 443, 721, 753 (773).
Stanley, Albert A. (1851), American, organist, professor of music in University of Michigan, composer of secular and sacred solos and part songs...276.
Stanley, Samuel (1767-1822), English, composed once very popular tunes...124 (250), 662.

Statham, Francis Reginald (1844—), English, poet, journalist in South Africa, a composer self-taught, but student of Dr. Stainer's theories...540, 596.
Statham, Rev. W...200.
Stebbins, George Coles (1846—), American, a technically educated, gifted composer and admirable singer of "Gospel Songs"; associated as singer with Mr. D. L. Moody's revival meetings...65 (299).
Steggall, Charles, MUS. D. (1826—), English, organist of Lincoln's Inn, a musical editor of revised "Hymns, Ancient and Modern" (1889)...69, 263, 307, 605 (751). 718.
Steibelt, Daniel (1755–1823), German, pianist; after successes in Paris and London, challenged Beethoven to competition in which he was ingloriously defeated; withdrew to London for rest of his life. Copious composer...76 (671).
Stephens, Charles Edward (1821—), English, organist of Parish church in Hampstead...500.
Stewart, Sir Robert Prescott, MUS. D. (1825–1894), Irish, organist and professor of music in Dublin University; knighted, 1872...244, 395.
Stokes, Walter (1847—), English...448.
Strattner, Georg Christoph (1650–1705), born in Hungary, organist to prince of Durlach, chapel master in Frankfort and Weimar...137 (442).
Strong, Rev. John Henry (1866—), American, son of Pres. A. H. Strong, D. D., LL. D.; a gifted amateur musician; pastor in New Britain, Conn...4 (790), 73.
Stryker, Melancthon Woolsey, D. D., LL. D. (1851—), American, president of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.; compiled "College Hymnal" (1897)...120 (602).
Sullivan, Sir Arthur Seymour—middle name omitted in recent years—(1842), English, conductor, composer of instrumental works, of many songs, of oratorios, and immensely popular humorous operas; also musical editor of "Church Hymns" (1874). His sacred airs show the same fitness to popular taste as his secular songs, and like these are peculiarly animated and cheery...12 (836), 28 (116), 104, 123, 143 (788), 156, 219, 221, 224, 233, 338, 367, 371, 382, 414, 421, 432, 436, 445, 452, 496, 521, 537, 565, 577, 618, 648 (797), 726 (776), 732, 742 (763), 772, 800, 812, 828, 839, 855, 856.
Swedish...723.
Sweetzer, Joseph Emerson (1825–1873), American; with Dr. Root compiled "Root's and Sweetzer's Collection" of hymn tunes...364, 755 (850).

Tallis, Thomas (1520-1585), English, gentleman of Chapel Royal to Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Mary, organist to Elizabeth, founder of English church music...47, 320 (681, 786, 841, 854), 530, 833.
Tarbutton, William A...785.
Taylor, R. B...4 (717), 201 (614).
Taylor, Virgil Corydon (1817), American, organist in Hartford, Conn., compiled many volumes of secular and sacred music...388.
Teschner, Melchior (sixteenth and seventeenth centuries), cantor at Frauenstadt, in Silesia (c. 1613)... 322.
Thibaut I., (1201–1253), king of Navarre, crusader and persecutor of Albigenses, but held high rank among troubadours, traditional composer of...82 (267).
Thomas, Edgar L. (1866), public school teacher in South Carolina...427.
Thorley...9.
Thorne, Edward Henry (1834), English...278, 630 (719), 759.
Torrence, Rev. George William, MUS. D. (1835), Irish ...412.
Tours, Berthold (1838–1897), Dutch-English, composer of instrumental and vocal music; fond of startling effects in harmony...37 (710), 85, 103, 262, 284 (317, 771), 301, 489 (588), 595, 649. 814.
Trembath, Henry Gough, MUS. B. (1845), English, holds various offices of honor in his art, and is a successful composer of sacred music....161, 288 (711).
Troyte, Arthur Henry Dyke (1811–1857), English...73.
Tucker, Isaac (1761–1825)...14.
Tuckerman, Samuel Parkman, MUS. D. (1819–1890), American, edited "National Lyre" (1848)...341, 357 (513).
Turle, James (1802–1882), English, organist of Westminster Abbey; especially good writer of chants... 1, 96 (601, 647), 246, 429.
Turton, Rt. Rev. Thomas, D. D. (1780–1864), Regius professor of divinity in Cambridge University, Anglican bishop of Ely...392 (480, 634).

Uglow, J...48.

Venua, Frederick Marc Antoine, M. A. (1788–1872)...6.
Vulpius, Melchior (1560–1616), German, cantor at Weimar, composer...366 (396, 533).

Wainwright, John (1723–1768), English...172.
Walch, James (1837—), English...39 (237), 439 (696), 580 (656).
Walker, Rev. Edward C., English...188 (282, 400).
Wallace, William Vincent (1814–1865), writer of English operas...239 (429, 760).
Ward, Samuel Augustus (1847), American...771.
Warren, George William (1828—), American, organist of St. Thomas' Church, New York; published (1888), "Hymns and Tunes as Sung in St. Thomas' Church."...827.
Webb, George James (1803–1887), English-American, organist in England, then in Old South Church, Boston; co-laborer, then rival, of Lowell Mason, president of the Händel and Haydn Society; composed at sea and published to secular words, then in England and America to sacred words...167 (725).
Webbe, Samuel (1740–1816), born in Minorca, organist in London....34 (111), 158 (659), 389 (397), 401, 521 (804), 525.
Weber, Carl Maria Frederich Ernst, Baron von (1786–1826), German; able director of opera in Prague and Dresden; became popular as writer of airs to Körner's war songs, then powerful as composer of first operas of romantic school. From chorus in "Oberon" has been adapted "Seymour"; from overture to "Der Freishütz," "Jewett."...22 (61, 372, 611), 24, 588.
Welsh...823.
Werner's (Johann Gottlob), Choralbuch (1815)...295.
Wesley, Samuel (1766–1837), son of Rev. Charles Wesley, organist of Camden Chapel, London, "the greatest organist of his time"; made Bach known in England; excellent composer of church music ...290 (331, 648), 388, 549.
Wesley, Samuel Sabastian, MUS. D. (1810–1876), son of foregoing, organist of several English cathedrals, finally at Gloucester; an excellent composer of church music, musical editor of "A Selection of Psalms and Hymns" (1864), in which appeared, for "Jerusalem the golden," "Aurelia"....35, 42, 70, 272 (651), 405 (639, 669), 433, 549.
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Let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually, that is, the fruit of our lips, giving thanks to his name. Hebrews 13 : 15

Let us come before his

BOOK TO BE RETURNED

OCT 21 1963
APR 16 '71

And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty.

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Sursum corda; a book of praise.
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